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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

Continuation

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

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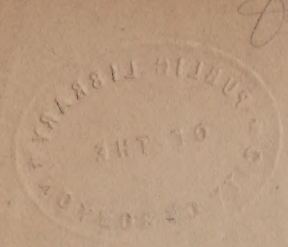

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1883. No. 1.

"WE must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."— *Henry Grattan.*

"THERE is more real usefulness and knowledge condensed into this monthly (Donahoe's Magazine) than is contained by any other publication of the kind in the United States. It is a first-class book to enter every Irish and Catholic home."— *Connecticut Catholic.*

"IN our wildest hopes and our most ambitious demands we never asked for as much as was given in Mr. Gladstone's last act. If we had stated ten years ago that it was possible to have such an act on the statute-book we would have been locked up as lunatics. Already something like 30 per cent. of the whole rental of Ireland has been taken off the shoulders of the people. I call that act the greatest and most tremendous revolution ever accomplished by legislative effort in Europe, but we are not satisfied with that. We want the arrears wiped out, the iniquitous lease the tenants have been made to sign annulled, and above all, we want the landlords compelled to sell out to the occupying tenants. Ireland never had a more capable or honest organization than it has to-day."— *A. M. Sullivan.*

Give God His Place.

Third Article.

SCIENCE, in our days, is materialistic. She is a fact-gatherer. Her clamor and her craving is for facts. Everywhere, above, beneath, around her with keen eye she searches for facts; with tireless hand collects them, with eager mind classifies them. Then she builds upon her generalizations, scientific categories. Steps back then, and reasons and reflects upon her discovered treasures; and with very commendable pride. But, somehow, the single light reflected from reason on these vast piles of facts, does not sufficiently illuminate them. Here and there then are obscurities,—sometimes deep darkness. So men of science differ, and call each other heretical. It is their own affair. Their pyramid of fact piled on facts, is a pyramid of enigmas in a desert waste, because God is not there engraven with hieroglyphics hard to decipher, and when deciphered, hard to understand. Let God, the builder, stand beside His work. No wonder Science so frequently changes her theories. What was scientific Gospel yesterday, is Apocryphal to-day. No wonder! Why?

Because science too often declines to read the name of God, in no obscure characters, written on every atom of matter. The light of the first fact and truth — the eternal truth and fact — God must shine on everything in nature to make nature in its grand outline, as well as in minutest details, intelligible to reason and common sense. Science deals with earth's dust; but many of

her leaders will not learn the spiritual meanings which the God of Heaven has hidden in the humblenesses of matter. The eyes of Science look too often only downwards, when they should be lifted aloft, in argument sacred as prayer, to read in the heavens the reasons of the phenomena of this world. The ABOVE explains the BELOW. Science touches, with deft hand, the outside of things, and but seldom takes the trouble to lift the hammer of faith in order to break the coarse shell of fact and find the kernel which of truth it contains. Science discusses the visible and sensible; all unconscious of the mystery, as real as any fact of sense, that back of the sensible is the super-sensible; and that the visible is only a veil worn by the invisible. That is science, in our age, in the main, gathers and grasps the shadows of things terrene, and forgets, or rather does not see the divine substance against which they lean, as stars against the sky — as flowers on the bosom of their mother — the valley. That is, the most of science nowadays is without faith; that is, without God. Science theorizes and speculates down here in the order of nature; and works hard and with amazing industry; but never dreams that nature has an under-nature as well as a super-nature in the material, as well as in the moral order, which are, and must be factors in all problems of any life, and which affect the entire course of the universe; and which if left out of account, this whole world and man, its master (yet in some things the slave of its elements) remains dark and inscrutable mysteries. 'Tis a pity that so many scientists, dowered with wonderful gifts, and the crown of gifts, such tireless industry, should be fated (and of their own fault) to become materialists. They handle matter so much; they are in such close and constant contact with it in all its shapes and processes and developments; they follow it along all its many ways with a patience that proves a strange sort of love for matter, that they fall under some magical spell which matter seems to possess; and they gradually lose the instinct of the spiritual, and then faith in God. They meet with matter unexorcised; and certainly in some mysterious way it is gifted, or rather fated, with an evil power. Else why should Holy Church, when using material things, fold them in her blessing?

Often, as Christians, men of science pass under the gates of reason, to explore the secrets of nature's temple; and frequently they return materialists, that is, virtually, idolators of matter. When they present to the world the result of their investigations, we expect to find the veiled face of God in the framework of these facts,— but His face is not there.

They abandon the spiritual;— and the nearest approach to anything that might resemble the spiritual, is Reason's cold sophism.

The darkness of matter obscures their minds.

Matter is not the reason of its own existence. Matter is not nor can be, its own creator. Matter cannot be from all eternity. If so, then matter is a DEAD eternal God,– soulless and mindless! Yea, a dead Infinite God, that still gives life. Foolish men and blind! every phenomenon which you touch, see or investigate, is a link, one of many, in that chain of logic which

necessarily binds true reason to God, the eternal Reason of all finite reasons, and which clasps every fact in the order of time to the eternal Fact,—God. Every fact you find at your feet is more than a mere fact,—is an argument in favor of God. Every visible leads away to the invisible. Everything that falls under the senses holds in it a something that soars to a world beyond the senses. The sensible that does not reach out of itself is nonsensical. Every atom is a star to guide Reason up towards God. The grain of sand on yonder shore, dull and opaque as it is, a little child of hard clay kissed by the lips of the waves, hides within its heart the same light that flashes from the stars, the bright children of the skies, and points to the same source of its humble existence. This Universe is a consequence which must be traced back (in order to be intelligible) to its living premises,— a Triune Creator.

And they are more than blind,— they are guilty at the lower bar of intelligence as well as before the loftier tribunal of God, who accept the consequence and reject the premises.

So, Science, to be reasonable— to be a true teacher, and to teach intelligibly, must take God into account,—not merely as an infinite lifeless quantity (which were nonsense) but as an infinite, eternal, living substance in triple personality. It is no honor to science to deny and discard Him. For that denial makes science senseless, its premises absurdities, and its conclusions falsehoods. For without Him, in whom we and all creations "live, and move, and have our being," there is nothing intelligible,— and hence nothing an object or subject of reasoning.

Reason abdicates her powers on the instant, and with the act, when she repudiates Him. Reason commits intellectual suicide, when God is denied; and this earth, with all it contains, is a riddle, dark as a starless midnight. And the very living human world becomes a Sphinx, horrible and hideous, in the barren, hopeless, reasonless, Godless wastes of space. Men of science! ye have taken God away; and with him light, and with it the Reason of our reasons; and with Him hope, and with it taken away, you rob us of the sacredness of our life; you bury under your false reasonings as under cold clods our glorious aspirations, our infinite ambitions. You uncrown us and crucify our souls on the Golgotha of your dark denials! No! you must bring the banished Creator back again. He is no dream of ours. He is the Reality of all realities. Scientists! your theories must tabernacle Him! Your arguments, like angels, must bow down in His courts before His face. For He holds everlasting court in the halls of conscience. You, of all others, should be sentinels around His throne. You, of all others, should make all created things altar steps leading up to the great high altar in the heavens, whence Creation descended with His blessing on her brow down into her star-homes, to live there for e'en a little while, to learn in the far-off to believe in Him, to hope in Him and to live for Him; — and to reascend to His Throne of Glory to praise Him there forever and ever.

Not less than Science is Art anti-religious. She, too, has lost her voca-

tion. Time was when she was the beautful handmaiden of Religion; but alas! she has deserted the service of her Queen. Art now ministers to sensualism, and exerts the power of her influence and the charms of her attractions against morality. Ah! erst she wore a virgin's veil and haunted the Temple of God. But the virgin-veil has been torn in twain and flung aside; and she has deserted her first love, and now her unchaste lips kiss the cheek of Passion, and sing for Sin. The worshipper in the temple of truth and purity has become a cast-a-way; and she who once charmed men to virtue's holy shrines, lures them now to the haunts of vice. Music, the most beautiful of the sisters of Art, once sang sweet and sacred hymns before God's altars; but now, alas! she sells her voice for filthy lucre, to sing the ribald songs of the streets. Ah! the notes that once filled and thrilled men's souls with lofty thoughts and pure, echo from her lips no more. Instead, we hear her who was once the acolyte white-robed, singing at the altars of divine love, chanting in praise of the unholy passions of unbridled human loves.

Poetry, too, has gone into the service of Sin. From Pagan Parnassus she went as a pilgrim to the Calvary of Christ; but she has gone down from the spiritual mountain, to revel in the valley of the sensual. With her, God was once the great beautiful reality — now He is only a pretty figure of speech. Her voice that was wont to purify when her heart was pure, now corrupts the hearts that hear. Vice, not Virtue, wears the vestments of her verses. She is always gathering flowers of thought, but not to wreathe them round Religion's brow.

The drama, and painting, and other forms of art, also pander to vile and vicious taste. Demoralizing in character and tendency, they are vitiating a civilization too corrupt already. God has no place in them. The laws of morality and common decency, they but too often put to shame. They accept and obey no standard of ethics, and day after day their influences are growing worse and worse.

Religion in vain appeals and pleads. They laugh at the voice that bewails their defection from grace, and their lost vocation. Art, then, in all her forms, must be regenerated. She sadly needs to be purified. She must come back again to the abandoned altar, fall at the feet of Religion, like a penitent Magdalen, humbly ask forgiveness, and rise up pardoned, to go forth to the world to sin no more.

A Remedy for Woman's Wrongs.

THE woman question may be said to be always in order. Whether we regard the sex simply as constituting one-half of the human race, or as directly affected by and affecting all our institutions, the consideration of its well-being must perpetually challenge our attention. At no former period were the questions of woman's work and wages, her rights and her wrongs, brought so prominently before the attention of society, which, it is charged, has hitherto either quietly ignored her claims, or allowed as little of them as could be allowed, consistently with downright justice.

From every quarter of the land, and from every class in society, come a complaint that women are not fairly treated. The *North American Review* has opened its pages to a discussion which has enlisted so doughty a champion of women's rights as Julia Ward Howe. Women teachers complain that they work harder, and are less paid than men. With occasional exceptions, this also is the burden of all women engaged in manual labor. It is asserted that employers refuse to pay good wages to women, simply on the ground of "sex"; and the general tenor of all these womanly lamentations is, that to be a woman is a high crime against nature and society.

The trouble with the advocacy of women's rights in the past, and, we fear, in the present, has been the singularly erratic and "queer" character of the persons whom it is the American woman's misfortune to have pushed forward as the champion of her cause. A bad advocate will ruin the best of causes; and much of the apathy and even ridicule with which men have heard of the wrongs of woman, owes its existence to the very "shady" reputation of certain feminine cranks who carry their opposition of tyranny as far as the Ten Commandments. England has been fortunate in the possession of such women as Emily Faithful; and whilst we by no means include in a doubtful category the many true American ladies who do all in their power to promote the welfare of their sex, we believe that such women are rarely found upon the public platform or in the newspapers.

Say what we will, or plan how we may, the ideal which is in every girl's mind must be changed, before we can fix anything like a solid basis for the future equal remuneration of labor. That ideal, as everybody knows, is marriage. Every woman looks forward to being the mistress of the heart and the home of some honest man, or, if honesty be lacking, of some man, anyhow. Nor is this ideal at all reprehensible. Marriage is the proper condition for the majority of the human family; and its encouragement, which is denied by modern infidelity, is the true secret of the physical and the moral well-being of the Commonwealth. The Creator has plainly declared that the proper place for woman is the home. Almost the entire formation of the moral, and even the intellectual cultivation of the race is in

her hands; and despise it as she may, every woman has a secret longing to hold a position in which she is truly herself.

There is not an unmarried woman in the land to-day, who would not resign the most lucrative position to become the loved and honored mistress of a home. Women are not avaricious of money for its own sake. They are indifferent to fame, and uninterested in a career which does not awaken their affections. This at least is the testimony of history, and daily experience.

The present writer comes forward with a good, old-fashioned remedy for all woman's wrongs, and it is — marriage. He claims the privilege of a bachelor to give advice upon the qualities necessary to bring about this happy remedy for all the woes of the fair sex; and he has been for some years the confidant of a great number of worthy young men who have given him their opinions as to what kind of wife they would like to have. Young ladies have also honored him with their confidences as to the qualities *they* would prefer in a husband, with a charming frankness which they would not for the world give to the young men themselves; for it is the happy, or the unhappy, privilege of a priest to be equally and honorably trusted by all.

Well, then, my dear young ladies, the very first requisite which man looks for in woman is absolute purity and modesty of character and demeanor.

Cæsar was a true man in declaring that his wife should be above suspicion. If you only knew the comments passed upon the light behavior of even giddy, innocent girls, you would never, never, never betray in word, look, or manner, the slighest indiscretion. Mind you, I wish that the same delicacy of behavior should characterize men; and a gentleman is as scrupulous in this matter as any lady can be; but, as you know, that impalpable, yet most powerful influence, which is called "the world," condones in man what it pitilessly punishes in woman. Do you know the reason why many a flaunting beauty, after a career of a dozen seasons, is somehow left without an engagement? Do you know the cause of the desertion of that gay flirt and coquette who could hold her own in slang with a group of men? Alas! be warned by her fate, or I fear your wrongs will continue far into a state of single blessedness.

It is an accepted axiom that women are pious. The grace of devotion may be said to have a natural basis in the larger reverence and deeper emotions of the womanly nature. Men look for this so much as a matter of course, that the worst infidel is surprised not to find his wife somewhat of a devotee. He explains her piety to his own satisfaction. The Church explains it on the principle that the Creator places in woman's care the first formation of his new creature's mind and soul; and everything depends upon the beginning. Don't imagine, girls, that you forfeit anything in the estimation of men by being a devout Catholic, even if your admirer is a Protestant.

The member of the Rosary, the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, and the Sacred Heart, is just the girl for the true, or even the indifferent man. He sees

into the future further than you, and the girl who is true to her God, will be true to him.

I am about to tread on slippery ground. There have been crusty old philosophers who have derided the advantages of beauty; but beauty is nearly as great a power as money; and the world has pronounced it, in some form, essential to woman. Madame de Staël was a great writer, and a very clever lady indeed; but she was personally a fright. With all her learning, she said she would give all her literary accomplishments to be beautiful only for a quarter of an hour; and it is to be feared that the majority of men would agree with her. Happily, beauty has so arbitrary a standard, and, as Shakespeare tells us, "it dwells in the lover's eyes," that no girl need despair; and I am told, that every one is secretly convinced that she *is* beautiful. But what is the secret of beauty? You have read about wicked old queens bathing in blood, but don't believe such twaddle. The secret of beauty is good health. But here I must hand you over to another profession, or to the sensible notes on the subject with which our *Magazine* has been replete.

I have heard in an awestruck whisper from young men, that the dress and millinery of women nowadays costs fearfully. Here is a sphere, ladies, in which you are sole mistresses; for, although there is a man-milliner named Worth, who claims to be king of fashion, men don't believe in him, and they would quickly unite with you to dethrone him as the worst of tyrants. We are all willing that woman should rule in fashion; but we want our decent ladies to be the rulers, not the *demi-monde*, or Mrs. Langtry, or a great actress who receives an enormous salary, every night. Men do not want their wives or daughters to take pattern after women whom they would not wish their wives or daughters even to know, much less to copy after. I am sure you would be shocked to learn who introduced the pannier, the close-fitting dresses, and the bangs.

Every man likes to see his wife or his intended, or indeed the sex in general, well and modestly dressed. He will not grumble at an occasional heavy bill; but oh, girls! if you knew how quickly you could ensnare the youth, if you *did'nt* wear that frightfully expensive dress, which you think just "killing" — well, it is killing, but not in your sense. The first social reform for women is dress reform. All others will follow.

There is a legend that King Cophetua married a beggar-maid; and there is a dreamy fancy in many a girl's mind that the young prince will come her way, and pour his jewels and titles at her feet. Alas that such dreams are never realized! Young ladies, you make a great mistake in exacting wealth as a condition for your hand. Do you remember the physician, in one of Charles Reade's stories, who almost wore his heart out trying to humor the extravagance of his young wife? That is precisely the feeling of many a husband, and husbands sometimes tell tales to their bachelor friends and scare them off. Money is good, but not the only good. Don't be afraid of the struggle of life. The man whose wages you despise,

may become a millionaire. Above all, girls of humble surroundings, don't wait for your rich man to come around. Your foolish heads have been turned by the story-papers. Wealth seeks alliance with wealth. The laws of society are almost inexorable. Marry in, and raise your own sphere. You may rue the mistake of dismissing or avoiding a mechanic, a working-man, making good wages and always in demand, in order to catch a young doctor, lawyer, or clerk, who, unless of exceptional ability in his at present overcrowded profession, will lead you, that is, if he condescends to marry you, a life of makeshifts and penury.

The homely virtues and accomplishments are everlasting, for human nature is always the same. The ideal of a wife is one that can rule her own household, prepare the food, and be a help, in a domestic sense, to her husband. The finest ladies in civilization have not disdained to learn the art of cooking, and the grace of presiding at table. These true accomplishments are by no means inconsistent with refined culture. A man any day will prefer a nicely-cooked beefsteak to a sonata. The mistake of modern feminine training has been the ignoring of the homely and the useful, for the fantastic and the unreal. Perhaps the most permanent of the pleasing accomplishments of woman is to be a good reader aloud, and this is within the reach of all girls. Men as a class are not musical or æsthetic; but all enjoy good reading; and a good, sympathetic voice, pleasing enunciation, and a taste for the best reading, secure for woman one of her most lasting attractions. Think over this when you tire of the piano. There is no music like the human voice.

It may seem irreverent to some to regard marriage as under the Divine guidance. But the Scripture expressly states that a good wife is the gift of God. Where there is not a clear vocation to the religious life, it seems to be the will of God that marriage, which Christ has invested with the sacramental dignity, is the proper state of mankind. It is no more irreverent or improper to pray to God for a good wife or a husband, than to pray for the grace of the priesthood. Virginity is a counsel, not a precept, and its crown is she who was blessed with the Divine Maternity. To decry matrimony, to deny its divine institution, to thwart its purpose, to teach men to avoid and debase it, is to be guilty of a most grievous sin, and to purchase for one's self, damnation. Fully three-fourths of the wrongs of women come from the sinful avoidance of marriage. A premium is put upon dissoluteness, and modest women see, with a natural sigh, the carriage of the painted harlot scattering over them the mud of the street, as they wend their way to honest toil.

Why should not we Catholics revive in America the good old custom of parents arranging marriages with their friends and neighbors? Why are we so isolated here from that interchange of courtesies, and that fraternal union which the Church wishes to see encouraged? The scene which Longfellow describes in "Evangeline," the betrothal of the girl with Gabriel, is a fine old Catholic custom which prevails in the lands of the

faith. Our churches should not be the mere gathering-places of a multitude upon a Sunday. We are practically strangers to one another. Let us form a good Catholic society that will dispense with the incessant going to theatres and public amusements. In the truest sense, the Church is a family. We partake of the same spiritual food. We sit at the table of the same Father. This spiritual family leads to the union of relationship. Such, no doubt, was the idea of the Redeemer. What else is the meaning of the prohibition of mixed marriages? Why are we counselled to keep unity in all things? Let the young people of a congregation get acquainted with one another. Sociables, and merry gatherings under the sanction of religion, and the eye of the pastor, form an element in Church life not without the happiest effects.

It is the highest interest of society, that woman should be surrounded with safeguards. The experiment in Boston, of Boffin's Bower, which gives shelter and food to young women temporarily out of employment, merit praise and encouragement. Every fallen woman is a firebrand, a demon of destruction, physical as well as moral. The noble enterprise of employers to preserve the self-respect and decent maintenance of the women they engage, merit for them a great reward, and command the applause of mankind. Experience has shown that it is useless to try to overcome the absurd prejudice which some women have against domestic service. The more absurd the opinion to which a woman is attached, the more tenaciously she will hold it. If such women will prefer to work and starve in a petty clerical or shop capacity, all we have to do with such unreasonable creatures is to preserve them from temptations, and to pray God to give them common sense.

Every morning, I see from my study windows, at six o'clock, a troop of haggard, work-worn young women almost running along a thoroughfare to down-town stores, there to stand and grin behind a counter, because, forsooth, it is more respectable than to get up a good breakfast, as a servant, or to scrub the front steps, where their Oscar Wilde might happen to see them. All these girls could have comfortable homes, and be treated with a trust and generosity to which they are strangers in a store, with patent tills and a floor-walker to see that they do not "crib" a spool of cotton. I know of dozens of women in domestic service who have entire charge of vast mansions full of the treasures of art, jewels, and money. Which is the more honorable or respectable station? I know of many girls who have won the esteem and love of those who are able to promote all their earthly interests; and when I compare the healthy, contented look of these good women, with their solid comforts and their ready dollar for a good work, with the flashy, cheap dress, tawdry jewellery, empty pocket-book, and bilious looks of the lady-clerk and the fascinating "saleslady," I can only say a *Pater* and *Ave* that the Lord may bless the latter with a modicum of wisdom, and send them a good meal.

Yet as the ideal of both the domestic and the saleslady is to queen it over

some good fellow, I cordially wish both success, with the request that if their wishes are crowned, they will remember me in their prayers, and forgive me any unintentional *gaucheries* in an essay which is honestly written to urge a good remedy for a great deal of the unhappiness, and a great many of the wrongs, of unmarried women. My sympathies are all with them; for my experience has been that the wrongs of *married* women, with few exceptions, largely result from their own fault.

The Lesson of the Recent Elections.

THE overwhelming defeat sustained by the Repnblican party in the recent elections has effected to elicit from the press of the country, and from public men in different stations and sections, various conflicting opinions, and, as might be expected, widely differing interpretations.

By all it is accepted as the "handwriting on the wall," though each oracle translates the scrolls according as interests and sympathies lead justifying hopes or fears, or vindicating counsels and prophecies. Republican journals and representative party leaders have been forced to acknowledge that it is a stinging rebuke to the unwise counsels, and the reckless policy that has characterized the recent administration of public affairs, though it is to be apprehended they have not, and will not take to heart the full force and significance of the admonition thus given.

During more than twenty years of uninterrupted and almost unrestrained power, the Republican party has had abundant opportunity to carry out its policies and to demonstrate its influence; and what has been the result? Since the advent of the Republican party and coincident with its reign there have grown up a succession of monstrous monopolies which drain the life-blood of every form of human industry, and fatten on the spoils of franchises and grants obtained by corrupt means and furtive methods from Congress and legislatures. The interests of the many have been recklessly bartered to subserve the greed and grasping avarice of the few. The public domain, the vested heritage of the people, has been voted away in "land grants," and bounties to corporations, in wilful disregard of the interests of the people, and of the permanent welfare of the country.

An impolitic tariff, persisted in with unaccountable pertinacity, has served to sweep American shipping from the seas, and to dwarf and cripple our foreign commerce; while from a similar cause the manufacturing interests and domestic industries, harassed by fitful and varying legislation, are paralyzed and prostrated.

What between profligacy in the management of public affairs exposed in the conduct of "Ohio Statesmen," "Star Route" thieves, "Hubbelism," and the numerous other peculiar methods and practices brought into public view, it has become evident that the Republican party is unequal to the

task of "cleansing itself," and has demonstrated its unfitness to guide the destinies of the country.

That duty will be committed into other hands, and a different course of policy and an altered tendency in legislation may be looked for in the future. Nor is it in domestic legislation and administration only that the party in power has shown its unfitness for its great trust.

The United States has little occasion for what may be called a "foreign policy," but in the notable instances of late, when occasion demanded that due and prompt regard be shown for the rights of American citizenship and the honors of the American flag, the country was mortified by the hesitating and pattering temporizing and vacillations shown by our State Departments. It was evident that a Freylunghuysen and not a Marcy prompted its attitude and dictated its policy.

The Democratic leaders have it now in their power to demonstrate to the country the superior capacity of that party to deal with questions of home and foreign policy.

The people cry loudly for *Reform*. They demand of their representatives, in high places and in low, that regard be shown for the popular will; that the reign of extravagance in public places shall cease, and that corruption be utterly stamped out. The reign of administration "favorites" and party "bosses" is at an end. The Camerons, the Conklings, the Folgers, and the Logans have had their day and it is to be hoped their like will not soon again appear in public affairs. The signs of the times indicate that the Democratic party has yet a great destiny to fulfil. Imbued with young blood and new life, it possesses all the requirements to carry out the popular will, and to meet the popular necessities. It is now, as it always was in the past, the *party of the people*.

Its traditional principles naturally ally it with public interests as against merely partisan policies. It will be the foe to centralization in government and to monopolies and class legislation. Under the influence and guiding power of wise statesmanship that party will curb and restrain the avaricious arms streched out by the Vanderbilts and the Goulds to grasp what remains of public spoil and corporation plunder.

The Democratic party stands pledged to tariff reform and reduction of taxation. These alone constitute a strong platform, and in addition its ascendancy assures a necessary reform in the administration of public affairs, and an equally indispensable retrenchment in the expenditure of public moneys. The rights of the people and the interests of the laboring masses will not be ignored by the party whose chief strength and large support lies there. The lesson of the elections may be lost upon the Republican leaders; it cannot fail to make an enduring impression on the party which is soon destined to assume the control of national affairs, and to mould and influence with wisdom, vigor, and honesty the destiny of the country.

Irish-American Papers.

THE disgraceful exhibition of so-called Catholic and Irish papers, on sale for political purposes, is used by our enemies to depress and dishearten all true Catholic and Irish journalism. We have difficulties enough to contend against in the way of establishing any Catholic journal, without our being weighted with suspicions that we are in the market, for any chance political bidder. The circulation of the *Irish World* was represented to be so vast, that one readily concluded that its proprietor could easily keep above any merely mercenary reasons for changing its peculiar tone. But, pointedly asks the *Irish-American*, is it possible that English secret service funds have been at the bottom of the spread of the *Irish World* throughout Great Britain, since the sheet has begun denouncing the Irish Parlimentary party? Mr. Trevelyan, in reply to a question in the Commons, says that the *Irish World* can possibly do no harm in England. In fact it is decidedly doing good to the British cause. And this is the *Liberator* which Irishmen support! Is it any wonder that the Americans laugh at us? Imagine this country encouraging a journal which existed only to sow the seeds of disunion, assail honored names, and weaken confidence in measures of good, which have been proved to be not only feasible, but effectual.

Every case of journalistic malfeasance in the Catholic press, is no doubt magnified by its enemies. The *Irish World* is not Catholic, but it pretends to be such, and it is read by very many Catholics. There are journals, however, which claim to be distinctively religious, and yet, with a strange perversity, they manage, unconsciously, we hope, to inflict real injury upon religion. The Irish, and the Catholics of Pennsylvania were simply furious at the political sky-rocketing of the *New York Tablet*. The only denomination in the country which severely separates politics from religion, is the Catholic.

Our unity in religion, no doubt, modifies our views from all subjects, more or less perceptibly. It is a peculiarity of Catholics that they feel the consequences of the crimes and blunders of individual members. So with our press. A sheet of little intrinsic importance shares in the influence which a common faith and its sphere exercise over all our people. This influence, which the true Catholic journalist uses with discretion, and even fear, should be like its source, Catholic, not limited or partisan.

Our Catholic men of letters may as well make up their minds that their readers learn politics from the daily paper, from political clubs, and from the living intercommunication of society. The only manner in which we can deal with politics is in a broad and scientific study and exposition of the great principles which underlie the social frame, and guide the life of nations. The common sense of the people will find out the good or the evil that is in Republicanism, Democracy, Prohibition, and other phases and forms which the political idea takes. On a higher plane, the Catholic pub-

licist may take his stand, and on higher principles, argue, reason, enforce, and refute. Let us remember that the truest and profoundest reasoning of statesmen and writers quickly translates itself into the rough speech of the people, who are always ready to welcome the best.

Every editor, of course, has his own notions about the best way to manage his paper. There is, however, one element of success which none can afford to ignore. The historical value of a Catholic journal may be made incontestably great, and its acceptability wonderfully enhanced in a community, by its strictly local chronicle. Sketches of churches, personal reminiscences, even a comparative census of Catholics, are what make a paper; although we fancy the editor smiling sardonically, and wondering how people *could* be more interested in a bit of local news about a church, than in his sublime editorials. If he realized how scant and inaccurate are the records of Catholic history in the United States, he would willingly give a column to just such information, even if a great editorial had to be "held over."

Irish-Americans in the Next Congress.

THE fact that an unusual number of Irish-Americans were elected to the next Congress has naturally attracted wide attention and comment, though it is stretching the case a little too broadly to find the colored members-elect, O'Hare of North Carolina, and Lynch of Mississippi, included in the "Irish delegation," because of their suggestive names! Several public journals, including one or two Irish-American weeklies, have drawn attention to the possibility of an "Irish party" in the next Congress; and some of these organs are already discussing and mapping out the policy of the "Irish-American delegation" with reference to legislation that shall be aggressively Anti-English.

All these suggestions and speculations we cannot but believe will prove a little too "previous"; indeed we think it is entirely safe to predict that there will be no such anomaly as an "Irish party," or even an "Irish-American delegation," acting as such in the next, or any future Congress.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the circumstances which justify and even demand the organization of an "Irish party" in the British Parliament are altogether inapplicable here. Washington is not Westminster! It is gratifying to know that the Irish-American element in the United States will be represented in the halls of the American Congress by so many clever and able men of Irish birth or descent, and we are confident they will prove themselves to be honest as well as capable legislators; but we must remember that they represent constituencies of *American* citizens, and hence, however strong may be their predilections for Ireland, however intense their dislike of England, and of England's methods towards Ireland, *that* is an affair to be settled between the two countries concerned. We want no "Irish party" in an American Congress.

The Boston Herald as a School-Book.

A NEW departure in public school education in Boston, is the reading of the *Boston Herald* as a text-book. We have no objection to the introduction of present financial problems or examples, for real business has a more vital interest than the imaginary exercises in the arithmetic; but we decidedly object to the substitution of a daily newspaper for a reading-book. In the first place, on simply rhetorical grounds, the selections in a "Reader" represent a higher literature and more careful language and style than the exigencies of newspaper writings permit. Compare a description from a great historian, with a *Herald* description of a fire, with its "fierce flames flaunting furiously; and the firemen fainting from the flambent fusilades of the fire-fiend." In what chaste and elegant English would the scholars be informed that the bull-headed candidate for political honors, has gone to blazes; or that an unfortunate has gone to the workhouse for getting a skinfull of rat poison, or Jersey lightning?

In the second place, newspapers assert that they are forced, by the conditions of journalistic success, to give full reports of murders, divorces, *crim. con.* cases, suicides, and other delectable matter which the public demand in highly spiced form. This admission and practice alone should exclude the paper from the school-room. Children will learn, early enough, the wickedness and misery of the great world.

The true idea of a "Reader" is to present to the minds of children a careful selection of what is noble, interesting, true, and beautiful in human speech. Some "Readers" have modified the thinking of generations. Ruskin tells us that we all should memorize a few famous passages of the masters of thought and song; and surely the *Boston Herald* would not meet with his approbation, as a medium for forming the youthful mind. We have said heretofore to our teachers that a little variety in reading matter, such, for example, as is afforded by this MAGAZINE, would benefit the children; and we indeed know, from personal experience, that where this MAGAZINE has been used, not as excluding, but as auxiliary to the "Reader," renewed interest has followed in the reading-lesson, and a taste for reading, which, as Sir Humphrey Davy well said, is the most desirable of all tastes, has been formed.

Who does not know the Stage Irishman, with his shillelah, his bottle, his dudheen, his horrible grimaces, brogue and knee-breeches? Happily, he is only found on, never off the stage. Now we have a sort of stage Ireland also, which happily is only a dramatic illusion. This Ireland, as lately put upon the stage, by a Weymouth (Mass.) school-master, is described as "famous for peat, potatoes, poverty, and political disturbbances"—quite a string of *p's*. This was the lesson which the public

school-children of that town, many of whom, no doubt, Irish-Americans, were given to study.

Now, any Irishman who would send his children to a school in which Ireland was so represented, deserves what he assuredly will get,— the contempt of his children, their repudiation of their name, parentage, and faith, and their consequent eternal damnation, which will involve his own.

It were better for your children to grow up like the ancient Persian youth, whom Xenophon tells us were taught only two things, to hunt — and to tell the truth — than to study lies and infamous calumnies about a people whom all history and the common consent of mankind know and proclaim to be a great and sorely-tried nation; their island home, a beautiful land; a magnificent people, who sacrificed all for the religion of Christ, for that Christianity to which all our civilization is ascribed.

If you have no Catholic school, let your children play in the street, go fishing, go to the woods, play marbles, rather than expose them to even the polluting contact of a school-master capable of dictating lying history, and foul vituperation of the land of their fathers. Teach them yourself, or, if you cannot, learn to teach them. The Scriptures contain a prayer for an opportunity to dash out the brains of even the Babylonian babes, because of the horrible persecution which the people of God endured in the Captivity. The Irish father who sends his children to these Babylonian schools, in which the traditions of our captivity are kept up and defended by lies, ought to have his own brains knocked out, as perhaps they one day may be, by children who are taught that the land from which he came has nothing but poverty, potatoes, peat, political agitation, and why not add what was in the coward's mind, though he was too craven to express it,— Popery?

A Catholic Mayor.

At Hanley, England, Mr. John Emery was unanimously elected to the civic chair. Mr. Emery belongs to an old Catholic family in North Staffordshire, and is a member of the Board of Guardians. On Sunday, the Mayor attended the Catholic church wearing the insignia of his office. At the conclusion of the service, Father Burke, in a few words, expressed the pleasure it gave him to see Mr. Emery raised to the mayoral dignity, and as his Worship entered his carriage he was warmly cheered. At the civic banquet the Mayor. who met with a very cordial reception, said that he was, of course, not in a position to speak of any good work he had done, but, if spared, he did hope, at the end of his year of office, after doing the little he could the best way he could, to be rewarded by hearing some voices say, "Well done thou faithful servant." (Cheers.) During his term of office he should know no distinction in politics or religion, or in anything else. He should

set his face steadily to do the best he could for the town at large; and every burgess, no matter what his views, would be equally dear to him. The election of himself to the position he was then occupying he acknowledged as a glorious example of religious toleration, which he believed would find a grateful response from countless thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land. The kind words used by a friend of his, one who was once Mayor, and who was with them that evening, would never be effaced from his memory. The words were:—"The days of bigotry are passing away." May they, concluded his Worship, never return. (Cheers.)

On Venial Sin.—A person who simply wishes to abstain from mortal sin has not a very great desire to avoid it. It is an idle fancy to suppose that that plan of life which never fails to attend to great essential things without taking the trouble of taking precaution to avoid lesser evils can be sufficient to insure perseverance in the love of God. However venial my sins may appear to me, O Lord, they are attached to Thee, as, although they do not kill my soul, I am always in want of Thy precious Blood to avert Thy justice, and they will never be remitted unless a just proportion be kept between the evil and the remedy, the satisfaction and the injury. It is true that a sprinkling of holy water, taken with a feeling of true devotion, is sufficient to wash away the stains; that an alms distributed to the poor can, in the sight of God, discharge many a small debt; that a fervent prayer can obtain a cure of my sins, and all that are called sacramental remedies can help to staunch my wounds; but all-sufficient as these remedies may be, they would be inefficacious if they are not mingled with the wounds of our Saviour and supported by His merits. It is necessary that that drop of holy water should be mingled with the tears He has shed over our miseries; that that alms should be united to the immense love which led Him to shed His Blood for our redemption, as, says the Apostle, that that prayer be in union with those He addressed to His Father in our favor.—*Père De La Columbiere.*

Affairs in Ireland.—*Dublin, Dec.* 2.—Earl Spencer has informed the Dublin police that an application has been made to Parliament for a special grant to them of extra pay, varying according to length of service, for all below the rank of Commissioner. Nearly 60,000 applications have been received by the Land Commissioner from persons desirous of taking the benefits of the Arrears of Rent Act.

Cost of the War in Egypt.—In the House of Commons on the 27th ult., Mr. Gladstone, replying to a question by the Right Hon. Frederick Stanley, said the cost of the war in Egypt was estimated at £3,000,000.

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: A STORY OF KILCARRICK.

Bonnie stood in the porch until the car had passed beyond the brow of the avenue, and was hidden from sight. Then she went slowly upstairs to her room, with a vague intention of spending her day in a very dreamy, purposeless manner; sitting by the window, perhaps, and thinking of Paul.

But Mrs. Forrester was far too keen-sighted and sympathetic a woman to allow of anything of this kind. No sooner had Bonnie taken up her forlorn position in a low chair by the window, than her hostess came into the room, sat down, and chatted away so pleasantly — advancing, with subtile and sympathetic skill, from merely cheerful talk to a very humorous, and, finally, a sparkling and characteristic style — that Bonnie unconsciously joined in the conversation, at first in monosyllables, and then, at last, with much zest and animation.

The day passed away pleasantly enough, after all, and a musical performance was the programme selected for the evening.

"I should suggest a drive," said Mrs. Forrester, "but I fear we shall have a wet, or, maybe, a thunderous evening. So, I think, music and singing will be the very best way of passing the time. You must sing me dozens of your old Scotch and Irish ballads, Bonnie. And I will treat you to your favorite *Lieder Ohne Worte*, and some of Chopin's mazurkas, which you admired so much the other evening."

But, alas and alas for this delightful little programme! It was destined to be never carried out. When, by the way, are our rose-colored anticipations ever realized? *L'homme propose.*

Just as Mrs. Forrester had opened her Erard, and screwed up her music-stool to the proper height, who should make her appearance at the window but a certain Mrs. Ffrench, a fair, pretty, gossiping woman, a crony of Mrs. Forrester's, and Bonnie Dunraven's especial bane.

Mrs. Ffrench did not care for music. Her pet topics of conversation were, as a rule — the latest fashions in bonnets and jackets—the choicest items of local scandal—the last "deliciously racy novel of poor *dear* Rhoda Broughton's," or "that wonderfully sublime work by that naughty, but oh! so *awfully* clever writer, 'Ouida'!" — the harrowing details of "*darling* little Fairy's" latest illness ("Fairy" was Mrs. Ffrench's lap-dog) — the "exquisitely-lovely new color which has just come out, and I *assure* you, *dear* Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Meadows tells me that *everybody* in London wears it — *everybody*" — and so forth.

Now when Bonnie caught sight of the well-konwn Marabou feathers of Mrs. Ffrench's bonnet, she indulged, first of all, in an exceedingly unbecoming grimace, and then she rose to her feet nimbly and noiselessly, and made her exit from the room with all possible speed.

The evening was dull and close, but, notwithstanding Mrs. Forrester's predictions of rain and thunder, Bonnie put on her hat and jacket, and set off for a solitary walk. She did not care to remain in the house just now. Might not Mrs. Ffrench, with her wonted urbanity, inquire for "Miss Dunraven?" — and then — O, horror! — Miss Dunraven would have no choice but to appear. So Bonnie hurried away from the house, not pausing for a moment until she had arrived at the lodge.

The lodge woman, good Mrs. Quinn, was knitting in the porch as Bonnie came up.

"Good evening, Mrs. Quinn," the girl said; "I am going for a walk; and, by-the-by, I want to ask you a question or two as to the roads about

here. I saw a certain road, not far from here, turing up sharply to the right. It looks like a mountain road. Where would it bring me to—do you know?"

"You mean, Miss, the first *bosheen* ye'll meet as turns away off the main road to Lismore?" Mrs. Quinn inquired, letting the blue stocking she was knitting fall into her lap.

"Yes; that is the very road I mean. It leads up to the mountains, doesn't it?"

"*Sure* it do, Miss. That road 'd bring you up along on the mountains, surely. There's a short cut up there acrass the heath to Mount Mellaray. But it's a lonesome way, Miss, and I wouldn't advise ye to go far this evenin'. We'll have an ugly evenin', I'm afeard."

Bonnie went out on the Lismore Road, and walked on quickly under the shadow of the big trees, until she came to where the mountain road turns sharply away to the right. An old man, who was breaking stones just here at the turn of the road, and who had begun to know and like Bonnie's bright face, remonstrated with the girl as to the imprudence of her venturing up on the mountains on such an evening.

"Ye'll have thunder and lightnin', *astore*, afore nightfall," he said, "an' ye'll have no shelther up there on the bare heath. But what's the use o' pratin' to the young people!" he added, as Bonnie passed on with a friendly smile, and an assurance that she did not intend to go far for a walk.

Bonnie found herself now on the most savage road she had ever set foot on before. It was truly a mountain road. She was nearly breathless as she toiled up the ascent. Dark fir-trees bordered the road on the right and left; a narrow mountain stream was hurrying down over the rocky bottom at each side, splashing along noisily, leaping in foaming cascades from stone to stone, from ledge to ledge. Oftentimes the girl paused and looked back, or, rather, looked down, on the world she was leaving behind her. It seemed as though she were mounting up to the clouds. Before her was the rugged roadway, rising higher and higher. The welkin stretched overhead, dense with livid clouds, The atmosphere felt close and heavy. There was no sound in this oppressive stillness, save the splash and gurgle of the water hurrying over the rocks.

At last Bonnie found herself—much to her relief—on a comparative level. The road was wilder and narrower than ever, but the mountains were now no longer hidden from sight. Bonnie paused for a while at an old, broken gateway, and now, looking away down over the country, what a view met her eyes! There, far below, was Lismore—the river, the old bridge, the Castle—and distance added a new grandeur, if that were possible, to the picture. The river reflected the livid hue of the clouded sky; away westward, the sooty edges of the clouds were fringed with copper, and the great piles of cumulus were momentarily enlarging and blackening as the twilight gathered down over the wild landscape.

Bonnie turned away from the gateway and got in on the heath, now of a sombre red-purple color in the waning light. The lofty peaks and spurs of the mountains formed a toothed ridge right across the horizon. The purple of their hue was deepening, and the outlines of their sinuous range and peaked summits sharpening against the background of leaden cloud.

As Bonnie walked on, a sound came to her ears through the hush of the evening. The rumble of car-wheels in the distance. It drew nearer; still nearer. Ere long a high car, with a man and woman in it, passed along the mountain road in the direction of Lismore. The man caught sight of the lonely girl-figure on the heath, and called loudly to Bonnie.

"You'll lose your way there!" he

shouted. Then, as the girl came towards him, he touched his hat with his whip, and added, "If you take my advice, Miss, you'll keep to the road here. But maybe you're going on to the Monastery? You'll not be able to walk so far, I'm thinking."

"No; I am only taking a little walk," the girl said; "but I believe there is a short cut to the Monastery somewhere about here."

The man — who appeared to be a well-to-do farmer — stood up in his car, and with his whip indicated the path leading to Mount Melleray Abbey, across the heath. Then, with a parting injunction to the girl not to lose her way on the mountains, he drove off; and, ere long, the rattle of the car-wheels died away in the distance.

A strange nervousness and loneliness now came over the girl for the first time. After this little interruption, the dead hush of the mountains was almost intolerable. There was not a sound to break this silence. The air was close and oppressive. The wild peaks rising against the sky, were of a black purple hue in the twilight.

"I suppose I might as well turn back now," said the girl, somewhat angry with herself for this growing nervousness. "I wish Paul were with me. I would give anything to go across the mountains to the Monastery."

She had turned, and was making her way back towards the road. The twilight lay over the landscape like a thick purplish pall. Bonnie found now that she had gone farther than she thought. She had, indeed, hurried along at a breathless pace, and now she began to fear that night would have fallen by the time she got down again on the main road leading to Lismore.

A strange dread was creeping over the girl, as she hastened on. She felt herself shiver now and then, and her heart was beating with a heavy thud — thud, which dismayed her.

"What is the matter with me?" she said to herself affrightedly; "I never felt like this before — never, except *once* — that dreadful evening at the Rabbit Burrow — the evening that poor Anna — *what* is wrong with me? I feel choked up, and — and —"

She paused suddenly, and drew back a step. A figure was approaching her across the heath. A small figure. A dark figure. A hurrying figure in the twilight

Nearer and nearer it came. Bonnie recoiled violently, shuddering in every limb, her hands clasped tight together, a wild horror — that incredulous horror which appalls one who sees a ghost — gathering in her pallid face.

"Bonnie! *Bonnie!* Is that you, *Bonnie!*"

O God of Mercy! Whose voice was that? Were her ears deceiving her? Was it the voice of the dead, or of the living?

"Bonnie! Bonnie! It is *I.* It is *Anna!* You don't know me yet. Oh, thank God — thank God we are reunited at last!"

"At last. *At last!*" Bonnie screamed, with a sudden violent revulsion of feeling, flinging her arms wildly around the small, dark figure. "Oh Anna — Anna — I knew you were not dead. Oh, I *knew* you were not dead. They all said you were, and I could not believe it. Oh, my darling!" she shrieked hysterically, "you are alive — you are alive — you are alive! Oh, I shall go mad! I *am* mad just now. I don't know what I am saying!"

They clung and sobbed together, shuddering from head to foot, their faces white as death, the tears streaming from their eyes like rain. There was no word spoken for fully five minutes after this. The joy of this reunion sapped the springs of joy itself, and drew on anguish to feed its strength.

"Anna, Anna," said Bonnie at last, her voice still strained and

wild, "if I had allowed myself to believe that you were dead, I should have died myself. But I would not believe it. I hoped on — on — on. I always —"

"But my letter, Bonnie — my letter? The letter I sent by Willie Merrigan," Anna interrupted here, "surely that explained everything. I sent it to you the very morning after that terrible, terrible night."

"The *letter?* Willie Merrigan? What letter? I got no letter," Bonnie cried, bewildered.

"Do you mean to tell me, Bonnie, that you did not get a letter — or, rather, a note scribbled with a pencil? Can it be possible? You got *no* letter! Could it be that the boy lost it?"

"I never got a line from you, Anna. I heard nothing — absolutely nothing, about you since that dreadful evening."

"He lost it, then. Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie, what must you have thought of me! In that letter I told you I was safe — that I could not write to you any more, for some time — that it was better for you not to write to me either, and that I would explain *all* when we met. And you never got it!"

"Never, Anna, I never got a line from you. Oh, Anna, Anna," she suddenly added, with a low cry, peering into Anna's face, "you are worn to a shadow; you are like a spirit. What has happened to you? And how in the world did you come here this evening?"

"I have been at death's door, Bonnie, since I saw you last. But I managed to pull through it, and — and I am getting back my strength again now. As soon as I possibly could, I set out for Kilcarrick to see *you;* but when I arrived at Ballydoonan, this morning, I heard there that you had left Killcarrick — and that you had gone away on a visit with a Mrs. Forrester. It was the guard, Edward Roche — your old admirer, Bonnie! — who told me this, and he knew your address, Glentobar, Lismore. So I came on straight then and I drove to Glentobar this evening, and heard from the woman at the gate that you had gone for a walk."

"And she told you the road I had taken?"

"Yes; she knew the way you had gone, and I followed in pursuit, and an old man on the road below gave me further information, and also a man and woman in a car, who had seen you up here, they told me. So I got off my car and sent it back to Lismore; and now you know how I found you out, darling."

"I cannot realize that it is Anna Wylde who is talking to me!" Bonnie cried, after a pause. "It seems like a dream to me. I shall not be able to grasp all this as an absolute fact until I have heard from your own lips, darling, the whole story of your sudden disappearance on that evening. Oh, Anna! if you only knew what I suffered. Well, it is all over now, thanks be to God! And here you are again, my poor Anna — my sister — dearer to me than any sister could be."

Bonnie's arms were again thrown about the small dark figure, and the two friends clung together, and cried and laughed, and now Bonnie found herself, by degrees, grasping this meeting as an actual reality.

"This is no place for us to linger," Bonnie said at last, "we shall have a terrible night, I think. I'm afraid the thunder will overtake us before we get to the house. Come, Anna, take my arm, and let us hurry on. Oh dear! What a talk we shall have to-night, in my room at Glentobar.

The two girls hurried along across the heath in the gloom of the falling night. The clouds had gathered livid overhead. There was a dead stillness all over the mountains. The closeness of the atmosphere had become more oppressive. The thunderstorm would not be long distant now.

"I hope I am not walking too fast for you, Anna? Am I? I think you are nearly out of breath."

Well, you *are* going rather fast, Bonnie, I am afraid we must slacken our space a little, even at the risk of being exposed to the thunderstorm."

"With all my heart!" Bonnie cried, and now her agitation was giving way to the wildest spirits. "I must learn to walk like a civilized creature, now that I have you with me again. But, you know, when Paul and I go for long walks, I try to keep step with him, and — Anna! *Anna!*" she suddenly broke off, with a low cry, "why I forgot all about it until this moment! I am going to be married."

"*Married*, Bonnie!"

"Yes. It is all arranged. I am to be married next week, probably next Thursday. Paul is away in Dublin now, but he will be back tomorrow evening, I think. Oh, Anna, I hope you will like him!"

"I hope so, dear. Well, well, well — and are you really going to be married? Is it a fact, Bonnie? What am I to say to you, at all? Where did you meet him? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, it would take hours and hours to tell you everything!" Bonnie cried, with nervous delight in her happy voice. "I met him first, ever so long ago, when I was a very little girl; and then I met him again last March — such a romantic meeting. Anna! He came one night to the Orchard Room at Kilcarrick, and tapped at the glass. He had walked from Ballydoonan — he is a famous pedestrian — and he wanted to know the way to Castle Strange. Mrs. L'Estrange is a kinswoman of his. I fell in love with him that night, Anna. I was often longing to tell you about that meeting, but he bound me to secrecy. He is a splendid fellow, Anna,— tall, with magnificent black eyes, and an olive face, and his name, too, is so pretty,— Paul Earnscliffe. Isn't it a — O God What's the matter!"

With a loud scream of the wildest horror and dismay, Anna Wyld started back as though shot to the heart, and flung her clasped hands above her head.

"Paul Earnscliffe!" she screamed hoarsely. "Paul Earnscliffe? Is that the name you said, Bonnie? Is it Paul Earnscliffe? Was that the name you mentioned?"

"Yes, Anna! Yes! Why not? *Yes* — Paul Earnscliffe. That is his name."

"And you say you are to be married to him next week?"

"Yes, Anna; next Thursday. That will be my wedding-day. My God, Anna, what is wrong with you? You are as white as a sheet. Oh, I am shocked — I am terrified!"

"No wonder I am white — no wonder you are terrified, Bonnie!" Anna screamed, with a sudden burst of hysterical laughter. "And so Paul Earnscliffe has appointed his wedding-day — has he! The black hearted rascal! Oh, my poor darling, thank heaven I came here in time to save you. I am Paul Earnscliffe's wife!"

Scarcely had the words passed her lips, when a vivid flash of lightning lit up the gloom for a moment with a blue glare, and then, at last, the thunderstorm burst over the mountains in all its fury.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WANDERERS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Bonnie lay there on the heath like a dead girl, her lips white and parted while Anna chafed her hands and bathed her temples with water from a little mountain pool amid the heather, to the side of which she had carried the girl's fainting figure.

"I should have broken the truth to her by degrees," Anna thought in bitter self-reproach. "I should not have given her this tremendous shock. But I could not help myself

The words rushed out of my heart in spite of me. Oh, my poor, poor child, I hope I have not injured you! I hope I have not injured you for life."

The thunderstorm was raging in all its wrath, and the blue lightning-glare nearly blinded Anna's eyes. But she was hardly conscious, just now, of the hoarse growl, and roar, and rattle of the thunder as it gathered louder and louder overhead, and boomed in hollow reverberations among the mountains. She had no thought now but for Bonnie.

"She looks like death," Anna thought, with a pang of affright and dismay. "Oh, Bonnie, darling, what have I done — what have I done? Have I only come back to you to kill you?"

As if in answer to her passionate words, Bonnie sighed heavily, and slowly opened her eyes. The color ebbed back into her cheeks. She lifted her head from Anna's lap, and sat up on the heather.

"Where am I?" she gasped, looking around her. "Am I awake, or dreaming? Is that you, Anna? Oh, Anna, I feel cruelly weak in every limb. What has happened to me?"

"You have fainted, darling," Anna said; "but, thank God, you are now yourself again. Oh, Bonnie, I thought you would never recover. I was dreadfully shocked. You looked like death."

Bonnie was gazing into Anna's face with a strange, bewildered look in her eyes. Then, suddenly, she uttered one sharp, pitiful cry of anguish, and buried her face in her hands.

"I remember *all* now," she moaned, rocking herself to and fro on the heather. "I had forgotten it at first. It all comes back to me now. Anna!" she cried, raising her head and looking wildly into the other's face, "you said you were — you were his — his wife. Is that what you said, Anna?"

"Yes, Bonnie, I said that; but I shall never forgive myself for not having broken the truth to you by degrees. It was a savage thing for me to tell it all so suddenly. But I did not know what I was saying. I was beside myself with horror and anguish. What you told me was so overwhelming, that it drove me nearly wild. And then the words rushed out from my heart. Bonnie, I shall never forgive myself!"

"Is it the truth, Anna? Is it the truth? Do you really mean to say that you — *you*, Anna Wylde, are Paul Earnscliffe's wife? His wife! Paul's wife? It seems like a nightmare to me. I cannot understand it, Anna. Paul's wife! And *I* was to be his wife next Thursday,— I, Bonnie Dunraven. Anna, this is only a fancy of yours. A laughable fancy. It is not true. Paul married!"

And a thrill of horror passed through Anna's frame when Bonnie burst into a wild peal of laughter, long, and shrill, and ringing.

"You are not serious, Anna," Bonnie cried, rising to her feet; "there is some misunderstanding. It will be all arranged satisfactorily, you'll find. Make your mind easy now, Anna. Paul will explain everything when he comes back from Dublin. He will be back on to-morrow evening, and he asked me to drive into Lismore to the railway station to meet him. Come, Anna; we cannot remain here. The thunder is dreadful, and we shall soon have rain. Come, Anna!"

"Where, Bonnie? Where are we to go?"

"Come with me, Anna, and, never fear, I shall bring you safely to a place where you will be welcomed for my sake. Glentobar is a dear old place. And Mrs. Forrester is so kind, and so interesting. She is like her brother,— like Paul, in many ways."

"Tell me, Bonnie, is her name, Alice?"

"Yes; Alice Forrester — Alice Earnscliffe that was. Come, Anna!

She will receive you warmly for my sake."

"Yes — I know who she is," Anna replied, looking straight and steadily into Bonnie's face, and speaking slowly and distinctly; "She is Paul Earnscliffe's favorite sister. He often spoke to me about 'Alice.' He showed me her photograph, I remember, on the day I became his wife. She was a tall, dark, black-eyed girl, very like himself in features. At that time, I think, she was not married."

"On the day you became his wife!" Bonnie repeated, her voice dropping to that dreadful whisper which is half-groan, half-whisper, "on the day you became his wife! Paul's wife, Anna, look me in the face now steadily, and tell me am I mad — or do I understand what you say? Here you and I stand, under God. Look at me. Tell me, now, is it true — is it really true — that Paul Earnscliffe — Paul Earnscliffe who gave me this engagement-ring on my finger — *look* at it! — that he is your husband and nothing to me any more."

"He is my husband, as God is my witness!" Anna replied steadily, looking straight into Bonnie's pallid face. "He is nothing to you any more — nothing but a d —— d traitor."

There was a silence then, while you might count twenty. Bonnie stood like a figure of stone, her hands clasped together, her lips slightly parted, her eyes fastened immovably on Anna's face. Then, at last, this silence was riven with a great cry from the girl — such a cry as a shot animal might give when the ball quivers through its heart.

"I believe it all now, at last! My eyes are opened — would to God they were withered up in death!"

"O Bonnie, don't talk so. Don't talk so, my poor, poor child. Heaven help us both!" Anna groaned; but she believed in her heart that it was well Bonnie should realize the truth. Better even this, than the unnatural incredulity of awhile ago.

"Yes, I *do* wish it!" Bonnie went on, passionately. "Why should I not wish it? What is my life to me now, but a curse — a black, blighting curse. O that God would take me — would only *take* me now — this moment, this very moment! What hope have I to live for? None. No hope. My hopes are blasted forevermore. And I have outraged those who love me — my dear, noble-hearted friends in Kilcarrick. I have separated myself, forever, from them — for this — for *this!* O Paul! Paul! Paul!"

The last words burst from her lips with a wail of anguish pitiful to hear. Her eyes gazing into Anna's face were wild and dilated with an immeasurable, tearless woe.

"We cannot remain here a moment longer, Anna," she cried suddenly, seizing Anna's hand as she spoke. "I know the path to the Monastery — to Mount Melleray Abbey. A man pointed it out to me this evening. Come, let us go there! It is our only refuge to-night — and it is a sure refuge. We can talk over all this when we get under a safe roof. Come, Anna. We shall have to walk quickly. There is not a moment to be lost. Come as quickly as possible!"

"You will not be able to walk so far, Bonnie. Better, I think, to come back to Lismore. We shall have a thunder-shower immediately, I am afraid. You really will not be able to walk to the monastery. You will surely make yourself ill if you attempt it," Anna urged.

"And what do I care whether I am well or ill?" Bonnie groaned. "I hope I shall die to-night. O God, I cannot think of it — I *cannot* think of it! If I think of it, I shall lose my reason. Come, Anna — come. The quick walk in the storm will save me from madness!"

Anna saw that it was useless to say anything further, and so she and

Bonnie hurried away, hand in hand, across the heath.

The thunder still rolled and rattled among the mountains. Sometimes it died away to a sullen muttering in the distance, ere it again gathered with a hollow boom as of breakers crashing on an iron-bound coast. Then came a prolonged roar, almost overhead — a roar like the explosion of cannon, followed by a loud reverberating peal and rattle, appalling to hear. Now and then, the blackness of the night was lit up eerily with the blue glare of the lightning. As yet the thunder-shower had not come, but it could not be long distant now.

Anna and Bonnie hurried onwards, not speaking a word; for, indeed, they were nearly breathless as they toiled across the rugged and savage heath-tracks, with straggling and misguided pathways traversing them here and there. Ere long, the ground sloped down, down, down, into a little valley between the mountains. A stream was brawling along here over a rocky bottom, and just as the wanderers had crossed a rude bridge spanning the torrent (two trees laid from bank to bank, with a plank nailed across them, here and there) the thunder-shower came down with the tremendous force of pent-up fury now vented at last.

There was no shelter on the bleak mountain-side, which now began to rise again. The rain was dashing down in torrents, and by the time the wanderers had arrived at the fields of Melleray, and were hurrying along a sheep-walk towards the Monastery, they were wet through and through, and their hair was streaming over their shoulders, drenched with rain.

"Thank God, we have arrived at last!" Anna said; and now they had come to the avenue leading directly to the Monastery, and, a few minutes later, Anna was knocking loudly at the door—the door through which Bonnie had entered, on that happy, happy day of her last visit to the place.

The good Brother who drew back the bolt was not very much surprised, it may be, when the lamp which he held in his hand flashed on two storm-beaten figures, with ghost-white faces and drenched, streaming hair. It was no singular occurrence for waifs and strays to come here to the Monastery door, and crave shelter for the night. The night of anguish in their souls was, oftentimes, blacker and more bitter than the blackness and bitterness of God's night swathing the mountains all around. But when Brother Philip, peering closer into the faces of these poor storm-tossed wanderers, recognized, in one of them, the fair, bright, happy-looking girl who had come here the week before, in all the grace and freshness of her youth and goodness —then, indeed, he felt a thrill run through him from head to foot, and his voice was low and unsteady when he spoke.

"Where have you come from? Have you been out under the thunder-storm on the mountains?" he asked, looking earnestly into Bonnie's white face.

"Yes, Brother. We have had no shelter. We are wet through and through," the girl replied. "We are foot-sore and travel-worn. Can we remain here for the night?"

"My God, you will get your deaths in these wet clothes!" Brother Philip said, holding the lamp close to the girl's drenched figure. "Step in for a minute or two, until I come back. I shall not delay you long."

He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the Guest-master, Father Leonard, the priest who had gone through the Monastery with Bonnie and her friends, on that happy day last week.

"Oh, Father Leonard!" Bonnie began, and then the sudden recollection of that dead-and-gone day, with all its never-to-be-forgotten associations, broke the girl's voice, and she was unable to say another word. She had wished to explain to Father

Leonard how it came to pass that she was here to-night. The sad, shocked look in his grave, kind eyes had dyed Bonnie's face and neck with a crimson flush; but she could not speak now.

"You wish for shelter for the night, and God knows you want it," Father Leonard said, drawing his white hood over his head, and walking to the door. "Come with me now, and I will bring you to a place where you both will receive every kindness and attention."

The thunder-shower had well nigh exhausted its fury, and great torn masses of black cloud were slowly trooping away across the livid sky, as Father Leonard, holding a lamp in his hand, walked along the avenue, followed by Bonnie and Anna Wylde.

The tall priest with his flowing white habit, and the peaked hood, dimly seen in the flickering lamplight, seemed to the weary wanderers like a Guardian Angel bringing them to a secure and happy refuge. There was no word spoken until they had come out on the mountain road, and arrived at the roomy-looking house, of which you have heard, near the outer gates of the avenue.

Father Leonard knocked at the door, and, ere long, a large, good-humored, friendly looking woman, Mrs. Wilson, made her appearance; and now, at last, Bonnie and Anna had come to a haven of rest.

Father Leonard and Mrs. Wilson had a whispered talk in the hall, and then the priest turned to Bonnie, a grave, kindly look in his eyes.

"I have arranged with Mrs. Wilson," he said, "and she will be happy to make both of you as comfortable as possible. You can have your suppers in your room. And these wet things will be aired for you. You must not fall ill if *we* can help it. And, now good-night. And may God guard you both!"

Again the wish to explain all this seized upon Bonnie, and again the effort was unsuccessful. She could not speak. The kindness of Father Leonard's words, and face, and voice, was too much for her. Her eyes filled with tears. She bowed her head in mute gratitude; and then Father Leonard was gone into the black night, closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORY OF THE PAST.

In the after years, Bonnie Dunraven oftentimes looked back upon that wild night-walk to the lonely monastery, and felt, in her soul, that it was her good angel who had directed her steps thither, in her hour of bitter trial. The solitude of the spot, the tranquil hush, the kind, earnest look in Father Leonard's eyes; all united in soothing the girl's troubled spirit, in bringing her back again, by degrees, to the consciousness — and to the consolation which that consciousness begets — that the one Goal is the end of every sorrow, here below, that no human being's life — however bitter — need be a bane, and no human being's cross — however heavy — insupportable.

This consciousness was, of course, riven and scattered, now and then, by the surge of passionate sorrow which swept over the girl's heart, resistless as it was agonizing. But it came back again, nevertheless, gathering depth and strength with each return, bracing up the girl's shuddering spirit, opening her eyes wider, and showing her — in moments of vivid insight — what the world still possessed for her, and in what direction her life-path henceforth should tend.

For Bonnie's nature was sunshiny and hopeful, as you know, rather than gloomy and despondent. She looked at the bright side of affairs, and she had come to believe (and this, mind you, was no romantic theory, but the spontaneous outcome of actual experience) that no matter how black a thing may appear to be,

there was to be found, nevertheless, if one only had the courage to search, some side that was not black, after all. The motive-principle of her moral nature was, indeed, accordant with the spirit of Gerald Massey's beautiful lines —

Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow:
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow!

* * * * * *

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest night,
Comes full of loving life, the laughing morning;
Hope on, hope ever; springtide flusht with light,
Aye crowned old Winter with her rich adorning.

Not so with Anna Wilde. Their characters were, indeed, strikingly contrasted in many ways; and never, perhaps, in their lives, was this contrast more marked than when, late that night — towards midnight, indeed — Anna crept to Bonnie's side, and wound her arms about her neck, and told her, from beginning to end, the story of her life, and what part Paul Earnscliffe had played in that miserable tragedy of the past.

"Never speak of this again, darling," Anna said, before she began her story; "let it die here to-night, and never, *never* resuscitate it. O, Bonnie, I shiver at the thought of going over the details again. I feel the horror and hatred towards that man spring up afresh in my heart. But you must hear it some time, and it is better that it should be over and done with, once for all, now."

"But Anna, darling, surely you need not tell it now, since it agitates you so terribly," Bonnie urged; for she could feel the shudder which passed through Anna's slender frame,

"It would be all the same, Bonnie, now, or next year, or in twenty years!" Anna replied, in a passionate whisper. "Yes; I will have it over now, and then, darling, we shall never, never, *never* speak of it again."

"Never, Anna, never. I promise you that, for my part, at all events."

"You may be very sure *I* shall not be the one to bring it up afterwards!" Anna said, bitterly. "Well, well, I shall not delay now. Come closer, Bonnie, I shall hurry over it. Can you hear me?"

Her voice had dropped to a faint whisper; but Bonnie heard every word.

"I need not go over the story of my childhood," Anna began. "There are some things too sacred, Bonnie, to be touched upon with words. My earliest recollections must remain in memory alone. I cannot bear to dwell upon them now. They were happy days, Bonnie — checkered, of course, with sorrow, here and there — the gloom of poverty — but, for all that, happy, happy days. Let them pass. The time soon came when all was changed. I was only fifteen years of age when I was left alone in the world; and as I stood shivering and sobbing in my black dress — the last of the black dresses now, for the last of my dear ones was gone — I had nothing left of my childhood but the living memories of a poor little sister who had faded away in consumption, my brother — my girl's hero! — who had followed my sister, and a gentle loving mother, whose heart had been riven and rent by my father's cruel treatment, and by the sorrows of her children's deaths. At fifteen, a girl's heart is not very well hardened, Bonnie, to endure such trials as these. *I* could not endure them. I do not care to recall the year which followed my mother's death. Let that, too, go by."

"God help you, Anna," Bonnie said through her tears, "my poor, poor darling!"

"When our household was broken up after her death," Anna continued, "an old kinswoman of ours — a true-hearted, noble-minded woman as ever lived — sent for me; and I went to her, to Innisrush, in the County Clare, and made my home there henceforth with her. She has

been my fond, faithful friend, from that day to this. May God bless and protect her!"

"She is alive then, Anna? I don't think I've heard you speak of her before."

"Yes, Bonnie, she is alive; but feeble and old now. She is a Mrs. Graingell, a cousin of my poor mother's. At the time I went to her, her husband was dead, her two boys were dead; she was a childless widow, and was supporting herself by giving lessons in music, singing, and drawing, and in the evenings she received pupils at her house, and had a class of French and English until tea-time. It was in this evening class that I began, ere long, to be of some assistance to her. I studied hard during the day. It was a great relief to me to study. It was a powerful distraction. And it subsquently enabled me to earn my bread as a governess. Well, Bonnie, this went on for two years. Before the end of the second year, I had taken the evening class entirely into my own hands. My life was now a happy life enough. I dearly loved Mrs. Graingell. She looked upon me as her own child. I was now seventeen; and it was at this time that I met Paul Earnscliffe."

Anna paused for a minute, and there was a silence. Bonnie said not a word. Again she felt the shudder which passed through Anna's frame, and trembled in the arms wound about the girl's neck.

"He came to the place, one evening, with a tourist's knapsack slung on his shoulders," Anna resumed. "He was walking through the West of Ireland; and as Innisrush is a pretty spot, he put up at the Inn with the intention of remaining there for a couple of days in order to visit the ruins of Glengriffin, and the other picturesque scenes in the neighborhood. On the very evening of his arrival, he and I met. I was sitting by the window of our house — it lies back from the roadway, and has a little garden in front, with a green gate, and two willow trees meeting over the gate in a rude arch. Well, I was correcting some French exercises when, suddenly, a voice from the roadway come to my ears. I looked up, and saw a stranger standing by the green gate, and the next moment he was in the garden, and was walking toward the window. He wanted to know the road to Glengriffin ruins. I told him. He introduced himself then, and lingered chatting by the window; and, by-and-by, Mrs. Graingell came into the room, and he and she fell into conversation. He spoke well. There was a charm in what he said, in his words, his gestures, his bearing. Mrs. Graingell admired him, was interested, was completely won by him in half-an-hour. They spoke of music, I recollect, and he professed to be a lover of music. They spoke of poetry, and of this subject his knowledge seemed, to me, to be unbounded. He had himself, he told us, written some fugitive pieces. He recited one or two of them for us in the gloaming. Dreamy, beautiful, melancholy, I thought them then. I wonder, Bonnie, what I should think them *now!*

"Well, the end of it was, that Mrs. Graingell invited him in, and he came, and he did not speak of Glengriffin ruins any more, for that evening. He drank tea with us. He played for us. He sang. It was the happiest evening, Bonnie, I had ever spent in all my life. I confess that now to you. I was feverishly happy. Before he said good-night, he lingered with me for a while beside the open window — for it was the summer-time, then — and when he went away, at last, it seemed as if he had taken away my heart and my youth along with him. I remember how I spent that night. No fear of my forgetting it! I spent it lying on my face on my bed, sobbing with the passion of a new delight well-charged with the passion of a new pain.

"He came again and again after that, Bonnie, you can understand it all. You will not expect me to dwell on this. I loved him with that unreasoning, passionate love — a blind devotion, but all-powerful. I was only seventeen, bear in mind. Until now, I had never even fancied what such love as this actually was. I had read of it, and laughed at it as being a mere exaggeration — written for the sensational effect — no truth in it. I found now that it was not an exaggeration — that it fell short of the reality."

Anna's gathering agitation now checked her words for a couple of minutes, and there was a pause. But still Bonnie said not a word. She could not speak.

"And so the summer went by, Bonnie, and when September came, a great joy had kindled up in my heart, no longer a mere hope now, but a reality. Paul had vowed to me that he loved me, *only* me — *you* know how he can talk; with a mixture of poetry, and passion, and treachery! My ears were not attuned *then* to the tone of falsehood. I took everything as my heart wished to take it, unquestioningly, gladly, with full cordial faith. How could I mistrust him, then? How could I mistrust him and still believe in God? — for was not he the most glorious gift, in *my* belief, that God could bestow upon me? My love for him, Bonnie, was more of a worship than a love. It drew me beyond myself. I could have suffered death—a martyr's death—with absolute joy, if he had wished it. *That* was the kind of love I felt for that man."

For the first time since Anna had spoken of Earnscliffe, Bonnie broke silence. She pressed her cold lips to her friend's forehead, and sighed heavily.

"I loved him in the same way, Anna," she said, in a faint whisper. "God help us both!"

"I must hasten on, now, Bonnie," Anna resumed. "You can, as I say, fancy it all, for yourself. The end of it was, that we were privately married at Innisrush, and we went to Scotland immediately after. Our marriage should be kept a strict secret, Paul urged. He told me some story about his father's wishing him to wed a great heiress in the south, and so forth, and so forth. He should win, by degrees, his friend's approval of his marriage, he said. It was a question of time only. What did I care, Bonnie, for his father's opinion, or his relatives' approval? What did I care about concealing our marriage? Too delighted I felt to please him in this. His slightest wish was sufficient for my whole-hearted effort to satisfy it. I made a God of him. And all the pangs of love that I felt for Paul Earnscliffe were changed afterwards to drops of blood, crushed out from the heart which he trampled to pieces under his feet.

"For two months we remained in Scotland; then returned to Innisrush. It was arranged that I was to remain with Mrs. Graingell until Paul's prospects had somewhat brightened. He, meanwhile, would, he said, go home to his father's place, and endeavour to win his 'approval' of our marriage. And so our first parting came to pass. That was a parting indeed! No mere clasp of hands, and touch of lips, and ardent wishes to meet soon again. It was of a different stamp, Bonnie. It was the parting between youth and age, so far as I was concerned. Two months later Paul returned; but *my* Paul never came back again. Bonnie, you can guess all, now. He was changed. I saw it — I felt it. I heard it in his voice. I read it in his eyes. He was changed. The passion of an hour was glutted. It had 'spent its novel force,' indeed! It was a happy reunion between husband and wife — the wife of four months, too. A happy, joyful reunion. The wife would have wished, just then, that her brains had been dashed out with a stone before she lived to see this happy day."

"Anna, Anna, my darling," Bonnie whispered, "don't continue this hateful story! Leave it so. You can finish it some other time, surely."

"No, Bonnie, no. Let it be told now, once for all, and then let it be struck out of our conversation for ever more. Well, Bonnie, he went away again, and I knew in my heart that all was over forever, now. And I was not mistaken. I heard nothing of him for nearly six months afterwards. Then, one morning, a letter came to me bearing a foreign post-mark — Milan. It was from Paul. I tore it open, and had he driven a knife through my heart, I could not have suffered as I suffered from the perusal of that letter. Our marriage, he informed me, had been a 'terrible mistake.' He had found that we were 'entirely unsuited to each other,' and that 'we had better live apart for the future.' He enclosed a check for fifty pounds, and he should always, 'notwithstanding our living separately, contribute, if possible, to the support of his wife.' The check was returned to him, Bonnie, and his wife, sometime later, endeavored to support herself by earning her bread as a governess.

"He wrote four or five times, during that year, but each one of his letters was returned, with Mrs. Graingell's handwriting on the envelope. During the next few years he wrote at intervals, but always with a like success.

"'He will think you are dead, Anna,' Mrs. Graingell said to me, during one vacation which I spent with my dear old kinswoman; 'and maybe he has repented of his conduct by this time.'

"'No, no, no!' I replied. 'I am glad that he should believe me to be dead — now that I *am* dead — to *him!*'

"And so, at last, Bonnie, he wrote to Mrs. Graingell herself, and begged of her to tell him the truth about me. She sent me his letter. I was in England then. I wrote back at once to her, and told her what my wishes in the matter were, and she did exactly as I asked her. She returned his letter, in a black-bordered envelope this time, without one written word from herself. For four years after that, Bonnie, we heard nothing more of Paul Earnscliffe — absolutely nothing. I was at Glenbride, at Mrs. Osborne's, when I heard of my husband again. That was toward the end of last March."

"Last March, Anna!" Bonnie repeated, with a groan. "That was the time he came to the window of the Orchard Room — the night I told you of, this evening, on the mountains."

"Was it early in the month — toward the beginning of March — that you saw him, Bonnie?"

"Yes, Anna; very early in the month." And the recollection of that happy night sent a quiver through the girl's low voice.

"I see. I understand it all, now. Well, Bonnie, it must have been a week or so later that I heard of Paul. A telegram came to me from Mrs. Graingell. Paul had written to her again, and told her that he intended to go to her to Innisrush, to learn, for certain, whether his wife were alive or dead. She telegraphed immediately to me to ask me what she was to do in the matter, and I sent back a message by return — four words, Bonnie, nothing more — '*His wife is dead.*' On the very day after the receipt of this telegram, he arrived at Innisrush, and when he went away from Mrs. Graingell's house, that evening, he believed that he was free, at last, from his incubus — that he need no longer live in exile abroad. And now, Bonnie, I come to my last scene with my husband, on the evening you and I walked to the Rabbit Burrow. You remember that evening, Bonnie?"

"Remember it, Anna! I am not likely to forget it. It has stamped itself on my brain in lines of fire."

"And on mine, too, and with good reason!" Anna said, with suppressed passion. "You went out of the Burrow, you remember, Bonnie, and you told me you would wait outside on the sands while I was picking up the shells. You had not gone five minutes when, suddenly, a sound of singing came to my ears. I had heard it — or fancied I had heard it — some time before, when you and I were sitting on the dry sand. Now, there could be no doubt of it. It was a man's voice, and it seemed to come from the other side of the great hill of sand right opposite to which I now stood, shuddering with the intensity of a sudden discovery. Yes, Bonnie — a discovery. No wonder I shuddered. This faintly-heard song was a familiar one to my ears. The voice was a well-known voice. The song had been sung to me during the days when my husband had poured his love-words into my ear; and the voice was the voice of Paul Earnscliffe, himself.

"Bonnie, I cannot tell you what I felt then, when I heard again the song, and recognized the voice. All the bitterness, all the hatred of my heart gave way, in that moment of recognition, to one immeasurable, overwhelming yearning that my husband were mine — my very own — again. I had spurned his letters. I had spurned his name. I had allowed him to believe that I was dead. I had prayed, with all my soul, that he and I should never see each other's faces again. Now, when I knew he was near me — when his love-song was again in my ears — now it was that a hope sprang into my heart, fired my blood, spurred me on resistlessly in the direction whence the voice came. As I toiled on, wildly endeavoring to make my way across the steep hills of dry, shifting sand, my heart was beating with the agitation of that feverish hope, and I began to fancy that all those letters of his which Mrs. Graingell — at my express wish — had returned, might, perhaps, have been written, after all, with the intention of bringing about a happy reconciliation. I don't know *how* I found my way to him. The passion of my heart lent magic to my feet and hands. In five minutes I had gone to the other side of the Burrow, and there, reclining on the sand, his knapsack lying beside him, I found Paul Earnscliffe.

"He was still singing, and I stood there, for a minute or two, silently watching him, and listening to the song I knew so well. Then an impulse urged me on nearer to him. He must have heard my footfalls on the sand now, for he started, and looked round. At first he seemed bewildered, shocked, incredulous. He stood up, and gazed hard at me, a wild stare in his black eyes, a pallid dismay in his parted lips.

"'*You* here — *you*, Anna! She told me you were *dead*,' were his first words, and then he stood watching me in silence, an incredulous horror in his gaze.

"'I told her to say I was dead!" I answered, passionately. 'I wished you to believe me dead, since you had spurned me from your heart. But I am alive and my feelings are alive, and there is nothing dead in me now except the hatred and loathing I have felt for you during all these years.'

"'My letters were all returned — every one I wrote. No wonder I thought you were dead. Where did you come from now?' he asked me, his voice dropping to a whisper, his face wild and white.

"'I was walking with a friend of mine,' I replied, 'and I heard you singing, and I came to you. I could not help myself. Heaven knows I had reason to shun you — reason to hate the sight of your face, the sound of your voice — good reason! But the hate and horror of you are dead in me now. Have you no word to say to me, Paul — no word — not one word of —'

"'Of *what?*' he cried suddenly,

his voice rising with gathering passion; but before he could say anything more, I laid my hand on his arm and silenced him.

"'Oh, hush! hush!' I whispered. 'My friend may hear you. She must not hear you. Come with me. Let us go along the sands,'

"We walked away silently from the Burrow, and there was no further word spoken between us until we had come alongside of the Bar of Clane. It was wild and gloomy down there, and the waves were dashing in on the shingle. It was the loneliest, dreariest scene you can fancy, Bonnie; and night was falling rapidly now.

"Oh, darling, I cannot bear to go over the details of that hideous scene! I found that my sudden, wild hopes were utterly false — utterly! He absolutely hated me now. What I had at first taken for the affright and horror of his sudden shock at seeing me alive, when he had believed me dead, I now found was, in, reality, the horror of myself, *personally* — the wrath and fury of the man's heart at finding that his Incubus had fastened upon him afresh! I saw this now clearly, and my blood coursed like fire in my veins. The sudden revulsion of feeling made me a very maniac. My wild love for Paul, which had blazed up anew in my heart so recently, was repelled, spurned, forced to devour itself. It *did* devour itself; and then words rushed out of my heart, the pent-up wrath and hatred of years now finding resistless utterance at last. I don't know what I said. I was like one raving in delirium. I was brought back to my senses, ere long, by a grasp of iron on my wrist, a face, white with fury, close to my face, and two wild black eyes fastened on mine.

"'Not another word!' he cried hoarsely, through his pallid lips, 'you have goaded me on to madness now. What have you been saying? Do you think I care a curse for your words? What are they to me! No more than the dashing of the waves on the stones there.'

"'You shall learn, to your cost, that they are something more than the dashing of the waves,' I replied, wildly struggling to free myself from his grasp. 'You shall bitterly rue the hour, Paul Earnscliffe, that your black heart fashioned the thought of turning traitor to me. All the world shall know how you have treated me. Hitherto, I have never breathed a word of this to any human being. *Now*, it shall be otherwise, I promise you! Let go my wrist!' I cried, still struggling to escape, 'my friend, Bonnie Dunraven, you will be weary waiting for me.'

"'By G —— you shall never return!' he cried, with a frightful oath, and the sudden access of hate and fury in his face appalled me.

"I did not know then, but I know now, the real cause of that inflamed passion. It was the mention of *your* name, Bonnie. Of that I feel assured now."

"'You shall never go back alive with your story,' he continued; and now he had seized both my wrists, and was dragging me to the edge of the Bar.

"I struggled madly, desperately, to escape. My hands were bruised and bleeding, and the bracelet, with my poor mother's hair in it, was torn off my wrist, and lost in the sea. Then, in my despair and horror, as I wrestled with him there on the verge of the water, I uttered one shriek, loud and terrible, and the next moment he had hurled me into the sea."

"I heard your scream," Bonnie said, with a shudder. "It rang loud above winds and waves, and I knew it was your voice. O God, Anna, this is frightful!"

"When I recovered consciousness, Bonnie, I was lying on the sands, a man kneeling beside me, and another man standing over me, and looking down into my face. All was explained, ere long. These were two fishermen, Edward Merrigan, and his

eldest son, John. You know them, Bonnie? You and I have found shelter in their cabin from many a storm, during our walks along by the sea."

"Yes, to be sure, Anna; I know them well," Bonnie said. "You were always kind to the Merrigans. And so it was they who saved your life!"

"Yes. They were going home across the strand when they heard my cry. Then they hurried to the spot, and were in time to rescue me from a miserable death. Well, Bonnie, they brought me to their lonely cabin, and poor Mrs. Merrigan did all in her power to make me comfortable that night. But I was not myself. I felt light-headed, hysterical, almost unconscious of what was going on round me. Still, underneath every other feeling, there was one thought troubling me all night — I should hide from Paul Earnscliffe. He must not know that I was saved. And, in order to insure his ignorance of the truth, my fate must be kept a secret from every one — for the present, at all events.

"All night long I lay turning these thoughts over and over in my head, and in the morning my plans were matured. I should go away at once secretly to my dear old kinswoman, Mrs. Graingell. I should bind the Merrigans to the strictest secrecy as to their having rescued me from death. I should write to you such a letter as would calm your fears on my account, and send it by a messenger. I was not long, Bonnie, in carrying these intentions into execution. I wrote to you and told you that I was safe, but that I could not write again for some time, and that I would explain *all* when we should meet. I begged of you to tell nobody that I had written to you — to keep your own counsel, no matter *what* should be said, or thought, with regard to my sudden disappearance. I asked you not to write to me for some time, as I dreaded the possible consequences of a letter passing through Ballydoonan post-office. The frantic horror of Paul Earnscliffe, which now possessed me, made me stop at nothing — no matter what — in order to conceal from him the secret of my fate. And my letter, you tell me, never reached your hands?"

"Never, Anna. If it had, I should have been delivered from a world of anguish indescribable."

"Willie Merrigan lost it, then. I gave it to him to bring secretly to you, and I told him to give the letter into no other hand but yours. He promised most faithfully to do as I said; and they all promised to keep strictly secret the fact of my having been saved from the sea. Late that evening, Edward Merrigan and his eldest son rowed me in their *curragh* to Rathnahinch Bay. You know it, Bonnie. It is a wild spot within a mile or two of Ballydoonan. I was in time for the night train, and I travelled third class, as a step toward avoiding recognition. It was past midnight when I arrived at Innisrush, and my head was whirling with a violent headache. The next day I grew worse, and by the end of the third day there was no longer any doubt of the fact that I should have to do battle with an attack of brain fever.

"It was a terrible attack, Bonnie. The doctors gave me up in despair, but, you see, even doctors can be deceived. You know the rest, darling — how I set out for Kilcarrick as soon as I possibly could, and how I found you at last, where I little expected to find you, and saved you from a worse fate than mine would have been had I been left to drown at Clane Bar, that evening. And now, darling I have told all. Never speak of it again, Bonnie. I ask you that as a personal favor. No good can possibly come of talking over the hideous story. You know it all now; and, thank God, the subject is over for ever more, between you and me."

To be Continued.

Irish Manufactures.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

We are glad to be able to announce the successful introduction of a new branch of manufacturing industry in Ireland — that of machine hat making. The factory, which may justly be regarded as one of the most important results of the Irish manufacture movement and of the National Exhibition, is situated at Queen Street, Dublin, and is the property of Messrs. Edward Macmahon and T. Twohill, the latter of whom carried on, for some time, a leather factory on the premises, which have been renovated and rendered suitable for the new manufacture. Having described the undertaking of Messrs Macmahon and Twohill as the first of the kind ever started in Ireland, we seek to guard against being misunderstood. There were, of course, as every one knows, hatters in Ireland before yesterday, but they all worked solely by manual labor. The story of the decline of hat-making in Dublin is instructive. Forty years ago fully 400 hatters had constant employment at Mestil, Donnybrook, in the factory of Mr. Stanley (now Wright and Stanley). The number of hatters employed in the city was about 1,000. So flourishing was the trade in 1841, that, finding it necessary to hold a public meeting, the members of the trade had to obtain the use of the Fishamble Street Theatre for the purpose. Hats at that time were everywhere made by hand. The best rabbit fur, covered with beaver, formed the most admired quality. The wholesale price of a hat of this description was one guinea. Wages were high. Men who were more energetic than the great bulk of humanity, introduced machinery in England to carry on the manufacture. Our countrymen were less energetic in that respect. Machinery soon enabled the English manufacturers to send a cheaper supply of hats to Ireland than our manufacturers by hand could produce. A few years sufficed to paralyze the Dublin manufacturers, and then to demollsh them. It was not from want of capital. Irish manufacturers talked about considering the advisibility of getting machinery, but while they dallied, the Irish hat trade was ruined. This drove our operatives to seek employment in England, and now one-half the workers in the hat factories of Stockport and Denton, the centres of the industry in that country, are Irishmen, for whom there ought to be bread enough and to spare in their native land. In England these factories are flourishing hives of industry. The great factory of Lincoln & Bennett of Regent Street, London, is outside Stockport; and Christie carries on his manufacture in the same place, giving employment to 1,100 persons. Messrs. Macmahon and Twohill have procured their machinery from both towns, and it is of the same superior description as that of Christie and Bennett. It will accordingly be seen that the capital being in the country, there was no reason why the Irish people should have worn this year two million English hats. Now that a first attempt has been made to overcome this importation, it is hoped other capitalists will have adequate enterprise to establish further hat factories. About fifty men and twenty women are employed by Messrs. Macmahon and Twohill in the processes of manufacture, in addition to about twenty trimmers. The firm, we are glad to hear, have as many orders on hand as would keep the machines working at the present rate of forty dozen daily for the ensuing two months. The firm, under existing arrange-

ments, will confine itself to manufacturing three descriptions — silk hats of superior quality, and felt hats of medium and fine qualities. They do not propose to supply the shoddy felt hats of which millions are annually manufactured in England.

It will help to a better understanding of our subject if we describe briefly the manufacturing processes. Take, first, the medium quality felt, which is made from Australian wool. The Irish wool is too coarse. The wool is passed through a carding machine on to a double cone-like block of wood, upon which it is shaped into irregularly edged hats. These are thickened by immersion in a boiling compound held in an octahedral tub called a planking machine, at each side of which a man is employed dipping, rubbing, and by other means saturating the hats with the liquid compound. The next process is waterproofing, which is done by immersion in tubs filled with the best orange shellac (a peculiar kind of gum obtained from India), which is diluted with boiling water. The partly-made hats are then passed through a second planking machine and placed upon wooden blocks for further shaping. Then they are dyed (which can be done in any color) in a copper pan, so large that it consists of 620 lbs. of copper. From this pan they are taken and placed upon latticed frames to dry. When dried they are brought to a hydraulic press. Each hat is placed in the centre of the machine in a hollow groove, and the table of the press descends upon it with a force of 400 lbs. to the square inch. This imparts the shape. A curling machine, by a somewhat similar method, presses out the rim. The hats are then placed upon a tubular metal frame, heated by steam, to "set them," after which they are ready for the trimmer, who binds and lines them. The superior quality felt hat is made from rabbit-skins. The first process consists of the removal of the rough fur, which is utilized for making coarse mattresses; the peeling away of the external skins, which are used in the manufacture of glue and size; and the cutting away from the membrane that remains of the fine fur. This fine fur is cleaned by being sent through a willowing machine, and is then ready for the forming machine. This forming process differs from that employed in the first description of hat. Yet it is quite simple. The fur is placed by a boy upon the feeding table of a machine, into which it is drawn by rollers, and from which it is blown with a great blast, and in small shreds, like a pelting shower of snow, against a circular cone-shaped frame of copper zinc, which revolves before the machine at a distance of a few feet, and receives the shreds of fur. The attendant assists by his hands to make the fur coating regular all round. When this is completed the frame is covered with damp felt to preserve the formation of the coating while it is plunged into a tank of warm water. After steeping for a few minutes the coating becomes consistent and is stripped off the frame. Two men and a boy attend this machine. The remaining processes are similar to those described in the first instance. The next description of work is the silk hat. It is all hand work. The bodies are first formed from calico, and these are covered with the finest silk plush. The whole of this extensive machinery is moved by a 12-horse power steam engine, to which is attached a boiler capable of working at a pressure of 100 lbs. to the square inch, which was yesterday set at 50 lbs., but which it is the intention of the firm to work at 80. There is a tank on the premises which stores 2,600 gallons of water. The firm has adopted as a trade mark the usual female emblem of Erin, sitting by her harp, near the sea, over which the sun is rising. It might be added, in conclusion, that the employees will be paid on the piecework principle,

under which the workers in the English hat factories earn from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a week.

Mr. P. V. O'Callaghan, of Merton, county Dublin, formerly of Kilkenny, shows in the Irish Exhibition an industry of which he has been the introducer to Ireland — that is, the manufacture of strawbottle envelopes. Up to about six months ago all these bottle envelopes used to be imported from France, Germany, and other Continental countries. Dublin alone imported 100,000 a week. In connection with the manufacture movement, Mr. O'Callaghan was struck with the idea that the farmers of Ireland could make better use of their straw than selling it for four or five shillings a cwt. if they could be taught to manufacture in their own homes these bottle envelopes. This would be to develop a new branch of native industry, and, at the same time, materially benefit themselves. Trying it first with his own family, he found it to work well, and, exercising his ingenuity, he invented a machine by which an experienced hand might turn out two dozen envelopes an hour, at 2½*d.* a dozen — that is 5*d.* an hour — far better pay than a seamstress in a first-class millinery establishment can earn during the same time. Mr. O'Callaghan pushed the trade in Dublin; and now he has ten factories — five in the Dublin district, and the rest in Arklow, Kilkenny, Stradbally, Cappoquin, and Waterford. He has been able to employ 150 hands, and before Christmas expects to have 1,000 at work. As an instance of how a small branch of native industry may be made to flourish, an order was received from one firm for a million envelopes.

The Discovery of America.

It is stated on good authority that several influential and wealthy Irish-Americans of New York City have taken the initiative in a movement looking toward the establishment, in that municipality, of an imposing memorial to St. Brendan, the reputed Irish pre-Columbian discoverer of America. The transactions of the projectors of the movement have not yet been made public, but it is understood that money in abundance will be forthcoming for the scheme, which is entirely an historical one, and that some $10,000 is already pledged in aid of the undertaking.

What character the memorial will partake of — whether it will be a marble monument, an athenæum, or some other object — has not, as yet, been determined. It is probable that as soon as the executive committee, now out, shall have reported the result of its observations, a stock company will be formed and the affair conducted on quite a systematic basis. The historical material on hand is said to be more than sufficient to prove beyond any doubt whatsoever that the Irish discovered what is now America many centuries before the advent of Columbus. The account of St. Brendan's voyage, which, it is claimed by the historian Colgan, took place about the year A. D. 540, is as follows: —

St. Brendan, having heard of the voyages in the Western ocean of his cousin Barinthus, and obtaining from him an account of the islands he had discovered, determined, animated by the strong desire of winning souls to God, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. Hearing of the traditions that existed along the western coast of Ireland respecting the existence of a western land, he proceeded to the islands of Arran, and there obtained much information to guide him. Thence he proceeded north-

ward along the coast of Mayo, acquiring from all who were expert in naval affairs sufficient aid for his daring voyage. His preparations completed, he set sail from what is now called "Brendan's Bay," directing his course toward the southwest, in order to meet the summer solstice, or what we, in our nomenclature, would term the tropic. After

A Tedious and Rough Voyage,

He came to summer seas, where he was carried along without the aid of sails or oars for many a long day. This, it is believed, was the great Gulf Stream, which brought his vessel to shore somewhere about the capes of Virginia. Landing here, he and his companions marched steadily for fifteen days into the interior of the country, until they came to a large river, flowing from east to west, which was doubtless the Ohio. At this point, whether deterred by the difficulty of pursuing his journey, or by some other cause, Brendan retraced his steps and returned to Ireland.

One of the first books printed in England by Caxton gives an account of the voyage of St. Brendan, which shows that the account was then very popular. The tradition was afterwards almost lost sight of until 1837, when the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen caused it to be collected and published in the collection of pre-Columbian voyages to America. Professor Rafn of Copenhagen claims that a people speaking the Irish language were found in Florida as far back as the eighth century. Dr. Von Tschudi, in his work on "Peruvian Antiquities," says that, according to probable conjecture, the country which lay along the coast from Chesapeake bay, extending down into the Carolinas and Florida, was peopled by Irishmen. He says in a note in the latter part of the work that a manuscript was found before he finished his book which converted the conjecture into certainty. Humboldt in the Kosmos says: "A country situated further south was named by the Scandinavians 'Land of the White Men, or Great Ireland.' M. Rafn is of the opinion that this country represents North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Aboul Abedellah Mahommed Edrisi, an Arabian geographer of the twelfth century, mentions 'Great Ireland.' This author was born at Ceuta in 1099, and pursued his studies at Cordova. It was at the invitation of Roger II., king of Sicily (1130-1154), that he undertook an account of

Voyages to the Western Land,

And he is, doubtless, indebted to the Normans at the court of Palermo for much of his information. The most significant feature about these narrations is the concurrence of testimony that the Irish were, beyond doubt, in advance of the Danish and Norwegian adventurers in obtaining a foothold on this continent. The Scandinavians uniformly designated it "Irland et Myla — the Great Ireland."

In 1841 N. Ludlow Beamish, a fellow of the Royal Society of London, published "The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century, with Notices of the Early Settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere," which throws much light on this subject. All these proofs and traditions present a reasonable theory that the Irish had settled the southern portion of North America and introduced civilization, of which we have traces to-day, centuries before the era of the Spanish discovery. "From what causes," argues Mr. Beamish, "could the name of Great Ireland have arisen but from the fact of the country having been colonized by the Irish?" Lionel Wafer, who lived for several months among the Indians of the Isthmus of Darien, relates some very interesting particulars, which go to confirm the opinion of Professor

Rafn, that there were races of people in the country besides the Indians, who were unlike them in language, dress and manners. Wafer says that there was a wonderful affinity between the spoken language of the people of Darien and that of the primitive Irish. And it might be productive of much good to compare the religion of the ancient Mexicans with that of

The Irish Druids.

A question that here presents itself is: "Were the Irish fond of travel in those early days, and had they sufficient knowledge of navigation?" The answer will be found in the fact that Irish civilization dawned far in advance of the rest of Europe, and Professor Beamish's book gives ample proof that Ireland was foremost, and at a very early period, in colonizing distant countries, and had sufficient means of shipping her intellectual superiority to every people in the world except the Saracens, and that her learning in those early times furnished a storehouse from which the people of Europe drew their supply. These things, then, go to show that the resources of knowledge and navigation were not unknown to the early Irish; indeed, apart from and independent of it, the intercourse which was kept up between Ireland and the South of Europe, and especially Spain, which had its origin in the descent of the Phœnicians from that country; the occasional, and, afterwards, continuous occupation by the Danish mariners and adventurers of later times, will tend to prove that ample nautical means and knowledge were not wanting in Ireland.

The present movement in New York will be watched with great interest, and the historical investigation which it will necessarily arouse cannot fail to be of immense benefit to the cause of antiquarian knowledge.

Shakespeare's Religion.

THE question of Shakespeare's religion does not seem to have been set at rest by the discussion recently conducted in the pages of a Catholic contemporary. Those who claim that "the bard of Avon" was a member of the old faith, and they are not few, will be glad to know that a painstaking American author, Mr. George Wilkes, who, though a Protestant, writes with intelligence and sympathy on Catholic matters, takes the same view. This author maintains that several members of the poet's family, including his father, John Shakespeare, and his mother, were Catholics, and proves his point by documentary evidence still in existence. He holds that throughout Shakespeare's works the Catholic religion is treated with great respect, and Protestantism frequently and even wantonly derided. The great poet, moreover, exhibits everywhere a perfect acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and rites. His priests and monks, unlike those introduced into the works of his contemporaries, are not burlesqued, and even Wolsey comes in for a share of praise, notwithstanding his unpriestly character.

Akin to this subject is our author's analysis of the character of Isabella in "Measure for Measure":—"The great figure in the play," he tells us, "the figure which stands in towering dignity, and purity, and beauty above all others, and above all other of Shakespeare's women, is Isabella, the nun, or rather the young novice of the Convent of St. Clare. It seems to me that if our poet had any method beyond the mere usual waywardness

of his plots, it was his object in this play to develop, through the characters of the Duke and Isabella, his views of the beautiful philosophy of the Catholic Church. The opening of 'Measure for Measure' finds Isabella undergoing her religious probation in the tranquil half-way house upon the road to heaven, the Convent of St. Clare. She is conversing sweetly with the nun upon the sacred mysteries that are just unfolding to her virgin comprehension, when she is suddenly interrupted by a rude clangor at the convent-gate. This comes to summon her back to the stirring world, in order that she may contemplate a gross offence and make solicitation of the newly-appointed deputy for her brother's life. She cannot choose but yield to the appeal; but going out, never comes back, having learned that in the world may be found a discipline more strict, more awful, than the discipline of the convent; having also learned that the world has need of her; that her life is still a consecrated life, and that the vital energy of her heart can excel and augment itself as Duchess of Vienna more fully than in conventual seclusion. Shakespeare made this female masterpiece — this religious, this *beau ideal* of his genius — a nun; and, while escorting her with solemn dignity throughout her scenes, he commands silence and bent heads for any allusion to the Latin faith."

"Stand Together."

Dublin Nation.

We do not need to ask our countrymen in America to continue their aid and sympathy to the Irish people in the further stages of their struggle for the rights and liberties of Ireland, because we believe it is their fixed and unalterable determination so to do. Recently, for a day or two, the idea obtained currency on this side of the Atlantic, that they had declared against further co-operation with the Irish party led by Mr. Parnell, on the alleged ground that the party had made surrender of their principles, had lowered the flag of the cause, or at least were sinking into an inglorious, unpardonable, condition of inaction. Under the delightful influence of this idea the British press waxed jubilant. The morning papers crowed loudly, and the evening papers echoed their cheery note. The supposed closing of the Land League fund in America gave them almost as much satisfaction as the burning of Alexandria. There was to be no more Irish agitation, they said. Ireland, half-terrorized and half-conciliated, was to lie tranquil at the feet of England. Parnell was to cease from troubling, and his Parliamentary following was to break up into harmless atoms. All these things were to happen, to a certainty; for had not the *Irish World* denounced the Parliamentary party, condemned the policy of Mr. Parnell, and "stopped the supplies"?

It was a pleasing vision to English eyes, but the illusion did not last long. A few days sufficed to dispel it. For within that time there came across the ocean later telegrams correcting and explaining the former ones, and showing that the Irish race in America had not turned upon Mr. Parnell, that his wise and practical policy had not been repudiated by them, and that the "supplies" had not been stopped. For the revulsion of feeling occasioned to them by this news, British politicians have only themselves to thank. Untaught by many lessons which should have made them wiser, they swallowed with too great avidity tidings that

were agreeable to them. They now have to admit very dolefully, that their first reports were altogether wrong; that the political energy of the Irish people is not spent; that they have not seen the last of Irish agitation; that Mr. Parnell is still a power in the land; that the Parliamentary party are likely to give further trouble; and that the Irish-Americans appear to be as thoroughly resolved upon sustaining the Irish national movement as ever they were in all their lives.

The *Irish World* has, indeed, declared against the Parnellite policy and party in the manner indicated, and closed the fund which was being subscribed through its columns. But though it is a journal of large circulation and great influence, the *Irish World* does not in this case represent the sentiment of the Irish-American people. The Land League in America has not ceased to exist; the subscription to its funds has not closed. We believe that both will be continued in full working order; and this conviction is based upon the estimate of the sound patriotism and sterling good sense of our exiled countrymen. Many of them, no doubt, would desire to see in Ireland a more revolutionary, a more daring and desperate policy than is now being carried on; but the great majority of them are satisfied with a policy which is really practicable, and convinced that it will be productive of the best results in the end. That being so, there will be no disunion or estrangement between the two great sections of the Irish race. We on Irish ground shall continue the struggle for our national rights and liberties with all the strength we can command, and we shall have the help — which is indispensable – of our kindred in America and in other lands. Of the final result, under such circumstances, we feel no way uncertain; the united and untiring efforts of the Irish at home and the Irish abroad will make Ireland what she ought to be, and what she is plainly destined to become — "A nation once again."

A Few Seasonable Words.

CHRISTMAS is coming, with its pleasant memories and its sacred inspirations, bringing the birthday of that faith which, springing forth amid poor and obscure surroundings, was, nevertheless, heralded out of heaven by the whole choir of angels, and lighted on to the glory of the conquests it has since achieved,

Christmas, that lovely season, brings with it a thousand delights, coming, as it is, laden with the memories of nearly two thousand years, and possessing a thousand uses that minister to our better nature.— With its respite for the weary in its joyous summons to the scattered household to gather again under the old roof, and to forget for a while the anxieties and disappointments of the year passing away.— Recollections of the past so long kept silent, will then be freely exchanged, and the old once more are carried, as it were, back to the scenes of their youth. Happy hours pass away, but the memory of them will remain in our hearts, and in the future will associate themselves with it.

Our outer world is a cold and cheerless one. When we pass into it, and mingle with its strifes and cares, home affections often fade and wither, and too often die. Christmas then will again bring us back to old thoughts and associations, its beautiful use making us feel how far nobler is love than ambition. Not at all picturesque is the holy spot, nor grand, nor in any way remarkable,

is the solitary corner of the earth, where on that night of nights words were spoken which have become the hope and guide of man — "On earth peace and goodwill." Its olive-yards and vineyards and white granary show, indeed, that now, as then, it is well-named Bethlehem, or "the house of food." In spring-time the fields and slopes are fair and beautiful, with the red anemone, and pink lychins, and gay valerian; but in winter, when the trees are all bare, it looks barren and wild and poor.

On Christmas night the faithful of the small town gather, with many far-travelled pilgrims, to the Grotto of the Nativity, in which a silver star marks the site of the manger. Then, as of old, the mountains wall in the eastern horizon with the same sharp line; the oriental midnight, dark and blue-black, is still gemmed with the same wonderful stars.

Until, at Bethlehem,
They, trembling, seem to bow in rapture, wild,
Before the "Son unto us given" the Child.

Let us, then, in spirit join those pilgrims, and, as on the night when the shepherds heard the glad tidings of the birth of the Incarnate Son of God, hasten to the crib of Bethlehem, and, animated with the deepest feeling of adoration and love of His sacred wonder, raise our loftiest voice in prayer.

To our little ones who have as yet tasted no sorrow, Christmas with its crib, its tree, and other pleasures, comes brimful of messages of gladness. To those we say: Dear children, forget not the little ones of the poor, the beloved of the Holy Infant. They, too, could enjoy the sight of a Christmas-tree, with its glittering ornaments; the pretty picture-books given you last year by mamma, papa, uncles and aunts, and now thrown aside, would to them be so delightfully new. The toys, old and even broken, would to them be regarded as treasures. A few sweets, or a part of a little girl's or boy's pocket-money, would procure for some other little boy or girl untold delight, for the lamp of human joy would burn but dimly were not the oil of human kindness poured into it on this and such like anniversaries, which we hope this year home joys and home-felt attachments will have power to charm.

So our thoughts shall throng
With Heaven's unceasing song—
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Et in terra pax Hominibus
Bonæ voluntatis.

LITTLE CHILDREN.— We think them the poetry of the world — the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spell what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and care, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think — if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and it wakens within it what is favorable in virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

WHY are troubles like babies? Because they grow bigger by nursing.

The Old Year and The New.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

How swift they go,
Life's many years,
With their winds of woe
And their storms of tears,
And their darkest of nights whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes,
And their sunshiny days in whose calm heavens loom
The clouds of the tempest — the shadows of the gloom!

And ah! we pray
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near;
Tho' the brows of To-morrows be radiant and bright,
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them, are evermore dear.

For the heart so true
To each Old Year cleaves;
Tho' the hand of the New
Flowery garlands weaves.
But the flowers of the future, tho' fragrant and fair,
With the past's withered leaflets may never compare;
For dear is each dead leaf — and dearer each thorn —
In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have worn.

Yea! men will cling
With a love to the last,
And wildly fling
Their arms round their past!
As the vine clings to the oak that falls,
As the ivy twines round the crumbled walls;
For the dust of the past some hearts higher prize,
Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright skies.

And why not so?
The old, old Years,
They knew and they know
All our hopes and fears;
We walked by their side, and we told them each grief,
And they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief;
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing
At the Old year's grave:
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?
Ah! the Stranger-Year trips over the snows,
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose:
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall so soon reveal?

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies;
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?
Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But, dearer than thou — in his shroud of snows —
Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yea! bright New Year,
O'er all the earth,
With song and cheer,
They will hail thy birth;
They will trust thy words in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power;
For the *New* has charms which the *Old* has not,
And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot.

He deserves to be disappointed who gives with the hope of return. The object of conferring a benefit should be the good of the receiver, without regard to any collateral advantage to ourselves.

"Look at life as it is; not a dream, but a living reality; not a brief sojourn, but a continued existence. Every act casts its shadow upon the future. Every thought is a link in binding time to eternity. Every moment is a seed whose garnering shall be our immortal destiny."

Socialism on the Continent of Europe.

Sir George Bowyer, in the *London Times*, says: You say truly and wisely,— "Instead of singing pæans about progress which has left thousands, even among ourselves, as poor and as miserable as men ever were in this world, we should do better to aim at extending to them the blessings of Christianity and civilization." But what are the Governments and the governing class doing on the continent — in France, Italy, and Germany? There Christianity is tolerated only so far as public opinion forces them to do so. In Germany 2,000 religious teachers of Christianity have been expelled. Many hundreds of Catholic parishes are left without clergy and without religious teaching or worship. Who comes in the place of the clergy? The Socialist, the Communist, and the Nihilist. The training of the clergy has been stopped, but no one can stop the teaching of the enemies of society. And this is called statesmanship! In France men of the governing class have proclaimed themselves "the enemies of God." The religious teaching orders and societies have been dispersed, and education is entirely secularized. The Government has established lyceums for young ladies, in which girls of the higher classes are to be educated without any religion. These things are forced on the French nation, which condemns them. Thus there has sprung up in England an enormous French school under a religious order, where the higher classes in France send their children to receive a religious education, which they cannot obtain in their own country. In Italy the Government do all that they dare to do against the religion of the country. They have made the greatest efforts, by persecution and confiscation, to destroy the religious orders. They have failed, because the people will have the religious orders, and support them by voluntary contributions and private foundations. I know an instance where the Government confiscated a monastery and dispersed the brethren, yet their friends and benefactors built them a finer house and church overlooking their old establishment. But the irreligious education of the State is making its way with the rising generation, and preparing a dreadful future.

Religious processions, which are a national institution in Italy, are in most places forbidden, and none are allowed but those of the society of freethinkers — *Liberi pensatori*. One of these processions appeared lately in Rome, with a banner on which was inscribed "Satan." The higher education is entirely materialistic. What can we expect from all this? The professor in his lecture-room teaches that there is no God, and that man is a galvanic battery with no soul, and evolved from an ape or from a cell. But the workman, the proletarian, and the Communist in the street takes a more practical view. He says, "The clergy tell us to hope for a better world. But the Government holds that the clergy are deceiving us to deprive us of our rights and to rob us. The future life is a bad speculation. Why should I be poor while another man has far more than he wants or is good for him? Let us change all that, and take what we want, and divide the spoils. *A bas les riches!*" They consider this the true development and application of *Liberté, égalité, fraternité*, the suicidal motto of the French Republic.

The state and future of Europe cannot be understood without considering these things, which are comprehended in the word "progress." The Governments of France and Italy are breaking up the founda-

tions of all authority. The reason is that they get power by means of revolutionary principles which stir up the proletariat and by means of the secret societies, which are all atheistical and imbued with the principles of communism. There is another class of men who admit the possibility of God as an hypothesis, or, as Laplace said, "*une jolie hypothèse qui sert à expliquer bien des choses.*" But they hold that God must have no temporal power, and, above all, no influence over political events. All these matters deserve careful consideration even in this country, for we do not know what we may come to now that progress goes with such extreme rapidity.

A Good Wife.

Rev. Father Christie, S.J.

If we study the ways of God we will see how graciously He treats us His poor children, and from His treatment of us we may learn how to behave to those whom Providence has placed under our charge. The last four petitions of the "Lord's Prayer," while they teach us what we stand in need of from Almighty God, also bring home to us our duty to those dependent on us. Thus the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," while it causes us to realize that we are depending on Almighty God for our daily sustenance, also brings home to such as are fathers of families the lesson that it is their duty to provide for their offspring, and that if they neglect that duty they incur a terrible responsibility in the sight of Almighty God.

The father is the one on whom devolves the duty of providing for the family. He is the bread-winner, on whom rests the obligation of providing the other members of his household with their daily sustenance. By the sweat of his brow and the labor of his hands, if need be; by intellectual work, if literature be his calling; or else by the fruits of a patrimony inherited from his forefathers, he is bound to maintain the children whom God has given to him. Yet how many there are who neglect this duty as completely as if they were entirely ignorant of its existence! How many fathers are there who can in no sense be regarded as bread-winners of their families! The poor man ruins his family by drunkenness — the rich man squanders his wealth in gaming, and, alas! it may be in drunkenness, too. Woe be to those over whom this terrible vice has gained a mastery! Few of us know the full extent of its ravages. It penetrates into circles where its existence is least suspected. It is not among the poor only that drunkenness is to be found; it reigns among the rich, too; and, alas that it should be said! ladies — ladies the most refined — ladies who stand high in society — ladies whose names it would shock society to have associated with intemperance — are victims of this terrible vice. Depend upon it, the man who most neglects his duty as a parent does not love his home. He is not domestic, and herein is to be found the source of his neglect of wife and offspring. For him the ruddy glow of his own fireside possesses no charm — an evening passed in company of his wife and little ones no attraction. He loves club-life, or the society of "jovial companions." At any rate he does not love home; and, not loving home, he is a spendthrift and an idler. He does not work and labor as he should do for those whom God has given to his charge. What is

the consequence? One is that he loses one of the greatest helps and aids a man can have. Possessing a mother's love for her children, and that power of self-denial for which women are so remarkable, a good wife is a perfect treasure to a sensible man. He will find his wife not only one whose cheerful converse will help to make the evening pass pleasantly, but a fellow-laborer ready to share with him the burdens of the household. She will strive to reclaim him from the evil habits he may have contracted — she will endeavor to dissuade him from that self-indulgence which, if persevered in, would ruin his family. And why should a man be averse to seek counsel of his wife?

God has made them one, and it is His will that they should, by mutual consultation, prove that they have confidence in each other's solicitude for the best interests of the home, which will be much better promoted if husband and wife pull together unitedly, than if they live in a state of virtual estrangement. Thus will they help each other and forward the interests of all. Then life will be a domestic life, their home will be a Christian home; and, though Almighty God now and again allows good families to sink into poverty, they may confidently hope that they will never want their "daily bread."

Come in here and get Baptized.

Some thirty-five years ago, a young collegian, Sylvester by name, returned home from his Protestant Alma Mater in the State of Ohio, with his anti-Catholic prejudices more embittered than ever by the fact that his only brother, a Captain in the army, had recently embraced the Catholic religion. But much as he detested and despised the Captain's religion, he had the greatest love and respect for the Captain himself, who was universally known to be a profound thinker, a ripe scholar, and a most admirable Christian gentleman. Although Sylvester had taken much pains to prepare himself for successfully combating the religion which had won his brother's heart and soul, he soon found that he was quite powerless to withstand the arguments which the Captain readily brought to bear upon each controverted point. His intellect was conquered, but his heart was as rebellious as ever. To use his own phrase, "he was convinced but not persuaded." Firmly resolved never to join the Catholic Church, whose claims, nevertheless, he could no longer doubt, he settled down into a sort of practical skepticism, whilst he allowed his brother to nurse the hope that he was virtually prepared to enter "the one fold." While in this mood, he was one day accompanying the Captain in a walk, when the latter, pointing to a Catholic Church which they were passing, abruptly said: "It is high time for you to put an end to this dangerous procrastination of yours. Come in here, Sylvester, and get baptized." With these words the Captain entered the church, and his brother mechanically followed. It was the first time in his life that Sylvester had put a foot inside a Catholic place of worship. They soon reached an altar before which, to his surprise, shone a lighted lamp, although it was broad daylight. "Let us pray here," said the Captain, "in the Real Presence, for two graces — the grace of light to know the truth, and the grace of strength to follow it;" and with this he knelt down. Sylvester also knelt as a matter of courtesy to his brother, but by no

means to pray. He gazed for a while around at the works of art within reach of his eyes, but not being in the habit of kneeling long at any time, and feeling his knees aching, he turned to look at his brother, whom he found absorbed in God. The sight was too much for Sylvester. "Wretch that I am!" said he to himself, "while this truly good man is so earnestly interesting himself with heaven for my soul's salvation, I am as indifferent as if it were none of my business. God is everywhere, and therefore here; I, too, will pray for strength and light." He prayed earnestly, and so long, that when he began to look for his brother he found him in a remote part of the church. Up sprang Sylvester, and with agitated steps he approached the Captain. "Well, Sylvester," whispered the latter, "what will you do?" "I wish to be baptized," was the prompt reply; "I hope the priest is at home." So intense was the young man's anxiety about the state of his soul, that he thought if another day was to be added to the past without his having been washed in the water of regeneration, he would be in danger of losing his reason. The priest was at home and Sylvester was baptized. Soon after he entered the College of the Propaganda, Rome, became a model priest in due time, and in the year 1878 died a most devoted and beloved Catholic Bishop. The writer of these lines had once the privilege of his intimate friendship, and heard the foregoing account of his wonderful conversion from his own lips. Dear, departed friend, Rt. Rev. Sylvester Horton Rosecrans, Bishop of Columbus, why should I conceal any part of your honored name from the readers of the *Aurora*, or deprive them of the satisfaction of knowing that the forementioned Captain is no other than the renowned General Rosecrans!"

Stow-a-ways.

The Boston Heraid.

In the course of a year, thousands of the natives of other countries arrive at our various ports of entry, prepared to become American citizens and to enjoy the rights and privileges accorded them. These arrivals are called immigrants, and, with few exceptions, they are warmly welcomed here. There is, however, another class of arrivals, composed of persons who have no desire for American citizenship, that could very easily be dispensed with. These people, of whom a comparatively large number arrive here every year, are called "stowaways." The term "stowaways" naturally brings to mind the penniless hero of a novel, who stows himself away in some vessel bound for a foreign land in search of fame and fortune. The stowaway of fact is a far different person from the stowaway of fiction. Those who come to this country are generally what are known in Liverpool as "wharf rats," and, as they form a distinct species of the genus homo, are worthy of something more than a passing notice. The Liverpool wharf rats range in age between the years of 8 and 30, although the most of them, before attaining the more advanced age, graduate from the school of petty pilfering and become advanced scholars in crime. In their native city, which, by the way, in their peculiar glossary is termed "Leatherhole," they are numbered by the thousand, living generally upon what they can steal from the docks and the steamers and sailing vessels lying at them. Many of

them have parents who countenance their thefts, ordering them to bring home their ill-gotten booty for the benefit of the family. As a general thing, however, the wharf rat prefers to dispose of his stealings by selling them, and with the proceeds to go to some one of the low theatres, called by him a "penny gaff," so numerous in Liverpool. Perhaps, having more regard for his stomach than admiration for the mimic stage, he will invest his money in penny potato pies, which are sold at cheap eating-houses. The rats, or "hoodlums," as we would call them, generally go foraging in gangs, composed of from three to six persons. These gangs have distinguishing names, under which they fight, steal and commit many more serious offences against law and order. One of Liverpool's most noted and dreaded gangs were called the "Barley Mows," and another the "Barley Macks." The "Dead Rabbit" gang was also composed of some of the most desperate young roughs in Liverpool, and perhaps the toughest gang of all was composed of rats bearing the respective titles: Morch, Porch, Tom Sheen, Mad Murray, Daddie Ginnie and Wax.

The vernacular of the wharf rats is most peculiar, employing, as they do, a vocabulary composed of the strangest mixture of a number of dialects, cockney English and Irish being predominant, the words of other tongues being the few picked up from sailors coming from foreign ports. A sovereign is called by them a "quid"; a crown, a "bull"; a shilling, a "bob"; sixpence, "a tanner"; three-pence, a "thummer"; four-pence, a "joey"; a penny, a "winner"; ha'pence, a "mag," and a farthing, a "judge." One of the popular theatrical resorts for these young and hardened thieves is the Coliseum, called by them the "Alicar." Should one rat, lacking the "requisite," desire to attend the theatre, he will probably make an attempt to borrow from a companion, and the conversation will run somewhat as follows: "Enslay oi a mag, laddie, for the Alicar?" "Ishoway, laddie," replies his comrade, provided he has the money, and is willing to accommodate his penniless friend. To an American, hearing this dialect for the first time, it is "all Greek"; but Englishmen of the better class, with an opportunity now and then to hear the rats talk, readily catch their meaning. A very rare sight it is to see a wharf rat working. However, a few of them will labor at two shillings a day, whipping the salt from the interior of the boilers of ocean steamers and sluicing them out, or cleaning from the bilges of steamers and vessels the dirty water and fatty substances that have accumulated during the voyage. When any member of a gang of rats so far forgets himself and his dignity as a member of said gang as to engage in menial labor, the gang compel him to pay one-half his wages into the common treasury, in order to save himself from a thrashing. For dark ways and vain tricks, the Liverpool wharf rat can rival the "heathen Chinee." Although the street side of the docks is guarded by a high fence, and the gate in the centre of the fence is watched by officers, the rat will effect an entrance either by a bold rush, or by getting up on a loaded dray that he knows is bound for the dock, and secreting himself among the goods. Once upon the wharf, he keeps his eye open for loot. Junk, copper, nails, fruit, sugar, potatoes, beans, peas, coal, wood, or anything that he can eat, wear, or sell, is unsafe from the hands of this marauder. Beans and pease are carried off in his boots, which for this very purpose he will have made large in the leg. If coal is his game, he will stand on the dock until a lighter goes by, and then, with lightning-like rapidity, will seize a piece twice the size of his head, and, diving into the water, will be on the dock before the men on the lighter have recovered from their surprise. Arrived at the

dock, the question of how to get the chunk of coal through the gate presents itself; but with the aid of a confederate, this is very easily accomplished. One of them rushes through the gate empty-handed, and then, when the guard attempts to seize the one with the coal, that worthy deftly tosses the lump over to his comrade, who catches it as deftly as it was thrown, and makes off with it, and is soon joined by his comrade, who, unencumbered, has little difficulty in evading the guard. A story is told of one who, having been caught with eight stolen oranges in his possession, and, locked in a strong room, ate the oranges, skin, seeds, and pulp, while his captor was after an officer, and was discharged for lack of evidence of his theft.

At night three curious specimens of humanity either invade some empty tenement house, and there cook and sleep, or make nests for themselves among the bales of hay and cotton on the docks. Their female associates are girls of like character, who, during the day, sell matches, fish, or sand for flag flooring. Turning somersaults and cartwheels for farthings is one of the legitimate means that a rat employs to earn a penny now and then, and some of them, more gifted than their comrades, draw pictures of noted people with chalk upon the sidewalks, and thus frequently get a penny or two from people who love a novelty. The police frequently arrest these denizens of the water's edge, and, if a case can be made against them, they are sent either to one of the several reformatories or to a school-ship. The Clarence, with accommodations for 250 boys, is provided for those who are Roman Catholics, and the Acbar is for the reception of Protestants. The Indefatigable is for orphans, and the Conway for those whose parents are able to pay something for their support. The lads are taught seamanship, and, after two or three years' instruction, are placed on board some vessel going on a long voyage, and are thus started in a maritime life. The course of those who escape servitude is downward in one sense and upward in another. By the time that they reach the age of 25 they are very expert thieves, and, tiring of one sort of life, and perhaps finding their wharf haunts too hot for them, they turn their attention to the United States. Too lazy to work their passage, they secrete themselves on board of some steamer bound for this country, with the intention of making their presence known only when driven to that course by hunger. They hide in any part of the steamer, and it is almost impossible to find them, no matter how rigid the search. Some conceal themselves among the bales and packages that form the cargo, but the favorite place of seclusion is the coal bunker, which occupies a space between decks. Coal is far cheaper in England than in America, and, as a consequence, it pays the steamship companies to carry enough coal from England, when possible, to serve for the return passage. This extra quantity occupies a space that, when freights are high, is filled with goods. The shovellers who fill this place with coal are compelled to have vacant spaces here and there to serve as standing room, and, in these little holes, the stowaways secrete themselves and remain until out of sight of land. Once in a while, miscalculating the distance, they emerge from their hiding-place before the steamer touches at Queenstown, and in this case they are at once locked up and kept until some Irish fishing smack is sighted, when they are sent ashore. At other times the stowaways lie low until the steamer is hundreds of miles out at sea, and then step out, sometimes in numbers large enough to create trouble if their advent is not well received. The captain of the steamship generally makes the best of a bad job, and feeds them, getting out of them what little work he can. On rare occasions they are

locked up and kept in durance until the vessel returns to Liverpool, and are there given a taste of the treadmill for two or three months. If they are made to work, either on the outward or return passage, no punishment can be inflicted upon them after reaching Liverpool.

Many stowaways will not work under any circumstances, and when there are several of them they can create a good deal of trouble; as witness a case on the old *Minnesota* of the Warren line, where eight of them refused to work, and, getting into the cabin, proceeded to break up the furniture and commit other acts of violence, until they were finally overpowered and locked up. On arriving in port, and as soon as the steamer is secured to the wharf, the stowaways jump off, like so many rats from a sinking ship, and make themselves "scarce" as quickly as possible. Mr. Charles A. Calcord, immigration agent of the State Board of Charities, who, in his official capacity, has had opportunities of observing and studying the stowaway, says that laws should be framed which will effectually stop the large influx of undesirable persons to this country. In answer to a question as to the number arriving each year, he said that the weekly average was between 15 and 20, and that it was no exaggeration to say that fully 1,000 landed each year. According to his statement, the Leyland line of freight steamers brings about three-fourths of this number, while the remainder is distributed among the other English vessels. Since the cattle-carrying steamers have been plying between this city and Liverpool, Mr. Calcord thinks that the number of stowaways has increased largely. In regard to their characteristics, he says that they are a hard lot, varying in years from 13 to 30, and are the very scum of Liverpool. Too lazy to work, they will rob, steal, and garrote at every opportunity. Some time last year 13 landed at East Boston, with not a penny among them, and they at once began a systematic scheme of robbery and burglary, until finally they were captured and locked up in Station 7. At the station it was necessary to put them two in a cell, and before many minutes had elapsed, finding their incarceration irksome, they began to fight, as they afterward explained it, for the sake of amusing themselves. They were a sorry sight in the morning, with their eyes blacked and clothing bloody, as they were taken upstairs to be placed in the "Black Maria."

It is Mr. Calcord's opinion that the English stowaways form a large percentage of our tramps. Upon landing, many will go to the wayfarers' lodge, and remain there as long as they can, and then leave to hang around the city's dives, and pick up food as best they may. Many apply for aid to the representative of the State Board of Charities; but all he can do is to send them to the steamers upon which they arrived. If they refuse to go home no relief is given them. Some request to be sent into other States, claiming to have friends there; but this request is not complied with, for it would be but the foisting of paupers on another community. The authorities have reason to believe that the captains of some steamships, in order to save seamen's wages, permit large numbers of these stowaways to come to this country by working their passage. Upon their arrival in this country they declare that they are stowaways in fact.

A HARTFORD divorce lawyer said to his minister the other day, "You and I live in the right state for one another — what you Connect-i-cut!"

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed, is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingenousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—CONFUCIUS.

The Writings of An Irish-American Nun.

We have substituted "writings" for "works" in the above heading, because her writings form a very small part of the work of the indefatigable *religieuse* whom we are about to introduce to our readers. She is another illustration of the saying that the busiest have most leisure; for she has done as much in the mere *ritagli di tempo*, the mere chips and shavings of life's workshop, as would seem to require many years of literary leisure.

One of those American newspapers which so obligingly tell us everything about everybody, gave a sketch of Mary Augustine Carroll's career. We give the outline of it from memory. She is one of those brave Irish-women who, overcoming the timidity of their sex, and doing violence to their clinging, home-loving nature, not only tear themselves away from kindred and friends, but go forth from their native land and cross oceans and continents in order to work chiefly for exiled souls of the Celtic race. Dunedin, Timaru, St. John's, Singapore, Sacramento, and a thousand other far-away spots, witness this slow martyrdom of zeal and self-sacrifice, which may, please God, place many as close to the Heart of Jesus in heaven as swift martyrdom at the stake.

Miss Carroll is, if we recollect aright, a native of Clonmel, which she calls somewhere "the pleasant little town of Clonmel." In a note to her account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart in Ireland, which forms a very attractive introduction to her translation of Père Daniel's Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, she alludes very touchingly to the old chapel on the banks of the Suir, to which her earliest and fondest memories cling. What a contrast between the Suir and the Mississippi, with which she was afterwards to be acquainted! We believe she first exchanged the Suir for "the pleasant waters of the river Lee," when she found that God wished her to serve Him as a Sister of Mercy. How much it must have cost her to tear herself away from the dear home-circle we may guess even from the terms in which she dedicates one of her books. "To my parents: who still retain, as in childhood, the first place in my affection and esteem; whose unobtrusive sanctity and unvarying tenderness have inspired their children with a degree of reverence and love which time and distance but intensify, and which no other being has excited or even shared, these pages are affectionately inscribed, with the certainty that, however uninteresting to others, they will shed a new joy on their declining years, less for some of the reminiscenses recorded than for the sake of her who revives them."

We do not know when God asked her to increase her sacrifice of home affection by going much farther away from Clonmel than St. Mary's of the Isle. In 1866, she was working in the Convent of Mercy, St. Louis, Missouri; and very soon after she seems to have been sent to New Orleans to establish solidly a convent of her Order which had already been begun there. In the list of Convents of Mercy founded up to the year 1863, which Mother Austin Carroll compiled as an appendix for her Life of Mother McAuley, the St. Louis foundation is dated 1856, and New Orleans does not appear in the catalogue at all. Our gratitude for the pious industry to which we owe the numerous solid and agreeable books now about to be enumerated must be increased when we know that these additions to religious literature were made not by a nun who was set apart for this special exercise of zeal, but

by one who was engrossed all the while in the exceedingly arduous task of founding in the New World and maintaining in efficiency, as superioress of her convent, the various works which the Institute of Mercy adopts and assimilates to itself.

The first of her writings seems to have been the one to which reference has just been made, the Life of the Foundress of the Sisters, Catherine McAuley. It is by far the fullest and most entertaining account yet published of a life which has already produced such wonderful results, and which is destined to do so much for souls till the last Sister of Mercy has gained her crown. Mother Austin speaks of Father Tannoia as the "Boswell of St. Alphonsus." She herself is the nearest approach to the Boswell of her Order; and we use that proper name as meaning a minute, faithful, and lively biographer. In this and in all her books she prefixes to each chapter a full and catching enumeration of the items contained in it; and these headings of chapters, grouped together as a table of contents at the beginning, are well calculated to tempt the reader's curiosity. Here and there in the Life of Mother McAuley there are a few traces of American freedom and frank personality; but it is hard to be bent on being always perfectly safe and judicious without being also dull. Our Irish-American Nun is anything but dull.

This life of her mother consists of five hundred ample and well-filled pages; but she devotes a portly volume of seven hundred pages to the Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, which was published first in 1873. As a popular and attractive biography of this Saint and Doctor, this is far the best in English; yet we suspect that even the disciples of St. Alphonsus are not sufficiently acquainted with its merits. One of his disciples, Father Clement Hofbauer, is introduced by our author to English readers in a separate book of smaller dimensions, but of great interest and merit as an entertaining and edifying piece of biographical writing.

Mother Mary Augustine tells the story of a real life so pleasantly that one is not surprised at her success as a story-teller of another kind. The largest of her volumes of tales for the young is "Glimpses of Pleasant Home," which contain a large variety of stories, as does also the very pretty little quarto entitled "Happy Hours of Childhood," and even the smaller tome, "Angel Dreams." We have not been able to treat ourselves to the delightful bother of unravelling all these plots (what hard toil the habitual novel-reader goes through!), but we have seen enough to be convinced that, as the historian of good and bad boys or girls, the New Orleans Reverend Mother is not deserted by the skill she has displayed as the biographer of saints.

In the preface to that "series of tales for the little ones," to which is given the name of "Happy Hours of Childhood," there is a passage which we quote for a reason that will presently appear: "Pressed again and again, I declined writing for children, because, though I love them more than I can tell, I feared I should not be able to write anything worthy of them; for it sometimes seems to me that they have more discernment than big people. I once saw a bright little fellow pick up Thackeray's masterpiece, read it for awhile, and then throw it down in disgust 'There *couldn't* be so many mean, cruel people,' said he, 'and the world so beautiful and so full of angels.' And yet some grown people would spend hours over such reading. Ah, the children know better; it is but a short time since they came forth from the hand of God, and they have not yet shaken off the heaven that lies about them."

We have given this extract because of its similarity with a passage in an Irish poet with whom we trust

that all our readers will very soon make themselves familiar, as his pure and delightful poems have just appeared in a cheap and yet exceedingly readable edition. This parallel passage, of which the judgment passed on *Vanity Fair* by Mother Austin's "bright little fellow" reminds us, occurs in one of the less known of the genial poems of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Staying at Boulogne, in March, 1865, he receives from a kind Irish correspondent a crocus and some violets, which sets him thinking of many things. He calls up many happy days in Ireland. I hope some of the thousands who during the summer pass through the railway tunnel between Dalkey and Killiney will quote MacCarthy's lines about "soft Shanganah's silver strand," and "the breaking of a sapphire sea upon the golden-fretted sand;" but let them not break the music of the line by accenting Shanganah, as the inhabitants do, on the first syllable.

"Swiftly the tunnel's rock-hewn pass,
Swiftly the fiery rain runs through,
Oh! what a glittering sheet of glass,
Oh! what enchantment meets my view;
With eyes insatiate I pursue
Til Bray's bright headland bounds the scene.
'Tis Baiae, by a softer blue!
Gaeta by a gladder green!"

But what has this to do with "Thackeray's masterpiece"? On that day the poet, "with her then dear, and ever dear," read *Vanity Fair*, after gazing their fill from Carrigoona at the wonderful scene below:

"The furze-crowned heights, the glorious glen,
The white-walled chapel glistening near,
The house of God, the homes of men,
The fragrant hay, the ripening ear;
There where there seemed nor sin nor crime,
There in God's sweet and wholesome air —
Strange book to read at such a time —
We read in Vanity's false Fair.

We read the painful pages through,
Perceived the skill, admired the art,
Felt them, if true, not wholly true —
A truer truth was in our heart.
Save fear and love of One, hath proved
The sage how vain is all below;
And one was there who feared and loved,
And one who loved that she was so."

Not content with her original writings, this "idle nun" has published translations of several large treatises by Père St. Jure, S.J.; "The Religious," "The Spiritual Man," etc. Also a "Spiritual Retreat," compiled from the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and "Meditations and Contemplations," from Father Lewis of Granada. Two other most precious compilations are the tiny tomelets of "Sayings and Instructions of the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy." With her, Mother Austin's literary work began, with her, it may end; for the task on which she is at present engaged will occupy many years. The biographer of the Foundress has become the annalist of the Order. The Catholic Publication Society of New York have issued the first volume (520 pages) of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland, England, and Scotland, the Colonies, and America." Of course the opening volume is necessarily devoted to the mother-country, which here is not Great Britain, but Ireland. The sub-title of this first volume is "Ireland: Containing sketches of the convents established by the holy Foundress, and their earlier developments."

This, then, is all that we know and more than we know"—so Mr. James Anthony Froude concluded the only Saint's Life he ever wrote, and so he might have concluded sundry so-called Histories of which he has since been guilty — this is all that is known, and perhaps more than is known (for some inaccuracies may have crept into the meagre details we have furnished) concerning the life and writings of this gifted and hard-working American Nun, of Irish birth and brain and heart.— M. R., *in Irish Monthly*.

THE truly great man is he who does not lose his childheart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his actions shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

EVERY LADDER HAS TWO ENDS.—When a small boy I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son; there is one thing I wish you to remember: that is, every ladder has two ends." I have never forgotten that, though many years have gone. Don't we carry many things beside ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointing toward pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of love for dress and finery; she sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of the ladder, while the end she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ay! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS.—Victor Hugo has thus eulogized the Carthusian monks:—"They renounce the world, home, sensuality, pleasures, vanity, pride, and all self-interest. They are dressed in coarse cloth. They possess no property. On entering the Order, he who was rich becomes poor, and what he has he gives to all. He who was noble, lord, or gentleman, becomes the equal of him who was a peasant. The same cell serves for all; the same bread, the same straw to lie on, the same coarse dress, the same ash-heap to die on. He may have been a prince, but he is not distinguishable from the others. No more titles; even family names disappear. They are cut off from their earthly families, and united into a spiritual family. They succor the poor, care for the sick, and elect those whom they obey; and they call each other 'My brother.' There is, perhaps, no more sublime work than that in which these souls are engaged, and we add, there is, undoubtedly, no more useful work. There must be some to pray for those who never pray."

A CHEERFUL WIFE.—Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part by making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride-expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evenings when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning, or his profanity over so trifling a matter as her expenses. She had no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and great effort to possess property and be secure in its value. Cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into life beyond the honeymoon.

Advice to Young Men.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va.

THE dangers to which youth are exposed from low theatres and sensational and immoral publications is fearful; use all your influence to suppress such evils in your localities, or to save your men from their contamination. Labor especially to make your reading-rooms, your literary exercises, and your public entertainments, a powerful counter-attraction. Make them so interesting that they will chasten,—and so refining and elevating in matter and style that they will be a real school of genuine Christian culture. And having yourselves derived pleasure and profit from these things, and bestowed a share of the same on all within your reach, then let your beneficence extend still further;—remember the far distant soldiers and sailors, or the needy inmates of hospitals, poor-houses and jails, and make them also, as far as you can, sharers in your advantages, by sending them regularly the contents of your newspaper files and any periodicals not needed for binding.

Cultivate a taste for reading, and for reading of the very best sort. Build up your libraries of the choicest material. See that the comparatively small portion of time that can be devoted to reading be spent only on such books and periodicals as are not only interesting, but improving. From the society carry the love of reading to your homes, and remember that a carefully selected and steadily growing family library is one of the fairest ornaments of a true home. In a word, do all you can to redeem our Catholic people from the too well-deserved reproach that they either are not a reading people, or that their time and taste for reading are misdirected, to the sad neglect of the reading matter most worthy of their support and most calculated to be beneficial to them.

In all things, bear in mind the noble ideal placed before you by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in the Encyclical Letter which gave direction to almost the entire current of thought in our last Convention. He appeals to our Catholic associations, and especially to associations of Catholic young men, to be a bulwark against the evil tendencies and influences that would fain sweep our generation into the abyss of unbelief, immorality, and contempt of all legitimate authority.

Be a bulwark, then, against the tendency to *unbelief*. Love your faith, glory in your faith; make your faith the animating principle of all your life and work as societies. While you are not called upon to go outside of your own sphere and flaunt your religion in the faces of those who differ from us, yet within your own sphere it is your duty to be thoroughly and heartily and outspokenly *Catholic*. Logical thinkers acknowledge that between the Catholic faith and unbelief there is no tenable middle-ground. Therefore, let the Catholic faith be naturally and unaffectedly but steadily and undeviatingly the mental atmosphere of your societies. This should even be a constitutional provision in every society, as also that utterances contrary in any way to the faith of the Catholic Church must instantly be ruled out of order, and that persistence in them shall work forfeiture of membership.

Be a bulwark, too, against the tendency to *immorality*, which goes hand in hand with the tendency to loss of faith. Faith is a salutary restraint on the unruly passions of the human heart. He, therefore, who loses faith, naturally loses the restraint on pas-

sion; and conversely, he who wishes free rein for his passions, will naturally seek to fling off the faith which restrains them. Guard the faith, therefore, that morals may be pure; and guard purity of morals, that the lustre of faith may not be dimmed. Utterly banish from your midst all profanity, and everything in the least contrary or dangerous to honesty, sobriety, and purity. Let every society have a constitutional provision similar to the one just suggested demanding the strictest morality of speech and conduct, and inflicting forfeiture of membership on any one convicted of immorality unless amendment be guaranteed.

And to be equally a bulwark against that tendency to contempt of authority, which, whether on a great or a small scale, seems everywhere endeavoring to sap the foundations of all social organization, whether civil or ecclesiastical. In the true Catholic there must be no lawlessness. Legitimate authority, whether in Church or in State, has God's authority for its sanction. As true Catholics, be therefore, in all your works and acts, the most law-abiding of citizens, and the most dutiful children of the Church. And in all your dealings, especially with the ecclesiastical authority immediately above you, aim at being the chief comfort of your pastors, the most docile to their guidance and holy instructions, and their right arm in all their good works. Any tendency among you to insubordination or contempt, ought to be instantly suppressed; and to persist in such a spirit, or attempt to disseminate it, should be constitutional cause for expulsion. A society that is not in harmony with the Church and ecclesiastical authority had better not exist.

The realizing of these three great objects thus placed before you by our Holy Father, should be your constant aim. But experience has shown full well, that only practice can make perfect, and that therefore the only means for acquiring and maintaining such a Catholic spirit as is here pictured, is the conscientious and faithful practice of your religious duties.

A Naturalist in Brazil. — Mr. Ernest Morris, the young traveller and naturalist, who has just returned from Brazil, repeats the general observation of explorers that the exuberance of insect life is the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of a sojourn in that part of the world. Cockroaches swarm in every house despite the inroads of an army of spiders which sally forth from every chink to prey upon them; scorpions are intrusive and dangerous; a small red insect called the "mecuim" is an intolerable annoyance; at certain hours of the day the air is black with flies and mosquitoes; and ants are a universal plague. To baffle these last-named foes of peace Mr. Morris was obliged to keep his entire collections on hanging shelves, the cords of which were soaked in the oil of copaiba. "The most destructive ant in Brazil," says Mr. Morris, "is the sanba. It will strip trees of their foilage in a single night, and in many places orange-trees cannot be grown for this reason. The tocandeira is a very large ant, the bite of which is poisonous, and makes a painful sore. I was once rendered unable to work for a week from a bite received from one of these ants. Some species travel in large bodies, marching in a straight line and never turning to the right or left. If a house lies in the track of one of these marching bodies, unless they are completely exterminated, they will march through. Nothing will be injured, but every crack and cranny will be explored, and not a spider or cockroach will survive the visitation. They are, therefore, regarded as friends, and their advent is always welcomed. Go where you will in Brazil, you will meet ants. You live, sleep, and eat with them — and eat them, too."

SLEEP. — There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this: that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness; that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. 3. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all who are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they *awake of themselves*, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.

DAUGHTER AND WIFE. — A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when the girl gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the presumption to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties, they sit in the easiest chairs, or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherishing the notion that they are very literary individuals. The household drudgery is too coarse for such fine ladies as they. The business of their parents is to provide them with nice clothes, and to be content with admiring their handsome appearance in the intervals of labor. Girls of this sort are very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeables of a home where they are held, more or less, under subjection; therefore they are smiling enough to eligible bachelors, quickly smoothing down the frowns which alone they give to the members of their own families. A caller who doesn't have a chance to see how they behave as daughters, may be excused for fancying them loving and lovable beings; but one who does see it, is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. She is not fit to be the wife of a worthy man. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, and badgers the servants, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter will radically change if she becomes a wife?

GIVE us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend — who will stand firm when others fail — the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages. — DEAN STANLEY.

Self-ease is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end;
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace. — WHITTIER.

The Connaught Rangers.

London Globe—Anti-Irish.

It has been often remarked that Irishmen form the backbone of England's army. To a certain extent this is true, for there is not an English regiment which has not within its ranks a greater or smaller number of the sons of Erin, while there are no corps more brave, loyal or devoted than those who are exclusively Irish, and were raised among the picturesque hills and valleys of the Emerald Isle. Irishmen possess in an eminent degree those qualities which have in all ages made men renowned in the art of war, for the Erse, like other martial races of these islands, has ever been distinguished by its courage in the midst of great perils and dangers.

Like the Scots, the Irish have in past times fought hard to maintain their independence, but internal dissensions frustrated their efforts and paved the way for the all-conquering Saxon, who, with a political astuteness only equalled by his commanding strength, hastened to utilize for the benefit of England these warlike qualities of the subjugated races.

The Irish element was first introduced into our army in the year 1684, when the Earl of Granard was by Royal warrant commissioned to raise an Irish Regiment for service in England. As was the case in Scotland with the Black Watch, this regiment was formed of companies of pikemen who had been previously employed for the maintenance of order in disaffected districts. This corps, when formed, was designated as the Royal Irish Regiment, the same which on the 13th of September last, in noble emulation of the Gordon Highlanders, sealed the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, and was specially mentioned in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches.

In 1685 the regiment embarked at Dublin for Chester, and great consternation reigned among the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages when they heard of the advent of the "Wild Irish," giving full vent to the extraordinary prejudices which then stirred the public mind against Ireland and everything Irish. The people of these places sent in petitions and protests to the Government of the day to prevent the Royal Irish from coming to this country. These were of no avail, and the "Wild Irish" at length invaded England, and it is on record how, when the regiment disembarked, the mild manners and soldier-like bearing of England's new troops astonished the authors of the said petitions and protests. The regiment distinguished itself at the battle of Sadgemoor against the rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth, after which service it returned to Ireland, and was encamped on the Curragh of Kildare. Here the regiment remained faithful to King James the Second, and took a most prominent part in the Battle of the Boyne.

Later on, at Blenheim, its conduct reflected great honor on the British arms, and materially contributed to the Duke of Marlborough's great victory. At Malplaquet it found itself opposed to a regiment which Charles the Second had raised as an Irish Regiment of Foot Guards, and which was designated The "Royal Regiment of Ireland," although it had been transferred to the French service, on the flight of James. The Royal Irish, jealous of its title, and looking upon the other regiment as an imposture, engaged in a desperate struggle with these military representatives of the fallen dynasty.

The badge of the Royal Irish Regiment is the Harp and Crown, with the lion of Nassau, and the motto, "Virtutis Namurcensis præmium." It

has served with distinction in various parts of the world, and has fully won its claim to be considered one of the famous regiments of the British army. The plains of Egypt have once before witnessed the prowess of this gallant corps, for which, like the Foot Guards, it bears on its colors the word Egypt.

There are several other Irish Regiments in our army, or regiments bearing Irish titles, such as the Royal Irish Rifles (83d and 86th Foot), and Royal Irish Fusiliers (87th and 89th Foot), who have upheld the honor and fame of their country. But the most famous of the Irish regiments is that which was raised in the province of Connaught in the year 1793 by Thomas De-Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde, and which has ever since been known as the "Connaught Rangers." Though not yet a century old, the glorious deeds of this truly national corps have added unfailing lustre to the annals of the British army.

The story of this gallant regiment is so rich with glowing incidents and deeds of matchless daring, that the record would be too voluminous for this brief sketch. We should not be doing justice to our theme, however, if we failed to lay before our readers some of the incidents which entitle this corps to the meed of praise already awarded to it by popular acclaim. The motto of this famous regiment is "*Quis separabit*," and its war-cry the celebrated *Faugh-a-Ballagh*, or Clear the Way, which has many a time struck terror into the hearts of England's foes.

At Talavera the French legions could not withstand the wild charge of the Connaught Rangers, while at Busaco also the regiment greatly distinguished itself. It was intrusted with the storming of a most important position held by the French on the crest of a hill. Previously to the advance being sounded, Colonel Wallace, the commanding officer, addressed his men as follows: — "Be cool, be steady, 88th! Keep your eyes directed to yonder mound, for when we reach that point I shall give the order to charge, and then, my gallant Rangers, press on them to the muzzle; press on to the rascals!" Not a word nor a cheer came from the ranks, but each man maintained a dogged silence. Calmly the regiment awaited the well-known bugle call to advance.

On reaching the mound in question the order to charge was given, and with a cheer that presaged victory, they dashed forward and swept the French from the hill. So gallantly was the deed done that Wellington, who had witnessed it, flung aside his usual hauteur, and, galloping up to the regiment, he took Colonel Wallace's hand and said, "Thank you, 88th! I never saw a more gallant charge in my life!" Many were the individual deeds of heroism which shed a lustre on this brilliant charge, and at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo an act was done which has scarcely had any parallel in modern times.

The Connaught Rangers furnished the forlorn hope, and a gun in one of the batteries proving a great anoyance to the storming party, two brave fellows volunteered to go on in advance of the others and silence it. Throwing away their muskets, and armed only with bayonets, they leaped into the trench and climbed up to the embrasure. Rushing into the aperture at the imminent risk of being blown to atoms, they put the cannoneers to death and spiked the gun. Indeed, the Connaught Rangers became notorious for their gallantry during the Peninsular war, so that they were almost always selected for the most dangerous duties. "Is Wallace there with the 88th?" inquired Wellington, just as the other troops who had borne the brunt of the fighting at Fuentes d'Onor were falling back through fatigue and exhaustion; and, on being answered in

the affirmative, he continued, "Tell him to come down and drive these fellows (the French) back for me. He will do it properly." His confidence in this corps was justified by the result.

The regiment was proud of the distinction thus conferred on it, and, hurrying forward at "double quick," with a ringing cheer, it swept the French from the town in spite of the fire from the enemy's artillery on the opposite heights.

When the Peninsular War was ended this brave Irish regiment returned to its native land covered with imperishable glory. So great was the service which it had rendered to England, that its title of "Connaught Rangers," which before had attached to it by custom only, was confirmed by Royal Warrant. Of the colors, nothing remained but the poles and a few soiled silken shreds. Few regiments can show so proud a list of achievemeuts as that emblazoned on its colors. Egypt is one of them, but it has been the happy fortune of the Royal Irish Regiment (18th Foot) to represent our famous Irish brigade at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, on which we offer this gallant corps our sincere congratulations.

Xmas One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

THE VISION OF 1729, AND WHAT THE LEGEND IMPORTS SHALL COME TO PASS IN 1980.

CHRISTMAS EVE in Quebec one hundred and fifty years ago! The habitant and his *creatures* have returned from the chapel where they have been praying for the poor souls, the souls of habitants who died friendless and penniless. The little cottage is bright and cosey, and the family dressed in their best homespun. A log fire blazes on the hearth, and the children throw odorous cedar branches upon it to fill the house with a pleasant incense. The family altar stands in the middle of the room, lit with tapers sent by the good Sisters of the Hotel Dieu. The figures of the Virgin and the Infant, of St. Cecilia, John the Baptist, St. Anne and of the patron saint of the household, are brought out in honor of the occasion. At seven o'clock, following the custom of Normandy, a canticum is sung to commemorate the setting out of the shepherds from Bethlehem for their night-watch on the plains. Then the young folks draw their stools up to the fire, and the good man of the house tells them of the miracles wrought by the Blessed Virgin, of her appearance to Mother Catherine of the Hotel Dieu in 1663, and of the special interest she takes in the people of New France. How she hovers over l'Ile aux Coudres when the almoners of Jacques Cartier's three ships landed there on their way up the river, and celebrated the first Mass ever said on Canadian soil; how she puts an angel on guard every night on the St. Lawrence, to protect the fishermen and the sea-faring, and how she has given the whole land to the care of her mother, the good St. Anne, whose shrine is at Beaupre. At ten o'clock another simple canticum is sung in honor of the Star of Bethlehem, and then a band of neighbors knock at the door, and one of them, dressed in an old military coat with an abundance of red tassels hanging from its lapels, personates an Eastern King, and sings:

We come from a land afar;
Where is the great King born?
We come in the wake of a star.
Is the great King sheltered here?

The family within sing back in answer:

Not here is the great King born,
Wise men. Seek elsewhere;
Go to the master's house,
Wise men, seek him there.

The Eastern King and the rest of the Magi then go away and return at midnight in the garb of shepherds. The leader of the band knocks and sings:

Gentle shepherds we,
Our flocks are in the fields:
We have seen a mystery,
Christians, your Christ is born!

The family within sing back in answer:

Whence comest thou, shepherd?
Whence comest thou?

And the dialogue continues in this strain:

We have seen a babe
Laid full tenderly
In a manger old;
Christians, this is He!

Saw ye nothing more, shepherds,
Saw ye nothing more?

We saw His mother dear
Give Him of her breast,
While Joseph, His father dear,
Trembled with the cold.

Saw ye nothing more, shepherds?
Saw ye nothing more?

The ox and the patient ass
Him with their breath did warm,
And God's angels from above
His praises sweetly sung.

Ho, shepherds there without,
Enter and welcome here;
Christians, joyful shout,
Your King, your Saviour dear!

The door is opened and the visitors enter, and kneeling at the altar, pray to the Blessed Virgin to watch and guard the family, and to send the sunshine and the rain in their season, to intercede for the poor souls, and to bless His Most Christian Majesty, the clergy and the *noblesse*. The prayer over, the men load their muskets and rush out as midnight strikes, and fire a volley. A huge bonfire is kindled to dispel the evil spirits and witches which make their abode in the Isle of Orleans, just below the city, and then smaller fires are lit, and the habitants of the north shore converse by means of them with the habitants on the south shore. If they have to tell their friends of the death of an old man, they light a slow fire and gradually extinguish it; if a child has died since the ice stopped communication, they light a quick fire and put it out quickly. They receive news of the deaths in the same way, and as each message is announced they fall on their knees and pray for the departed soul. While engaged in this work on Christmas Eve of 1729, an apparition appeared, so runs the legend, which was seen by two or three hundred people on both shores, and the story is told and believed to this day. The year, as has been said, had been one of floods, famine and earthquakes, and the poor habitants entreated the Blessed Virgin and the good St. Anne to give them a sign. It was nearly one o'clock on Christmas morning, and the Waits had sung the song of the shepherd and personated the Magi for the last time. The signal fires had gone out and the people were kneeling on the shore, when suddenly heavy clouds passed across the face of the moon, and a bright light shone far up in the heavens. The figure of a woman, at first dim and indistinct, appeared, and soon the outline grew clearer and stronger, until at length the suppliants hailed the Blessed Virgin. Her countenance was sad, and waving her hands through the firmament she dropped her head in grief. Another figure, that of an angel bearing a huge tome, descended, and the people knew that it was the Recording Angel. It had a wand in its hand, and wrote in the sky in characters of fire, the figures 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733. These figures, spread out like a fiery scroll, remained visible for some minutes, and then vanished. Again the angel waved its wand while the Blessed Virgin wept, and 1759 was inscribed on the sky, cherubim and seraphim innumerable then appeared from the four quarters of heaven, and as the angel waved its wand for the third time, the Blessed Virgin, and the vast company that had joined her, lifted up their heads and appeared to sing.

The figures 1980 stood out in the colors of the rainbow. Music was heard; the stars dropped from their places and became precious stones in the Virgin's diadem; and a voice like the crashing of thunder cried in French: "It is finished; the end of the world is come; blessed are they of simple faith: the kingdom is prepared for them." When the habitants looked again the figures had vanished. They knelt on the shore all night until the matin bell called them to chapel, when they told the priest of the vision. The years 1730-33 were most disastrous ones in New France. There was a grievous famine everywhere — the crops were blighted, the fur-bearing animals deserted the country, and even the Indians starved to death. In 1759 the French *regime* came to a bloody end on the plains of Abraham; 1980 has yet to come, but the habitants generally believe that on Christmas Eve of that year "the light of the wicked shall be put out and the spark of his fire shall not shine."

READY ANSWERS.— A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, Captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly-made officer received his commission next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whiskey just behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the Marshal ended with, "What's the difference between your Colonel and myself?" "My Colonel cannot make me a Lieutenant, but your Excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now, then," answered Suvoroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."

EVIL COMPANIONS.—Society is the atmosphere of souls, and we necessarily imbibe something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society or the company you seek, is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company, when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more guard than usual, because the mind is then passive. Either vicious company will please you, or it will not; if it does not please you, the end of your going will be defeated. You will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear condemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery; the consequence of this will be a practical deviation into vice; the principles will become sapped and the fences of conscience broken down; and, when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place; as the apostle speaks, they glory in their shame.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

SUMMER is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;
But the Past is not a reason
To despise the Present.
So while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms.
But the memory of the vanished,
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in Winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
All the best are dead ;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden-bed.
And the arbutus pearl-blossom'd
Hangs its coral ball —
There are sunny days in Winter, after all !

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
And I love them well :
But this holly's glistening berry,
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent.
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of Winter, after all !

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no Winter, after all!

Land League Circular.

IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF AMERICA.
CENTRAL OFFICE, BUFFALO, N.Y.,
November 13, 1882.

In answer to inquiries recived from many of the Land League branches as to whether we would call a special convention to rearrange the plan of our organization and adopt the changes made by the recent national conference held in Dublin, we would state that, in our opinion, such a call is unnecessary, as the time for the annual meeting is not far off, and the changes in Ireland, rendered necessary by the stringent laws in operation there, do not materially affect the plan or spirit of our League here, save to give it a new impetus and a more definite purpose, the programme marked out, especially the imperative demand for self-government for Ireland, meriting the sanction and approval of all sympathizers.

Feeling that our organization is in entire accord with the new plans of the Irish leaders, it seems useless to incur the expense of an extra convention, or to put members to the inconvenience of travelling long distances to attend one. Whatever changes are necessary can be easily deferred until the time of our annual meeting. We have communicated with Mr. Parnell as to whether there is any necessity for changing our organization, and if so, what would be desirable to altar. There has not yet been time to receive suggestions, but if he makes any of importance they will be submitted to the branches at an early date. The leaders in Ireland have expressed their firm reliance upon our continued support, and their hope that we will still generously uphold them as we have done in the past. We must not, therefore, relax our efforts nor let our interest flag.

By keeping up the zealous and enthusiastic spirit that has made the Land League so great an organization, it will be an easy matter at all times to fall into line of our brethren in Ireland, in whatever efforts they are making to bring prosperity and justice to that oppressed and misgoverned land.

JAMES MOONEY, *President.*
REV. L. WALSH, *Treasurer.*
JOHN J. HYNES, *Secretary.*

PHILOSOPHICAL Angler: I didn't catch many fish, but I drowned a good many worms.

Why Friday is Considered an Unlucky Day.

THE real cause of it is unquestionably that Friday is the day of the Crucifixion of Christ, and generally observed as a day of penitence. In this same manner the superstition about thirteen at a table may be referred back to the "Last Supper." There is however, a more worldly circumstance relating to Friday — it is the only day named after a goddess. It is well known that the seven days' division is of Jewish origin, and came into general use on the spread of Christianity, and that the days were named after the planets Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, and the sun and moon, which two latter were at that time also thought to be planets by the Egyptian astronomers. The original names — dies Saturni, Solis, Lunæ, Martis, Mercuri, Jovis, and Veneris — are still preserved in the Romanic languages, as the most casual observation will show, excepting dies Solis, which was changed in the Latin to Dominicus, in Italian to Dominica, in Spanish to Domingo, in French to Dimanche, or the Lord's day. When the Christian religion was introduced into Northern countries, those days, excepting Saturdays, which were named after the real planets (whose names were in turn derived from the Greek mythology) were denominated by the corresponding heathen gods. In this manner Mars was replaced by Tieo, from which we have Tuesday; Mercury, by Woden, Wednesday; Jovis, by Thor, Thursday; and Venus, by Freya, Friday. Thus, by all the principal nations, Friday is named after, and consecrated to a goddess, and all things done on that day must be supposed to stand under her influence and care.

Advice to John.

"Now, John," said a mother to a son, "listen to me, for I am older than you, or I could not have been your mother. Never marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to peep in at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lays in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and the towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in the morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning comversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured or snappish to her mother so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up, and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly-combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother, which characterize her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better.

Married Life.

THE foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides. The holiest institution among men is marriage. [illegible] taken the race of countless a[illegible] come up to the conditions of [illegible] riages. Without it there would [illegible] civilization, no human advanc[illegible] no life worth living for. Li[illegible] failure to any woman who h[illegible] secured the love and adorat[illegible] some good man. Life is a m[illegible] to any man, no matter whet[illegible] be a mendicant or monarch, w[illegible] not won the heart of some [illegible] woman. Without love and ma[illegible] all the priceless joys of th[illegible] would be as ashes on the lips

children of men. "You had better be the emperor of some loving and tender heart, and she the empress of yours, than to be the king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, it matters not though he die in the ditch, a beggar, his life has been a success." There is a heathen book which says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love." When the one man loves the one woman, and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in the house, and sing for joy.

A Roman Town Unearthed.

A most important discovery has just been made in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in France, where an entire Gallo-Roman town has been unearthed. It contains a temple 114 yards in length by 70 yards in breadth, baths occupying two hectares, a theatre, the stage of which alone measures 90 yards, streets, houses, and other buildings covering a space of nearly seven hectares, or about 17 acres. The excavations are being continued with further success, disclosing more edifices, sculpture in the very best style and in good preservation—dating, it is thought, from the second century—and a quantity of iron, bronze, and earthen articles. M. Lisch, the inspector of historic monuments, is enthusiastic over this discovery, and declares that the town is a little Pompeii in the centre of France.

Ancient Ireland.

THE *National Baptist*, in an article on the ancient Irish Culdee Colleges, gives some idea of a curriculum popular then, but which would rather discourage the student of modern times. It says: "The great reputation of the Culdee universities of Ireland attracted crowds of foreigners, who flocked to them in eager quest of knowledge. The grade was high, and a full course took twelve years. Greek, Latin, and the sciences, as well as the Scriptures, were earnestly studied. These institutions, from the fifth to the ninth century, were large and numerous. The University of Armagh—'Armagh the Splendid'—established by St. Patrick, A. D. 454, was the most famous of them all, and the first in Europe. It is said at one time to have numbered 7,000 scholars and teachers, forming a town in itself. The University of Bangor, near Belfast, established A. D. 555, was scarcely less numerously attended."

THE BLARNEY STONE. — Five miles to the west of the City of Cork, in a valley where two streams meet, is the little village of Blarney, with its castle, whose fame is widespread; for high in the northeastern side of that castle is a stone, and he who is adventurous enough to reach it, and has faith enough to kiss it, will be sure to possess thenceforth a gift of marvellous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips; persuasive power will hang on his utterances; he will win his way everywhere and with everybody; and when mankind, and much more, womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say "he has kissed the Blarney Stone." There are two stones which each claim to be the real talisman — one on the summit of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Thanks to Mr. Jefferey, any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

WHERE would you naturally look for the town of Barking? In the Isle of Dogs, of course.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog and cloud and vapor hope to cling to the sun-illumed landscape as the "blues" and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but what will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest-tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content, but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good,—and is as good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not then cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Be ready to smile at joys and troubles, have a kind word for everybody you meet, and the habit of cheeefulness will soon be formed.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.—This little sentence should be written on every heart, and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow-creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering: "Do not feel discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us to those we love.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

'Tis but the old, old greeting,
I seek no language new
To tell the loving wishes,
Dear friends, I send to you.

Ah, no! "A merry Christmas"
Bespeaks a mind at rest,
A heart all filled with sunshine
Of God's dear love possest.

True faith and hope are cherished,
And love that "casts out fear"
In hearts that open gladly
To greet the new-born year.

So with this old, old greeting,
In simple words and few
I send the loving wishes
My heart pours forth for you.

CATHOLICS must do as their neighbors; they must be content to serve their generation, to promote the interests of religion, to recommend truth, and to edify their brethren to-day, though their names are to have little weight, and their works are not to last much beyond themselves.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Christian Manhood.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Richmond, Va.

It is rare to find a man. Plenty of male human beings there are, but real manly men are not easily found. "Know thyself" was the Greek motto. The ancients, however, did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and hence their highest ideal of manhood fell far short of the Christian standard. Christian manhood must necessarily imply the rounded development of the physical as well as the mental and religious nature. The tabernacle built by the order of God included an inclosure into which the people were admitted; inside this inclosure into which none but the priests sure admitted and then there was the holy of holies, into which none but the high priest could enter, and even he could only enter once a year. Man is made by God, and is of the nature of the earth, his soul of the nature of angels and in the image of God himself, and his members are temples of the Holy Ghost. Man should develope all his physical powers. He should keep his body healthy and free from disease. To do this, abstemiousness is essential. The use of tobacco impairs the physical system of man, and the use of stimulants ultimately destroys him altogether. When it is required to preserve the bodies of reptiles, they are put into alcohol. They are pickled. Alcohol prevents decay. So too, when a person has consumption, the physician orders alcohol to prevent decay; but because the invalid needs stimulation of the fibres of the body is no reason why a healthy person should need stimulation. The healthy body possesses in itself all the elements of proper stimulation, wiihout resorting to artificial means. Where stimnlants are taken to produce stupefaction, the injury is far more serious and the departure from the standard of Christian manhood far more removed.

The lecturer exhorted his hearers to avoid these things, and he marvelled why any healthy person should ever think of gratifying a morbid taste by indulgence in them. A third temptation against which young men were cautioned, was that of lust. The pride of every man should be to have a pure mind in a pure body. Exercise and recreation are essential, as "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"; but then too much time should not be wasted, even in the pursuit of that which is not harmful in itself. Every young man should have the ambition to cultivate his mental faculties. A dunce is but half a man,—is no man at all. Indeed there are very few men in the world. Catholic young men should read history, geography, popular science. They should become more or less familliar with the questions of the day, and to have proper opinions on these subjects, they should go to the proper sources of information; suitable works in the different departments of knowledge were mentioned, and the hearers were advised to avoid the reading of books which aimed at the destruction of morality. Some histories are written to overturn Christianity; others are romances. The reading of novels should be sparingly indulged in, and only for recreation. Bad papers should never be read or encouraged; every Catholic father of a family, or a young man depending on himself, who did not take a Catholic paper, should hang his head in shame. All these things are important considerations, but the crowning effort after all should be the cultivation of the will, the heart, the religious nature in man. The soul should keep the body in subjection. What does it profit a man to gain the

world and lose his soul? Solomon found no satisfaction in riches or ambition. All, he said, was vanity. The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom. But the love of the Lord was better than fear, and Christian manhood should stimulate us to love God, to keep our bodies clean, our souls pure, and our members always the abiding place of the Holy Ghost. Catholics should be familiar with the Christian doctrine, with the history of the Church, and should respond to the exhortation of Pope Leo XIII. to equip themselves mentally to meet the arguements of the irreligious of our day by studying the books and sciences, which will enable them to refute the slanders heaped upon the Church.

The Redemption.

M. Gounod's new Oratorio was lately given for the first time in London, at the Albert Hall. "This work," says the composer in his introduction, "is a lyrical setting forth of the three great facts on which depends the existence of the Christian Church. These facts are: 1. The Passion and the death of the Saviour. 2. His glorious life on earth, from His Resurrection to his Ascension. 3. The spread of Christianity in the world through the mission of the Apostles. These three parts of the present trilogy are preceded by a prologue on the Creation, the fall of our first parents, and the promise of a Redeemer."

To the utterance of this transcendant subject the great musician seems to have brought a soul full of faith and love—the ardor of a saint surely informs his conceptions. We will not attempt any consecutive description of the whole Oratorio, but rather dwell on two or three amongst its many wonders. First, then, the opening-chaos: to shadow forth which, inconceivable dissonances wander in the strangest chromatic progressions, seemingly without law, but really in the perfect musical order of masterly art. Into these formless suggestions grandly grow the presence and power of the Creator, and soon we hear for the first time the mystical melody of the Redeemer, which is a theme of pure love, dearer to the heart than all else in the work. This theme recurs nine times, and it always comes with a sense of divine peace, except once, when its accompanying bass is changed and varied with sorrows unutterable, the while the noble melody remains unaltered. But we must hasten now to speak of the characteristic music expressive of the acts and passions of the wicked—of the march of the rabble, and of their cries of hatred during the tumultuous progress to Calvary. Such is the power of sound to express the highest sublimity and the deepest degradation of which the human mind is capable. Then comes the scene on Calvary. From this point onwards the music is charged with meanings that words can only weakly and distantly suggest. A poet might reach after such thoughts and almost touch them; in M. Gounod's music they are close to us, in their fulness. As the darkness deepens upon Calvary, the mind's eye can but confusedly discern the terrific tragedy in the midst. But amidst this triumph of the "power of darkness" arises the voice of the Saviour speaking pardon to the penitent thief —if a musical progression which we should take to be the most subtle ever conceived by the master, in its final resolution on the last syllable of that divine word, "Verily I say unto thee, this day shall thou be with me in Paradise." Before this was heard a plaint from the Mother of Sorrows,

such as she only could have uttered. Then followed the disorder of the powers of nature—the earthquake, the rending of the rocks, and what appeared to be forked lightnings, represented by the upward flights of violin passages in swift chromatic scales. At length rises the morning of the Resurrection, and the holy women come to the sepulchre. We feel, as we listen, all the mystery, the sweetness, the infant purity, the solemnity of the dawn,—but of that dawn of dawns! We breathe the scent of the flowers whose breath is Heaven, we hear the gentle tread of the loving devoted women, the very rustle of their womanly garments. Feminine humanity, with all its pathos, its piteousness, its helplessness, is expressed in the music as the women ask one another, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" Before the mind's eye rises the Eastern landscape, full of joy, but touched with poignant gratitude and compassion.

The great inventive faculty of the composer does not in any wise flag through the following episode of Pentecost, but to our mind is continued with ever-increasing interest, and rises with great grandeur to the climax—a triumphant setting forth of Christianity with all possible pomp and glory and rejoicing. Let us not forget a word of admiration for a lovely setting of part of the Beatitudes; but we have attempted no more than some few slight notes upon a most elaborate and various work.

The performance was admirable, Madame Albani's pure voice filling like a light the great space, full from floor to dome, with faces mute in their thousands. The *Redemption* was given, for the third time, at the Crystal Palace, on the 2d of December. First conceived in Rome in 1867, where the composer wrote the words (a very simple paraphrase and quotation of Holy Scripture), while staying with M. Hebert, the artist, at the Academy of France on the Pincian, this great Oratorio has passed through a long and patient gestation. In its completion it has been presented first to the people of England, and it is by the Catholics among those people that it assuredy will be most prized.

[In connection with the above we would state that this masterpiece of the great French composer is to be produced early next year in Boston. A picked chorus of 300 voices from the Catholic choirs of Boston and vicinity under the leadership of Mr. J. G. Lennon, with Mr. J. Frank Donahoe as organist, will render the composition, with the followiug solo talent: Mdlle. Van Arnhem, Prima Donna, of the Strakosch Grand Italian Opera Co., Soprano; Mr. Edgar A. Buch, Baritone (taking the part of Jesus); Mr. L. E. Bime, Baritone, and other artists all first in their profession, and a grand Orchestra. This will be the first performance of the work in our city, and we feel assured that due justice will be done its merits under two such gentlemen as Mr. Lennon and Mr. Donahoe.

Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, in announcing to the faithful that the Educational Institution in Stephen's Green, hitherto known as the Catholic University of Ireland, will henceforward be a diocesan school under the title of Catholic University College, adopts an eminently wise course for the future government of the College. "Feeling," writes his Eminence, "that the load placed upon our shoulders was too heavy for our weakness, we have invited to our aid a number of clergymen and lay gentlemen of influence and experience, and we hope by the cordial aid of these wise counsellors to make the University College worthy of its position." In this matter Cardinal McCabe imitates the wisdom of Leo XIII., who sought the co-operation of clergy and laity in the management and promotion of education in Rome.

Father Tom.

A LECTURE has been delivered at Paisley, by the Rev. Father Thomas Burke, O. P., in aid of the extension of the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution at Lanark. The chair was occupied by the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was supported on the platform by a crowd of the clergy and laity of the district. In the course of his address, Father Burke said: Ireland had a faith as strong and pure, and he might add, as aggressive, as ever it was in the brightest days of Irish history — the first of them all, 1,400 years ago. She took that faith, and she took the message brought to her by St. Patrick. She took it in the most extraordinary manner — without questioning, without persecuting, and without demanding from the great apostle one tear of sorrow or one drop of blood. Ireland's conversion to the faith formed the most singular fact in all the histories of all nations (applause). A faith so easily accepted perhaps might be thought to be as slightly held and as freely surrendered. Not so with Ireland. No matter what occurred, she held to her faith as if she had watered the saplings of that faith in the blood of martyrs, and yet Ireland never shed one martyr's blood (applause). Their race had been subjected to persecution on account of that faith, longer in duration, greater in intensity, and more terrible in its effect than any other nation or individual ever suffered for a faith. The persecution began in 1523, and the Catholic Emancipation Act was not passed until 1828, so that for exactly 305 years Ireland lay trodden under foot, wronged, confiscated, put to death, and every power of this earth, and apparently every power of hell, resolved to tear out of its heart the faith St. Patrick planted there. After 300 years that immortal church rose as strong, as pure, as valiant, and as aggressive as ever (cheers). What was it that kept Ireland when other nations fell away? He need not tell them that it was a supernatural effect; that if any man, and consequently much more if any nation, accepted the faith of God, and preserved themselves in the grace of God in spite of persecution and temptation, that was God's doing and not theirs, and therefore, when they came to examine the texts of Ireland's Catholicity, they must go into the heart and counsels of God and behold there, in the merciful providence of God, the decree that Ireland ought to be spared (applause). The Lord God of nature gave to the Celtic race — by that he meant Scotchmen as well as Irishmen — an illumination of divine grace, and endowed them with a singularly powerful imaginative faculty, whereby they were able to realize the unseen without any great effort. That, he thought, was a great blessing, and it enabled them to realize and substantiate the things that they never saw, and thus it was that the Celtic race so readily accepted the Faith.

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT of the Irish Land Commission shows that since January agreements for fair rents between landlords and tenants without the intervention of the Court have been numerous, and that since May the number of fair rent cases disposed of has been at the rate of 4,600 a month. It will still take a considerable time to settle the cases already "listed"; but it is not unreasonable to hope that, as time goes on, the number of cases settled out of court will increase.

WHAT is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

Slavery in the Soudan.

On a recent occasion, a public meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Among those present were the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminister.

Mr. Foster, M.P., moved, That this meeting would earnestly impress upon Her Majesty's government the urgent importance of employing the influence that recent events have given them to establish such administrative arrangements in Egypt as shall not only give full and legitimate effect to the hitherto inoperative firmans and edicts for the suppression of the slave trade, but shall also secure the abolition of the legal *status* of slavery throughout the Egyptian dominions.

The Cardinal, in seconding the resolution, congratulated the noble chairman on again presiding at an anti-slavery meeting, but contrasted the scanty attendance that day with the multitudes that used to throng Exeter Hall. He could not but feel sorry that the English people, which was once all aflame from sea to sea for the abolition of slavery, should now be so apathetic that only a handful of persons in a small room could be found to carry on the conflict. It is much to be regretted, too — and it was a significant fact — that the income of the society should have greatly diminished, and that it now scarcely reached the annual total of £200. As for the resolution, it called upon the Government to use its influence; but what did that mean? Did it mean the whole strength of the country or the easily-silenced pleadings of diplomacy? If the latter, he would not second the resolution; but if the former, then there was no pressure that might not lawfully be applied to the Government of Egypt Our Government now had facilities such as never before existed for effectively demanding that the legal recognition of slavery should cease, and would incur the most serious responsibility if it made no such demand. It was impossible to say that slavery was so interwoven with the social and religious life of the East that it could not be abolished. It had been abolished in India, where there were forty millions of Mahomedans, and he was confident that there was no greater obstacle in the way of its immediate abolition in Egypt. If the achievements of our army were to result only in better security for the payment of coupons, the army would not wish to inscribe Egypt on its colors. And if we failed to efface the unclean doctrine that man could hold property in man, we ourselves should become once more unclean.

The resolution was unanimously carried.

An Alligator Waiting for Dinner.

An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victim hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shadow of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie and opens his great front door again for more.

Mr. Parnell's Tenants.

THE pro-English press found an agreeable paragraph in the recent report that Mr. Parnell had proceeded against his tenants for the recovery of rent. Such welcome news was not cramped in a corner of the landlord organs, but prominently set forth in attractive type. It was a happy event that brought this case to light. Did it not convict Mr. Parnell of the grossest inconsistency, and show him to the public in his true colors? We do not expect the landlord prints to publish this paragraph from the *Freeman's Journal*, of Nov. 2:—"The statement as to ejectment processes having been issued against some of his tenants by Mr. Parnell involves a sustantial inaccuracy. The facts are these: The local secretary of the Emergency Committee of the Property Defence Association, holding a farm from the Parnell family, on a lease forever, at an exceedingly low rent, sublets the holdings to three tenants, at about three times greater rent than he was paying to Mr. Parnell. For the past four years, however, it is asserted that the Emergency secretary declined to pay any rent to Mr. Parnell, while at the same time he pressed for his own pound of flesh from the tenants, one of whom he actually ejected. To secure his own rights, Mr. Parnell obtained judgment against this middleman, and it was legally necessary to serve copies on the sub-tenants. The legal process is, of course, solely directed against the middleman."

A Good Idea.

Mr. F. H. O'Donnell's idea of holding an Irish Social Science Congress meets with a warm snpporter in Justin M'Carthy, M.P. The member for Longford thinks that perhaps no Irishman at home can have any adequate notion of the amount of Irish intelligence and intellectual energy which is applied to the letters, the science and the arts, as well as to the industrial occupations of England, the United States, and other countries. He proposes to bring that varied intelligence into evidence on Irish soil once a year, and get it to say something for itself on Irish historical, economic, and social questions. From such a meeting he would "necessarily" exclude politics, because the aim of the Congress would be to bring men to meet merely because they were Irish, and not because there was any bond of political affinity between them. Finally, he believes that if motion can be given to the proposed scheme, it will be a most important movement in the direction "of what must be called, in the broadest and yet most exact sense of the word, a national education."

A Notable Pioneer.

THE well-known Daniel Murphy, of San José, whose death recently occurred in Nevada, was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Santa Clara. The deceased was one of the pioneers of California, having arrived in that State in 1844. He was a native of Quebec, Canada, and at the time of his death was 56 years old. In 1842 he removed with his father and the rest of his family to what was then the wilds of Missouri. There the family remained till late in 1843, when Martin Murphy, the elder son, and his children, Martin, James, John, Bernard, Johanna (now Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Gilroy,) Mary (now Mrs. Miller, of San Rafael,) Helen (now Mrs. Weber, of Stockton,) Margaret (afterward Mrs. Kell, of Santa Clara county, now deceased,) and Daniel, the subject of this sketch, who was then about sixteen years old, started overland for California. On the way out, crossing the Sierra, the party divided at what is known as Truckee. John, Daniel and their sister Helen (Mrs. Townsend), Oliver Magoon and one or two others, branched off and went to Lake Tahoe.

Daniel Murphy was the first white man who ever gazed on the placid bosom of that beautiful lake. It was the Murphy party who christened Truckee river and Truckee lake, both being called after their Indian guide. His business ever since he came to California has been stock-raising. He first had large tracts in the south end of Santa Clara county, and as his herds grew he went into the San Joaquin Valley. The "no-fence" law forced him to take his cattle to Nevada. He owned also about 200-000 acres of land in that State when he died, and 6,000,000 acres in the State of Durango, Mexico, and large tracts in Arizona, and was, at the time of his death, the largest land-owner in the world. The main rail-road running through Mexico will go through his land. Only a few weeks ago he, with another gentleman, purchased the great Don Juan Foster ranch, fronting on the southern coast, paying therefor $450,000.

The Diocesan Synod

The Diocesan Synod.

MANY misleading statements have been published regarding the purpose and proceedings of the recent Synod, held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The Synod was not secret, and every priest present is altogether free to tell all that was done or said in the meetings, — regard being had to the proprieties. The Diocesan enactments which were made there do not need to be sent to Rome for Papal approval before promulgation, as they are simply the rules which every Bishop can make for the government of his Diocese. They will, no doubt, soon be made known to the faithful of the Archdiocese of New York by the pastors of the various churches. Among them are the very necessary and excellent rules that, henceforward, marriages and funerals will have to take place in the morning, — the former in the churches, and both, when at all possible, at Mass. The payment of money at the doors of churches, for entrance to the different Masses, is to come to an end. The school question also received especial attention. Among the rules for the government of the clergy, is one prohibiting their appearance at theatres, races, and similar public gatherings; and another, obliging them to wear the clerical dress and "Roman collar."

The Late Mr. Smith O'Brien.

TAKING some friends over his home at Liberty Hall, Ga., recently, Mr. A. H. Stephens said, as he whirled a chair into a bedroom adjoining his library: "This room was occupied the night it was finished by Smith O'Brien, the last of the line of the Irish Kings of Munster. He spent a week with me, and was the grandest man in some respects I ever knew. His book on representative government is the profoundest work I ever read, except Mr. Calhoun's, and is much more elaborate. He was the foremost of the Irish patriots in dignity and power. I had Toombs here to meet him frequently, and it was interesting to see them together. Mr. Toombs was then very extreme — it was in 1859, and I had resigned in view of the coming storm — and was fond of painting to O'Brien what a magnificent republic we could make of the South if we were only cut off from the body of death, as he called the North. In his quiet but positive way O'Brien would insist that the perpetuity of the American Union was the only hope for true representative government on the earth. I never entertained a greater man than this brave and saddened Irishman."

IN correction we must love the person while we rebuke the fault, lest perchance correction pass into cruelty, and we destroy him whom we would amend. Let, then, thy gentleness be wary, and not remiss; and thy correction firm, but not severe.— *St. Gregory.*

The Irish Priesthood at the Antipodes.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*, in its issue of the 15th of August last, announces the well-merited promotion of the Rev. P. J. O'Keeffe, the learned and zealous pastor of Yass, New South Wales, to the honor and dignity of Dean of Goulbourn. This distinction has been conferred on Father O'Keeffe by his Lordship the most Rev. Dr. Lanigan, in recognition of the arduous and zealous manner in which he has labored in the Yass district in the cause of religion and in the performance of the sacred duties of the ministry. Dean O'Keeffe was mainly instrumental in building two beautiful churches, and the erection of the Sisters of Mercy Convent and Schools, which stand a lasting memorial to his name in the rising town of Yass. Dean O'Keeffe is a native of Doolistown, Trim, county Meath. He received his early ecclesiastical education at St. Mary's College, Mullingar, then under the presidency of Father (now Dr.) Nulty, the eminent Bishop of Meath; and prior to his ordination he studied for five years in the famous Franciscan College of St. Isidore's, Rome. On his return to Ireland he joined the Franciscan Order on Merchant's quay, and subsequently held many important positions in this grand old order of Regular Clergy at Waterford, Carrick-on-Suir, Athlone, and Drogheda.

Genius and Strong Drink Divorced.— The remark is frequently heard that it is the most gifted, the "generous" fellows who are most apt to fall into intemperance. The saying is neither true nor useful. However it may have been formerly, it has come to pass now that, as Prof. Swing suggests, the temperance reform has first reached the minds that are most gifted. "Many years ago," he says, "it was my good fortune to serve my country by being secretary of a temperance society, and in that official dignity I addressed letters of inquiry to Presidents of colleges and Professors to ask what was the quality of the young men who, in those days, marred their college course by the use of strong drinks. Long letters came from President Woolsey of Yale, and from Horace Mann, then of Boston, and from Prof. Moffat, of Princeton, and they all bore testimony that genius in their colleges and schools drank less than stupidity; that whiskey was passing away from the higher order of mind, and was to be found only in possession of the more sensual, and less bright."

Bad for Boys.— Unquestionably one of the most lamentable evils which afflict the rising generation flows from the early use of tobacco. Street boys who are not yet out of child's clothes, snatch the discarded stubs of cigars of grown men, and smoke them in apish imitation of their elders. Lads at school acquire a taste for tobacco by surreptitiously smoking cigarettes — cigarettes which have done more to demoralize and vitiate youth, than all the dram shops of the land. Evil education has two corruptions — the corruption of the body and the corruption of the soul. The bodily mechanism of boys of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years of age, can be as thoroughly injured by insidious poisons as they can be soiled by wicked teaching. What manner of men shall they be, when this generation is grown, if lads of every degree shall be taught to use tobacco? What hope for posterity when the children of to-day are poisoned and dwarfed by a pernicious habit?

Life as it runs out is daily letting us down into His bosom; and thus each day and hour is a step homeward, a danger over, a good secured. —*Father Faber.*

Our Young Folks.

"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

I THINK there never was a funnier, more engaging little rogue than our "little Jack Horner." He is the youngest of six brothers, and three sisters, and you may be sure that he is petted and cherished, but not spoiled, for nothing *could* spoil "little Jack Horner."

I am going to tell you how he earned for himself this curious title, of which I assure you he is very proud, and if he is addressed as "Jack" only, he always repeats slowly "Jack"—"My name is little Jack Horner."

I daresay that many of my fellow readers have experienced the tortures girls like Mabel, Edith, and myself are subjected to by teasing, provoking brothers idling about during the Christmas holidays. From the time of the arrival of our brothers a few weeks before Christmas until the great day itself, we were kept in a fever of dread and anxiety.

Our dolls were hung out of the very topmost boughs of the trees, or bathed in the water tanks, or buried in the sewers. Their wardrobes were turned inside out, and on Christmas Eve I met Max, Bob's big dog, on the stairs, and my youngest doll Lellie in his mouth. Bob stood at the top shouting "Hold fast, Max," and the brute actually growled at me and refused to give up my poor Lellie, but proceeded with her down the stairs, knocking her head violently against each step.

On the same day Mabel's new doll Bella had disappeared, and though we searched trees and tank and sewer, she was not to be found, and we three girls were most unhappy about her, and not in a humor on Christmas day for the nonsense which those troublesome boys considered such good fun.

"Poor Bella," Ned began, "my heart aches when I think of her, perhaps lying at the bottom of some deep well crying out in vain for a touch of Mab's gentle hand." And the impertinent fellow actually drew out his pocket-handkerchief and pretended to cry.

"Oh, don't Ned dear, don't," cried Bob, plaintively, "don't give way so, or I shall not be able to bear this great loss with becoming bravery—the picture is *too* affecting. Here a Christmas-tree unadorned by Bella's graceful presence—there—alas! who knows, it maybe she is detained a prisoner in the old factory rooms, for rats and mice to batten on her tender composition;" and he emitted a noise more demonstrative than pleasant. "You are perfectly disgusting, both of you," said Mabel, angrily. "We were going to the kitchen to see the plum-pudding go into the pot for its second boiling, and as we left the room, dear little Jack slid his hand into Mabel's, saying, "Neve' mind, Mab, I mesef vill det in de ole factoly looms an' bing pooa Bella home."

We remained in the kitchen to make a cook's cap out of a white paper bag for little Jack, and he wore it on his return to the drawing-room. "Hallo, Cookie," Bob shouted, as Ned addressed Mabel, Edith, and me, "unkind creatures, not even to bring a raisin to me in my great trouble."

And as we vouchsafed no reply, Bob shouted—I don't think that boy *could* speak without shouting—

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do, boys, we 'll have the first slice of plum pudding this evening, and the first raisin, and see it first too, no matter how they try."

"You sha' n't," I said, determined to prevent them, "even if I stay in the kitchen the entire day." "Ho, ho, so you mean to beard the lion in

his den, do you?" said Bob, "well, then, I make a proposal. If they get the first glimpse of the pudding and taste the first slice, we must make good all their doll things, and even restore the adorable Bella; if not, and we succeed in seeing and tasting first, we shall be at liberty to amuse ourselves as we please, and they shall have to do everything we command for the next fortnight. Speak! do you all agree?

"Yes, yes," the boys shouted, and Edith and Mabel looked at me a little nervously, but my spirit of opposition was aroused, and I cried, "Yes, yes"—for us three—four, I should say, for dear little Jack had taken his stand between us girls. "Jack, you traitor," Bob cried, with a flourish of a toy trumpet, "range yourself on the side of your lawful commander."

"No 'awful 'mander," said little Jack, bravely, "I tay vith Mab;" and Jack looked so funny in his white paper cap, that papa and mamma burst out laughing as they looked in. We called them, and Bob having made known the arrangements, he exhorted papa and mamma to embrace the cause of truth and right, which was his, of course, but they laughingly declared they would make the contending armies equal, and ranged themselves on our side.

It still wanted a couple of hours of dinner time, and the boys had never left the house. We played outside until we were tired, and then entered the drawing-room to look for Jack. "He is up stairs with mamma, I daresay," Bob replied carelessly. In a few minutes nurse came in looking for him. The gardener had seen him an hour before, with his paper cap on; he was going toward Allen's dyke to look for "some doll or something," the man said, but he thought he had gone back to the house. The boys grew alarmed, for Jack's name was enough to arouse their interest. They dispersed themselves all through the house and grounds, but no Jack was to be found, and they came back looking pale and uneasy. "Mabel, May," they said, "we are afraid something has happened to him; we are going toward the dyke; say nothing to mamma." They were an hour away, and then Ned, with a terribly scared face, came and beckoned us from the drawing-room. "See what we found float ng on the water," he whispered. It was Jack's paper cap. "Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" they exclaimed together. "Better not say anything to papa or mamma," advised Mabel grimly; "did you not hear Jack say he would go to the old factory rooms to look for Bella?" "So he did," they said, turning paler, "but he'd be killed there, the floors and windows have all fallen in." "But come, come," Bob cried, and we shouted after them, "Be sure and be back to dinner so as not to alarm papa and mamma."

Dinner was on the table before they returned. I heard them whispering something to nurse in the hall, to which she replied by a shake of her head. Their clothes were soiled and torn, and their eyes swollen and heavy.

Dinner passed over very quietly, for once the boys had nothing to say, and when a strange impolite kicking came to the door of the dining-room, Bob, who seemed choking, arose hastily to open it. What a shout he gave when he saw little Jack, a roguish smile on his baby face, nearly sinking under the weight of the plum pudding—a veritable little cook, with clean, new paper cap on his head, and his face smeared over with some brown substance. "Take dis," Jack said, "it 's vely heavy, asides I 's vely heavy too vith de lots of pum puddin' I dot for tayin' in de tubbard."

"You have lost, and been tricked besides," I said to the boys; "we girls were too many for you, after all."

It quite exhausted their resources to make good all the damage they had done. Bella was restored, and our little brother has been called from that day to this "little Jack Horner."

TOPSY.

Topsy, you must know, is a little terrier, with the shaggiest coat of hair, the blackest eyes, and the pertest little nose in the world. Topsy is quite a genius. He not only possesses the small qualifications of ordinary dogs, such as fetching sticks, begging, etc., but he can balance biscuits on his nose, and catch them with extraordinary agility, carry letters and newspapers to the post, and take the market-basket in his mouth for the housekeeper. He also understands the science of numbers, and won't touch a crumb of bread until twelve is counted. He is a patriotic dog, with a green and gold collar of which he is evidently proud. And he can "die for the Pope," stretching himself at full length, and remaining perfectly quiet and rigid, until bidden to rise.

Topsy is the pet of the family, but he is my special friend. I am a physician, and when I return in the evening from my sick calls, up he jumps from the garden seat, on which he is usually rolled up like a ball, and frisking, yelping, and throwing somersaults, he flies forward to welcome me, and then rushes to the house to apprise the family of my arrival. At dinner, he sits patiently on the hearth-rug, accepting gratefully the morsels that fall to his lot; and when the children retire for the night, and I draw my easy-chair to the fire, and trim the lamp, and open my favorite book, Topsy is my constant companion. This is explained when I mention that I picked up Topsy one day on the streets of London. It appears he had been stolen from a lady, who was very fond of him, and had been thrown away by the thief. He was dirty and draggled, wet and starving, when I whistled to him. He came, and since that time has been an inmate of our house, and a very pleasant and grateful one, indeed.

Lately, however, I began to notice a change. Something evidently was wrong with Topsy. He came at my call as usual, but in a slow, depressed kind of way, that showed he was entirely out of spirits. He began to be fond of going by himself into the stable, and lying on the hay asleep during the day. He shunned the house, and even turned away from the little dainties that were placed before him to eat. This was the case for a fortnight or so. I began to think he was sick. But no. There were no symptoms of illness about him. So I thought I would solve the difficulty by putting the question plainly to him. There is nothing like an explanation. A few words often settle little differences, that may possibly grow into serious disputes.

So last Saturday evening, when the drawing-room was cleared out, and the little ones, after rubbing their eyes and crying for being sent to bed so soon, were safely nestled in their cots in the nursery, I determined to argue out the question with Topsy. So I lighted the lamp, turned it on fully, and began:—

"Topsy!" He got up, stretched himself, yawned, and waited.

"Tops," said I, "get up here, old fellow," pointing to a chair, which I drew near myself. He jumped up, and for the first time for many days, he faintly wagged his tail.

"Tops," said I, "there's something wrong. Now you and I are friends. Out with it, and let us see if we cannot make matters straight."

"There's nothing wrong, sir," said Topsy, looking very serious.

"Tops," said I, "you cannot deceive me. You know I am accustomed to study people, and it takes only a glance sometimes to see that something is wrong in health or spirits. Now, you who were the friskiest and liveliest little dog in the world are getting quite stupid. You mope about, and refuse to eat, and, in short, you are not a bit like yourself. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, sir," said Topsy, looking down, and studying his toes.

"Now, look here, Tops," said I,

looking very stern, "there *is* something wrong, and people are saying it. Now I know you well, and I don't believe what people are saying about you."

"What are they saying?" asked Topsy indignantly, and looking me full in the face.

"Well, I don't like to tell you, Tops," said I, "but as you will have it, they are saying that you are getting mad."

He jumped from his seat in alarm and anger. "Me mad!" said he, looking as brisk and fierce as if he was challenged then and there to mortal comabat with an insignificant rat.

"Oh well, don't mind them," said I soothingly. "People will talk. I don't believe a word of it, and that ought to be enough for you, I think."

"Well, it is enough," said Topsy decisively. "And now as things have gone so far, though of course I don't mind what people say — I am above all that — but I'll tell you."

He resumed his seat near me, and commenced:—

"You must know, sir," said he, "that I am not a common dog."

I bowed assent

"I belong to the best and purest blood. I was born in a palace, and fed by a princess. Now in the refined society in which I moved, I was taught dignity, reserve, and easy manners, that should never admit excitement. I confess it did not quite suit my tastes. When I was glad, I'd like to show it, and when I was vexed. Sometimes, I confess, I'd give worlds to be able to wag my tail, but that would be very wrong. And I was often choking, for I was full of joy, and I dared not bark. However, it was respectable, and I was content. Since I came into the bosom of your family, sir, all this is changed. There is no respectability here——"

"Topsy, sir," said I, "what do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure," said Topsy, "but I didn't mean any offence. I meant that people here are free to show their feelings, and I was not slow in showing mine. I ran and barked at my own pleasure. I gave myself up to my impulses. I became familiar, and I suffer the consequences. Nobody respects me."

"I am sure I have the greatest regard for you, Tops," said I, "and I know the boys and girls are really fond of you."

"Ah, there it is," said Topsy, "they may be fond of me, but they don't respect me. Imagine," said he, waxing very angry, "imagine the impropriety of that wretched cook who flung me a huge nasty bone the other day, big enough for a mastiff; me, who was daily fed on chicken and biscuit and sherry. Then your wife, sir (I speak, of course, with all deference), never allows me to enter the drawing-room when she is present, and is quite alarmed when I romp with the children. Your boys, too, put mustard on bread, and even whiskey, and compel me to eat it. They put pepper in my eyes, and flung me into dirty pools; me, whose coat was daily washed with perfumed soap and eau-de Cologne; nay, they have had the audacity of striking the piano with my paws and creating hideous noises; me, who have listened with delight to the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven——"

"Topsy," said I gravely, "Topsy, isn't this a little too strong?"

"Not at all, sir," said Topsy. "In my former place I always attended the theatre, particularly when operas and high-class music were being performed, and sat with my paws resting on the velvet cushions of the boxes, listening with delight to the melody, and every glass in the house was levelled at me." He looked quite proud and pleased for the moment. "But I could stand it all," he resumed bitterly, "if I were not perpetually reminded of my dependent and degrading position by that person up-stairs

whom they call 'The Baby.' One would think there never was a baby in the world before. I'm sure I don't see anything remarkable about the baby. Until she came, people used to pet and fondle me. Now everybody despises me. Yet she has no hair, — and look at me! Her eyes are closed half the day and all the night; and look at mine! She screams most dreadfully. In fact my nerves are quite disturbed. And she has had the audacity to patronize me and call me 'Poo' doddy! poo' doddy!' I really cannot stand it any longer." And Topsy put on an air of offended dignity that would have done credit to a judge.

"Topsy," said I quietly, "there is a great deal in what you say. I certainly must check my boys for treating you so cruelly. Boys are thoughtless. And really I know Charlie and Willy are very fond of you. I've heard them boast of your beauty and accomplishments to strangers, and in fact they think there's no dog in the world like you."

Topsy looked quite delighted, but he had not given in.

"Then you know," I continued, "cook does not understand your history, and does not appreciate the distinctions you have made. But as to Baby — I am afraid, Tops, Baby won't tronble any of us much longer."

"What, sir!" said Tops, jumping in alarm from his seat, "is Baby going away?"

"She is very sick," said I, quietly. "Doctor Smith was here this afternoon, and he and I think she can scarcely live. The poor little thing is convulsed, and is suffering very much pain. And we were all so fond of her. And I am sure she was fond of you, Topsy."

Topsy was looking intently at the fire. All his discontent and defiance had passed away. He looked at first alarmed, then ashamed, then, as memory brought the past before him, he became very much grieved, until I saw a big ball slowly gathering in his eyes, and then rolling along his furred cheek. He put up his paw and secretly wiped it away.

I had said enough. "Good-night, Topsy," I exclaimed, as I threw the end of my cigar into the fire, and slowly turned down the lamp.

"Bow-wow!" said Topsy, very demurely, as he silently left the room.

Next morning, while at breakfast, Nurse came in.

"How is baby, nurse?"

"Very much better, sir," said nurse, "but that dog ——"

"What about Topsy?" said I, remembering our conversation the previous evening.

"Why, sir," said she, "he came up late last night, when all were in bed, and began scratching at the door of the nursery. I was at first alarmed, but I quietly opened the door and let him in. He came over, and looked at me wistfully, and then at baby, and then lay down and began whining in a low tone; and whenever baby put her hand outside the clothes, he licked her hand until I stopped him, and I am afraid to remove him, and the doctor is coming.

"Never mind, nurse," said I, "I understand, let him alone."

Baby got well, and no knight of old was ever so attentive to "faire ladye" as Topsy is to Baby. He sleeps at the foot of her cradle, runs before her, when she is rolled in her perambulator, plays a thousand tricks to amuse her, and thinks "poo' doddy" the greatest compliment in the world.

Like many whom we meet, Topsy had had a fit of dignity, and he was miserable. He is again himself, and is happy.

A BOY having been told that "a reptile is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly replied, "A baby."

THE best thing about carpets is that you buy them by the yard and wear them by the foot.

THE DYING BOY.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Mother, say why you are weeping,
Sitting there beside my head,
While this weary vigil keeping,
And from tears your eyes are red?" —
"Ah, my child I thought you sleeping,
And a rosary I said."

"Mother, do not thus be grieving
That all hope for me is vain.
Do you weep that I am leaving
Such a world of grief and pain?"
"No, my child, in hope believing
We shall meet in Heaven again."

"Mother, where the flowers are springing
Make my grave among the trees,
That a requiem may be singing
Always o'er me in the breeze."
"Ah, my child, my heart you're wringing
By such bitter thoughts as these."

"Mother, 'tis not death before me
Brings this tear upon my cheek;
But my father — he'll deplore me
Till his poor old heart will break."
"O my child, may heaven o'er me
Give the comfort we must seek."

"Mother, comfort him and give him
My own little cross of gold;
Mother, cheer him, do not grieve him,
When this heart of mind is cold."
"O, my child, all heart will leave him,
And he will not be consoled."

"Mother! hark! what voice is saying
'Hasten, hasten, come away?'
I have heard sweet music playing
Somewhere near me all the day."
"Hush, my child, 'tis I am praying;
'Twas an echo you heard play."

"Mother, mother, who is crying.
And why turn you now so pale?
Now I know that I am dying;
'Tis the Banshee's mournful wail."
"Hush, my child, 'tis but the sighing
Of the beech trees in the gale."

"Mother! — ah! — my sight is growing
Dim, my feet are cold as lead.
Kiss me, mother, I am going.
Up." — The weary spirit fled;
And the mother's tears were flowing
O'er the features of the dead.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS. — They never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be not only useless, but dangerous to every one about it, becomes as quiet as a lamb, and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing or a vicious mule or a pony in a Chinaman's employment, but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have we admired the fact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either from a yelping cur, or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally cared for.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND THE ROSARY. — The Great Liberator had a tender and filial love for our Blessed Lady. He intrusted the great work of the Catholic Emancipation to her special protection, and before he took part in any public enterprise, he always consecrated himself to the Immaculate Virgin, styling her the "Destruction of Heresy and the Mother of the People." The *Angelus*, the *Memorare*, the Litany of Loretto, and the Rosary, were among his most favorite devotions, and it is said that he recited the latter daily.

THE CAT DID IT. — There is a well-known story of the ruin of a London luncheon shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.

Useful Knowledge.

Vinegar will remove the disagreeable odor of kerosene from tinware.

Plug up mice holes with soap. The mice will not go through.

For burns wet saleratus and spread on a cloth; bind this on the burned part. and in a few hours it will be well.

As a cure for hiccough *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* advises the sufferer to take either a lump of sugar soaked in vinegar, or five swallows of water.

If the juice of a lemon is taken every morning before breakfast, for two or three weeks in the springtime, it will prevent the disagreeable feeling of weakness and want of energy peculiar to the season.

When a glass stopper sticks in the bottle pass a strip of woollen cloth round the neck of the vessel, and see-saw it backward and forward. This friction heats and causes the neck to expand, so that the stopper becomes loose. On this principle of expansion by heat a tight screw may be withdrawn from a metal socket by surrounding the latter with a cloth dipped in boiling water.

COFFFE IN TYPHOID FEVER. — Dr. Guillasse of the French navy reports that in the early stages of the disease coffee is almost a specific against typhoid fever. He gives to adults two or three teaspoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. The beneficial effect is immediate. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be taken daily, and after a while quinine.

The French people waste nothing. What many a laborer's wife throws away in "good times," the poor Frenchman's wife makes a nice little dish of. The French poor folks cook on charcoal fires, which are only lighted when they are needed, and if too much of anything is cooked it only goes to help another little dish for the next meal. The lining a Frenchwoman uses for her dress is of the best quality, and serves for two or three dresses very often. The buttons and trimmings are never cast aside with the old waist as they are with other people. Cleaning, mending, are understood by ordinary French persons as they are not by the professionals of England — and a general freshness of effect is the result. It is said that less glass and china is broken in France than elsewhere ; but if it is broken the owner generally knows how to mend it wonderfully ; or if it cannot be mended she sighs, shrugs her shoulders and forgets it. Frenchwomen do not "nag" or "worry." They are economical of their spirits as they are of their beauty; and a Frenchwoman who has a fine eye, fine hair, or good teeth can force you to call her beautiful. If she is actually ugly she will so bewilder you with her toilet, her gestures, and her smiles that you cannot find it out. If she is old she can still be charming.

Hot drinks are specially hurtful to the stomach. They cause irritation of the nerves of the stomach, and consequent mild inflamation of that organ, so that after a hot drink the stomach is red and congested; in time a debilitated condition is set up. A temperature of 100 degrees also destroys the active ferment of the gastric juice. — pepsin — and so leads to indigestion. If the stomach is at all disordered, hot drinks give rise to much griping pain, and in many cases to vomiting. In cases of diarrhœa, too, hot drinks only increase it, while cold ones tend to lessen it.

OATMEAL — Carlyle says of Lord Macaulay: "Well any one can see that you are an honest sort of fellow made out of oatmeal." There is a story told of a shrewd Scotchwoman who used to tell her fine, healthy bairns "the one that eats the mast parritch will get the mast meat." And when the meat came there was no room for it. The apologist for that National dish says : "If oatmeal can make such men as Sir Walter Scott, D. Chalmers, and Lord Macaulay, we may heap high the porridge dish and bribe our children to eat it. One thing we do know. It is far better for the blood and brain than cake, confectionery, and the score of delicacies on which many pale children are fed by their foolish mothers."

One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand bag. Get some clean fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or even on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds heat a long time, and the bag can he tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

The Humorist.

Go to the butcher's if you would hear joint debates.

THE cultured no longer call it hash. Mosaic nutriment is the correct form.

FATHER TOM BURKE was once travelling by railroad from Cork to Dublin, when some love-lorn evangelical, who had his wife by his side, announced with the usual impertinence peculiar to swaddling preachers, that "St. Patrick was a Methodist! Yes, sir, there's no disputing the fact! A Methodist preacher just like me!" Father Burke turned his twinkling eyes upon the tattle-tongued traveller, and remarked, "Well, sir, it is very curious that in all his travels we never read of St. Patrick taking his wife with him!" At this sally the people roared, and the poor preacher wilted like a bantam rooster that had lost his tail.

WHAT the photographer said: "Sit just there. Move over a little. A little more to the left. Ah, that's too much! Hold up your chin. Look about there. Drop your left hand. Put your feet a little closer together. Let me brush the hairs off your shoulder. I must fix your head again. Now let me see. Drop your left shoulder a trifle. That's good. Now lower your chin. Now look as pleasant as you can. That right foot is out too much. Look out for your chin. There — just so. Now you are all right. Let me see. Now think of something funny. You'd better look at this photograph. Keep your eyes wide open and wink as often as you like. There — that'll do. No — your chin is too high. Down — down — that's it. Now smile. That's it. Chest out. Shoulders up. Drop your hand. Once more now — smile. There! Well that is a pretty fair picture; but I think you'd better sit again. It looks blurred around the eyes."

SNOW OUT WEST.—"Much snow — much snow out in Minnesota this winter?" he almost yelled in answer to the query — "Well, we've had a few flakes, and don't you forget it." It was at the Union depot, and his loud voice soon drew a crowd around him. "You Michiganders puff up and feel powerful big over a fall of two feet of snow," he went on, "but you are a vain set. Do you know how deep the snow is on the highways in Northern Minnesota? Well, it's about fourteen feet, as near as you can get the figures. That is, it was four weeks ago, and the chances are that another five feet have been added since I left home." "Must be bad travelling," suggested an Eastern man. "Probably it would be if anybody tried to travel," was the reply. "We don't go spooning around out there in the winter." Is twenty feety the deepest snow you've had?" "Deepest! Who's been talking about deepest? That's what we call a flurry. On the 2d day of January we had nine feet of snow on a level. It then snowed for ninety-eight hours without a stop. When it ceased we had thirty-six feet of snow on the ground. My house was at least fourteen feet below the surface, and no building could be seen in any direction." "And you dug your way out?" "I did, eh? What fur?" "Why didn't you?" "No, sir. It was twenty-six days before the snow settled below the tops of the windows, but I was in no hurry." "Wasn't it lonesome?" "Lonesome — humph. I had just brought home my second wife, and I had nine children in the house, and if you'd be within a mile and a half of the cabin you'd have been dead beat to know which side to bet your money on. Lonesome! Well, I guess not."

TOPNOODY'S WIFE'S CONUNDRUM.—Mr. Topnoody went to the minstrels, and the funny conundrums and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfast he began on Mrs. Topnoody. She was warm and not much in the humor for pleasantry, but Topnoody slashed away. "I say, Mrs. Topnoody, can you spell 'hard water' with three letters?" "No, I can't; I might, though, if you had taken me to the minstrels last night." This staggered him a little, but not seriously. "And you can't spell it? Well, i-c-e, ain't that hard water?" Mrs. Topnoody never smiled, and Mr. T. went on. "Now spell 'money' with four letters." "I don't know how," she said. "Ha, ha, that too good. A woman never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a man can. Well, the way to spell it is c-a-s-h, ain't that money?" Again did Mrs. Topnoody fail to smile, and Mr. Topnoody started out with another. "Hold on a minute," she interrupted, looking ugly, "I've got one; let's see if you can get it. Spell 'Topnoody' with four letters." Topnoody scratched his head a while, and gave it up. "Ha, ha," laughed Mrs. T., "that's too good. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a woman can. Well, the way to spell it is f-o-o-l, ain't that Topnoody?" But Topnoody, never smiled, and the breakfast was finished in silence, except an occasional chuckle from Mrs. Topnoody's end of the table.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE December *North American Review* contains an article on the "Decline of the Influence of the Clergy." This the writer ascribes to the general diffusion of intelligence among the laity; to the Protestant Reformation, and to the secularization of the church in all European countries, even the Catholic nations. He errs in saying that the idea of a distinct priestly order did not exist in the Christian Church, until the second century; for Christ certainly selected a certain number of men to whom he gave special powers of teaching and ministering; which powers were, from their very nature and object, intended to be perpetual. Such was the power of teaching, and that of celebrating the Eucharist, given to the Apostles alone, and always recognized as a distinctively priestly act. Besides, if the priestly order was recognized so early as the second century, as the writer acknowledges, it certainly must have apostolic authority, for all sects are agreed that the Christian Church was then in her purity, and taught no doctrine inconsistent with the Gospel or the apostolic traditions.

The Reformation destroyed the priesthood, because it denied the sacrifice of the Mass, as, of course, there is no priesthood where there is no sacrifice. We are inclined to but half accept the writer's statements about the decline of ministerial influence in this country. We wish it were true, for we regard the Protestant ministry as at least half-knowingly upholding a religion which they cannot but feel to be only a parody on Christianity. The ministers have undoubtedly declined as an intellectual body. Any frothy mountebank in the pulpit is sure of a comfortable position, while a man of solid parts may be ignored if he is not also a preacher. The Protestant ministry is the least favorable of any of the learned professions to talent which is not accompanied with elocutionary and rhetorical graces. This exaction of course obliges men not gifted with ready speech, to take other pursuits, leaving the pulpit to loud tongues and empty heads.

The writer is wrong about his evidences of the decline of clerical power in Catholic Europe, from the elections. Elections in Europe are manipulated much more effectively than here. The great mass of the people are never represented, and you can no more determine the real state of the public mind from European parliaments and congresses, than you can tell what is in a house from the color of the window blinds. The church *appears* to be depressed, the clergy without honor or following, and the temples deserted, but these impressions are those of either Protestants or the statements of designing infidels. A Protestant traveller wonders at the small number of worshippers at the late Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, a city which contains hundreds of churches, and Catholics as a class go to early Masses.

As to the increased intelligence of the laity influencing them to disregard ministers, we suppose such is the case, for ministers are themselves only laymen. But the most learned, as well as the most illiterate lay Catholic, knows that the only learning for which the priest demands respect and obedience, is the divine learning of the faith. Nor does any Catholic de-

spise or refuse the ministrations of a priest, because he is not a genius, or an orator. We discriminate between the sacerdotal office and the personal gifts or even defects of its possessor.

Rev. Father Ryan, the Poet-priest of the South, opened his lecture course in New England, at Worcester, on Thanksgiving evening, to a crowded audience. He lectured in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Dec. 3, to a large and appreciative assembly. He lectured in Lynn on Dec. 11, and will lecture in Gloucester on Christmas night. Wherever Father Ryan appears, he is well and favorably received. In his own South no speaker is so popular, drawing crowded houses wherever he appears.

Father Ryan will remain in Boston and vicinity for some time. Persons desiring his services will address Patrick Donahoe, Boylston Street, Boston.

Foreign Wines.—It seems that little or no wine is to be expected this year in Germany. In Rhineland the grapes were hard enough to shoot hares with, and when the grapes do not ripen in August and September there is little or no hope of wine. In the South of France, however, things are quite different. As it has not rained there since February the wine will be of an exceptionally good quality, though of small quantity, and unusually rich in sugar — over 30 per cent. Prices, however, are high, as the phylloxera has done enormous damage; in one department alone (Hérault) this terrible insect has devoured nine-tenths of the crops. The correspondent found everywhere that they were cultivating American shoots and grafting *Muscats-romains* upon them. But his revelations concerning the adulteration of "Bordeaux" wines are more startling. Speaking as an eye-witness, he declares that not only glycerine, salicylic acid, undrinkable water (pumped in by steam to the extent of 100 to 150 per cent.), but also mustard, to the amount of six or eight pounds per litre, are freely employed to repress fermentation, and so increase the amount of sugar. What is to become of the old proverb *in vino veritas?* It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The ravages of the phylloxera among the French vines have had a very beneficial effect upon the German raisin-growers. During the course of last month, upwards of 70,000,000 pounds of raisins and currants were exported to France.

The Rosary is a most powerful form of prayer, beautiful in its origin, easy in its use, efficacious in its results. Jesus will be in the midst of that home in which all the family unite once each day to recite the Rosary. They will be blessed who never fail daily to recite the Rosary. We beg of you then — each and every one — to make it a practice to say the Rosary with attention and devotion each day without fail. It will be your consolation during life; it will be an earnest of a happy death; and when you stand before the judgment-seat of God, you will then realize how beneficial, how salutary it was to have repeated so often, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

A Youth who Despised Wealth.—The history of the extraordinary wealth of the Duchess of Galliera, who lately presented to the Holy Father the usufruct of two extensive Italian estates, is perhaps not generally known. The late Duke (writes a German contemporary) possessed a fortune of three hundred million francs (about £12,000,000) and had an only son, who as a boy, free from all the so-called "noble passions," displayed the greatest contempt for money. When scarcely twenty the young nobleman retired to the neighborhood of Nice, applied for the post of schoolmaster in a small village, and obtained one. His father allowed him yearly from three to four hundred thousand francs (about £12,000); but the young man sent all the money to Paris, where it was divided as an anonymous gift among the poor. The noble teacher lived absolutely and entirely on his salary, and discharged his duties most conscientiously. After three years of work, the French Ministry of Instruction named him "Officier de l'Academie." The young noble declined the honor in a very polite letter, declaring that it had never been heard that a schoolmaster had merited so high a distinction after three years' work; and that, as he could see in it only respect for his name, he was unable to accept it, being resolved to owe everything to himself. A few years ago his father died, and the whole of the colossal fortune descended to the son. The young Duke went at once to Paris, drew up a will naming his mother as heiress to all his wealth, and a second deed conferring upon her during her lifetime the free and absolute administration of the Galliera property. After these formalities he returned to his village, and, as before, applied himself to teaching the A, B, C. The Dowager Duchess, probably the richest lady in the world, has lately established a large hospital, in which the care of the sick is intrusted to a Religious Order.

"It is a beautiful fire," said Oscar Wilde to Mrs. Langtry, as they watched the New York theatre, where the professional beauty was to have appeared, being burned down. Another Irishman, one Richard Brinsley Sheridan, said a better thing than that long ago. As he watched Drury Lane, which was his, in flames, he smiled. "You take it easy, Dick," said a by-stander. "Has not a man a right to be cheerful at his own fireside?" was the reply.

Confession Made Easy.—To St. Alphonsus, more than to any other saint of these later times, is due the glory of having made the Sacrament of Penance sweet to penitents. He was wont to say, against the rigorism of those who made the way of absolution difficult, "O poor Blood of Jesus Christ!" and these great words contain a whole treatise of theology. They are a warning to the priest to be generous of that which was given to the last drop so freely for our salvation, and to the penitent to be generous in the use of the liberty which that most Precious Blood has purchased for us.—*Cardinal Manning.*

O'Connell Memorial Church.—A memorial church is about to be built near O'Connell's old home. Cardinal Manning, hearing of the project, sent to Canon Brosnan, who has undertaken the work, so strongly appealing to the Catholics of Ireland, the following touching letter: "You have wisely decided to raise a memorial to Daniel O'Connell in the most sacred form, by building a church in which the Divine Presence shall always dwell. The intense and pathetic love of the Irish for Ireland, will ever plead with the love of an Englishman for England. Too true it is that an Irishman loves Ireland not only with the natural love of a son to a mother. The sorrows, wrongs, afflictions, the patience, dignity and martyrdom of Ireland for the faith, all mingle with his patriotism to purify and elevate it to the supernatural order. These are old words of mine, written fifteen years ago. They are to my mind a true description of Daniel O'Connell, who in the cathedral of Canterbury knelt down and kissed the stone where our greatest martyr, St. Thomas, received his crown, declaring him to be the greatest patriot that England ever knew. You have done well to mingle his memory with the undying faith of Ireland, and with the Holy Sacrifice which has sustained the people of Ireland in their fidelity to God and to his laws. I wish I could help you largely; but I rejoice to put even one stone into the wall of the church at Caherciveen, by the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell, to whom we Catholics of England also owe so much."

Land is becoming a drug in the Irish market. At the recent sales in the Landed Estates Court, several estates were put up for sale, but in many cases there was no competition whatever, and the sales were adjourned. Mr. Sullivan's prediction that the Irish landlords will yet rue the day they did not take the tenants' offer of a fair price for the land, is being fulfilled even sooner than he himself could have expected.

The Utilization of Ants.—Professor Riley, of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, has received from Han Chow an account of a curious use made of ants in that part of China. It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The hill people throughout the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. "The orange ant breeders" are provided with pig or goat bladders baited inside with lard. The orifices of these they apply to the entrances of the bag-nests, when the ants enter the bladders, and, as Dr. McGowan expresses it, "become a remarkable commodity at the orangeries." The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees, so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period.

Assault and Death of a Priest.—Rev. J. B. O'Donoghue died November 16, 1882, aged 62 years, at Morrow, Ohio, from the effects of an assault made upon him by a man named Timothy Greene, who has been arrested on charge of murder in the first degree. Father O'Donoghue was greatly beloved. The ceremonies at his interment were grand and impressive. His untimely death is greatly regretted by all who knew the revered deceased. *The Catholic Columbian* says: One notorious Tim Greene, of Morrow, O., who denied his faith, and joined the secret order of masons some years ago, has shown the result of his crime by adding that of murder to it. The other day he struck Father O'Donoghue on the head with a hammer, causing death within a few days. Such a terrible crime as this occurring in Ireland could not be imagined, but the American spirit of "independence" and "liberty" is inhaled in the very air. Father O'Donoghue was a quiet, humble, and well beloved priest, having had charge of the congregation of Morrow for many years.

TALKING of Arabi's land, its manners, customs, and food, a well-known witty and genial Reverend Father, who lives, laughs, and labors not far from Dublin, said, the other day, "My great wonder is how any fellow could ever have longed after the flesh-pots of Egypt! When I was there I could not eat a bit that came out of them. Faith, it was the potato-pots of Ireland *I* was longing for every day that I stayed in the place!"

THE NEW NUNCIO TO FRANCE.—The successor of Mgr. Czacki at Paris, is, Mgr. di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento. He was well known to Leo XIII., when the latter was Cardinal Bishop of Perugia, and, according to the *Times*, when somebody made an objection to his appointment as Nuncio on the score of his youth — Mgr. di Rende is only thirty-five — his Holiness replied, "What boots it? Leo X. was Pope at thirty-five, and his ripeness of mind confounded even his adversaries. I have long known the Archbishop of Benevento. I have judged of him myself, and as I am, alas! unable to keep his beloved predecessor, I confide to him, without fear or hesitation, the difficult but glorious post of serving as the bond of concord between Catholic France and the Holy See." Mgr. di Rende is of a noble Neapolitan family, the Siciliani, Marquesses of Rende.

THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.—The only army chaplain wounded in the Egpytian campaign is Father Bellord, the Catholic priest. He is not the only Catholic Chaplain who has gained credit by his exposure to the service and his devotedness to duty. Father Brindle also has earned golden opinions from all, Protestants and Catholics alike, for his generous and self-denying conduct during the war. Wherever there was danger or difficulty there was Father Brindle to be found, pressing on in the service of his flock. No hardship or exposure seemed able to hold him back in the noble path of duty. It is gratifying to note how his conduct has been appreciated. The *Army and Navy Gazette* says:—"An officer writes to us from Kassisin, dated Sunday, September 3:—'Why has no clergyman been up here yet? It is a week since the Roman Catholic priest arrived. It is disgraceful that our own dying men should be ministered to by him, as they are, when there is a large staff of chaplains sent out. There has been a train running for several days, but no service to-day. Mr. Brindle, I think, is the priest's name. He has buried all our men and attended to their death-beds. Poor man, he complains bitterly that he cannot get his vestments up; but I admire his determination in pushing forward so quickly.'"

AT the banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Gladstone contrasted the satisfactory state of affairs now existing in the southeast of Europe with the situation as it existed two years ago. In Ireland, he said, the government relied more on the measures of justice it introduced than upon the stringent powers which Parliament had placed in its hands. Since November last there had been great material and moral improvement. Crime had decreased, and the people were recognizing the sincere desire to do them justice.

THE GAELIC UNION, the object of which is "to encourage the preservation and cultivation of the Irish language," has since 1880 been giving prizes to students of the Celtic language and literature, the effect being a large increase in the number of candidates for examination in that subject. The Union has now formed itself into a regular society, of which the Right Hon. The O'Conor Don is the President, and proposes, if it receives sufficient encouragement, to bring out a monthly journal, "partly English and partly Irish, but with a gradually increasing proportion of Irish." The first number was to appear on the 1st of November, "the great feast of Samhain among the ancient Irish."

PROTESTANTS IN GERMANY.—Queer stories are being told about the religious condition of the Protestants of the German capital. At the last Catholic congress great complaints were brought forward about the urgent want of pastoral care among the Catholics of Berlin, of whom, however, there are not more than 50,000. Now, the Protestants of Berlin muster over a million strong, and King William styling himself *Oberlandesbischof*, or supreme territorial Bishop, one might imagine that their spiritual pasture was plentiful. The very reverse is the case. The whole of the Berlin Protestant churches seat only twenty thousand people, and yet Sunday after Sunday they are full of emptiness. In one of them — that is to say, in St. Bartholomew's Church — the state of things is worse even than in the others. We are informed that, owing to the extreme want of patronage on the part of the faithful, Pastor Vorberg has not received any salary for the last three months; even the sexton has had to go on short commons, and the gas works have had the gas supply cut off because a balance of £10 18*s.* has remained unpaid. No more evening service on that account. And this is a State-supported Protestant Church! Heaven only knows what would become of the "Evangelical" Church of Germany if it were not State-supported. —*London Universe.*

A WONDERFUL MIRACLE.— One day St. Francis of Assisi was absorbed in ardent contemplation of the wounds of Jesus crucified, and was seeking to take to himself and drink in their exceeding bitterness, when an angel from heaven appeared before him, from whom some mysterious virtue emanated; at once St. Francis feels his hands and feet transfixed, as it were, with nails, and his side pierced by a sharp spear. Thenceforth was begotten an immense charity in his soul; on his body he bore the living tokens of the wounds of Jesus Christ.

THE GALLANT NINTH.—Major George B. Rodney, detailed by the United States Government to inspect the militia camps on the Massachusetts encampments of 1882, has made his report to the Adjutant-General of the United States Army at Washington. The report enters a good deal into details, and complaint is made of the bad condition of the arms of some of the regiments. We pointed out the cause of this in some remarks made during the past summer. Of all the infantry regiments of Massachusetts the Major singles out the Ninth alone for praise and commendation. Speaking of that regiment he says: "*The Ninth Regiment in the manual of arms and firing indicated a proficiency they need have no desire to surpass*"! We emphasize these words coming from such a high authority. And this is the regiment which Governor Long sought to demoralize, on the strength of a miserable and doctored report, got up by three men appointed by him to examine into the alleged "disorders" of some of the men belonging to that distinguished regiment, while on its visit to Yorktown. That report, as we stated at the time it was made, was neither more nor less than a compilation of unsupported testimony gathered from sources unworthy of consideration under such circumstances. Governor Long inflicted a heavy punishment on the regiment and deprived it of appearing in public for six months! It has survived the punishment and received the highest praise of any regiment in Massachusetts from the highest authority at Washington. The Ninth is the only Irish-American regiment in the State, and it is to be earnestly hoped that in future it will continue to deserve the praise it has honestly won. It can best do this by strict attention to its duties and by the preservation of its excellent discipline, the marked characteristics of a good regiment of soldiers. This paper takes special pride in publishing the above from Major George Rodney's report, as it was the only paper among all its contemporaries that stood boldly to the front in defence of the gallant Ninth.—*The Catholic Herald, Lawrence, Mass.*

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND will henceforward be conducted as the Catholic University College of Dublin, in connection with the new Royal University, whose Fellows will, in several instances, be Tutors of the College. The general collection for the institution in Stephens Green will no longer be made year by year throughout Ireland. This is a very reasonable change. We have always thought it anomalous that congregations of poor people all over the island should be asked to contribute towards the higher education of a few youths in Dublin. This has gone on for twenty-eight years, but will now cease.

PADRE PASSAGLIA.—The well-known Padre Passaglia, who, in 1861, embraced the errors of Protestantism, and whose pamphlet, entitled "*Pro Causa Italica*," followed by his adhesion to Count Cavour's policy, and his entering the Italian Parliament as Deputy for Monteechio, caused so much sensation at the time, has been in Rome for some days. Deploring his errors, he has come to seek the forgiveness of the Holy See and reconciliation with the Church. It is even rumored that the Padre, who was formerly Prefect of Studies in the Roman College, and well-known in the Vatican circles for his vast theological learning, may be appointed by Leo XIII. to a Professor's chair in one of the Vatican seminaries. Pius IX. always expressed his belief that the intercession of the Blessed Virgin would eventually rescue the author from the error of his ways.

FIFTY YEARS OLD.—Rev. W. H. Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Milton Lower Mills, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birthday Tuesday, Nov. 21st, at his parochial residence on Dorchester Avenue. His Grace the Archbishop and twelve neighboring pastors dined with him on this pleasant occasion. The children of the Sunday School took advantage of the occasion, and presented him with fifty gold dollars as a token of the kindly feelings existing between them. The reverend father has officiated as pastor of St. Gregory's Church for more than seven years, and is loved and respected even by those who are not members of his own congregation. He was born in Nova Scotia, but came to Boston about thirty years ago. He landed here without a dollar in his pocket, and by his own industry and perseverance, raised himself to the proud position which he holds among us to-day. May his days be long in this land, and may his usefulness continue to increase, for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of men.

It is gratifying to know that, in spite of all that has happened and is happening in France, the demand of candidates for admission into the great Seminary of St. Sulpice are more numerous than they have ever been.

The Benedictine Fathers from the Monastery, Leopardstown, County Dublin, have reacquired the ancient abbey and grounds of Buckfastleigh, in the diocese of Plymouth, England, couprising, in addition to sixteen acres of land, a well-built house of forty rooms. The Benedictine Fathers have purchased the property for £4,700, and the Rev. Father Thomas, Superior of the Leopardstown Monastery, county Dublin, Ireland, accompanied by the Rev. Father Hamilton, six students and one lay brother, has arrived and taken possession of the old historic home; and after an absence of over 344 years the sacrifice of the Mass has again been offered in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the return of one of the many monasteries torn from us in England at the time of the Reformation.

The Synod of the Archdiocese of New York was opened on the 7th of Novemher, at St. Patrick's Cathedral. There were present 302 priests, including the regular orders. After the usual business on such occasions, Cardinal McCloskey addressed the Synod in words of congratulation on the rapid growth of the Archdiocese, and the high position it occupies in the advancement of the Catholic Church in this country. In feeling words he announced that his years were fast drawing to a close, and that the present was, in all probability, the last Synod where his voice would be heard. His Eminence compared himself to an ancient ruler, bowed down by weight of years, who was speaking to his faithful subjects and beloved friends for the last time. The address was most impressive, and greatly moved the assembled clergy. The venerable prelate himself was overcome when he made this announcement. He expressed in conclusion a fervent hope that the present and future generations of the priesthood would maintain the dignity of the office, and preserve the discipline of the Church.

The exercises came to a close with the singing of the *Te Deum* and the imparting of the Apostolic Benediction. The Synod was conducted in strict secrecy. In announcing the adjournment *sine die*, Mgr. Quinn tendered an invitation, on behalf of the Cardinal, to all the priests to dine with him at the Orphan Asylum, opposite the Cathedral, at two o'clock. The number of priests in attendance was 296. Of these only twenty-eight were present at the last Synod in 1868.

Dyed stockings are dangerous articles to wear. At an inquest held in London, by Sir John Humphrey, respecting the death of a child of eight, it was shown that some time ago the youngster had taken the skin off his heel through wearing a tight boot, and the dye having come off some woollen stockings he was wearing, entered the wound, poisoned the blood, and resulted in death.

Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J., one of the newly-appointed Fellows of the Royal University in Ireland, has been elected Professor of Mental Philosophy in that University. A brother of Father Peter Finlay, S.J., was recently selected for a similar honor, even in Spain, the land of theology. At Tortosa, where he had pursued his theological course with natives of many countries, the young Irishman was the champion chosen to defend publicly against all comers theses drawn from all departments of sacred lore. He acquitted himself of his task to the admiration of the bishops and other dignitaries, and the professors from several colleges who took part in the theological tournament, which was kept up for two days.

Parents, keep your children from the street, for neither their morals nor their manners will be improved by your allowing them to gad about after dark. Make home-life pleasant and cheerful, if you wish to have them by your side in old age.

The Great Babylon.—The annual report of the Commissioner of the London police is on the whole a satisfactory document, so far as the statistics of crimes of violence are concerned. Serious offences, such as murder, robbery, and burglary showed a steady decrease in 1881, and although the number of crimes of this sort was fewer than in 1880, a larger number of criminals were brought to justice. The Metropolitan district at present contains nearly five millions of inhabitants, and upwards of 700,000 separate dwelling houses, a number in both cases very much greater than that of any other European capital. The proportion of serious offences, and especially of attacks on the person, is at the same time smaller in London than anywhere on the Continent. Nothing can be better than the discipline, working, and general efficiency of the Metropolitan Police. Out of a total of 11,234 of all ranks, only five constables were charged before a magistrate, and one of these were acquitted. We doubt if any other body of public servants could show as satisfactory a record. As many as 1,440 were specially commended or received pecuniary rewards either from judges or magistrates, or the Commissioner himself.

A PEACH KING. — The largest peach orchard in the world is not in Florida, as the papers have it, but in Chambers County, Alabama, near the Georgia line. It contains 250 acres, and has yielded $70,000 worth of peaches. It is owned and cultivated by Mr. John Parnell, a brother of the Irish agitator. He came to this country some ten or twelve years ago, and bought an old and worn-out cotton farm, which he has converted into this immense peach orchard, and is always the first to have early peaches on the market, for which he receives almost fabulous prices. He is getting immensely wealthy at the business.

O'CONNELL made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury every year, and he used to tell the following anecdote about his first visit: I did not know the exact spot where the saint fell martyred, but the verger showed it to me. I knelt down and kissed the stone which had received his life-blood. The verger, in horror, told me that he would be dismissed if the Dean saw that he allowed any "Popish work" there. I, to console him, asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him half-a-crown, saying that the additional one-and-sixpence was for his fright. He thanked me, and, having carefully looked out into the grounds, he said, "He's not there, sir; you may kiss it again for nothing. When a real gentleman comes, I let him do as he likes, for I am very liberal." "I think (added O'Connell) that he wanted another half-a-crown, but, though I never was in office, I remained on that occasion under the crown."

A SINGULAR SUICIDE. — The girl who threw herself from the tower of Notre Dame, has been identified as the daughter of a Paris tradesman. She had been placed by her father with a family at Charenton, whom she had left on the morning of the suicide. Of this her father had not been informed, and was only led to the Morgue by a neighbor telling him that he believed he had seen his daughter lying there, which proved to be only too true. The motive of the act turns out to have been nothing more than a scolding for some trivial offence from the family with whom she was living. Being of a morbidly sensitive nature, this preyed upon her mind, and she set out at once for Notre Dame, to effect her end in the horrible manner described. The popular belief was that some dark mystery was connected with the suicide, and the Morgue has, in consequence, been crowded during the whole of the past week. The police put down the number of visitors at twenty-five thousand a day.

THE MOTHER OF FORTY-FOUR BABIES. The late Mrs. Mary Austin, who lately died at Washington, aged sixty, is an example of what may be done by ladies who addict themselves to masculine pursuits. She was one of the first American women who obtained the diploma of doctor in medicine and surgery, and she served through the whole Civil War as major in one of the Northern regiments. The consequence was that in the thirty years of her marriage she presented her husband with forty-four male babies — not a single girl. Six times she had triplets of three boys; thirteen times she had twins. Mrs. Austin would have excited the admiration of Napoleon I., whose opinion as to the only public service which women can render is well known; whether she earned the gratitude of her husband is another question.

A PECULIAR IRISHMAN. — The cable announces the death of Gerald Fitzgibbon, the last survivor of the splendid batch of barristers who conducted the defence of O'Connell in the State trials. He it was to whom the then Attorney-General Smith sent a challenge to duel in court. He never tasted medicine in his life. He would eat no bread that was not baked in his own oven, and always carried his loaves with him on circuit. He kept a cow in his cellar in Gloucester Street, where he lived for years, and would not drink milk or taste butter from a dairy. He had been a hedge schoolmaster in early life, and was called to the bar when considerably advanced in years, but succeeded by his unflinching labor and perseverance. His son is Lord Justice of Appeal.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY in a letter to Mr. McCoan, M.P., with reference to the "common gossip" published in a Dublin paper accusing the General of expressing a desire to suppress a rebellion in Ireland if one broke out, says that the statement is "wild and unfounded;" and adds: "I do not think that we are ever again likely to have a civil war in any part of her Majesty's domains; but should such a dire calamity ever overtake us, I hope I may have nothing to do with it, for any duty in connection with such a war would be, of all others, the most repugnant to my feelings. Those who write anonymously about the loyalty and patriotism of others, publishing idle rumors as if they were facts, are not good patriots, in my humble opinion; but, be that as it may, I am quite sure of this, that no writer in the *Freeman's Journal* can long more earnestly to see Ireland loyal, peaceful, and prosperous than I do."

ASK your neighbor to subscribe for our Magazine.

THE New York Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society has requested the London, Paris, and Berlin societies to send no more refugees to America.

FITZGERALD, an Irishman, has won the six days' go-as-you-please match at New York, beating Americans, Scotchmen, Englishmen, and negroes. We congratulate Fitzgerald, but we wish he had directed his talents and ambition to other walks of life all the same.

"WE are dancing on a volcano," said M. de Salvandy at a ball in 1830, a short time before the French July revolution broke out. There is no doubt that the body politic of France is in a very similar condition at the present moment, and with a vengeance, too.

THE quickest mail train that ever travelled from San Francisco to New York arrived at Jersey City, on Nov. 4th, at seven o'clock. It had started from San Francisco at three o'clock, p.m., Oct. 30th, and so had covered the distance between the two coasts in five days and four hours.

WHEN James Buchanan was elected President, Mrs. Egle, of Harrisburg, Pa., put aside a bottle of wine in her cellar and declared that it should not be opened until Pennsylvania had elected a Democratic governor. The bottle was opened a few days ago and the twenty-six-year-old ruby was consumed with much enthusiasm.

LADIES' TONIC.—The great female remedy is prepared by the Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice FREE. Send stamp for names of those who have been CURED.

AT a library sale in England, twenty guineas was paid for one of the lots, catalogued as follows:—"The works of Sir Thomas More, Knight, sometyme Lord Chancellor of England, written by him in the English tonge, and published by W. Rastell, 1557; this copy in oaken binding covered with black morocco, belonged to Sir William Roper, More's son-in-law, and bears his name on the cover."

A CURIOUS custom is still preserved in Rome,—namely, that on All Souls' Eve every one should eat beans in some form or another. The favorite way seems to make them up into sweet cakes incrusted with sugar, so as to look like bones. These are called "ossa dei morti." They are very good, but the idea is sufficiently barbarous. The old Roman families also on this night cause a large supply of beans to be cooked with a ham-bone, and a plate of these is given to every poor person that applies.

THE Protestant Archbishop Tait pays a very touching tribute to two of the old Tractarian party whose names are dear to English Catholics,—Canon Oakely and Dr. Ward. "Two names," he writes, "rise before me as my dearest friends; they both became Roman Catholics early in these struggles, but through the changing scenes of life I had opportunities—alas! few and far between—of keeping up my intimacy with both. One died three years ago, the other a few months since. Two more single-hearted and devoted men I believe never lived."

AN Irish cavalry regiment, the 4th Dragoon Guards, has been paid the compliment it deserved at last, and by no less exalted a personage than the Commander-in-Chief. At Brighton, recently the Duke of Cambridge thanked the corps for having been the *first* to reach Cairo after the splendid cavalry ride to that place. "On that," his Royal Highness added, "hung the success of the entire campaign, and without it the battle of Tel-el-Kebir would have proved fruitless." Where are the so much vaunted troopers of the Blue and the Life Guards now? Take second place in the class, gentlemen," says the *London Universe*.

THE PROPOSED BEATIFICATION of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More emanated, according to the *Monde*, from Cardinal Manning, who likewise smoothed away all obstacles on the part of the English Government. The petition of all the English Catholic Bishops would, in the ordinary course, have had to wait several years, but a Pontifical dispensation has allowed the first step to be already taken, and the advisers of the Congregation of Rites will soon be summoned to decide whether there is any objection to the introduction of the cause. On their deciding in the negative, the Pope will decree such introduction, and Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More will thereby at once be entitled "Venerable." Three hundred of their fellow-martyrs in Henry VIII.'s reign are included in these proceedings.

NOT DEAD YET. — At the annual meeting of the Orange Association at Portsmouth, Eng., a Commander Key, R.N., after proposing a vote of thanks to Dr. Potter, of Sheffield, for an address (which was of the usual Fifth-of-November style) said: "It made them tremble to see that erection in Edinburgh Road (the Catholic cathedral) which was crowned in its abomination by their worthy chief magistrate, the Mayor, and his wife attending at its opening and also at the banquet. That was a most solemn thing, and he considered it was a reproach to the town, and to its Protesttantism." If the cathedral in its present incomplete state is so terrible an object to the members of the Orange Association, what will become of them when the building is finished?

SPEAKING of "Our Element" in the next Congress, *The Pilot* remarks: — There are but two colored men elected to the next Congress, and it is interesting to know that the name of one is Mr. O'Hara, of North Carolina, and of the other, Mr. Lynch, of Mississippi. This fact may or may not be symbolic of the final settlement of the color question in America. A century hence, there may be no black race in this country, while the whole, or a large section of the population may be little "off color."

CANADIAN EXODUS TO THE U.S. — Mgr. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, has issued a Pastoral, in which he calls attention to the large number of French Canadian families which leave the province to take up their residence in the United States, where too often they forsake their faith, and only encounter deception and misery. Such a state of things His Grace attributes to the immoderate love of display and consequent extravagance which have invaded the country, remarking that, until this new era of show and finery took place, the present alarming proportions of emigration were unknown. In order to procure extravagant toilets, continues the Archbishop, furniture too costly for their means, to entertain their friends, to appear in public with magnificent equipage, people live beyond their means, then goes on to denounce the vice of intemperance, and urges that extravagance, intemperance and emigration are desolating the country.

CATHOLIC MUNIFICENCE.—Catholic Ireland, when tried, has never been found wanting, but we question if she has ever appeared to greater advantage than in the list of subscriptions recently published towards the Diocesan College, lately erected at Ennis. Within the Diocese of Killaloe alone the splendid sum of £20,254 ($101,270) has been collected in the brief period of two years. The great bulk of the amount, it is true, comes from the bishop and priests, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan himself, from sources under his control, contributing nearly a third of the total, and a parish priest more than a tenth. To the people of the diocese, however, the credit is still due, for we take it that his lordship and the clergy named in the list, collected their magnificent donations from among their flocks. Taking everything into consideration, we believe there is probably no other country in the world where, in so limited a district, so large a sum could be raised.— *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

THE O'LEARY BELT REDUCED TO LUCRE.— The O'Leary belt, typical of the long-distance go-as-you-please championship of America, has been reduced to lucre. Manufactured in 1879 by Messrs. Bartens Rice of New York, it was first competed for in a six-day race at Madison Square Garden, October 6 to 11, and was won by Nick Murphy of Haverstraw, with a score of 505 miles. In April, 1880, at the same place, Frank Hart won it with a score of 565 miles. The third and last competition for the belt took place at the garden, March 5, 1881, when Panchot won it with a score of 541 miles. Panchot turned it over to his backer, to whom he was indebted, and recently it was sold for $200, and put in the melting-pot.

A WRITER in Lippincott's has discovered, that the late Adelaide Neilson lived in Yorkshire, Eng., when a girl, and was employed in a mill. Her stepfather was cruel and neglectful, and she ran away to London when only 14. She arrived in that city penniless, and the first night slept on a bench in Hyde Park.

GEN. SCHOFIELD is convinced, after observing a rifle contest at Fort Leavenworth, that a good marksman is always physically strong and of exemplary habits. "The prize winners," he says, "are known throughout their regiments as men of irreproachable character, remarkable for their strength, activity and endurance, and that amiability and self possession which is always the result of correct physical training.

Call on Ritz and Hastings, 147 Tremont St., or 58 Temple Pl., for fine photographs.

THE Right Hon. Charles Dawson has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Personal.

AMONG the recent births announced by the Irish papers, is that of a son to Charles Gavan Duffy, on October 21st, and on same day, at Paris, of another young "Land Leaguer" to Patrick Egan, the National Treasurer.

THE action brought by Miss Hyland against Mr. Biggar, M.P., for damages for breach of promise of marriage has, notwithstanding the efforts made by the friends of both parties to effect a settlement, been entered in the list of actions to be tried during the present sittings of the Court. It is understood that the defendant has refused to agree to Miss Hyland's proposals for settling the action.

THE venerable Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopacy on the 23d November, amid the universal rejoicing of his flock, and the sincere congratulations of valued friends. Let us hope that this distinguished Prelate may be left long to the Church of Toronto, to guide it by his wisdom, defend it by his courage, and edify it by his beautiful example.

AT the battle of Tel-el-Kebir three army chaplains — Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian—were with the advancing British troops. The Catholic chaplain, Father Bellord, was one of the first wounded, being struck by a bullet in the leg. The Church of England chaplain perceiving the mishap of his comrade immediately hoisted Father Bellord on his shoulders and carried him to the field hospital, where his wound was attended to. The spectacle of a Protestant clergyman hastening over the battle-field with a Catholic priest on his shoulders attracted no little attention among those who witnessed the incident.

THE health of Mr. John Dillon has been somewhat improved. *Apropos* of the retired member for Tipperary, a quaint little story is told. Pacing up and down a quiet little road of Killiney some time ago, leaning on a friend's arm, and having just risen from a sick-bed, Mr. Dillon made some slight remark about a detective who was seen following in the wake of a legal personage residing in the neighborhood. A poor old countrywoman who had come up unnoticed, and was passing at the moment, heard the remark and immediately burst forth —"Oh, then, thanks be to God, *you* don't want the Queen's men follyin' you along the roads. It's the *quires of angels* that does be walkin' afther you, and mindin' where you put your feet, acushla!"

WE are pleased to learn that Rev. Lawrence O'Toole (a distant relative of the Irish martyr, of that name,) has been appointed Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, to succeed the late Father O'Regan, recently deceased.

ON the 18th ult. Mr. Edward Murray, of Brooklyn, father of Dr. John O'Kane Murray, Rev. Bernard P. Murray, and Mr. James J. Murray (of the firm of Gill & Murray, Philadelphia), celebrated his seventieth birthday. Mr. Murray was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, in 1812, and he yet speaks the Irish language as fluently as English. His distinguished son, Dr. O'Kane Murray, is, we are sorry to say, in delicate health, and has gone to St. Paul, Minn., to enjoy the benefit of its bracing climate for the winter months.

THE newly-appointed Archbishop of Halifax, N.S., Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of the diocese of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, was born about 40 years ago at New Glasgow, Queen's County, Prince Edward Island, about 17 miles from Charlottetown, the capital of the Province, and entered St. Dunstan's College in that city. On the conclusion of his studies there, he went to Rome to pursue his theological course. In 1868 he carried off a gold medal at the Propaganda College in a concourse opened to students from all parts of the world. In 1870 he was in Rome when the Italian troops invaded the Eternal City, and in the Fall of that year he was ordained priest. On his return to Prince Edward Island he was made assistant priest at the Cathedral, and soon afterwards rector of St. Dunstan's College, his *alma mater*. In 1874 he was appointed pastor of Indian River and Freetown, Prince Edward Island. Here, in moments snatched from the cares of his pastoral office, he wrote a remarkable work entitled "Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated," which was published in 1876. In this work he combated the systems advanced and sustained against the principles of Christianity. He treats his subject from a philosophical point of view, and divides his work into three parts: natural theology, psychology, and questions connected with ontology. Besides this important work, Dr. O'Brien has made valuable contributions in prose and verse to various American journals. His appointment has given general satisfaction throughout the Dominion, and it is felt that he will be a worthy successor to the eminent prelates who have filled the see of Halifax — Burke, Frazer, Walsh, Connolly, and Hannon.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cinn., and St. Louis.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS. By St. Francis de Sales. Translated from the French, by MISS MARGARET A. COLTEN. Price 15c.

This little book should be bought and read by every Catholic family in the country. It is very prettily bound, and sold for fifteen cents!

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No better book on the subject published. We wish it were in every Catholic family in the land. Price bound, 40 cents; paper cover, 20 cents.

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BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Art have now an opportunity to possess one of the most magnificent works ever placed before the public. We refer to "Studer's Birds of North America." This superb work was undertaken to supply the want in America of a good illustrated work on Ornithology at a reasonable price. Audubon's magnificent book, originally sold at a thousand dollars, is now very scarce, and only rich men can afford to buy it. An edition of Wilson's work is now to be had of a Philadelphia publisher for about a hundred dollars. Baird's "North American Birds," of which three volumes have appeared, is sold at twenty dollars per volume, the plates, however, showing only the heads of the birds. Mr. Jacob H. Studer, Tribune Building, New York City, now offers the public a work in every way worthy of the subject, and attainable by all lovers of birds. His book contains one hundred and nineteen beautiful and artistic colored plates, representing upwards of seven hundred North American species of birds —all that are known to date, with a copious text, giving a clear and interesting account of their habits and characteristics. Whether in letter-press, illustrations, or price, it is unapproached by anything of the kind in existence. We refer to more interesting particulars in relation to this book. See advertisement.

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IRISH AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1883.

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It is well worth twice the money charged. Should be in every family.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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A pamphlet of 48 pages, full of what every body wants to know. Don't fail to get one. Sent free to any address upon receipt of three cent postage stamps. Published at 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE United States mines one-third of the gold, more than one half of the silver, and about 41 per cent. of both metals produced in the world, and the proportion is steadily increasing. During the present year it is probable that this country will mine very nearly on half of the world's production of gold and siver. Within ten years that production will be largely increased. Some of the newly constructed roads and others that are projected, will open the richest mining districts in the world.

How exactly the advice lately sent by his Holiness the Pope to the Irish prelates as to agitation for popular rights tallies with that so often given by O'Connell to his fellow-countrymen is seen by the following passage: "It is lawful" (says the Holy Father) "for the Irish to seek relief from their misfortunes; it is lawful for them to contend for their rights, for it cannot be thought that what is permitted to every other country is forbidden to Ireland. But justice is not to be sought by violence, and especially not in secret societies."

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

THE Angel of Death has stricken down, in the midst of his years and usefulness, another saintly and honored member of the Canadian Episcopate. Right Rev. Peter Francis Crinnon, D. D., first bishop of Hamilton, Ont., died quite suddenly, Nov. 25, at Jacksonville, Florida, whither he had gone for his health. As a prelate, he was universally esteemed, and the news of his sudden death has caused the most piognant sorrow among all classes in his Episcopal city and throughout his late diocese. He left Hamilton on Nov. 13th, on a trip to Florida for his health, and his friends had no intimation of his growing worse until surprised by a telegram announcing his death at Jacksonville; the body was conveyed to Hamilton for interment. Bishop Crinnon was born in county Louth, Ireland, in 1818, and came to Canada in 1850. He filled several posts in the Church acceptably. In 1858 he was appointed parish priest at Stratford, where he built one of the finest churches west of Toronto. He was afterward vicar-general of the London diocese, and was made Bishop of Hamilton in 1874. Since then he had devoted his whole time and energies to building up the interests of the diocese, and with remarkable success. May his soul rest in peace!

THE remains of the Rt. Rev. Celestine De La Hailandière, second Bishop of Vincennes, Ia., who died in France, were laid to rest in the Cathedral of that city on the 22d ult. A large number of priests and several Bishops were present at the re-interment. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, after which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard preached a sermon eulogizing the virtues and apostolic life of the departed prelate, who was truly "a man of God." He was distinguished alike for noble birth and noble deeds.

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DEAN CLEARY. — The announcement of the death of the venerable patriarch of the Catholic church in Newfoundland, will be read with regret throughout the country. The venerable Dean breathed his last at his residence in Witless Bay, Oct. 21st. He had been in failing health for the past four years, but until then was strong, active and most laborious. He was in the 86th year of his age, and 59th of his sacred ministry. He received his first appointment from Dr. Scallon; was the first in the priesthood of the colony to celebrate a Golden Jubilee; and is almost the last of that grand old school of Irish missionaries, who have been the pioneers of religion and civilization in Newfoundland. 'Dean Cleary' — for by this title he is best known — was born in the parish of Bannow, County Wexford, in the year 1796.

DEATH OF REV. CANON WALSH.— *The Aurora*, of Antigonish, N. S., announces the death of the Very Rev. Canon Walsh at Halifax, on the afternoon of Nov. 2. The deceased arrived in Nova Scotia from Ireland in 1816, and in that year was ordained by the late Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. For about twenty-three years he labored in the dioceses of Boston and Portland. Two years ago he returned to Nova Scotia, and since then has lived at Bedford. His generosity gave new churches to Wolfville and Shelburne. For several weeks he had been sinking, and the Very Rev. Monsignor Power and some of the city priests were in almost constant attendance. He labored long and zealously in different missions, and his death will be regretted wherever he was known. His funeral was largely attended. His age was 62 years. *Requiescat in pace.*

A solemn Requiem Mass was sung on the 2d December at St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, England, for the repose of his soul. Canon Walsh went to England about two years ago to recruit his failing health. During his stay in England he became a member of the Council of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, and he founded a burse of £500 for the education, at Mill Hill, of an Irish student who has a desire to become a foreign missionary, with the condition that the student, when raised to the priesthood, should say Mass once a month for his intentions.

DEATH OF REV. PAUL E. GILLEN.— Our old and venerated friend is no more. He had been failing for some time, and he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., in September, thinking that a change of climate would better his health, but he had a fall on the sidewalk, the shock hastening his death, which occurred at Brooklyn on September 20, fortified with all the Sacraments of the Church. His remains were taken to Notre Dame, Indiana, for interment, where they were buried on September 22. In the early history of *The Pilot*, and long before his ordination, he travelled the Western country as agent. From published letters

descriptive of good locations for settlers, thousands were induced to go West, where they and their families have now happy homes, and who will regret to hear of the death of the "Western pioneer," as he was called. He had two ponies, whom he named "Bony o'er the Alps" and "Granu Wail." Wherever himself and the ponies went they were hospitably received, and without expense. After several years, having established *The Pilot* in the Western States, he concluded to study for the priesthood, and was ordained at the age of fifty years. He belonged to the Order of the Holy Cross, and filled many missions during his connection with the Order. He was the principal means of establishing the *Ave Maria*, a publication which has done immense good in the cause of religion. During the Rebellion he acted as chaplain in various places in connection with the Irish Brigade. Through his ministrations, many a dying soldier received the last Sacraments of the Church, and many a convert was reconciled to religion on the battle-field. He had many hair-breadth escapes among the dead and dying, but he never flinched from his sacred duty. He was a great favorite with Generals Corcoran, Meagher, and, indeed, all the officers and men of the Irish Brigade. Mr. Donahoe and Father Gillen were warm friends. After Mr. Donahoe's misfortunes, Father Gillen offered him a bank book containing $500, which Mr. Donahoe refused with grateful thanks. We might record many generous acts of Father Gillen did space permit. Suffice it to say that the poor were never turned away without receiving of his scanty means. Father Gillen must have been eighty years of age. May his soul rest in peace!

In Memoriam.

AN OFFERING OF ESTEEM TO THE REV. PAUL E. GILLEN, C.S.C., WHO DIED IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., OCT. 20.

BRAVE soldier of the Holy Cross,
Say shall we count thy death a loss?
Nay, rather, joy we shall accord,
That thou hast gone to thy reward;
For ardently thy life hath been
One tireless contest against sin.

Since Holy Cross first to our land
Came from the far-off Eastern strand,
Thy life, thy labor, earnest, true,
Were steadfast ever, ever new,
And toil and hardship, cold and heat,
To thee by zeal, were rendered sweet.

O, valiant Father! if our prayer
Be needed yet, how full the share
Thy deep devotion claims to-day,
From those whom thou hast taught to pray;
Heaven grant him loving, blest release,
Flood his pure soul with light, with peace!

Brave soldier of the Holy Cross,
Thine is the gain, ours is the loss;
Therefore we would not call thee back
To linger on life's thorny track;
Aye, even now we feel thy power
Has grown not less in this sad hour.

Who e'er in life burned with desires
Like thine, to free from cleansing fires
The souls detained? Who e'er like thee
Made sacrifices to set them free?
The mercy of a loving Heaven
Will give to thee as thou hast given.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

REV. FATHER HIGGINBOTHAM, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., died at Clonmel, Ireland, where he had been residing for about four years. The deceased was a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, of enlarged mind, and of great and unobtrusive charity — one worthy of the esteem entertained for him in every circle and wherever his lot was cast. In early life, we are informed, he was sent on a mission to St. Louis, and from that city — which was his headquarters — he was wont to make frequent visits amongst the North American Indians; he was one of the most prominent and influential of the clergy in that diocese. His life was an eventful one, and his mind was stored with memories of a remarkable character. He was warmly devoted to antiquarian research, and during his travels and his sojourn abroad he collected an immense variety of articles of *vertu* and works of great historical value, with many an ancient and curious relic. Rare old manuscripts and copies of the earliest printed books, from three to four centuries old, came into his possession, and all these treasures of antiquity and of art, arranged in order, he delighted to exhibit to any friend who wished to inspect his interesting museum. One of the most curious of the many relics of the past it contained was the magnificent dagger of Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, which the editor of the *Illustrated London News* was permitted to have specially engraved for that journal. After all his wanderings the Rev. gentleman returned to Clonmel, his native place, where he wished to pass the remaining years of his life. His remains were interred within the Franciscan Church in Abbey Street, Clonmel.

THE great temperance reformer, Rev. Father Stafford, died at Lindsay, Ontario, on the 12th of November. Father Stafford, who was a most distinguished ecclesiastic of the Church, was born in or about the year 1834, in the township of Drummond, Lanark county, about eight miles from Perth, where his father, a Wexford man, was a successful farmer. Mainly through his active instrumentality a district that was previously notorious for inebriety became entirely changed, and men whose conduct was considered hopeless through addition to drinking, became models of sobriety and correct living. He established temperance societies in his charge and in other sections also, and his facile pen and eloquent tongue were always ready to be engaged in the cause of temperance. He commenced to work for moderation,

but like all earnest, zealous workers he found that total abstinence was the only basis for real permanent effective work. He lectured on temperance in many parts of Canada, and even, at the request of Cardinal Manning, throughout the United Kingdom, whither he had gone for his health, which had always been delicate. For all religious divergencies from the Church to which he belonged he entertained the largest charity and good will, and invariably viewed religious quarrels and disputes with the greatest aversion. Father Stafford was greatly beloved by all who were favored with his acquaintance, irrespective of differences of belief, and his sudden death in the midst of a career of usefulness, and while yet in the full possession of his mental and physical powers, will be universally regretted.

Rev. Patrick A. Murray, D. D., of Maynooth College, Ireland, died on November 16. Dr. Murray was born at Clones, Co. Monaghan, in 1811. When in his eighteenth year he entered the celebrated College of Maynooth as one — to use his own characteristic phrase — of the first batch of emaucipated students, and after the ordinary six years' course of training was appointed a scholar of the Dunboyne Establishment, of which Dr. McNally, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, was then head. For about a year he served as curate of the church in Francis Street, Dublin. But his work was not destined to be that of a parish priest, and in 1838 he was elected Professor of Belles Lettres at Maynooth, being then only twenty-seven years of age. Three years later he was called to fill a chair in Theology, and to this study he especially devoted himself during the forty-one years of his life. With what ability and success is known to the Catholic world. On the re-establishment of the Dunboyne House in 1879 he was appointed Prefect, a post which, by the unanimous desire of the Bishops, he retained, in spite of failing health, until his death. Nearly two thousand of the Irish priests passed through his hands in Maynooth, where he taught the Divine Science in all its branches, and his influence on the training of the present generation of the clergy has been of the most important and valuable character.

The Rev. John B. F. Boland, late assistant pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Charlestown District (Boston), died at the parochial residence on Thursday morning, Nov. 30, about five o'clock. The deceased contracted a severe cold a few days previous, and on Monday evening, Nov. 27, complained of feeling unwell, at which time he took to his bed, never to rise from it. He rallied a little on Wednesday evening, the 29th, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but towards Thursday morning his associate, Rev. D. J. Splaine, fearing that something fatal might ensue, forced him to prepare for the worst; and after having administered to him the last rites of the Church, the soul of Father Boland passed from earth in less than two hours, on Thanksgiving morning, about five o'clock. The deceased was born in Charlestown, in August, 1842, and, after a preliminary course of study, was sent to Baltimore, and afterward to Aix, in France, where he was ordained in June, 1871. Since his ordination, with the exception of one year, which he labored in Medford and Malden, the deceased passed the remainder of his years in his native Charlestown. Father Boland was a nephew of Rt. Rev. Jno. B. Fitzpatrick, late Bishop of Boston, brother of Rev. Leo Boland of the Cathedral, Boston, and, like to them, was distinguished for his many qualities of head and heart; simple in his manner and childlike as his Divine Master, he went about doing good, bringing not only consolation to the poor and needy, but relief also, and these will miss the dear, good priest. The funeral took place on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, before which the Office of the Dead was chanted, after which a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated. His Grace Archbishop Williams assisted at the Mass, and at the close of the eulogy over the deceased (which was pronounced by Rev. Christopher McGrath, of Somerville,) gave the last absolution. Nearly 100 priests assisted at the obsequies.

Rev. Clement Mutsaers. — The many friends of the Rev. Clement Mutsaers will learn with sorrow of his death, which took place some two weeks ago at his home in Great Falls, N. H., where he had been pastor for several years. Father Clement had been in failing health for some time, and paid a visit to his native land, Belgium, some few years ago, with the hope of recovering his health, which had become impaired from many years of zealous labor in the diocese of Portland, Me. The benefit of this trip was, however, only temporary. Since the early spring he has been confined to his room, and suffered most acutely, but with Christian resignation. His funeral was attended by the Right Rev. Bishop Healy, assisted by a large number of clergymen. Father Clement labored in the Portland Diocese for nearly twenty years, and had been pastor of some of the most important parishes in the diocese — namely, St. John's Church, Bangor, Me., and St. Joseph's, Lewiston, Me. In each of these places he was much beloved and respected, and his labors and many kind and noble acts will be long remembered. Father Clement was a polished gentleman, a profound scholar, and one who ever bore the greatest love and devotion to the welfare of his flock. May his soul rest in peace.

Rev. Bernard O'Regan, Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, died at the Archiepiscopal residence on the afternoon of the 5th of December. Father O'Regan had been ailing for a long time, but his indomitable perseverance kept him on his feet wheu he should have sought rest. On the 30th of November he assisted at the grand drawing for the new altars of the Cathedral, but was very feeble, and sank rapidly afterwards. Father O'Regan made his preparatory studies at Villa Nova, Pa., and St. Charles, Baltimore. He was born in county Derry, Ireland, Nov. 21, 1844, and his theological education was gained at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained as a priest Christmas, 1873, He was appointed assistant priest at the Cathedral, and held that office until 18 months since, when he was appointed to fill the rectorship left vacant by the death of Father Smith. The funeral took place from the Cathedral on Dec. 7th. There was a large attendance of the clergy and laity to pay a last tribute to a good and worthy priest. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

Rev. John J. Sweeney died at St. Paul's pastoral residence, 803 Lebanon St., Philadelphia, Nov. 20th. Rev. John J. Sweeney was born in the district of Port Richmond, Pa., St. Ann's parish, about thirty-two years ago.

Rev. P. F. McCarty, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., died at the pastoral residence on Sunday, 5th November.

October 31st, the Rev. Thomas S. Hart died at the residence of his mother, corner Danforth and Alvord Streets, Syracuse, N.Y.

Death of Frank E. McCormick. — The death of this young man at the early age of eighteen years, on the 18th of November, leaves a void in the family of Mr. James McCormick, one of our most estimable citizens. But what was their loss was his gain, for he died a most edifying death. Seldom or ever have we witnessed such resignation to the Divine Will, as was manifested during the sickness of this young man. The attention of the Jesuit Fathers to the young novice was most consoling. Scarcely an hour in the day or night when some one of them were not at his bedside.

Young McCormick was a student of Boston College, and on his death-bed, admitted into the Society of Jesus. He had already chosen this high vocation, and if God had spared his life, next summer would have found him in the Novitiate. By permission of Rev. Father Fulton, Provincial, he made the simple devotional vows of the Society, before the Rev. Rector of Boston College, assisted by Rev. Thomas H. Stack, S. J. The funeral took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the 21st of November. A Grand Requiem Mass was celebrated, with Deacon and Sub-Deacon. A touching eulogy was delivered by Rev. Fr. Stack, S. J. His classmates attended in a body, and his pall-bearers were chosen from their number, wearing the cadet uniform and mourner's badge. The President and Officers of the College and Poetry Class officiated. At the close, a procession was formed and marched down the centre aisle. It consisted of the Rev. Fathers, cross-bearer, acolytes and children were arranged on either side for the mourners and congregation to pass through. The church was filled with the friends and relatives of the deceased. We have witnessed many funerals in Boston, but were never more edified than at that of our dear young friend, whose soul may God rest in peace.

SISTERS.

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Mary's, Elk county, Pa., Nov. 6, Sister Mary Genevieve Doran died in the thirty-first year of her age. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Death of a Sister of Charity. — Sister De Sales Reilly died at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., November 17, aged 29 years. She was a native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and has been a Sister of Charity a number of years. She was employed in the care of the sick, for which she was well adapted by her meek and gentle disposition. May she rest in peace. Amen.

LAY PEOPLE.

Another of Canada's honored and respected citizens has been numbered with the dead. The Hon. Lewis T. Drummond breathed his last on Thursday, in the seventieth year of his age. Lewis T. Drummond was identified with the political life and the development of constitutional rights in Canada during thirty years. His career was a useful one to his country and honorable to himself. When but a boy of twelve years he emigrated from Ireland to Canada, in 1825. In his new home he found an easy access to these institutions of learning from which the youth of his native land was debarred from entering. The college at St. Nicolet received him as a student, and there he completed a diligent and successful course of studies under the wise and able direction of the Rev. Father Leprohon. He was admitted to the Montreal Bar in 1836. The abilities and talents of the young follower of Themis were noted and appreciated from the first, for in the following year he made his mark and rose to prominence by defending the political offenders of 1837-38, who won for Canada the inestimable benefits of a popu-

lar Constitution, and the rights of a free people. Hon. Lewis T. Drummond was no ordinary man, but was a citizen of whom Canada may well feel proud. He loved and served his adopted country with fervor and fidelity, and he has thereby deserved to have his memory cherished and his name written on the national record, which tells of useful, honorable and patriotic careers.

THE truth of the old-time maxim which tells us that "Death loves a shining mark," has been once more verified by the demise, in San Francisco, of Mrs. Catherine Sarah Tobin, wife of Robert Tobin, Esq., and daughter of D. J. Oliver. The deceased was only 26 years and 4 months old, and when the news of her death fell upon the ears of her relatives, friends and acquaintances, their sorrow was intermingled with wonder that one so young, so promising and so happy should be chosen as the victim of the unerring arrow of destiny poised from the hand of Death. But as soon as the sad intelligence was confirmed, those who loved her in life learned — alas! that

> "Death lay on her, like an untimely frost
> Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

HER many friends in Augusta, Me., will regret to learn of the death of Miss Annie Murphy, sister of Rev. Father Murphy, of that city, at Dover, N. H. Miss Murphy has resided some two years in Augusta in time past, and during her stay there formed many warm and intimate friends who will mourn her loss as that of a sister. Miss Murphy has been out of health for some time, and her death was not wholly unexpected. Kind, benevolent, and estimable, she leaves behind many friends who will long mourn her loss.

DEATH OF ONE OF BOSTON'S PIONEER CATHOLICS. — Died at his late residence in West Roxbury, November 5th, of heart disease, Patrick O'Neill, son of Dr. Eugene O'Neill, of Mitchelstown, County Cork, aged 78 years and 6 months. Mr. O'Neill came to America fifty-two years ago, and was one of the pioneer Catholics of Boston. He was noted for his charity and his love for the faith of his motherland. He was instrumental in founding old St. James' Church in Boston, also St. Teresa's Church, West Roxbury. He leaves a wife, a son and daughter to mourn his loss. Mr. O'Neill had a host of friends by whom he will be missed, and who deeply sympathize with the afflicted family.

REV. FATHER WALSH'S BEREAVEMENT. —Millions of Irishmen throughout America and at home will grieve to learn that the distinguished and patriotic priest and Treasurer of the Irish National Land League, Rev. Laurence Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., has recently met with a double sad bereavement in the death of his venerated father, and also of his eldest brother, within an interval of a few days. The venerable parent, Mr. John M. Walsh, son of Wm. Walsh and Sarah McGuire, was born in the parish of Cloone, County Leitrim, on June 20, in the memorable year '98. During half a century he lived in the city of Providence, R.I., during which long period he was greatly endeared to a large circle of friends, among whom he was highly esteemed for his edifying, practical Christian life and sterling patriotism. At the funeral services, which were of unusual solemnity and impressiveness, in the Cathedral of that city, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken delivered an appropriate oration, in which he reviewed the long eventful life of the deceased, and greatly eulogized his many excellent qualities. Most of the priests of the diocese, as well as many clergymen from more distant parts, testified their regards for the memory of the lamented gentleman by assembling at the cathedral, and participating on the occasion. His son William was born in the parental home in Ireland, on Oct. 14, 1826, and died at his residence, No. 339 East Twenty-second Street, New York, on Nov. 3. He had lived in that city for thirty-five years. His demise is greatly and deservedly regretted by all who knew him. After a Requiem Mass on November 4, at which his brother officiated, in the Church of the Annunciation, the remains were conveyed to Providence, escorted by sorrowing relatives and friends, where, on Nov. 7, the obsequies were celebrated as they were for the lamented father a few days previously in the same Catholic Church, shortly after which the cortege proceeded to St. Francis' Cemetery, where father and son repose side by side, awaiting the call of the just on Resurrection Day.—*Requiescat in pace.*

DIED, in South Boston, Nov. 8, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. James Connolly, 616 Sixth Street, David Barry, brother of Very Rev. J. E. Barry, V.G., of Concord, N.H. His funeral took place from the Gate of Heaven Church, where a Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of his soul, several clergymen from the Archdiocese and the Diocese of Portland being present. His remains were conveyed to Calvary Cemetry, and placed in the family lot. May his soul rest in peace.—Amen.

ACCORDING to the late Senator B. H. Hill's physician, tobacco killed him. He had the habit of holding a cigar in his mouth much of the time, and keeping the nicotine-coated end against the left side of his tongue. Hence the cancer of the tongue which proved fatal.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"IT is now ten years ago — ten years almost to a week — that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster opened the schools attached to the Italian Church in Hatton Garden, London; and, in answer to an address read to him by one of the boys, his Eminence said that 'it was very true that he had a great care for little children, and if he had not that care, he would not be worthy to be a shepherd of the Good Shepherd. About seven years ago,' continued his Eminence, referring to the year 1865, 'when first I had the Archiepiscopal office laid upon me, a number of my friends called a meeting to promote the building of a Cathedral for London; but I immediately said to them, '*I have a Church to build, which must be built before I put a stone on the ground—I must build schools for little children all over London;*' all these little stones were cut by the Holy Spirit of God in Baptism, and they must all be placed in the wall of the Spiritual Church of Jesus Christ. When that is done I will think of building a Cathedral."

Annexation of Canada to the United States.

IT is obvious that Canada is manifestly destined to become, at some future period, part and parcel of the United States. The acquisition of territory heretofore made by this republic points in that direction. Passing over Texas and other acquired regions, does it not seem as if the question which country (the United States or Great Britain) should gain the preponderance in the regions north of the United States, was practically solved by the cession of Alaska to this country?

Canada, to be sure, is regarded as a colony of Great Britain. But if any argument be based on that, to prove that Canada should remain subject to John Bull, we have only to reply that Canada, being partly French, is less a colony of Great Britain than the thirteen States of America which asserted their independence in 1776. Canada is now a large and important country. It is too great to remain much longer a mere dependency of a foreign nation. It has neared its majority when it should be *sui juris*, and free from the trammels of its *Stepmother* country. It is sometimes said that Canada has, at present, everything she can reasonably hope for. Those who speak so, know very little about the matter. They hear that Canada has her Houses of Parliament, etc. But they are not aware that the whole machinery of government is pulled by a string held by the Queen of England. There is no real power in the Canadian Houses of Parliament. As well call the state of a bird tied by a string and allowed to fly the length of its tether,

as well call such a state freedom, as term the mimic and shadowy power of the Canadian government independence. I do not deny that the Canadians have civil rights, but political liberty in its true sense they do not enjoy. Why, the very liberty they enjoy is almost identical with that which the Irish nation in 1782 designated slavery. Is it reasonable to suppose that Canada, with the example of the United States before her eyes, will be content with her present condition? No! no! As the serf, who is as well fed and as well housed as the poor free citizen, still longs to tread the earth with the step of a free man, so must the people of Canada yearn for the hour that shall see them elevated from the condition of a province, to that of a sovereign State of this great Republic. Once annexed to the United States, their prosperity will increase tenfold. The country will develop its great material resources, its trade and commerce will grow prodigiously, while its rights will be inviolably respected. It will as one State, or as several States, regulate its own State concerns without interference either from other States or the general government. Annexation, too, is nothing new to the provinces of the Canadian dominion. They have seen much of that sort of thing among themselves.

The Irish here have some interest in this matter. The Orangemen of Canada are a class that have shown unequivocal tokens of hostility to the Catholic Church, and to Irish Catholics. If the annexation of Canada to the United States accomplished nothing more than the destruction of the power of the Orange party, it would afford considerable gratification to true Irishmen.

But taking a higher ground, let us examine whether it is not, at least to a certain degree, obligatory on Irish Catholics as a religious and patriotic duty to promote "annexation"? We know that Almighty God established the temporal power to be subordinate to the spiritual, and to protect the Church in the exercise of her mission. The Popes have pointed out this duty to emperors and kings in the most explicit manner. In Republics, where the political power, instead of being lodged in the hands of a single man, is placed in the people collectively, the obligation of aiding and protecting the Church devolves upon the people. Hence every individual Catholic possessing the rights of suffrage *is bound* to vote *for* those measures that have a tendency to aid the Church; and of course, on the other hand, to vote against those measures that would hamper the action of the Church. Now such being the case, and England being undoubtedly an enemy — the arch-enemy — of the Catholic Church and of the Irish nation and race, Irish Catholics may and ought to do all they can, by the exercise of their rights of suffrage, to promote Canadian annexation, and so, by consequence, humiliate and weaken England. There need be no fear of a war, for John Bright says emphatically, that every public man in the United States knows that England is perfectly unable to prevent the United States from annexing Canada. Bright passes very high encomiums on the United States, and praises them for the advantages they afford their citizens. We might

easily deduce from his language that it would be well for the Canadians if they were citizens of this Republic.

The Canadians cannot introduce European royalty into this continent. The Monroe Doctrine forbids it. The creation of a monarchy in Canada would very likely precipitate a war between the United States and Canada. The experiment of European monarchy in Mexico was a melancholy failure. John Bright asserts that there is a party in the United States anxious for a war with Great Britain, and that party is the Irish party. He further asserts that the war party here at the time of the revolution was the Irish party. The same John Bright says, that he hopes there is no man outside of a mad-house, and even very few in a mad-house, who are so foolish as to wish for a war with the United States. Now putting that and his assertion, that Great Britain cannot prevent the United States from taking Canada, together, we see that if Canada and the United States can be brought to desire a union, there will be no fight for Canada on the part of England.

England at present allows Canada an amount of liberty which she does not allow Ireland; but Canada may thank her local situation, her proximity to the United States, rather than England's good-nature. She would treat Canada as badly as Ireland, if she dared.

The formation of a compact Irish party in the United States is a desirable thing. In order to effect it, there must be some question on which they can all unite. Now, the annexation of Canada is such a question. It is one which has an interest for the American people in general. It is a popular project.

But how much money will the English require for the cession of Canada? some may say. Well, I am not aware that the Americans paid the English for the States of this Union — the original States — in anything but hard knocks. But you may make your minds easy on that score, for the Irish nation will, I dare say, transfer to Canada and the United States a claim for tenfold the amount which England may have the effrontery to demand. The case of Alaska is entirely different. That territory was the property so regarded, at all events, of the Russian Czar. The case of Canada is the case of a person who was subject to his parents, but who, having attained his majority, is now become his own master.

There are continually questions arising in politics which create parties. As these questions come before the public in the press, they are discussed and accepted, or rejected, as it may happen. A great question which has a close bearing on the national honor, or the national prosperity, may appear very insignificant at the start, but, like the proverbial snow-ball, it increases as it proceeds. Should the present topic be taken up by an active, sagacious politician, who should allay the fear that the annexation of Canada might be productive of war, he would obtain the Irish vote, and the vote of a large proportion of men unconnected with Ireland either by birth or blood.

There is no doubt whatever that the annexation of Canada, or the organized effort of the Irish here to promote that object, would give the Irish in the old country a tremendous moral force.

It is folly for Ireland to expect any justice from England. One year after another gives the same calendar of guile and fraud. Nothing is to be extracted from England except by physical or moral force. Though I am far from denying that the Irish people might use physical force against England, still I know that to attempt to entangle the United States in a war with Great Britain would excite strong prejudice against the Irish in America. Therefore, I am in favor of endeavoring to compass Canadian annexation by moral force — by the ballot-box — for such a course may accomplish our object just as effectually, while it is free from the objectionable features which, in the eyes of Protestant Americans, the physical force scheme presents.

The Irish patriots in the old country will feel greatly encouraged when they behold their exiled countrymen striking a blow at England where she is most vulnerable, and achieving by moral force, through the ballot-box, a victory more valuable in its results and more momentous in its consequences than that of Crimea or of Fontenoy.

St. Rose's Church, Oxford, N. J.

An Incident of the War in Spain.

(1811.)

"Remember, I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn!"

Turning over the pages of an old file of the London *Weekly Examiner* lately, I came across an interesting incident of battle, which occurred during the war in Spain, campaign of 1811, and is narrated in a contemporary account published in the *Examiner* for that year (a file of that journal, 1810 to 1870, is now in my possession). The readers of Donahoe's Magazine will, I think, agree with me that the incident described deserves to be recovered from the time-worn and forgotten page on which I found it.

A squadron of British Cavalry, including also a regiment of infantry, during a forced march, fell in with and surrounded a troop of French Lancers, "*Lanciers du Berry.*"

Being overwhelmingly outnumbered, and escape, as it appeared, impossible, the Frenchmen were called on to *surrender*. To the surprise of the British, the response was a scornful and contemptuous refusal. A fierce onslaught followed, the Lancers fighting with desperate valor and gallantry, cheered on by their heroic commander, who was conspicuous throughout by his daring and intrepidity to such a degree as to win the admiration of the English officers, who even sought to spare him.

Though the troop was rapidly decimated, the remnant fought on, animated by the wild and reckless valor of their chief, who, refusing the offer of quarter, was at last cut down. Falling from his horse desperately wounded, he struggled to his feet, and facing the British enemy, he shouted in English, "*I am satisfied. Remember I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn!*"—and fell dead in the midst of his amazed foemen. This incident is related by an officer who was a participant in the encounter, and its authenticity is vouched for in the journal from which it is taken.

In a subsequent issue of the *Examiner*, attention is editorially called to the *strange circumstance* that an Irishman should thus be found in command of and leading a body of French troops; and the curious fact is afterwards brought out that the heroic O'Finn was one of a number of Irishmen who were engaged, or sold by the British Government in 1798, to the King of Prussia, to recruit the armies of that monarch, but, escaping from Ireland before "delivery," O'Finn made his way to France, entered the French army, and fought his way to the command of that troop referred to. Well might the reigning monarch of England have repeated the exclamation attributed to his predecessor, when he heard of the disaster brought on his army by the headlong and triumphant charge of the Irish brigades in the French armies at Fontenoy—"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

This is not the only *excerpt* from those old files of interest to Irish readers, but it will suffice for the present.

Give God His Place.

Fourth Article.

In the halls of modern science God has been tried, convicted, and condemned. On the dark Golgothas of their denials, on a cross of scorn, in presence of many who blaspheme and of more who look on in indifference, they have crucified His very name. Crucifixion does not mean eternal death. All deniers are crucifiers, but a cross means a crown. Modern human philosophy (we mean the current accepted philosophy of these times) has summoned the Creator-God of this world before its tribunals; and as He did not appear in person, but sent only His word, and His ministers as His witnesses, judgment has been given against Him; His words are evidenceless; and His ministers are either mistaken or are perjurers. Art has been either indifferent, or is an accomplice bribed by Science.

Now what place has God in politics? He certainly has rights in every nation; for He is, or ought to be, their ruler. He is the God of nations. He certainly has, or ought to have, rights in every government, for He is

spiritual ruler of all governments. Has He, then, rights His by right? Are they protected, respected, and held inviolate? One look at the political world is sufficient to answer the question.

Among the Pagan nations their false gods have real rights,— rights in their written laws and their political constitutions.

How is it among the Christian nations? To them, in their faiths and traditions and forms of worship, God is revealed fully in Jesus Christ. Hence they are called Christian. But in more ways than one there is nothing in a name.

Job called by a name, and to be what that name means, are two very distinct things.

A Christian nation as well as a Christian name may commit the sin of forgery or may try to counterfeit the genuine.

Is there in this world, to-day, a single so-called Christian nation or government in which the supremacy of God, which means, in this world, the sovereignty of His Christ, is regarded as binding on all consciences, and as being man's highest and holiest obligation? You know how to answer the question. The answer is, No. Banished from the theories of modern science and art, God (in Christ) is exiled from the realms of politics. Who are the rulers? Political Herods and Pilates; and the world looks on in utter indifference. Are the rulers men of truth and honor, men of God? To ask the question is to provoke a smile or a sneer. A ruler a man of God! why, to ask the question looks like uttering a joke. It would be reasonable, and not ludicrous, to ask it some hundreds of years ago; but to put that question now, in this enlightened age, is surely to jest.

No,— the "man of the people" has superseded the "man of God" as a ruler in the political order. Religion has nothing to do with politics. They are separate spheres. They lie apart. Political principles of modern times, whether Imperial, Monarchical, or Republican, acknowledge no obedience to anything — any power — any principle above their own independent selves.

It is the spirit of the age. It is a sign of progress. It is the glory of civilization. It is the new light driving away the old darkness. True, St. Paul did say that "all power came from God." He certainly must have made a mistake. We moderns are more wise. We do not agree with St. Paul. It is our opinion that all power comes from men. God has nothing to do with it, directly or indirectly. It is all our own affair,— and we will not be interfered with. It is the age of independence. And so, virtually and practically, all the governments called Christian, have issued a "Declaration of Independence," which means that God,— Christ, His Church, are tyrannies, and as such must be opposed. Do you imagine these words the exaggerations of a man who, wishing to prove a fixed but a false opinion, is obliged to deal in hyperbole in order to hide the weakness of his position?

Very well: call the roll of the nations and Governments. Christian they call themselves. But that adjective has two meanings. It means Catholic and Protestant. Read their daily records—we mean the governmental or national records — and you will find soon without reading far, that they are all practically in hostility to Christ. They cover infamies against right, truth, justice, with the mantle of the name of Christian. Look into their laws, after you have read of their doings, and you find what?— Principles that are pagan, statutes that are sacriligeous. Catholic and Protestant nations are alike in this.

Is not the treatment of Ireland by England an infamy? Is not the history of Russia such an oppression, that while we cannot sanction Nihilism, we do not wonder at its growth, and feel certain that it will realize in some day, and some way, the meaning of its name? Is not Prussia a very tyrant against the Catholic consciences of 17,000,000 of her subjects? Is not the government of France a very Caiphas, condemning poor innocent crucifixes? Is not the Austrian Empire an indifferentist? Is not the Italian government a political Judas? In South America is it not much the same? In our own country, are we not freeing ourselves of God and declaring our independence of many a Christian moral law? Is not the element of religion dying or dead in the political order? Dishonesties, perjuries, briberies, and a whole train of such like ignominies rule the hearts and the halls of our rulers — and dishonor the present hour.

Has God His own proper supreme place in the political order in the world to-day? is answered by one universal No!

That No is a cloud full of future tempests. Before this century closes, those tempests will come.

Compliment to Scotch Catholics.— The Rev. D. Burns, the Protestant incumbent of Glasgow Cathedral, in replying to the toast of "The Clergy," at the annual banquet of the St. Andrew's Society of that city, referred to the work being accomplished by the Catholic community. It struck him sometimes, he said, that perhaps as Protestants they did not give full credit to those working alongside of them belonging to another denomination. For his own part he was glad to say that he felt that as much good work, thorough work, earnest work, and genuine work was being done by their Catholic friends, at whose head was Archbishop Eyre, as by any community in the city. As members of St. Andrew's Society — and they must remember that in the north there were as many Catholics as Protestants — they could not forget that there were noble minds and noble hearts not Protestant in Scotland doing thoroughly God's work. In the name, therefore, of the Catholic as well as of the Protestant clergy he begged to return thanks for the hearty manner in which they had honored the toast. The speech of the Rev. Doctor was received with applause.

To the Hon. John Kelly.

Dear Sir, — I am informed by my esteemed friend, Mr. James Rogers, that you have been as good as to arrange to deliver another lecture for the Convent and Industrial Training House which I am about to establish here, with the co-operation of Archdeacon Cavanagh, and the warm approval of my Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly. The great success of your last lecture bids me hope that this one which you now propose to give will be equally if not more succesful. And, dear sir, the need for such help is every day more evident. I have permission from the Archbishop to commence building immediately after Christmas, first because the need of employment here is so urgent. England is spoken of as a Christian land, and yet here, in sight of plenty, men starve day by day, not because they will not work. No, that lie has been forever hurled into the abyss of falsehood; alas! too well filled with the grossest calumnies on our people. The place where I write, the poor cabins which I can see from the very windows (such as they are) of our temporary convent, are proofs that all which has been said about the unwillingness of the Irish to work is utterly false. But what matter? This ancient race, this glorious God-loved people, are accustomed to calumny; we can wait for the Light of the Last Great Day, and we need not be altogether ashamed to face it. Here where I write, in holy Knock, in the very midst of glorious Connaught, I see all around me a people oppressed, crushed, tempted, suffering, but grand in their faith and love. In their poor homesteads, humble indeed, and often lacking sufficient food, there is an absolute freedom from the vices, the foul vices, which, like a plague, spread disgrace and infest the homes of those who are their most bitter calumniators.

These men, there are even a certain class of Catholics, who talk of Ireland as if she had suddenly fallen from her high estate of faith and charity. And who are those calumniators of long-tried and most faithful people? They are simply the men, or the friends of the men, who oppress them. In truth, if we would not see the holy Catholic nation, which has *never* been stained with heresy, or failed in its allegiance to the chair of Peter, tempted and tried past endurance, we who can stand apart from the crowd of contention should do our best to proclaim this truth — Ireland has not lost her faith!

To-day, as well as fifty or five hundred years ago, our bishops go to Peter and carry to the Apostolic chair the homage and the offerings of the faithful Celt. To-day, our Archbishop has but just returned from his visit *ad limine*, in company with many other bishops, where they laid at the feet of Leo their gifts from the poverty of Ireland. To-day the confessionals are as well attended, the Sacraments as much respected, as they have ever been in Ireland.

But why this outcry? The reason is simple. There have been some

terrible and cruel murders in Ireland. They are terrible because they have been committed in a land where God is known and loved, as, perhaps, it is not too much to say, He is known and honored in no other land. They are cruel because they have been committed in a land where men have for the most part light and grace, and hence their offences are far more dreadful than the offences of the ignorant.

But you may count upon your fingers the crimes in Ireland, while the hairs of your head would not be sufficient to number the crimes committed in other lands.

In Ireland we have indeed had some few terrible crimes of murder, but where does one hear of robbery, of injustice, of cruelty to helpless women and children, of the vices which one dare not name? Are they not a rare, and a very rare, exception in Ireland? In London alone, the police reports tell of some hundreds of murders never discovered, and of which nothing is said. If one murder is committed in Ireland, all Europe and all America ring with the news.

Perhaps no murder made a greater noise than that of Mr. Bourke, of Galway. As to the Dublin murders, horrible as they were, I think few will believe that an Irish hand committed them, or an Irish heart planned them.

No, our people are not sunk in crime, but they are, alas! too often exasperated to it, and the men who use their power and their wealth to wring from the helpless serfs the very bread which should feed their children, are they altogether guiltless?

The one great want of the people in all the West and Southwest of Ireland is employment, and I will dare to say that it is a want which should not exist. The struggles of the people of this district to get employment have been superhuman.

Have patience with me in your great charity while I plead the cause of God's dear poor. The people, the inhabitants of this great district of Connaught, were hunted by Cromwell, as every reader of history knows well, from the fertile pasture-lands of the midland and eastern counties.

It is only a few short weeks since I was sent by my Archbishop on some special business to the County of Cavan. I had occasion to drive through a great part of the country; until I had visited that rich district I had never even imagined how grievous were the cruel wrongs done to our people. "To hell or to Connaught," was the fiendlike cry of Cromwell and his English troopers. They saw with envious eyes the rich plains and fertile lands; they knew the west was cold and barren, and they hunted the people to Connaught, with what results? The people of Connaught for centuries have struggled for existence under the most exacting burdens, and they struggle still. All the best land of Ireland is owned by those who are of an alien faith, and who too often belong to a class who are the bitterest foes of the Catholic religion.

And what did these cruelly-hunted people do? They kept their faith, they

lost their lands, and they came to this bleak, desolate part of hapless Ireland, to suffer new martyrdom and to endure new persecution.

By the sweat of their brow, and with such toil and with such hard labor as shall be known only when all things are known, they reclaimed the wet, boggy land to which they were driven. Here at least they might have hoped that their descendants would have been allowed to live in peaceful poverty. Not so,— they were made pay the last farthing of an oppressive rent; and when, by the visitation of God, famine after famine had desolated the country, they were met with reproaches, and with the cruellest temptations to abandon their faith.

To-day they are expatriated by the thousand, simply because they cannot live at home under impossible conditions.

Let any man of candid and unprejudiced mind walk or drive from Knock to the neighboring town of Claremorris, and if he has the heart of a man it will swell with indignation. As he passes on this side of the road and on that, he sees the roofless cabin, the cold and desolate hearth, where once men and women and chlldren lived and loved each other with all the tender devotion of the Celt at home, have gone. For myself, I thank God that I may hope never to travel that road again, for it wrung my heart to see those roofless and ruined homes.

Do not take my word for this, but let me call your kind attention to the words of the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. Dr. Lynch. He says: "Alas! on the road to Knock I was saddened to death at seeing a number of cabins deserted, with the doors roughly nailed up with cobble stones. The land around appeared to be of the worst kind, and was left untilled. Eighteen poor families were recently evicted from these miserable cabins and bad land. The scene of desolation was most oppressing, and the more so when we considered the sufferings of the poor farmer inhabitants of these cabins."

I give a proof which cannot be gainsaid, that the rents were excessive. On the 10th of November, little more than a month ago, on one of the bitterest days of this bitter winter, English soldiers and Irish police were summoned to evict 170 people here. The name of the first family evicted was Hunt. He had six in family, his rent was £11 per annum, and the valuation of his holding was £6 6*s*. In every other case the rent was just as much in excess of the actual government valuation of the land.

For long years these hapless people had striven to pay their masters, but the failure of the potato crop, and still more the failure of their annual employment in England, had utterly crushed them down, year after year. The "lazy Irish" in Connaught have gone over to the midland counties of England for the harvest. In a few weeks there of most excessive labor, they earned the greater part of their rent, and they lived upon their little patch of potatoes. England is not what it was. From various causes, farmers there have suffered from the times, like others, and they do not need the Irish laborers.

But was there ever such a pitiful history? These men cannot pay their landlord who lives in England because they cannot any longer earn the rent in England, and so they are flung out on the roadside like dogs, (no, not like dogs, dogs are treated with care and respect,) to die or to emigrate, or to live the miserable life of paupers in a public workhouse.

But some practical person will say, What is to be done? I thank him by anticipation, for one of the great evils of Ireland has been that so little real practical work has been done for our country. This has been partly because whenever a great effort has been made and large sums of money have been collected, the object has been either purely political or purely charitable. Both objects are, unfortunately, necessary, but not to the exclusion of efforts to help those who are not only willing, but eager to help themselves; hundreds of thousands have been subscribed for political purposes, and scarcely less have been munificently donated for purely charitable purposes. Is it not now time that something should be done for the assistance of those who need help, but who need it in the form of enabling them to make a start in life? Even in the "Queen's Speech" just published, Her Majesty admits that there is some distress in Ireland. But not one word is said, nor is one statesman-like suggestion made, to help for the time, or to prevent it for the future.

I wish influential Catholics in America could be persuaded to form a society for the formation of industrial pursuits in Ireland. It would eventually repay them even in this world, and it would certainly repay them ten thousandfold in the next. The only help which England gives in our need is to emigrate. I believe your American Catholics have not the least idea of the extent to which this work of extermination is carried out. I call it advisedly a work of extermination, for it deserves no other name.

There is a healthy honest emigration which benefits almost every country. But emigration as at present practised is neither healthy nor honest.

One gentleman, whose anti-Catholic proclivities are well known, and who appears to have unlimited sums of money placed at his disposal, boasted that he could send out more than five hundred Irish girls a week to America.

Five hundred girls a week! The transplantation of Cromwell was poor to this. What a history could be told, what a history will be told one day, of these transplanted girls. Some of them almost children, all eager to go because there is nothing to do at home, and because they are filled with glowing pictures of a wonderful prosperity too often delusive, and too often purchased at the expense of Faith.

Miss O'Brien has now reported publicly in the *Freeman's Journal* on the result of her visit to America, that Irish parents had better keep their children at home. She makes the admission with a naive honesty which is characteristic of her: "That as it is not impossible that I may be myself somewhat mixed up with the carrying through of this government emigration scheme, I therefore all the more decidedly wish to put on record my clear opinion that every union in Ireland should bind themselves against

having anything to do with this fatal gift." She adds, "If people want to emigrate, the right persons to go are young men and women, matured, but still having the spring of youth."

Precisely; but this is exactly what the English government, with whose scheme Miss O'Brien has unhappily identified herself, wish to do. They wish to hunt the youth and manhood of Ireland out of Ireland, and to leave the young and helpless and the old and feeble to die out, or to be a burden to the few who remain.

Let the Irish in America set themselves, once for all, boldly against this scheme. It is Mr. Foster's scheme, and, as he is a near relative of Miss O'Brien's, she will no doubt have his sympathy and substantial help. It may seem a hard thing to say, but even her benevolent scheme of making the passages over more pleasant is an evil, because it leads in the wrong direction. If one quarter of the money which is spent in emigrating our people were spent in giving employment at home, a healthy, honest emigration would result, which would do no harm to Ireland, and which would benefit America.

There are a number of industrial resources in Ireland dying out at this moment for the want of a helping hand. Once established firmly, there would be little fear of the result. When I was honored with the distribution of such large sums of money during the late famine in Ireland, I gave it as far as possible in places where I knew it would be used to give employment. In one place I got a long-desired fishery established. At this moment there are a number of places in Ireland where, by the judicious expenditure of a few hundred pounds, numbers of families might be placed in a position of independence, if not of comfort. Now, one of my great objects here at Knock is to establish an industry which shall give employment to our unfortunate people. Such an effort has not yet been made on any extended scale in Ireland, and whether it shall succeed or fail depends mainly upon the generous efforts of the great American people.

My first work shall be to found an Industrial Home for girls, and to teach each some remunerative employment; amongst others the straw envelope industry, which promises to be fairly remunerative, and is easily taught. I have in vain asked persons like Miss O'Brien, who have influence with the English Government, to help me to prepare girls for emigration who must and will emigrate, but I was met with persistent refusals; the object of the government being simply to get rid of our people without any regard to their future welfare. I propose, if I can obtain sufficient funds, to prepare girls about to emigrate, as emigration is unavoidable, and at least those who do emigrate should have every help to prepare them for their new life. I have in vain asked the help of government for this purpose, but nothing will be given excepting for the one object of getting our helpless people out of Ireland. I trust, dear Mr. Kelly, that your noble efforts on our behalf will benefit our people in the way that will be of real service to them now, and in this way you, and those who co-operate

with you, will benefit not only the Irish in Ireland, but the Irish in America.

When industrial resources such as I propose to carry out are even a short time in operation, there will be far less poverty, and less call for alms, and America will find the benefit in the arrival of emigrants better prepared to take their places as worthy members of your great Republic, and well prepared to engage in other industrial pursuits besides the mere tillage of land. Yours very gratefully.

ST. JOSEPH'S TEMPORARY CONVENT, *Knock, County Mayo.*

Bishops and Priests.

SEVERAL recent decisions of the civil courts have shown the uselessness and impolicy of priests bringing action against their bishops, for reinstatement in their office, or indemnification for alleged nonpayment of salary. Apart from the scandal which such suits occasion, the obvious unwillingness of civil tribunals to interfere with Church rules should put a stop to this appealing to the State, for the redress of wrongs for which the Church, by her laws, has made ample rectification.

It may be accepted as a principle of wide application, that the bishops in this country, and we say it to their honor, are, as a class, exceedingly well disposed to befriend and restore priests who, either through misfortune, or even through a certain obstinacy of character, occasion scandal and give trouble, provided such priests present reasonable evidence of a change of disposition. To annoy and harass a bishop by bringing him before the civil authorities, whose jurisdiction in such matters he cannot conscientiously acknowledge, is an offence in itself, and subjects the plaintiff-priest to an ecclesiastical censure of the gravest character. If a priest feels himself injured by his bishop, recourse to Rome is always open, and his appeal to the supreme judicature of the Church is absolutely unattended with any evil consequences to his office or to his claims.

In order to secure the largest and easiest protection to priestly rights, the Holy See has appointed judges or a commission, vested, not simply with consultative, but really judicial votes and powers in clerical causes. If a priest passes over these apostolically-constituted tribunals, to bring his troubles before a civil judge and jury, to publish them in the newspapers, and to display an obstinate, unpriestly character to the world, he has nobody to blame but himself, if the courts decline to interpose in his behalf, and if his bishop shows himself, in the future, indisposed to receive one whom he has reason to fear may repeat his course of conduct.

Nevertheless, as an illustration of the truly Christian spirit which animates a bishop, we may refer to the conduct of Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, in

the case of the Rev. M. Stack. The latter prosecuted the bishop from court to court, until the Supreme Court finally refused to allow his claims. The bishop, when the case was definitely adjudicated, wrote to Father Stack a kind letter, in which he proffered his services and influence at the Holy See to have removed any ecclesiastical censures attaching to him (the priest), and intimating his desire to promote his restoration to the sacred ministry.

Such, we believe, is the feeling of every bishop to his priests. They mourn when they go wrong; and, like the "Good Shepherd," they go after misguided men to render them such kindness and offices of grace as are in their power to bestow, or the object is capable of receiving.

A Bostonian Honored in Rome.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* writes from Rome under date of Dec. 2d:—America has again acquired much honor in the person of one of the most promising Alumni of the North American College in Rome, Rev. James F. Talbot, of Boston, Mass., who on Thursday, Nov. 30th, passed with great credit the examination for Degree of Doctor in Philosophy, for which he was in June last ordered to prepare himself by the Faculty of the Pontifical Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, founded by the reigning Pope, Leo XIII., of which Academy Mr. Talbot has been some time a member. The Board of Examiners was composed of Mgr. Talamo, Secretary of the Directive Council of the Academy; the illustrious Jesuit Fathers, Cornoldi, Mazzella, and Liberatore, and Dr. Satolli, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Urban College of Propaganda Fide, all men of remarkable and profound erudition, and the most noted Thomists of the day. The examination, an oral one, lasted over two hours, and it supposed a thorough knowledge of the general questions of philosophy treated in class. Amongst the questions propounded, explained and objected to, in all strictly in accordance with the method of the Angel of the Schools, were: The doctrine of St. Thomas on innate ideas, and, in conjunction therewith, a refutation of the system of Rosmini, who admits in the human intellect the innate idea of "Ens," or "Being"—The nature of the soul, and its union with the body—The unity of the human soul—A scientific explanation of the essence of bodies, by the system of *matter* and *form*, and why and how said system is necessarily preferred to the atomic system—The essential differences between "Pensation" and "Intellection," and a refutation of materialists on the question of human understanding. The Board were unanimous in their acclamation of the brillant success of Mr. Talbot, the first American ever exposed to so searching and trying a literary ordeal before such learned and deep ecclesiastical scholars. The names of Liberatore, and of Satolli, of Perugia, alone speak volumes!

Wealth and Resources of Australia.

Sir Dillon Bell, who recently read a paper in London, gave a review of the progress of those colonies since 1860, as well as a forecast of their importance at the close of the nineteenth century. He pointed out that the commerce of Australia is now greater than the total amount of British commerce was at Queen Victoria's accession, that the revenue of those colonies exceeds that of Russia or Austria in 1837, and that at the present rate of progress, Australia will have in 1900 a population of seven million souls, a revenue of 48 millions sterling, and a commerce of 240 millions, while the debt will hardly exceed 150 millions, as the railways, telegraphs, etc., will not require so much outlay in future. He showed that the total debt at present was 96 millions sterling, of which 56 millions had been spent in railways, 20 millions in roads, bridges, and other public works, and almost 10 millions in bringing out emigrants.

The principal features of national life were compared as follows :—

	1860.	1870.	1881.
Population .	1,315,000	1,975,000	2,884,000
Commerce .	£49,271,000	£57,301,000	£100,220,000
Revenue .	£6,680,000	£9,585,000	£21,330,000
Debt .	£10,412,000	£36,170,000	£96,105,000
Wealth .	£192,000,000	£323,000,000	£598,000,000

He called attention to the facts that while the debt had risen 60 millions since 1870 the property or assets of the colonies had increased 275 millions, or nearly five times as much ; that the income from sale and rental of public lands was £5,000,000, a sum more than the interest on public debt ; that the incidence of taxation was lighter than in Great Britain, and that the annual accumulation of wealth was about £9 per inhabitant, or exactly double what it is in the United Kingdom. The following table of assets showed the increase of wealth :—

Millions Sterling.

	1860.	1870.	1880.
Farms in Fee	49	35	182
Cattle	29	47	68
Houses	58	98	176
Railways	7	27	58
Merchandise, etc. . . .	37	51	90
Bullion, Ships, etc. . .	12	15	14
	192	273	598

This was without taking account of Crown lands, which had also risen very remarkably in value, the rental being now £800,000, against £470,000

in 1870. Last month the sales of Crown lands in New Zealand were as high as £16 per acre, and the average was £7, which lands were utterly valueless ten years ago. In conclusion, he compared the assets and debts of the colonies as follow:—

Millions Sterling.

	Assets.	Debts.	Ratio.
New South Wales .	192	19	10 per cent.
Victoria	181	23	12 "
New Zealand . . .	103	27	26 "
South Australia . .	60	11	18 "
Queensland	41	13	32 "
Tasmania	16	2	12 "
West Australia . .	5	—	— "
	598	95	16 "

Among the curious remarks with which the paper was interspersed, was a comparison of the loss of working power in Great Britain and Australia. Thus all adults in England lose 4 per cent. of their working days from sickness during their life, and in Australia only 2 1-2 per cent. Again, England loses 3 per cent. by pauperism, a loss unknown in Australia. Sir Dillon Bell further showed that every Australian consumes £8 worth annually of British manufactures, a ratio not approached by any of their customers.

Pope Leo XIII. and the Children.— On a recent occasion, the *loggie* of the Vatican were thronged with 1,800 children, to whom Leo XIII. gave audience. The scholars of the 13 city schools and one suburban, established in Rome by the Society for Promoting Catholic Interests. Their teachers were in attendance with them; and there were also the infantine inmates of the asylum called Leo XIII., after the Pope, accompanied by the Sisters of Charity who have charge of it. After the children had sung to a piano-forte accompaniment a chorus of thanks to their august benefactor, the Pope spent two hours in walking among them, speaking to them individually, and giving them his hand to kiss. At the conclusion of the audience, a silver medal was given to each; and the Pope handed to Prince Rospigliosi, President of the Society for Promoting Catholic Interests, who was present (with Prince Paolo Altieri and many members of the various committees), a purse containing 2,000f., to be spent in buying clothes for the poorer children among the scholars.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien writes an interesting letter to the *Dublin Freeman*, warning people intending to emigrate not to bring their young children to America. Only the fully grown-up and the mature should emigrate. "It is the fact that the climate of America kills children in a most terrible way." A woman said to Miss O'Brien, when travelling in America, "It would keep you poor, burying your children."

Bonnie Dunraven: A Story of Kilcarrick.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN APPARITION.

THE storm exhausted its fury during the night, and when Bonnie Dunraven looked out of her window, next morning, the mountains were bathed in the joyous sunshine, thin streaks of cirrus were floating high in the blue skies, and delicate white piles of cumulus were coming up with the happy winds of this fresh September morning.

How beautiful the mountains looked just now, under this early sunshine! Tints of soft purple and golden brown colored them, here and there; and in the hollows there were dun shadows, diversified with a warmer brown.

Bonnie and Anna had their breakfast in their room, and now their plans had been discussed, and satisfactorily arranged. Bonnie was to go to Innisrush, and remain — for the present, at all events — with Mrs. Graingell. In the meantime, there was one thing to be done before she left the Monastery. She must write to Paul Earnscliffe.

When Anna suggested this, Bonnie was at first strongly opposed to it. She could not write to him. She begged of Anna not to ask her to do so. It was a hard, cruel thing, she said. How could she write to him — to Paul — of all others! Anna allowed this first feeling to exhaust itself, before she urged her point. Then, when Bonnie had paused, pale and agitated, Anna explained to her, clearly and impressively, her reasons for this seemingly hard-hearted request.

"If you do not write to him, Bonnie, darling," she said, "your disappearance will be almost as great a mystery as mine was, and will, of course, lead on to countless annoyances for yourself. And then, you know, whether you write or not, he must find out the truth, sooner or later. Now, what I propose is this: — Write him just a few lines, and say that you know *all* — that you have heard the whole truth from his wife, Anna Wylde — and that you—"

"But Anna," Bonnie broke in, her voice dropping to a whisper, "I thought you did not wish him to know that you were alive?"

"He *must* know it now, darling. There is no help for it. It is the only way of effectually silencing him, and nonplussing his projects with regard to you. To do him justice," she added, bitterly, "I believe that he will not go any further in the matter, when he knows I am not dead, after all. He is too much of a coward to be an out-and-out rascal. A man requires some spirit, courage, energy, and determination, to be that."

Anna gained her point in the end; and, with a pallid face, and trembling hands, Bonnie sat down, by-and-by, and wrote that last letter — only five lines, indeed — to the man whom she had passionately loved, and had lost for ever more. Perhaps no harder task was ever laid before a girl than this task which Bonnie had now undertaken. She groaned and shuddered as she wrote, and every word traced on the page was wrung out, with an agonizing wrench, from her very heart. It was finished at last. This was what the girl had written:

"I have heard all. Your wife — and my dearest friend — Anna Wylde, has told me the whole truth. You thought you had drowned her, but she was saved from the sea. I pray to God that you and I may never, never see each other's faces again.

"'BONNIE DUNRAVEN.'"

This note the girl addressed to Glentobar, Lismore, and Anna carried it away, and put it into the post-box. Some two hours later, on that same day, the wanderers had said farewell to the Monastery, and were

driving along the rugged mountain-road on their way to Clonmel.

Bonnie was very silent during that long journey to Innisrush. Anna was seriously disquieted at the intense pallor of the girl's face, and the remarkable change in her low voice, from which, indeed, the last faint ring of hope seemed to have died out since she had left the Monastery. While there, Bonnie had borne up wonderfully, all things considered, under the burden of her overwhelming discovery. The girl's inner self, the finer fibres of her spiritual nature, had been, as you know, powerfully soothed, and braced up, by the peaceful associations of the lonely Monastery, by the full-toned kindness in Father Leonard's face. Now that they had descended, so to speak, into the world again, everything was changed. The sacred silence was riven, scattered like dead leaves in the wind. The buzz of life prevailed; and Bonnie, recoiling from this din, was thrown back violently upon herself, and her own agonizing thoughts.

It was late that evening when they arrived at Innisrush, and drove along the quiet, old-fashioned street to the little green gate with the willows meeting overhead — the gate where, on that summer evening, gone by, Paul Earnscliffe had paused to learn the road to Glengriffin Ruins.

Mrs. Graingell received Bonnie with an old-fashloned, motherly kindness, as welcome as it was cordial and genuine. Anna Wylde had telegraphed from Clonmel, so that her old kinswoman was prepared for Bonnie's arrival.

"You look very pale, my dear — very pale. The journey was too fatiguing for you, I am afraid," Mrs. Graingell said, as they went upstairs to a cosey little room, very plainly furnished but exquisitely neat, which was henceforth to be called, in that house, "Bonnie's Room."

"I am not so fatigued as I look, Mrs. Graingell," the girl answered, smiling sadly enough into the old lady's face. "You mustn't mind this paleness. It comes and goes, and doesn't really mean anything very serious. It will pass away."

"To be sure it will, my dear. And — and —" the old lady said somewhat shyly, but looking with very kind eyes into the girl's face, "I think, my dear, I shall call you 'Bonnie,' and I may as well tell you so now in order to prepare you"; and she smiled pleasantly. "You must know, my dear, that I seem to know you quite well. Anna has told me so much about you. And — and," added Mrs. Graingell, "I don't wonder at Anna's choice of a friend. I like you very much, my dear. And now we shall know each other better, and be very good friends."

"And I seem to know you, too, Mrs. Graingell," Bonnie said; and as she spoke she was looking into the old woman's face, with eyes which had suddenly filled with tears.

What a kind, refined old face it was,— worn, now, and wrinkled, and telling its own story of suffering, but of suffering tempered by courage, and faith and endurance. The fire and vivacity of the spirit burned quenchless in the gray eyes. No worldly trials could dim that glow. The silver hair was braided smoothly across the forehead. There were traces of beauty of feature still left in the face, but the beauty of kindness, gentleness, truth, seemed but to shine forth all the brighter with the decline of this woman's years.

That was a comforting evening for Bonnie Dunraven. As she sat in the cosey little parlor, listening to the soft, kind voice of Mrs. Graingell, and reading, in almost every word falling from the old woman's lips, the worth — the noble-heartedness — of the speaker's character, Bonnie felt herself become again soothed and consoled, just as she had been soothed and consoled during the time she had passed at the Monastery on the mountains.

Here was a woman who had learned "to suffer, and be strong." Physically, her sorrows had, indeed, left their brand upon her, in the hollows of her worn cheeks, and the circles ploughed deep under her eyes. But, mentally, what a triumph had this feeble woman achieved over her besiegers! Fierce, close, hot, had raged the conflict between spirit and flesh. And the flesh had been worsted. This woman had lost home and friends, had survived the deaths of her husband and her boys, had had bitter struggles in the world — for she was naturally sensitive and tender, and not hardened nor robust — and, withal, she was light of heart, and her laugh rang clear and blithe; for her religion supplied her with courage, and clad her in armor stronger than steel.

Day after day, Bonnie crept nearer and nearer to the old woman's heart. The girl's story (which Anna had narrated for her kinswoman) deeply pained and impressed Mrs. Graingell. She did all in her power to chase away the gloom from the girl's face, and the sadness from her eyes. For a while, she believed that her efforts were successful efforts; but, by degrees, she perceived that the girl was falling, day after day, into a low, nervous, spiritless state, most pitiful to observe. And the saddest part of it was, that Bonnie was absolutely silent on the subject of her grief. Had she poured forth her sorrows into the old woman's ear, what a wealth of consolation she would have received! — genuine consolation, not the pinchbeck jargon which so often passes for such.

But the girl was silent, and this silence was wearing her away.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

So it very literally was with Bonnie now. As she strolled away from the village of an evening, and walked along by the cliffs, gazing seaward, a huge sorrow was deepening in her eyes, and the pale face was growing paler. At first, Anna always accompanied Bonnie in these long walks, but, ere long, she found that her society, during this period in Bonnie's life, was irksome to the girl, and so she began to act in accordance with this consciousness; contriving, at the same time, to spare her friend's feelings from any disquietude in the matter of this change.

"I think I shall remain within doors this evening, I have some little things to do," Anna would say casually, during dinner.

And so Bonnie would set out alone for her walk; and, by and by, the villagers had become accustomed to the solitary girl-figure which passed them so frequently, in the gloaming, walking slowly, with a very pale face, along the high path over the cliffs.

Innisrush is a pretty, old sea-side village on the southwestern coast of Clare. One long wide street with blue-slated and brown-thatched houses, and a quaint old spring-well right in the centre, around which, of an evening, the village gossips are wont to gather, chatting over the events of the day; and, I suppose the simple inhabitants of the place

Take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

Beyond the village the road winds on, white and narrow, between hawthorn and furze bushes, which, in the sweet May weather, are richly covered with their pink and golden bloom. To your left, as you leave the village behind, you have barley and bean fields, and then the cliff-tops, and, beyond these, the glorious Atlantic ocean.

The cliffs all along this coast are wild, sheer, and majestic. The great breakers thunder in over the rocks, and boom with a hollow roar in the caverns, and savage sea-halls

under the cliffs. As you sit on the heathery crags above, in fine summer weather, the sound of the sea in the caves below comes to your ears with a low, thunderous moan.

About a mile beyond the village a path strikes away to the leftward, off the high road, and, as you descend, you come suddenly upon one of the wildest, loneliest scenes you can well fancy — the ruins of Glengriffin Castle.

They are situated at the mouth of a deep gorge, alongside of the sea. A hill-stream comes foaming and dashing down through the hollow ravine, and passes on to the ocean, right under the gray walls of the ruin. A rude bridge, consisting of three stout beech-trunks connected with planks nailed transversely, and having hand-rails at each side, spans the stream; and when you have crossed this bridge, and are standing at the basement of the castle ruins, you find yourself surrounded with a scene which is almost appalling in the stern grandeur of its details.

Behind you is the hollow gorge, with dark green and black rocks jutting out at each side, and long grasses and mosses trailing down in wild festoonery from the dripping ledges of rock.

To your left is the steep hill-side, with the path winding down through the grass to the bridge. To your right, the cliffs rise up jagged and grotesque against the sky, and here the eagles scream and soar over their eyries, and stand, with great, outstretched wings and glittering eyes, far up there on the crags. And then away before you, the wild Atlantic bounds the view.

Bonnie came here, one evening towards the middle of September, and paused on the bridge awhile to gaze out with sad eyes over the wide sea.

The day had been gloomy and clouded, but the sky was now somewhat clearing. As yet, however, the setting sun was hidden, far away there over the water, behind a huge pile of cumulo-stratus cloud, livid in hue and grotesque in form.

The wildness of the scene possessed a charm for Bonnie, in her present frame of mind. She felt very desolate, do what she might to brace up her sinking courage. For the first time in her life, she found herself breaking down under a mental sorrow. Hitherto, she had been able to do battle fearlessly with such trials as had fallen to her lot. Now, her physical strength was failing, and the girl felt that she was well-nigh worsted at last.

During the past week, she had thought much of her dear old friends in Kilcarrick, and had yearned to write to them, and lay before them the whole story of her sufferings. Too well she knew that those noble hearts had not hardened towards her; and still, when the moment of actually writing the words had come, her courage died within her. She could not write.

Now, as she leaned on the hand-rail, and gazed far out over the sea, she was again thinking of Kilcarrick, and of her dear ones in that well-loved spot. O, why — O, why had she ever left it? Dear old Kilcarrick! She saw it before her now, with its twisted chimneys, its gables, its quaint dormer windows; the old orchards behind it; the blue summer sea in front. She saw Liskeelan again, and Drumkyle, and all the favorite scenes she had loved so well. And then on a sudden, a vision of Eagle Crags flashed before the girl's mind, and she groaned, and shuddered, and wrung her hands together in the immeasurable anguish of the thought.

"God help me!" she moaned desolately. "When will this end? Will it ever end? Shall I ever have a happy day again? Never — never — never. O, Paul, Paul, Paul!"

The words broke forth from her lips with a wild, wailing cry, and then she bowed down her face in her

clasped hands, and burst into a passionate fit of sobbing and weeping, her whole form shuddering, her face white as death.

This paroxysm passed away at last, and the girl felt calmer now. The pent-up anguish of the past miserable week had found an outlet, and it seemed to Bonnie as though a crushing weight had been tossed off her heart. She dried her eyes and gazed out again over the sea, now beginning to reflect, far away there to the west, the hues of the setting sun.

The lower edges of the great, livid cloud were fringed with fire, while the space between it and the sea-line glowed with a paler gold. Ere long the sun appeared, moving downwards from behind the cloud, and looking like a great, golden ball as it descended. The instant it had freed itself from the overhanging cloud, it struck a track of the most brilliant golden light, right across the sea from west to east. Lower still the sun sank, until it seemed to stand on the sea-line which was darkly defined against the glare. Lower — still lower. Now a half-circle of gold, cut across by the sea, met the eye. Soon nothing was visible of it but a thin line of fire on the purple ocean verge. A moment more, and all had gone. The crimson light slowly faded. The day died.

Bonnie crossed the bridge, and stood, for a moment, looking at the tall, gray ruin with its arched windows crumbling away, bit by bit, its loop-holes, its ivied turrets, and the great patches of blackened moss, and yellow and brown lichens, which stained its mouldering walls and towers.

Here and there on the battlements, tufts of hart's-tongue fern and wild wall-flower waved in the wind. An eagle was hovering above the highest turret, a dark patch against the sky. The gray, ruined pile stood out in relief against the sombre background of the gorge, now fading away in the purple gloom of twilight. The whole scene, in this mysterious half-light, was sombre, sinister, eerie.

Bonnie had crossed the bridge with the intention of walking through the ruins; but now the light was fading so rapidly, that the girl thought it wiser to get back to the village without delay. There is an ivy-grown buttress at the westward side of the old castle, and when you stand in the angle made by the side of this projection with the wall of the ruin, the little bridge over the stream is entirely hidden from sight. Bonnie had paused here for a minute or two, in the angle between the walls, and now when she stepped out beyond the buttress she saw a small, dark figure standing in the middle of the bridge, just where she herself had stood, five minutes before.

As she approached the bridge the figure moved and came on toward her, with an utterly noiseless, even motion, which thrilled Bonnie with a sudden sensation of dread and terror indescribable. She stood perfectly still, transfixed, her hands clasped together; and the figure slowly passed her, turning its face full upon hers.

What face was that? O God, were her eyes deceiving her! That small, pallid face, worn to a shadow, and with a dreadful look of angnish in the hollow eyes.

Too well she recognized it. It was Norah's face.

CHAPTER. XXV.

"AM I TOO LATE?"

Norah's face!

For fully five minutes after this discovery, Bonnie stood there motionless, colorless, as if turned to stone. Her lips moved and quivered, but no sound issued from them. Her eyes, staring in the direction whence the figure had vanished like a shadow among the ruins, were dilated and wild with horror. So distinctly

had she seen this figure, that, as it had passed her, she had noticed the hemmed border of the long, dark shawl which draped the shoulders. It was a shawl which Norah was accustomed to wear in the house, and many a time had Bonnie wrapped it comfortably about her little cousin's slender figure. She knew it well.

This speechless horror did not last long. It gave place to the wildest affright and dismay. A loud cry of despair and terror burst from the girl's lips, and she flung her clasped hands about her head.

"O God, I saw her! O I saw her, I saw her! It was Norah — and no other — and she looked at me, and O *what* a face! O Norah, my poor darling, what has happened to you! O God, it was her *fetch* *— it was her *fetch!*"

Well-nigh frantic with anguish and horror, the girl hurried across the bridge and up the steep pathway leading to the road above. She did not feel the ground beneath her feet. One thought goaded her on; Norah was dying, or, maybe *dead!* Should she arrive at Kilcarrick in time to see her once, just once—in time to get one last glimpse—one last kiss—before all was over?

The girl hurried wildly back along the lonely road, now quite dark with the shadow of the high hawthorn and furze bushes, and the gloom of the deepening twilight. So absorbed was she in her own frantic thoughts, that she did not heed where she was walking, until she stumbled against a figure lying by the road-side in the thick grass under the hedge.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Bonnie cried, as the figure sat up suddenly, and looked in a bewildered manner from side to side, like one awakened up from a heavy sleep. "I did not see you. It is so dark here. And I was — *Connor!*" she suddenly cried, peering close into the wizened old face; "it is you! — Connor Macneill! Don't you know me?"

It was indeed, Connor Macneill, the old pedlar who had so often come to the great, front door of Kilcarrick, and opened his pack on the broad step while he droned forth his quaint, doggerel rhymes.

"Guidness bless us!" exclaimed the old man, rising slowly, and pushing the gray, elfin locks off his wrinkled forehead. "It's I that am unco' proud to come acrass ye, *mavourneen!* I lay down here half-an-hour ago, to rest my puir auld bones a bit afore I gaed ony nearer to the village. An' I thocht it was a ghaist — I did!—when ye spak'. What i' the warld be wrang wi' ye, puir bairn?" the old man suddenly asked, his voice dropping to a whisper; "Mither o' Mairey! but ye *do* look weesht an' dowie."

"Oh, Connor, I have suffered much since you saw me last — bitter, bitter suffering," the girl said, wildly; "but now a thing has happened to me worse than all. Oh, Connor, I have seen — I have seen—"

Her voice died away in a violent gasp and shudder.

"Seen what, *astore machree?* What have you seen?" Connor asked, his small, black eyes fixed on the girl's pallid face.

In a shuddering whisper, Bonnie told him what had occurred at the ruins. The old man started, and hurriedly made the sign of the cross.

"The crass o' Christ betwixt us

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* *Fetch.* — "The Fetch — a well-known Irish superstition — claims some affinity with the Highlanders' belief in 'second sight.' The Fetch is supposed to be a mere shadow, resembling in stature, features, and dress, a living person, and often mysteriously or suddenly seen by a very particular friend. If it appears in the morning, a happy longevity for the living original is confidently predicted; but if it be seen in the evening, immediate dissolution of the prototype is anticipated. Spirit-like, it flits before the sight, seeming to walk leisurely through the fields, and often disappearing through a gap or lane. The person it resembles is usually known to be laboring under some mortal illness at the time, and quite unable to leave his or her bed."— *Old Folk Lore of Ireland.* — By LAGENIENSIS.

an' harm!" he said in a whisper. "The puir bairn!—the puir dear bairn! I thocht she was na lang for this warld, I did, the last time I laid eyes on her face."

"When were you at Kilcarrick last, Connor?" Bonnie said with a groan.

"I'll soon tell ye, dearie. Next Thursday it 'll be a fortnight sin' I were there. An' I seen the puir bairn, an' guidness me!—but my heart was sair when I seen her. She lookit sae weesht an' waesome."

"Oh, Connor, do you think she is dead? Oh don't say so! Sure you don't think she is dead? Sure you *don't*, Connor?" the girl urged frantically, seizing the old man's arm, and looking up wildly into his face.

"Dinna break your thrue heart, *astore*, like this," Connor replied, solemnly and sadly. "Whativer the gude God wishes, that is the best for us a' child. May the heavens be her bed this ae night, if the puir bairn is na langer i' the warld! That is the heart's wish o' Connor Macneill."

With a low, shuddering cry, the girl hurried away—she could not speak another word—and now she was running in the direction of the village, the tears streaming from her eyes like rain.

Anna Wylde, in the meantime, had begun to wonder a little at Bonnie's prolonged absence from the house. Never before had the girl remained out of doors so late as this, except when she had had Anna with her.

"I think I shall put on my hat and go in search of her," Anna said at last. "I don't care to have her out by herself, after nightfall."

"I think you may as well, dear," Mrs. Graingell replied. "Poor Bonnie! I hate to see the weary look of her face when she comes in of an eveoing, after her walk. Do you know, Anna, I think it would be better, after all, if you went with her. Anything would be better than this solitary brooding over her troubles. Why, it is enough to permanently affect her health and spirits. It really is, my dear."

"But, you see, aunt, Bonnie is so unlike others," Anna said. (Mrs. Graingell was not her aunt, but she always called her so.) "She has a wonderful stock of courage, and sunshine, and endurance, in her nature; so that, I think, in *her* case the solitary brooding will have the effect of soothing her, rather than anything else. Bonnie has very good sense, you know, and I think she will reason with herself, and comfort herself, and be the same as ever again, after a while. Now, one day last week, I went to her room and found her lying on her bed looking terribly dejected, and I sat down beside her, and tried to say all kinds of consoling things to her; but I saw I was doing more harm than good, and at last she said to me, 'Please, Anna, don't talk of that any more. I must learn to live it down by my own exertions. If I allowed myself, now, to be dependent upon others for courage, I should most certainly fall back again into my helpless misery whenever the temporary support would be withdrawn.' Since that day, aunt, I have carefully avoided the subject, and I really think it is the—Ah! Here she is, at last. That is her knock.

Anna ran to open the door. Bonnie staggered into the hall, a dreadful look of despair and horror in her white face.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, what is the matter with you! Oh aunt, aunt, come here. Something has happened to her!" Anna cried, wildly.

"Don't look at me like that, Anna, darling," Bonnie gasped. "Nothing has happened to me—no accident—nothing of that kind. But I feel—I feel weak in every limb."

Mrs. Graingell had, by this time, hurried out of the parlor, and she was shocked at the sight of the girl's face. Bonnie had sat down on one of the hall chairs, and had taken off her hat. There was a wild, startled

look in her eyes, and her cheeks were colorless. She did not speak for some minutes, and Mrs. Graingell could see how her bosom rose and fell, and her wan lips quivered.

"Anna, do you know at what time does the first train leave Innisrush, to-morrow morning?" the girl asked, at last.

"Do you mean the train going southward, dear?"

"Yes, Anna — yes. The train going southward. At what hour does it leave Innisrush?"

"At ten o'clock in the morning, Bonnie, and the second train leaves at half-past three."

"Ten o'clock," the girl repeated, looking down dreamily upon the floor. "I thought it went earlier. There is no train to-night, I suppose, Anna?" Bonnie added, slowly. "I am going to Kilcarrick."

"To Kilcarrick, Bonnie? And so suddenly!" Anna exclaimed, perplexed.

"Yes; I am going to Kilcarrick. *Is* there a train to-night, Anna?"

"No, dear. The last down-train left the station nearly an hour ago. But, Bonnie, darling, why are you rushing away like this? It seems so strange — so unaccountable."

"Don't ask me to tell you now," Bonnie groaned, her eyes still fixed on the floor. "You shall know all soon; but, oh, Anna, Anna! — I cannot bear to say anything about it now. I am afraid to *think* of it even, lest I should fall ill, and be unable to travel to-morrow."

"Bonnie, my dear child," Mrs. Graingell said, putting her withered hand on the girl's head, with a gentle pressure, "I don't like to hear you talk of travelling anywhere, just now. You are not strong, my dear. You are not able to travel very well, I am afraid. You want rest and quiet, Bonnie, more than anything else."

"Rest and quiet, and I, have parted company forevermore, I am afraid, Mrs. Graingell," the girl said, desolately. "I *must* go to-morrow. I wish with all my heart I could go to-night. I am striving to stifle memory, and still — *still* I find it glaring in on me, do what I may. I am striving to deaden feeling — but my heart is breaking. Oh, my God, Anna!" she suddenly burst forth, seizing Anna's hand between both of hers, "I am almost afraid to go to Kilcarrick at all. Just think of my walking in and finding — finding Norah, my poor darling — *dead!*"

"Dead, Bonnie! Dead?"

"Yes — dead. It is only a chance if I arrive in time to see her once before all is over. That thought is killing me — killing me. Anna, I did not intend to tell you of this, but I *cannot* keep it a secret now. It is driving me mad. I *must* tell you all."

And then, wildly, and incoherently, at times, the girl poured forth the story of what had happened to her during her solitary walk this evening. She told it with a paasionate force which carried conviction with every word. Anna and her old kinswoman were indescribably shocked as they listened.

Mrs. Graingell said not a word. The color had died away from her cheeks. She was thinking of one stormy December night, twenty years ago now, when her own boy — her bonnie youngest born — had come in out of the night, and stood beside her chair, his curly yellow hair all drenched with sea-water, his big, blue eyes fixed, with an agonized farewell, upon hers. That was the night her boy was drowned, thousands of miles away from his home.

By and-by Bonnie grew calmer. The narration of what had occurred during her waik, seemed to have eased her miud. She was very silent for the remainder of that evening, and all night long she lay tossing from side to side of her bed, wishing with a feverish anxiety for morning, and the hour of her setting out for Kilcarrick, to come.

It came at last. The two dear

friends — dearer than sisters now — were down in the little station-house together, Bonnie pale as death, and endeavoring with all her remaining fortitude, to bear up against the huge sorrow of her heart.

"You will write to me, darling — even a line," Anna urged, "just to say that you arrived safely; and — and — tell me all about your poor little cousin — don't forget. Please God, your forebodings will not be realized, darling. And I feel glad now, Bonnie, that you are on your way to Kilcarrick."

"Do you, Anna? And why glad?"

"Because they all love you, Bonnie; and such love as that should be cherished, most jealously guarded, and not allowed to languish for want of care. I was oftentimes anxious, latterly, darling, to bring up this subject, but I feared I should perhaps pain you, and so I was silent about it. But now, Bonnie, my parting injunction is this: Clear away every vestige of this temporary estrangement. Leave no shadow of it — mind you now! The time will come, Bonnie — *must* come to every right-feeling human being in this world — when every word of kindness is like a draught of *elixir vitæ* — every soothing memory, an indescribably powerful support; and, on the other hand, every consciousness of pain inflicted on loving souls, now dead, is a stab straight through the heart of the desolate survivor."

"True — too true, Anna. I know it. I feel it," Bonnie replied, in a very low voice. "Yes, Anna. All will I trust be forgiven and forgotten. The world is too black and bitter in itself, God knows, for any of us to deepen its gloom by our own wilful acts."

By this time, Bonnie had taken her place in the railway carriage, the door was locked, and Anna was standing on the platform looking in through the open window.

"Good-bye, Bonnie, May God be with you! God give you strength and courage, darling, to endure bravely whatever may be before you now!"

They kissed each other; the engine whistled shrilly, and then the train moved slowly away from the platform.

Bonnie gazed out through the window so long as Anna's small figure was visible, then she drew back into the far corner of the railway carriage, and gave herself up, unrestrainedly now, to the anguish of retrospect and foreboding.

She had the carriage all to herself, and she was glad of it. There was no fussy, good-natured woman at hand to detect the signs of suffering in the girl's face, and take it on herself to do away with it all, forthwith. There was no polite old man to proffer a newspaper, or a rug, or any other contribution towards the girl's intellectual and bodily comfort. There was no hyppish old lady with one eye on a medicine case, and the other on the windows of the carriage. Perhaps it would have been better for the girl had the monotony of the long journey been diversified with such trivial incidents as are called into being by the sayings and doings of fellow-travellers. These would at all events have served the purpose of distracting, somewhat, Bonnie's thoughts from gloomy and agitating subjects. But it so happened that, from the time she got into the train at Innisrush, at ten o'clock in the morning, until she left it at Ballydoonan, at five o'clock that evening — for there had been a long delay at Mallow — the girl had the carriage entirely to herself.

The short, autumn evening was closing in when Bonnie Dunraven stepped out on the platform at Ballydoonan, and walked across to the waiting-room. A red glimmer of fire shone cheerfully in the grate, and this ruddy light recalled, with a sharp pang to the girl, that wild February evening when she and Anna Wylde had first met, in this very room.

Edward Roche, the guard, had noticed Bonnie's tall, lithe figure, as it hurriedly crossed the little platform. The girl had designedly avoided him. She felt a positive dread of asking him how they all were at Kilcarrick. She felt afraid to meet his eye, to hear his voice, to look into his face. How did she know what mute revelation might not be discoverable there, more dreadful, in its wordless significance, than the plainest spoken language?

But Edward Roche, all unsuspecting, followed the girl into the waiting-room, a smile of hearty welcome lighting up his face.

"Welcome home again, Miss!" he said. "Maybe you want a car, Miss Dunraven? — or, maybe you are expectin' one from Kilcarrick?"

"Oh, good evening, Edward. Thank you. Yes, I do want a car. Can you get me one?" the girl said, hurriedly, averting her face from his.

"There's a car waitin' out here, Miss. I say, Jim Fowler!" he shouted from the door-way, "don't go away. There's a young lady here wantin' a car — Miss Dunraven, of Kilcarrick."

A few minutes later, Bonnie was seated on an exceedingly disreputable-looking "jaunting-car," and now Jim Fowler administered a cordial "skelp" to his woe-begone steed, and they were soon driving away along the lonely road, in the waning evening light.

The first half-hour on the road was a time of agony to the girl. Every sense was on the alert with a painful acuteness, in the dread that Jim Fowler would bring up the subject of Kilcarrick, and the events which had happened there of late.

How many of us know from well-remembered experience, this feeling of vague dread on our returning home after an absence! Dozens of questions tremble on our very lips, and yet we fear to give them utterance. As long as we remain silent on the subject, so long will hope brighten, somewhat, our bleakest forebodings. For, if the silence be broken, the questions put, what may not the answer be? Dreadful, perhaps, in its bald straightforwardness, or, worse still, its sinister prevarication.

It was so with Bonnie now; but Jim Fowler said nothing on the dreaded subject, and, by-and-by, the girl lapsed into a dreamy state of mind until she was aroused, at last, by the thunder of the breakers dashing in over the rocks under Liskeelan Head.

By this time the twilight had closed down, dense and purple, and the old, gray tower of Liskeelan, away there on the high upland, was barely distinguishable in the gloom. The wind had been rising since sundown, and now it blew in strong gusts from the north-westward, whistling through the dry furze bushes and stunted hawthorns at each side of the road, and gradually swelling into the wild diapason of the storm.

"You let me down here, please," the girl said, taking her small travelling bag in her hand. "I shall walk to the house."

Jim Fowler looked puzzled, but he said nothing, and Bonnie stepped down upon the lonely road, and hurried away through the twilight.

She was now descending the hill passing Liskeelan Head — the hill, from the summit of which she had obtained that last view of Kilcarrick, on that August evening gone by, when she and Mrs. Forrester had driven along here on their way to Ballydoonan. How well she remembered that August evening! Was it not impressed on her memory in its every detail? The glad blue sea, the mellow evening light, the white clouds sailing up across the radiant skies, the dear old house of Kilcarrick peeping out from its orchards, and its surrounding oaks, elms and sycamores, and Norah's little, weeping figure on the lonely, white road.

"O, Norah, Norah, my darling!" Bonnie moaned, as she hurried wildlly

along; "may God grant that I shall be in time!"

At last she arrived at the outer gates of Kilcarrick. She avoided the main avenue, and turned away to the narrow side-walk which leads to a door — you may remember it — at the back of the house. She met no one, and when she crept in noiselessly through the door and listened, she heard no sound.

A cold shudder passed through the girl's frame, from head to foot, and for a minute or two she stood leaning against the door-post, thought and action alike paralyzed. Then with shaking hands, she took off her boots, and hurried along the passage; and then, at last, a sound came to her ears. A sound of low voices — women's voices, at first — but, ere long, a man's tones mingled with the others, and Bonnie recognized the voice of Robert Grace.

The girl stole upstairs in the direction whence the voices came. Her heart was like stone within her. She thought it had ceased to beat. She felt a chilly sensation over her face and neck and bosom, and through her hair. But her sense of hearing was now singularly acute, and, as she paused for a moment on the lobby, gazing down the darkened corridor on which Norah's little room opened out, another sound came distinctly to the girl's ears, — a woman's low sob.

Somebody was coming along the corridor towards Bonnie,— a little woman who sobbed and wept pitifully as she drew near. Her handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, and Bonnie, standing there with her wan face and quivering lips, said not a word until this small figure was close to her. Then, with a cry — a cry that rang through the silent corridor, appalling by reason of the anguish which thrilled in it — the girl fell upon the floor at her aunt's feet, her face buried in her hands, moaning and shuddering and rocking herself to and fro.

"Bonnie, *Bonnie*, is this you? Is it really you, my poor child? Oh, Bonnie, darling, have you come at last?"

The little woman's arms were about the girl's neck. The tears fell hot upon Bonnie's face. They clung together, speechless now in the agony of this reunion.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, why did you not come at first? Surely you got my letter?"

"No — I got no letter," the girl gasped, through her sobs. "I never got a line. Not a line. Tell me, aunt — tell me how she is? — Am I — too late?"

"You are not too late, darling — but, oh, Bonnie, I am afraid she cannot live through the night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH NORAH LEAVES KILCARRICK.

An oppressive stillness reigned throughout the old house of Kilcarrick. Anybody who spoke at all, spoke in whispers. The children crouched together in the Orchard Room, their arms about one anothers' necks, and their faces pale with anxiety and awe.

Up in the sick-room — soon to be the room of death — the watchers gathered about the little bed as the night hours went by, their eyes fixed immovably upon the poor little wreck lying there so quietly before them. The small, white face, worn to a shadow, and crowned with its tossed, dark hair, lay back upon the pillow. The eyes were sunken, and great, dark circles were ploughed deep underneath.

The sharp hacking cough was gone now. The poor little frame was no longer tortured with that. Ere many more hours had elapsed, all, so far as this world is concerned, would be over. Little Norah would be at rest forevermore.

Poor little Norah! Always kind-hearted, affectionate, true as steel to those whom she loved, compassionate towards the poor. She was too good,

they said, to live, and God was taking her to Himself; mercifully drawing her away, in her youth, from the fever and anguish, and trials and cankers of the world. She would soon be laid quietly down, over there beyond the fields, in the old churchyard of Drumkyle; and next summer the blue sea would flash and dance in the sunshine, and the barley would wave in the wind, and the happy skies would stretch radiant above, and the wild flowers would grow over the grassy mound where little Norah lay at rest. All trouble over forever now.

The night wore on, and still the watchers lingered by the little bed, gazing down mournfully upon the dying child's face. At the head of the bed, a girl's figure — the face hidden behind her bright hair which she had allowed to fall down about her shoulders — was rocking to and fro, in an agony of sorrow, absolutely silent, and most pitiful to behold.

"I wish you could prevail upon her to go away from the room, even for a short time," Robert Grace whispered to Mrs. Fitzgerald; "I am afraid this continued strain will injure her. I have never before witnessed, I think, grief like that. It is dreadful even to look on at, and what must it be for Bonnie herself?"

Grace had changed somewhat of late. His figure had grown spare, and there was a new look in his blue eyes — a look which had not been there before that fatal picnic at Eagle Crags. An earnestness, almost a gravity, of expression had settled down, too, over his face while in repose, and his voice seemed to have lost that clear, happy ring, once upon a time its greatest charm.

"There is no fear, Bob, of the worst coming on very soon, or suddenly — is there?" the little woman whispered; "because, if I thought that, I could not — I could not find it in my heart to go away from the room."

"No fear," Grace assured her. "Never fear, I shall send for you both when *that* is near. *Please* try and induce Bonnie to go with you," he urged. "Insist upon her going — poor darling!"

The last words were murmured under his breath, and his big blue eyes were now fixed sadly on the girl's bowed figure. He saw Mrs. Fitzgerald stoop, and whisper something earnestly to Bonnie; then the girl rose slowly, and came on towards the door of the room. On the threshhold she paused, and looked wistfully into Bob's face.

In a moment he was by her side.

"What is it, Bonnie? What is it, love?" he said in a low, passionate voice, and his face had grown quite white.

"Bob, Bob, sure you are not striving only to ease my mind when you say there is no immediate danger?" the girl said, brokenly. "Oh, Bob, that would be cruel kindness. Tell me the truth. If the end is near, I cannot go away. She has not recognized me yet — she has not recognized *me* — think of that! What should I do if my darling died without speaking one last word to me — one last word to cherish all through the after years!"

"You may trust me, Bonnie," he said, earnestly, laying his trembling hand on the girl's arm. "I will go for you when the time comes. You may rest assured that she will recognize you before the end. Go now, Bonnie, and cry if you can. You are in a dreadful state, at present. You are like a ghost, child."

"You will find us in my room, Bob," Mrs Fitzgeiald said, as they went away; and then Grace reentered the sick-room, his eyes full of tears.

Bonnie and her aunt walked along the corridor until they came to the big, old-fashioned room to the left — a room with broad window-seats, and dark reddish papering, and a great four-poster with heavy curtains

and oddly carved open woodwork, now blackened with age.

The room was shrouded in darkness, and through one of the windows, which was partly opened, the hollow roar of the sea came in, broken, at intervals, with the harsh crash of waves over the rocks and shingle.

"Do not light a candle, aunt," Bonnie said; "let us sit down here together in this window-seat, and tell me — tell me all, aunt — tell me all about poor little Norah. I had not courage enough to ask you until now," the girl added, with a shiver.

They sat down side by side. The little woman put her arm round her niece's waist and drew the girl closer to her. She had never before loved her as she loved her now. Bonnie had explained to her aunt, in an agitated whisper, all about Paul Earnscliffe, and the terrible discovery on the lonely mountains that evening.

Mrs. Fitzgerald's heart was full of love and compassion for the girl, and every lingering recollection of that bitter estrangement between them was now blotted out, forevermore.

"Not one of us ever thought, for a moment, that the poor child would go from us so soon," the little woman said. "The change for the worse was sudden, and terrible. It came on us all like a clap of thunder."

"How long ago was that, aunt?"

"Ten days ago, dear."

"And you wrote to me then — did you? — to Glentobar, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear, I wrote at once, and told you how matters were. Then I wrote again, and a third time; but I received no reply."

"No. I was at Innisrush then, as I told you, and — and Mrs. Forrester did not know, of course, where to send the letters. And did Norah ask for me often? Did she wonder at my not coming?"

"She was asking for you constantly, Bonnie. Oh, Bonnie, I shall never forget — *never!* — the wistful look of her eyes every morning before post-time; and then when she asked, 'Was there a letter from Cousin Bonnie, grandma,' my heart shivered within me, for I had to say always, 'No letter yet, Norah; but, please God, she will be here herself, to-day.' And so it went on, Bonnie, day after day. At last, she used not to ask me at all. She used to look up into my face — a mute question — and *that* was worse than all, Bonnie. Oh, that was hard to bear, — that mute, wistful look."

"Worse than all, surely, aunt. Oh, my poor darling! Oh, aunt, I am dreadfully shocked and broken-hearted at this. Oh, you don't know how I loved her. I cannot realize *this* at all. God help us — what a world it is!" the girl groaned.

"There, there, there, darling — don't give way to it like this," the little woman said tenderly; "never fear, she will recognize you, before all is over — and that recognition, in itself, will be a great comfort to you afterwards, dear. I know that from experience. I saw my child die, Bonnie — my poor, beautiful Alice, Norah's mother — and just before she died, she raised her eyes to mine and there was a smile in them, my dear, a smile like the smile of an angel, and then she closed them forever — but that last smile remains like a gleam of sunshine in my heart, and — and — well, I must not talk so. I must not talk so. We grow selfish, dear, in our sorrows — I think unconsciously so. Bonnie, all through this dark time I have been greatly comforted, my dear — we all have — by poor Robert Grace. You cannot imagine his big-heartedness, his never-ceasing kindness, his unflagging attention. God bless him for it!"

"Bob is a noble-hearted fellow, aunt. He always was."

"Noble-hearted, Bonnie! He is too good for the world. I cannot tell you of his kindnesses. They were mostly of that character which

we feel in our hearts, but which cannot be explained in words. They are too fine, — too God-like, I may say, for words. He never failed us in our troubles. He was here morning, noon, and night. He was ever on the alert to console us, to cheer us, to assist us; to be our staff, our fibre, our life — during this time of sorrow. No son was ever dearer to a mother than he is to me. He is the sunshine of my heart, and of all our hearts. I don't know what we should have done, but for him."

"Poor Bob," the girl said, sadly. "Did he think very bitterly of me, aunt, after that miserable, miserable time?"

"Bitterly? God did not fashion his heart for bitterness, my dear. If you saw his face this evening when he caught sight of you at the door, you would never forget its expression. You did not notice him very closely. How could you! But *I* did — and I was thrilled. The whole face was lighted up, Bonnie. And then you — Hush! hush! *What's that?*"

A sound had arisen suddenly on the night air — a sound that was heard above the cry of wind and crash of wave, a sound that thrilled Bonnie with horror. A woman's sobbing, at first low, broken, barely audible; then gradually rising louder, wilder, shriller; and, ere long, bursting forth into an unrestrained wail of woe, appalling to hear. It seemed to come from right under Norah's window, and as it rose and fell in the fitful fluctuations of anguish, Bonnie stood up tremblingly, and with clasped hands listened, spell-bound, to this unearthly and eldritch *caoine*.

"O aunt!" the girl gasped, at last, through her white lips; and then she paused abruptly, unable to articulate another word.

At the same moment the door was hurriedly opened, and Grace entered the room.

"Bonnie, Bonnie," he said eagerly, "come now. She is conscious, at last — fully conscious. She has spoken a few words to her grandpapa. Come at once."

No need for this injunction. The girl was already on the corridor, hurrying wildly to Norah's room.

They moved away from the bedside, as she entered. Kitty Maguire was kneeling by the counterpane, telling her long beads. The old doctor was leaning over the pillow and looking down into the poor, little, wasted face. He rose and moved aside a little when he saw his niece, and the next moment Bonnie had crept into his place at the head of the bed.

"Norah — darling, Norah, do you know me? It is I. It is Bonnie. I have come back, Norah. Don't you know 'Cousin Bonnie?'"

The hollow eyes slowly opened wide and full, the lips slightly parted, and then a sudden brightness lit up the poor little dying face. Bonnie saw that the child was striving hard to say something. She bent down close to the little face, and listened.

"Cous — in Bon—nie, dar—ling."

She heard the three labored words, and a relief immeasurable filled her heart. The child recognized her. There was no longer any doubt of it. O, God be thanked for this!

"Norah, my darling, I have come back again. Cousin Bonnie has come back to see you and to ask you, darling, to pray for her, and never to forget her. Oh, Norah," she went on wildly, striving, with a desperate effort, to repress the surge of passionate sorrow which shook her like a leaf in wind, "won't you pray for Cousin Bonnie? Won't you, darling? O, Norah, it is well for you. You are going to your happy, happy home. I wish you would take Cousin Bonnie with you! She would go with a full heart, my darling."

Again the brightness lit up the eyes and face. And again came the labored words.

"Cou — sin Bon—nie, dar—ling."

These were her last words. The

lips quivered a little after that, but no sound came. A gentle hand was laid on Bonnie's arm, and her uncle's kind, sad eyes were looking into the girl's white face,—

"Come away, Bonnie—come away, child. She will not speak any more. It is better for you not to wait here, now. You are in a dreadful state, child. Come with me."

"Oh, uncle, will she never speak again!"

"Never in this world, Bonnie. She will soon be at rest now. Come, my dear."

As he spoke, there arose again, on the night air, that wild, wailing cry, broken now with gasps and sobs, and mingling with the moan and croon of the winds. The women in the room hurriedly made the sign of the cross, and gathered around the bed. The last moment was nigh.

The old Doctor put his arm round his niece's waist, and led her away from the room. Before they had gone half way down the corridor, a sound came from the sick-room — a sound of women's loud weeping, and moaning, and beating of hands.

Yes; the end had come, indeed. Little Norah was gone away forever from Kilcarrick. Close the eyes now, and compose the limbs and features. The poor little wreck is lying there, white and still; but the soul — the beautiful, happy, child's soul —

Mount, up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, haste, depart!
And is this death?— dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

O I could gaze forever
Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE MAY EVENING.

THE sweet May time has come again,

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,

and the fresh winds are laden with the odor of the hawthorn, and there is a rare blueness of sky and sea.

The waving corn in the fields is lush and green; the tender wild flowers of the earlier spring still light up all the wayside banks, and peep out in the rich meadows and woodlands, inland — the primroses and blue violets, and buttercups, and yellow cowslips; and now the later flowers are also blossoming, the red poppies, and the pure blue Germander speedwell, and the delicate wood-sorrel, and the beautiful wild forget-me-nots, and

"Sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth."

The old trees about Kilcarrick are heavy with foliage, with that beautiful, fresh green on the leaves so soon to darken under the summer sunshine. All the country-side is golden with the furze, and the sky-larks are singing, with full hearts, far up there in the immeasurable blue. The days are full of music and light and color, and each day seems to be just such a one as Elizabeth Barrett Browning describes —

"What a day it was, that day!
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away
At the sight of the great sky:
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud and bud."

The wild flowers are blowing over Norah's little grave in the quiet churchyard of Drumkyle, and the rose-bushes which Bonnie has planted at the head of the green mound, are budding out vigorously in the May sunshine.

Eight months have gone by since the night of Bonnie's return to Kilcarrick, and during this time the girl has resumed her duties in the schoolroom, and has exerted herself to the utmost to stifle memory and live actively in the present. Almost every hour has its own occupation; there is little margin left for retrospect. But, at times, the girl's rigid resolutions utterly give way. There is a collapse, and the past rushes resistlessly into Bonnie's memory, with all its agonizing associations.

Bonnie has heard nothing of Paul Earnscliffe, during all this time. Whenever his image forces itself before her mind, she wonders at herself for the calmness with which she can think of him now. Nearly all the bitterness toward Earnscliffe individually, has died out of her heart. Two facts lie latent in her consciousness, and, with these as foundation for her thoughts, she feels somewhat comforted. When Paul wooed her and won her love, he believed that Anna Wylde was dead. And his subsequent treatment of Anna was no cold-blooded, premeditated act. It was done in the frenzy of passion. The result of a resistless impulse.

These two facts were surely pregnant ones. And then Bonnie believed in her heart that Paul loved her as he had never loved woman before. He loved her and had lost her, just as she had lost him, by reason of an unforeseen fatality. The girl prayed, with all her soul, that he and she should never see each other's faces again. But, withal, her feelings toward Paul Earnscliffe inclined nearer to forgiveness than to reproach.

Bonnie, even still, bear in mind, clung on to the belief in Earnscliffe's great-heartedness and nobility of intention. Such portions of Anna's confession as appeared to jar with this theory, the girl dismissed from her thoughts. She could not face them mentally, and so she did not glance at them at all. Had she, with her unbiased judgment, analyzed these discordant episodes, her hero-worship would have received a staggering shock. But she did not care nor try to analyze them, and this conscious shrinking from possible ugly discoveries was, by degrees, assuming in the girl's mind the character of a wilful self-deception. By degrees. And it had not as yet reached that climax beyond which delusion cannot thrive.

Bonnie's mind was far too healthy and evenly-balanced, to be long consciously unhinged. Had she had strong prejudices—prejudices swayed by morbid sensitiveness—it would, of course, have been otherwise, and she would, we may take for granted, have kept up the delusion all through life.

But Bonnie was not morbidly sensitive. Just at present, however, she was clinging on, you observe, to the remnants of a shattered faith, and she was not aware that even these fragments of belief were about to crumble away from her fingers, ere long.

It is truly one of the most pitiable of human delusions, this frantic effort to satisfy our souls in that what is, in reality, hollow and false, is sound and true. We are simply selling ourselves to ourselves with a fixity of purpose which borders on insanity. In all other points, we may be remarkable for robust sense, astute judgment, powers of unbiased reasoning. In this a child can confound us, and overthrow our fanciful beliefs.

To be Continued.

[THE MAGAZINE, containing the beginning of this story, can be furnished to new subscribers. The story alone is worth the price of the MAGAZINE.]

Early History of the St. Vincent of Paul Society.

In its March number, the *Bulletin* contained an interestiug sketch of the St. Vincent of Paul Society — due to four of its original founders, of whom one has died since it was written. Before recounting the principal facts it contains to our readers, it may be well to ask them to recall the state of France and of its capital in 1830. From the battle of Waterloo to 1824, the restored monarch, Louis XVIII., had ruled with great moderation, and had it not been for the coercive policy consequent on the assassination of the Duc de Berri, would have left to his brother, Charles X., only constitutional and peaceful traditions. But the reactionary views of the nobility, encouraged by the doings of the kings of Spain and Naples, found great favor with the new monarch, who also excited violent opposition by a series of ostentatious religious demonstrations, in the midst of a people barely beginning to repent of the scepticism of the Revolution, and the paganism of Napoleonic times. To what evils Charles X.'s want of tact might have led in time, we can hardly conjecture, but however great, they would have been trifles compared with those consequent on the strategy adopted by his enemies. It consisted of violent and incessant attacks, in newspapers and books, not only on legitimist principles, but also on the fundamental principles of society — on morality — and most specially, on the religion which, in the eyes of the people, has only this fault, that it is often used as a screen and protection by incapable and tyrannical rulers. The literary war was waged with such vehemence as was required to induce peaceful citizens to take arms, descend into the streets, and make the revolution of July; but in getting rid of the Bourbons, the people, of Paris at least, seem to have taken leave of all good feelings. So demoralized was the capital, that many excellent famillies thought it was impossible to send thither their sons, to study law or medicine, and we are told of a Catholic student who, during his first six months in Paris, found no fellow-student with whom he could converse without contamination.

In November, 1831, Frédéric Ozanam, son of a pious and charitable doctor of Lyons, arrived in the great city, to begin his law-studies. He was careful to seek out some companions capable of sharing the views in which he had been educated; and appears to have met one, or more, at the High Mass at St. Etienne-du-Mont. He and they, in their zeal for study, took a wise step, in placing themselves with a Catholic tutor, M. Bailly, whose house was very well suited to the requirements of a body of students; it had, indeed, been built for their use, by a defunct Catholic *Société des bonnes études*. On the ground floor was an amphitheatre for lectures, a library, and several sitting-rooms, and upstairs, studies for the tutor and his young friends. To increase their emulation, he also allowed extern pupils to subscribe to the library and amphitheatre.

The proceedings conducted in the latter, appear to have seldom been regular lectures, but generally debates, commenced by reading a carefully-prepared treatise; and were called *Conférences d'histoire*, though philosophical and literary subjects were not excluded. Among the young orators in the forum of this curious amphitheatre, were a number of skeptics and dreamers of strange communistic theories; and the dis-

cussions to which the papers read gave rise were often very violent. When their faith, however, was attacked, Ozanam and his friends stood firm, and it was, probably, in this place that the youth from Lyons learned the art of eloquence which was, in after life, to gain him European reputation. Their battles, and their hard-won victories, bound them together in very affectionate friendship, which encouraged them to fight on, but they found it necessary to have preparatory meetings of their own, prior to the debates, in which they could forecast the attacks likely to be made by the opposition, and provide arguments to repel them. Ozanam, Lamache, and Lallier were commissioned to arrange how this plan should be carried out, and met together for the purpose, in Lamache's rooms, hôtel Corneille.

This committee, at its first meeting, appears to have come to no practical resolution.

On the following day, however, one of its members happened to be talking the matter over with Letaillandier — a law-student, then boarding with his parents near the Luxembourg — who had regularly attended the debates, though his tranquil disposition had led him to remain only an attentive listener. It is proverbial that listeners see most of the game — and Letaillandier had probably reason to believe that the young zealots, in their discussions, were doing little good to others —

> " La raison sans cesse raisonne,
> Et jamais n'a guéri personne! "

He may have also feared, lest hasty impromptu logic, upon difficult questions, might one day lead some of the young advocates into unsafe views. It is certain, at all events, that he remarked to Lallier, — " I should prefer meetings of *a different kind*, at which there should be *no argument, or controversy*, — meetings of young men engaged in some common enterprise *of charity*."

Lallier communicated the suggestion to his two collaborators, who were not, at that time, much struck by it; but, shortly afterwards, *à propos* of a paper on Byron, a scene of more than ordinarily violent character occurred, and Ozanam took an opportunity to propose to his friends — not that they should cease to take part in the warfare Letaillandier so little approved — but that the Catholic students of the club should *also* meet together in conferences consecrated to charitable work only. " Do you not think," were his concluding words, " that it is time to *supplement* discussion with actions, and prove by our deeds the vitality of our faith? "

There were at that time in Paris very special reasons why Catholics should be reminded that " Faith without works is dead." Social questions had indeed become the order of the day, and philanthropists abounded. It is impossible for men who have ever known of the life of our Lord and the history of Christianity — even when they become unbelievers — to be, as were the ancient Romans, strangers to love and care for suffering humanity. *Haeret letalis arundo!* Lacordaire, in his magnificent panegyric of Ozanam, tells us that in 1833, temples of Humanitarianism were being raised in Paris by philosophers who maintained that, though Christianity had, in past times, signally benefited mankind, its resources had long since been completely exhausted — whilst *they* were ready to teach a new gospel, from which would result universal peace, fraternity, and prosperity. Their systems were the communisms of St. Simon, Fourier, and Owen, which had nothing true in them but the principles of co-operation — they advocated the overthrow of the institution of private property, and the abolition of the marriage contract — and for the family, substituted large communities, the rules of which were intolerably oppressive.

Christian political economy may be stated in the advice St. Paul addressed to the Ephesians — some of whom may indeed have studied Plato's *Respublica* — that a man should "labor working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have something to give to him that suffereth need." The rich and poor are not at war with one another, and it is right not only that men should struggle for daily bread, but also for the comforts of life. This struggle tends to the improvement of man in various ways. Many who read these words may ask themselves, with legitimate pride, Have not my faculties been wonderfully developed by the competition of life, and has it not given me increased power of doing much for my family and my fellow-creatures? Social emulation produces, for those that succeed, such comforts as serve to establish a standard of expenditure requiring good wages and admitting of economy instead of starvation, when calamities happen; and so justifies man's right to acquire private property. But, according to the well-known maxim, "property has its duties," one of the chief of which is that thriving persons should do all they can to console the sufferings of those who have been losers in the race the winning of which has proved so beneficial to themselves.

The charity of man is, indeed, a factor in the world's daily life; the absence of which, more than anything else, robs God of His glory, by annihilating the remedy intended by Him to be always at hand for the sufferings of His weaker children upon earth.

Therefore — in presence of attacks by philosophers upon the wisdom by which God had granted social liberty to mankind — it was necessary, in 1833, to set forth, by example, the lesson of Christian charity which the Church has always taught. "Whilst leaving others," says Père Lacordaire, "to prate of impossible utopias, Ozanam and his friends commenced the humble work of visiting in garrets the neglected poor around them. They who had but just left school, gave up the fresh pleasures of the world, and spent hours in wretched dens of poverty, bringing comfort to those by whom hope and love had almost been forgotten."

Part II.

At a time when religion was unpopular in Paris, and pretentious Socialist schemes found favor in its stead, the young students who had determined to establish a little charitable society — which should be a public profession of their Catholic faith, and a proof that the Catholic Church has a tender regard for suffering humanity — soon carried out their plan. They were six in number: Paul Lamache, law student; Felix Clavé, student; Auguste Letaillandier, law student; Jules Devaux, medical student; Frederic Ozanam, law student; Francois Lallier, law student. All were less than twenty-two years old. Only Clavé was a native of Paris, and in their inexperience they wisely applied to Mr. Bailly, the tried friend of Catholic students, for his advice about many details. He recommended them to go to the Curé of St. Etienne-du-Mont, who at first considered that the task of catechists was the form of charity for which, by reason of their excellent education, they were best fitted. This work required, however, a certain regularity and punctuality of performance, which hard-working Paris students could hardly hope to arrive at; and they eventually preferred the combination of spiritual and bodily works of mercy known as "visiting the poor." Mr. Bailly put at their disposal for their weekly meeting, a room at No. 18 rue du Petit-Bourbon, St. Sulpice, the office of the *Tribune Catholique* newspaper,

of which he was principal editor and proprietor, and he offered to preside in person at their meetings. The six young Catholics assembled under his presidency for the first time at 8 o'clock one evening in May, 1833. The meeting commenced with the "Veni Sancte Spiritus," followed by a short reading from the Imitation of Christ. None of the assembled young men had ever previously belonged to any Catholic Society, nor had they any certainty of being all of one mind on the burning political questions of the day; they had, however, full confidence that the faith they held in common would unite their hearts together in friendly sympathy; and for the success of their united work, they looked only to God's help, and the patient diligence and economy which in France accomplish so much. The names of the first poor families whose cases they undertook were furnished by the Sœur Charité, Rosalie Rendu, who also lent some of her relief-tickets. The first collection was made in a hat by Jules Devaux, treasurer, and the proceedings terminated with the prayer "Sub tuum præsidium." At the third or fourth weekly meeting Lallier proposed the admission of a new member. The advent of a stranger was not welcome at first, and a stroug appeal had to be made to the little coterie in favor of the Catholic student lately arrived in Paris, who wished to share in the benefits of Christian friendship. By August, when the students' vacations began, several other new members had been admitted, and the strength of the little body raised to fifteen — but without impairing in any degree the cheerful simplicity and *cameraderie* of its proceedings. During this first session, the alms collected had frequently to be supplemented by five-franc pieces, contributed by Mr. Bailly in return for articles written by members of the Conference for his newspaper.

The first assembly of the second session, in November, after the holidays, was held in a room, 11 Place de l'Estrapade, lent by Mr. Bailly, the *Tribune Catholique* having amalgamated with another religious journal. Ten new members were received, several of them fresh from the Oratorian college of Juilly.

The meetings continued regularly on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, and were very animated and interesting, each member having much to tell regarding his poor friends. In December, a Secretary, Mr. Chaurand, and a book of minutes, began to dignify the proceedings. A high compliment was paid to the Society, about this time, by several of its members being invited to be distributors of municipal poor-relief; two of them, indeed, in 1836, became administrators or overseers.

Early in their second session, Mr. Bailly recommended the Conference to work more closely in concert with the clergy of its parish, and the Secretary thenceforth waited regularly upon the Curé of St. Etienne on the morning of the day of meeting, so as to get from him new cases and various advice for consideration that evening.

Notwithstanding the simplicity and humility of their proceedings, it is clear that the young men working under Mr. Bailly represented the highest Catholic intelligence of their day; for in January, 1834, Ozanam, Lamache, and Lallier were received by Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, to consult with him regarding some suggestions of theirs, which may be said to have originated the famous Lenten sermons of Notre-Dame; it was they who selected the first preachers: Lacordaire, Bautain and others. From these sermons the zealous students expected that many young men of the Quartier Latin would derive profit, and they were probably not disappointed; at all events their apostolic zeal seemed to win new graces for their conference, and the fire of Christian love

and piety there burnt still more hotly.

From the commencement of its meetings, the Conference had put itself under the protection of St. Vincent of Paul, but on the 4th of February, 1834, they more solemnly chose him for their patron, adding to the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" the prayer "Sancte Vincenti a Paulo, ora pro nobis," and determining to celebrate his feast regularly on the 19th of July. On this occasion also, on the motion of Ozanam, the Society determined to be faithful sons of Mary—to keep the feast of the Immaculate Conception, (though that dogma had not yet been defined,) and to add an Ave Maria to the conference prayers.

On Sunday, April 13th, 1834, the Conference assisted at the Translation of St. Vincent of Paul's relics, and had the happiness of beholding the body of their holy patron and kissing his feet. In May, at the request of Sœur Rosalie, several brothers commenced teaching young working-men in the Rue de Vaugirard, where the congregation de St. Vincent de Paul, at this day, has its noviciate and its great Patronage for working-boys,* and three poor children were supported by the Conference at 11 Rue des Fossés Saint-Jacques. By the close of April, the Conference had so much increased that it had become more like a public meeting than a circle of intimate friends, and a new work — the evangelization of the Reformatory in the rue des Grés — must have required more special attention to details than could be obtained in a large assembly.

Ozanam, Devaux and Lallier saw, therefore, a necessity of dividing their Brotherhood into sections, and were confirmed in their intention by Mr. Curnier, of Nimes, expressing his purpose of founding a Branch-Conference in his own town. This second year, several of the Brothers who remained in Paris kept up the visits to the poor, and the weekly meetings through the whole summer vacation.

In November, a number of young students from Lyons, friends of Ozanam, brought the Conference up to one hundred members. and its operations became still more unwieldy, and its meetings exceedingly long. The members, however, had been so long accustomed to rely upon the wisdom of their president, Mr. Bailly, that they doubted the success of a second Conference under any other leader. Nevertheless, at the end of a very long debate, at the moment when the stroke of midnight announced the dawn of the year 1835, this tried friend and adviser, in a somewhat anxious speech, professed himself unable any longer to guide the work of so large a body, and, on the 27th of January, it was arranged that the Conference should be divided into two sections, which should independently attend to ordinary cases, but meet together whenever there was any new work to be undertaken or new members to be elected. On the 24th of February, 1835, the Conference met for the first time in two sections, occupying separate rooms in the usual house, Mr. Bailly retaining the title of President of both sections, but represented in the chair by Ozanam in the one, and Levassor in the other — under the title of Vice-Presidents. Levassor appears, however, to have been called away from Paris before he could commence his duties, and was succeeded by Leprevost. Now for the first time, relief-tickets were printed for the Society, those of Sœur Rosalie having hitherto continued in use.

* The Congregation de S. V. de Paul (not to be confounded with "*the Society*") is an order of priests and lay-brethren, founded in the year 1845 by M. le Prevost, mentioned in this article, which is distinguished by its zeal for the working-classes, and its sympathetic co-operation with charitable laymen. A branch of it under Father Pichon, at 10 Manor Street, Ardwick, Manchester, has charge of the Catholic Street-Arabs in that city.

According to the new arrangement the two sections, after allotment of tickets, had to meet every time in the Amphitheatre or Lecture Hall, to make the money-collection and discuss special business. In this way, the evening's work appears to have again become very long, and some members living at a distance, whose time was limited, took occasion to obtain leave to meet in a third section, May 25th, 1835, at the house of Mr. Clavé, 20 rue du Faubourg du Roule, under the chairmanship of Mr. Catruffo. A new member of this Conference proposed that all those belonging to it, should join the Living Rosary, the only Catholic Society of which he had previous experience, but the full liberty of the Brothers as regards their private devotions was vindicated on this occasion. On June 30th, another member, who represented he had three friends ready to work with him, begged leave to start a fourth section in the Bonne Nouvelle Parish. His request was granted, and his three friends elected members at once, so that operations might begin. The four sections kept the feast of St. Vincent together in the Lazarist chapel, rue de Sèvres, attending Mass and Vespers, a general meeting, and in the evening a charitable lottery. During this session, the Society founded a Library and a *Vestiaire*, or Clothing Committee, for the poor. On the 30th of March, at the instance of Mr. Rainneville, it commenced patronage work by drawing up a list of good Catholic masters willing to receive apprentices. On the 15th of April, the Brothers of the Ecole Chrétienne sought and obtained the assistance of two members of the Society for their night classes; and on May 28th, they enlisted members to perform the more arduous task of making edifying speeches to the working-people, whom they had enrolled in a Sunday evening music-class. During 1835 the number of orphan children in the Society's Home rose to twenty.

It is a proof of the interest French school-boys took in the charitable proceedings of their school-fellows, that on June 16th, 1835, a sum of 250 francs was sent to the Society in Paris, principally from the boys at the colleges Stanislaus and Juilly.

At the end of this year, the number of members elected since the beginning was 250, and Mr. Bailly felt sanguine concerning the stability of the Society, and deemed it time to put its rules into a written form. The task fell to Lallier, but Mr. Bailly added some prefatory remarks.

The whole was read for the first time to the Brothers at a general Assembly on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and its spirit, which in fact was the spirit of St. Vincent of Paul, on whose writings it had been based, insured it a sympathetic reception and a complete and cordial acceptance. By the new constitution promulgated on this occasion, Mr. Bailly took the name of President General of the Society, Le Prevost, Vice-President General, Brac de la Perrière and Devaux being Secretary and Treasurer General. The four Paris Conferences were now styled St. Sulpice, Philippe de Roule, Bonne Nouvelle and St. Etienne-du-Mont, over which latter the celebrated Ozanam presided. The members of the St. Sulpice Conference which met at 7 o'clock, often paid a visit to the St. Etienne-du-Mont Conference before going home. In 1836 the number of poor orphans having again considerably increased, a new Orphanage Home in the Rue Copeau was provided for them, under the management of M. Kerguelen; Ozanam and half-a-dozen other brothers taught them, and a Patronage was commenced by the reception on Sundays of working-youths, for whom a dinner was provided, together with amusements of various kinds.

By the commencement of 1837, Provincial Conferences were estab-

lished at Nimes, Lyons, Rennes and Nantes, all of which corresponded regularly with the General Council of Paris.

The above details are chiefly extracted from a paper lately contributed to the French Bulletin de la Société de St. Vincent de Paul, by one of its first members. They give a very fair idea of the simplicity and modesty which has always characterized its proceedings. And a continuation of the little history they inaugurate may be found in the life and letters of the celebrated A. F. Ozanam, down to 1852. They show also that the patronage work commenced in England five years ago, was indeed one of the earliest works of St. Vincent of Paul Brothers. The humble little French Society at this day has spread into all countries of the world and collects annually about £300,000 in money, besides relief of other kinds. But alms are perhaps the least of the benefits Catholic society derives from it.

Far more important are the spirit of piety it nurtures amongst its members, their love of holy poverty and their zeal for the moral protection of educated young men; and far more important than alms are the consolations, the encouragements and the edification the poor receive from the visits of its brethren, and the care bestowed on their neglected children.

Y. Z., *in Catholic Progress.*

Irishmen in "Far Foreign Lands."

THE Emperor FRANCIS the First of Austria, as Mr. LENEHAN, in his history of Limerick, well points out, declared that: "The more Irish officers there are in the Austrian service the better; an Irish crowd is an uncommon character, and what the natives of Ireland even dislike from principle they generally perform from a desire of glory."

The Emperor JOSEPH of Austria wrote, the day before he died, to the son of an Irish exile, the famous Marshal DE LACY, a letter which is the most splendid testimony that ever Emperor offered to his subject. It runs thus in English — the translation being that of a distinguished Irish officer in the service of Russia:

"Vienna, February 19, 1790.

"MY DEAR MARSHAL LACY — I behold the moment which is to separate us approaching with hasty strides. I should be very ungrateful, indeed, if I left this world without assuring you, my dear friend, of that lively gratitude on which you have so many claims, and which I have had the pleasure of acknowledging in the face of the whole world. YES, YOU CREATED MY ARMY! To you It is indebted for its credit and its consideration. *If I be anything, I owe it to you.* The trust I could repose in your advice under every circumstance; your unbroken attachment to my person, which never varied; your success in the Field as well as in the Council, are so many grounds, my dear Marshal, which render it impossible for me sufficiently to express my thanks. . . . I regret nothing in this world but the small number of my friends, amougst whom you certainly are the first. Remember me, re member your sincere friend,

"JOSEPH."

This monument, erected in Vienna to this illustrious son of an Irish exile, driven from his country by English tyranny, puts to shame all the monuments that grimy London possesses.

The Emperor NAPOLEON, immediately after his interview with the Emperor ALEXANDER, addressed a letter to General Count MAURICE LACY, which merits a place beside that of the Emperor JOSEPH: —

"General — Your illustrious master permits me to adress you. Your Country and your Faith have all my sympathies. The noble devotion of Ireland's sons which has produced such sacrifices through so many ages, inspires the hope that you will seek to benefit your country and your faith, and

restore her proscribed sons. Your name will inspire confidence; thousands would flock to your banner, and the ancient enemy of our common faith would be humbled to the wishes of both your royal master and myself. Think of this, and, if favorably, let me hear from you. Accept my high consideration of your renown and your ancestry.

"NAPOLEON."

With these in the present day, we may compare O'DONNEL, MCKENNA, and PRIM, of Spain; MACMAHON, NEILL, O'FARREL, O'MALLEY, and SUTTON DE CLONARD, of France; Field Marshal NUGENT, O'DONNEL, and Count TAAFE (the Premier), of Austria.

Take but in hand the French Army List, and names such as these indicate the abiding vitality of our exiles' renown:

MACDERMOTT, Lieut.-Col. 6th Regiment (Cuirassiers); Cross of the Legion of Honor.

MACQUIN, Sous Intendant Militaire; Cross of the Legion.

MAGIN (three officers).

O'BRIEN, Lieut.-Col. Chasseurs; Cross of the Legion.

O'FARRELL, General of Brigade; Commander of the Legion.

O'CONNOR, Sous-Lieutenant, 9th Regiment, Hussars.

O'GORMAN, Captain 78th Regiment.

LOMBARD, Captain 61st Regiment.

O'KELLY, Con. DENIS JEAN, Captain 1st Line.

O'KELLY, M. L. EUGENE, Captain, Adjutant-Major, 3d. Cuirassiers; Cross of the Legion.

O'GORMAN, 2d Regt. Algerian Tirailleurs.

O'NEIL, ARMAND ARTHUR, Lieut-Col. 120th Regt.

O'NEILL, HENRY FELIX, Sous-Lieut. 7th Chasseurs.

Nor have Republics been less ready than Monarchs to recognize the services that Irish exiles so zealously rendered them. France made MACMAHON her President. America has illumined the names of others on her historical page. Chili acknowledges in O'HIGGINS, her Liberator. To him Chili has erected a noble monument, bearing his illustrious and beloved name. Chili recently sent a man-of-war across the seas, a puzzle to dull English eyes and brains. The London *World*, with an incredible excess of idiocy, describes him as BERNARDO, Marshal O'HIGGINS, Viceroy of Peru, and Captain-General of Chili, originally "Lady BECTIVE's post-boy" — whereas BERNARDO O'HIGGINS, the Liberator and Supreme Director of Chili, was the son of AMBROSE, the Spanish Viceroy. As for the story of the latter having risen from the position of Lady BECTIVE's post-boy, men may ask who were the BECTIVES, but not who were these O'HIGGINS. The innate strength of superiority was in their Irish governers and rulers of men. But the Cockney must learn that the proudest nobility of the Continent looked with respect upon the long descent of the Irish races, and with contempt upon English presumption and assumption.

It is not a vain thing, this glory of the Irish exile, or a thing useless to Ireland. It supplies their country with the irresistible argument that the race which led other lands to prosperity can make the welfare of its own.— *Dublin Nation.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

EVERY man has his trials to bear —
His chain and his clog in this life;
Though to some it seems lighter, while others despair,
And falter and sink in the strife.

Every man has his trials to bear —
A chain and a clog are for all;
And surely 'tis better to raise it with care,
Than drag it behind you and fall.

Every man has his trials to bear —
E'en the king has his clog and his chain;
And, weary life-toilers, 'tis weak to despair —
Take the burden and do not complain.

Every man has his trials to bear,
The chain and the clog none may ban;
Then take up the burden with faith and with prayer,
And bear it as well as you can.

Theophany: "Little Christmas."

On the sixth of January the Church celebrated the manifestation of our Lord to the Gentiles in the person of the three Wise Men, also that at His baptism, and furthermore, His first manifestation of miraculous power in the changing of water to wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The name with which we have begun our article, "Theophany," signifies "manifestation of God," and is that applied by the Greeks, who, however, commemorate the events above mentioned on Christmas Day. As for "Epiphany," it simply means manifestation. According to Papebroke, it was Pope Julius I., in the fourth century, who established the celebration of Christ's birthday and of His manifestation on two separate days. A fragment of Polemeus Sylvius, written in 448, says that the three manifestations of our Lord happened on this day. The first had been foretold by Balaam, the false prophet, when he said, "A star shall rise out of Jacob." (Numb. xxiv. 17.)

THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.

Of the first manifestation (St. Matthew II., 1–13) is as follows: "When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of king Herod, their came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him.' And king Herod hearing this was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him, 'In Bethlehem of Juda: for so it is foretold by the prophet: "And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the captain who shall rule my people Israel." Then Herod privately calling the wise men, learned diligently of them the time of the star when it appeared to them, and sending them into Bethlehem, said, 'Go and diligently inquire after the Child; and when you have found Him, bring me word, that I also may come and adore Him.' Who having heard the king, went their way; and behold the star which they had seen in the East, went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary His Mother, and falling down they adored Him: and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts,—gold, frankiucense, and myrrh. And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country."

The Magi, or wise men, are generally called "the three kings," but it is most probable that they were governors or petty princes. As can be seen above, their number is not given in the Gospel, but tradition has it that they were three. Yet in very old pictures we find four represented, and even only two — two on each side, or one on each side of the central group formed by the Holy Family. Thus it would seem that the painters simply followed out their ideas of symmetry.

"THE EAST"

has been variously uuderstood as Persia, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, and Arabia Felix, and each of the interpreters gives very good reasons for preferring some one of these places. As for the Star, Alban Butler says: "This phenomenon could not have been a real star, that is one of the

fixed, the least or nearest of which is for distance too remote, and for bulk too enormous, to point out any particular house or city like Bethlehem, as St. Chrysostom well observes; who supposes it to have been an angel assuming that form. If of a corporeal nature, it was a miraculous shining meteor, resembling a star, but placed in the lower region of our atmosphere; its motion contrary to the ordinary course of the stars, performing likewise the part of a guide to these travellers; accommodating itself to their necessities, disappearing or returning as they could best or least dispense with its guidance." To return to the Three Kings, for so, like our forefathers we shall call them. Tradition assigns them various names, the most commonly received being,

GASPAR, MELCHIOR, AND BALTHASAR!

And tradition goes on to say that one was a tall old man with long gray beard, the second, middle-aged with pretty full beard, and the third, young and smooth-faced. So too it is said — and they are so represented — that one was white, another yellow-colored, and the third a perfect negro.

"The ancient author of the imperfect comment on St. Matthew, among the works of St. Chrysostom, says, they were first baptized in Persia, by St. Thomas the apostle, and became themselves preachers of the Gospel. Their bodies were said to have been translated to Constantinople under the first Christian emperors. From thence they were conveyed to Milan, where the place in which they were deposited is still shown in the Dominicans' church of that city. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa having taken Milan, caused them to be translated to Cologne in Germany, in the twelfth century."

The mystic significance of the gifts is explained in Bishop Heber's (Protestant) hymn on the Epiphany:

"The Eastern sages wealth dispense,
And to Him presents bring
Of gold, of myrrh, of frankincense,
As God, as man, as king."

Rhetorically considered, the above lines are faulty, otherwise the idea intended to be conveyed is correct. Gold was a suitable gift for royalty; myrrh, used in the embalming of the dead, was significant of mortality; and frankincense, used in Divine worship, a fitting present to Deity.

And now that we have concluded our remarks on the short Scripture narrative of the event which was of such moment to the Gentile race, our ancestors, we come down to later days, and cull from the pages of history a few notes about the celebration of

TWELFTH DAY.

In the Middle Ages, in some churches on the continent of Europe it was the custom to perform on this day a little drama which vividly set forth the incidents connected with the Magi's seeking and finding of Christ. At Soissons a rope was let down from the roof of the church supporting an iron circle around whose circumference were arranged seven tapers, the whole emblematic of the mighty star which appeared to the Wise Men.

In Staffordshire, England, this star is commemorated by a huge fire lighted on the eve of Twelfth Day.

In Ireland, at least in the county of Westmeath, as Sir Henry Piers wrote in 1682, "On Twelve-Eve in Christmas, they used to set up as high as they can a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of candles set around, and in the centre one large one, all lighted. This in memory of our Saviour and his Apostles, lights of the world." In Gloucestershire, probably in the same spirit, the people build twelve small and one large fire on Twelfth Day. In the Southhams of Devonshire, they "wassail" the apple-trees. The farmer, accompanied by his family, goes out with a huge pitcher of cider, and all encircle an

old tree, singing this toast three times:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
Whence thou mayst bud and whence thou mayst blow!
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel — bushel — sacks full!
And my pockets full too! Huzza!"

Then the contents of the pitcher are poured over the tree. Similar customs and similar rhymes exist elsewhere in England, and there are people superstitious enough to believe that if they were dispensed with, the trees would not bear during the coming year.

Another Twelfth-Day custom which was observed in Germany, the universities of England, and principally in France, was the electing of the king of the bean. In Normandy, where it is carried on to this day, the manner of procedure is as follows: A cake was baked, with a bean in it. A little boy was put under the table, where he could not see the cake and the question was put him, "Fabe Domini pour qui?" (The Lord's bean for whom?) He replied, "Pour le bon Dieu." (For the good God.) A cut was made and this piece set aside for the "bon Dieu." Then in succession he answered, by giving the names of the company, and, whoever got the piece with the bean in, was proclaimed "Roi de la Feve," (King of the Bean,) and then he took his place at the head of the table, and all had to do him reverence. Whenever he drank to the health of the company it was the signal for the general cry of "Le Roi boit" (the king drinks). Should the bean appear in the slice set apart for the "bon Dieu," the guests drew straws for the throne and sceptre.

Some think that this custom is a relic of the Roman Saturnalia, wherein the children elected a king by lots — beans being the dice, if we may so call them, that were cast. Others again would have it that it is akin to the Roman gentlemen's custom, described by Horace, of electing at their banquets a "Rex Convivii" (king of the "boys") also called "Arbiter Bibendi" (referee of the drinks).

Be that as it may, we'll listen to Robert Herrick, a sort of Horace in his way, as he lays down the rules for

TWELVE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport here;
Besides we must know
The pea also
Must revell, as queene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king be the lot
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here:

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here
Who unurg'd will not drink
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lamb's-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queene wassailing;
And though with ale ye be whet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

The wassail cup mentioned above, and which figures so largely in Christmas and other feasts, had for chief ingredients, as also explained, ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples. The lines in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" are often quoted on the subject. "Puck the sprite," of whom Tommy Moore has sung in later days, tells of his pranks, and, says he,

"And sometimes I lurk in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, againts her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale."

We shall conclude with some stanzas which appeared in *The Pilot* of the 9th of December, 1871. They were signed "Gaedhail." We believe their chief merit is that they are a pretty faithful translation of the original French.

THE ROYALTY OF THE BEAN.

But yesterday I was a king! This little bean
Proclaimed me such, when found within my cake—
True talisman; and yet 'twas but a dream—
Enchanting dream, from which too soon I wake.

But yesterday I was a king! Alas! on earth
To happiest days God sends a morrow;
The throne, the crown I thought were mine in childish mirth,
Behold them now within my hand' a hollow.

But yesterday I was a king! King of a feast,
Yet still a king — that title I had won;
I surely felt the joy and pride it brings, at least:
Then I was lord of all — and now of none.

I was a king! King of a day, king of an hour,
King of a moment — chosen, too, by lot;
True royalty; whilst passing I have grasped at pow'r,
Without attaining, for God willed it not.

May God be pleased that at my last dread hour supreme,
I, uncrowned king, whom Faith a throne can bring,
At last be crowned with an eternal diadem
At His great feast, where each one is a king.

The Islands of Oceanica.

SOME most important details of the missions of that far Pacific are given by the Vicar-Apostolic of Central Oceanica, in describing the Catholic Missions under his care. He speaks of Wallis, one of the Navigator Islands, as "entirely Catholic." "In all Oceanica the churches of Wallis are spoken of as a wonder. St. Joseph's, at Mua, is 60 feet broad and 180 feet long; its walls 28 feet high, and its steeple 120 feet. Admirable are its long ogival windows, its bold timber roof, and its solid buttresses. Our Lady of Matautu is less graceful, but more imposing, with its vast transept and massive tower. The church of Lano is a true collegiate structure, with a vast sanctuary, a choir with fifty places for other pupils, two sacristies, and two side-chapels." A fourth church on Wallis is rebuilding. "On feast-days," continues the Vicar-Apostolic, "these churches, vast as they are, are too small; for the whole population assist at the offices, singing in unison the prayers, hymns, and canticles. At the close of the Jubilee, at Mua, we gave Communion to 1,050 persons; in the other parishes there was the same affluence. In 1880 the number of Communions amounted to 24,354." The report says of the Seminary: "Our predecessors were convinced that European missioners would never suffice to evangelize all our islands, and that native priests living in community, and under our direction, would become necessary. Hence Bishop Bataillon founded the seminary of Lano. It now has forty-two students; eight from twenty to twenty-three years of age, eight from seventeen to twenty; the others younger. In examinations they translated, *Ad aperturam libri*, several pages of the Bible, and of Grand Claud's philosophy." There are in Wallis twenty-two native nuns. All this, says a Protestant contemporary, is only a sample of the way in which Catholic Christianity is gaining a strong hold on hundreds of islands in the South Seas.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY has been fruitful indeed for the Church; the list of the venerable servants of God, whose cause of beatification and canonization has been introduced before the Congregation of Rites, contains 201 names, of which 168 are those of martyrs. Eighty of these belong to Corea, 44 to Tonkin, 29 to Italy, 22 to France, 10 to China, 9 to Cochinchina, 5 to Spain, 1 to Austria, and 1 to Poland. The Dominicans head the list among the religious with 20, the Franciscans follow with 17, and the Foreign Missions with 14.

A Valiant Woman.

Mrs. Frances Allonby Sumner, who departed this life at Allonby, Talbot Co., Maryland, on the 11th of October, at the venerable age of eighty-two, was truly a valiant woman, whose bright example should not be lost. She was a convert to our holy Faith, and experienced all the trials and endured all the sacrifices which form the base of every true conversion, and which are ever the earthly portion of those who embrace the "foolishness of the Cross." Mrs. Sumner was born June 20, 1800, in the city of Baltimore, where her father, Mr. John Steele, was a leading merchant. His wife was the sister of one of the most prominent men of his day, Henry Payson. He was a Unitarian; and it was by his means and influence that the church of that denomination in Baltimore was built, in which there is a memorial bust of him in marble. Having no children, he adopted his favorite niece, Miss Steele, on the death of her father. At the age of eighteen she married Henry P. Sumner, of Roxbury, Mass. Left a widow, with a large family, at the age of thirty-eight, she turned to religion for comfort in her affliction, and sought in vain in Unitarianism for the divine support she needed. Sincere and earnest in her desire for truth, she began a course of reading under an eminent Episcopal clergyman, thinking the solution of the great question might be found in the Church of England; but her clear understanding and unbiased mind worked out from that labyrinth of doubt and darkness; turning away from the sophistries of heresy and the seductions of wordly influence and argument, she came with the simplicity of a little child into that glorious fold promised to those who seek it "in spirit and in truth."

The devout faith and conduct of her Catholic servants first led her to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church; and once convinced of its authority, neither alienation of friends nor derision of relatives deterred her from hearkening to the voice of the Good Shepherd. He deigned to dissipate every vestige of doubt in His Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, which was her chief stumbling-block, by the apparition of a blood-red Host during Benediction, when raising her eyes, she begged God to enlighten her mind and remove all uncertainty. From that moment her faith never wavered.

Mrs. Sumner's uncle declared that not one cent of his property should ever go to a Catholic; and though his native justice led him, in behalf of her youngest children, to retract that decision, still she lost her inheritance, and with it the confidence, interest and affection of a large circle of influential friends, who considered that she had disgraced herself and them by becoming "a Papist." One by one her children followed her example; two sons entered the Society of Jesus, and a beautiful daughter joined the Sisters of Mercy. Only two were left, — Mrs. Williams, a widow, and Mrs. H. S. Bradford, wife of the nephew of ex-President Davis.

Patient under every trial, bright and cheerful through every dispensation of Providence, Mrs. Sumner was the light and life of the home circle, of which she was the central figure; and retained all the vivacity, the innocence, the freshness of thought and feeling, which constitute the value of youth and are the crown and glory of age. She was a lady of the "old school"; her genial manner and gift of conversation made her the admiration of strangers and the treasured companion and friend of her immediate circle. She was ever ready to sympathize with and console those

who were in trouble, or who needed advice. Her zeal for religion, her fervent piety, her unfailing charity, and beautiful acceptance of the sufferings of her earthly pilgrimage, were edifying proofs of her love of God. Of her it might be truly said: She kept herself "unspotted from the world."

Mrs. Sumner's eldest son, Rev. John S. Sumner, S. J., a noble priest, who died at Gonzaga College, Washington, preceded her to the grave by nearly two years, and by his loss her hold on life was weakened, for she was devotedly attached to him. In the record of her days, neither idle words nor idle hours found place; and she was taken, in the midst of unbroken usefulness and unimpaired powers of thought and action, from the home she brightened and the hearts who cherished her, — whose treasure and comfort and delight and consolation she was. She died after a brief illness, leaving an example of virtue in the memory of her beautiful life that blossoms from the dust into the flower and fragrance of eternal beatitude.

One of Ireland's Claims to Christian Charity.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessey, Dubuque, Iowa.

That claim is founded chiefly on the services which Ireland rendered to religion on the continent of Europe for several centuries, and especially during the sixth and seventh centuries. To appreciate these services it would be necessary to know the condition of religion at the time of which I speak, and the ability and willingness of Ireland to work for that portion of the fold, known as Europe. You all know how thoroughly and completely Ireland was converted. The island was covered with monasteries by lake and river. Montalembert said that these monasteries dotting the surface of Ireland were the most numerous in any portion of Christendom. Columdra or St. Columbkill,

THE APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND

and the Hebrides, is said to have governed from Iona fifty-eight monasteries in Ireland, all of them being almost exclusively in the province of Uister. From this it may be judged of the number of monasteries in Ireland. Three or four thousand monks lived together in a monastery to which was attached a school which several thousand pupils attended. At one monastery in Armagh seven thousand pupils were in attendance at one time. A monastery was not then as nowadays, a mere edifice, it was a monastic city containing from 5,000 to 10,000 people. Why or how could the island supply so many monks? To answer this question it would be necessary to refer to Divine Providence. It was the work of God. In no part of the world could the work of missionaries be better done than in Ireland. Irish society was composed of clans, and each clan was governed by a chieftain. It often happened that when the chieftain became converted, he also went into a monastery. As the members of the clan followed him on his warring expeditions before, so they often followed him into the monastery. The chieftain became the abbot, the head of the clan the head of the monastery. As in the State the nephew or cousin of the chieftain succeeded to the position after death so it was in the monastery. All Columbkill's eleven successors, with but one exception, came from the same family descendants of Niall of the Nine Hostages. The possessions of the clan became the possessions of the

monastery. These possessions carefully guarded and nurtured, increased,

NUMEROUS DONATIONS

were received and thus the monasteries became very wealthy, and thus formed the groundwork for that genuine Irish hospitality which, even in those days, was celebrated all over the world. The inhabitants of the monasteries included all classes. There were professors of theology and philosophy, historians and poets, architects, painters, metallurgists and caligraphers employed in the monasteries. As teachers these monks were unexcelled, and all Europe flocked to the feet of those Irish monks for religious and worldly instructions. The monks copied the gospels from the Latin and Greek manuscripts. They copied the pagan classes. The oldest extant copy of Horace, which has been lately found in a museum of Berne, in Switzerland, has been discovered to be the transcript of an Irish monk. In those days Ireland had a system of free schools, such as the world never saw before, and has never seen since. There were not only free lectures, but the manuscripts, the work of the monks, were free to the pupils for use, there was free board and free lodging. Whatever the ecclesiastics of Britain may have done in the conversion of that country, Ireland's monks can claim their share of the credit. Columbkill did for Scotland and the Hebrides, the monks of Ireland did for England. St. Augustine, who is honored as the apostle of England, was sent to England by Gregory the Great. His mission in that country was almost a failure, and would have been such had it not been that

THE MONKS OF IONA

came on and labored in the field. Of all the kingdoms of the heptarchy established by the barbarian conquerors of Britain, only one of them, and that the smallest — Kent — was converted by St. Augustine. Four others, comprising over two-thirds of the population of the country, were converted by Irish missionaries, there being two others converted, the Irish and Roman missionaries claiming an equal share of the credit. When Ireland had her free schools, the merchant ship arrived at her ports laden with pupils, and other ships departed laden with missionaries for the Continent. Such was Ireland then, an island of monasteries and of saints. What was the condition of society and religion in Europe at that time? It was wretched in the extreme. When Constantine granted freedom to the church, when emperors sat in the church's councils, and when bishops were called in to council with the king, there was a union of church and state, disastrous as all unions have been. It was a terrible misfortune to the church, and surely brought no good to the state. Protectors of the faithful in name were persecutors in reality. Laws made by one ruler against the Schismatics and Heresiarchs were rigorously enforced by another ruler against orthodox, and five hundred bishops led astray by a tyrant who had dabbled in theology, anathematized the pope. Never had the church

BRIGHTER NAMES AND BRIGHTER PAGES

in its history, but never had it so little virtue in the body of the Church. The Church has passed through many trials, has been compromised and betrayed by unworthy ministers, but has never yet since that time stood so near the precipice, over which God has said it never shall fall. If such was the condition of society and religion, both degenerate, little good could come of the countries in which degeneracy flourished. Society, Christian in name, was pagan in reality. People still held to the pagan customs. The old despotism survived, and the Roman citizens became the veriest hypocrites. A series of persecutions, rivalled only

by the present rack rent system in Ireland, was practised. Torture was employed to collect the taxes. The insolvent was cast into prison, and he and his wife publicly scourged and his children sold into slavery. Society was corrupt. There was venom in its touch. The Church was split in twain. Then came the barbarians. The inhabitants of the vast countries north of the Danube, east of the Rhine, and stretching out to the White Sea and the Volga, were filled with fierce nomadic tribes, who while continually fighting among themselves, were constantly moved down on the barriers of the Roman Empire. Led by such generals as Genseric, Alaric, and Attila, they spread desolation through the countries on their route. They swept over Europe, and falling upon the degenerate Romans routed their legions, and these wolves of the north having devoured all of Southern Europe, swept eastward and stopped to drink at the Euphrates. The country through which their path led seemed as though the ocean had burst its bonds and swept over it; then came in contact with the Roman civilization and profited not, nor improved by it. There seemed no check to their advance. Physical force embodied in Rome's legions was beaten. There were no men to go through the forests and

LIVE WITH THESE BARBARIANS.

There were none in the Roman Empire. Asia had fallen already into the depths of degradation, darkness and death where it has been for one thousand years. There were none in Italy, in France, or in Spain, and not in Britain. There was an island in the Western wave, where no Roman proctor ever stood, and where Roman degeneracy did not spread its corruption, an island filled with monasteries.

Here the lecturer described how the Irish missionaries went out over the continent and spread the gospel. He said Germany honors 150 Irish saints; France, 45; England, 44; Scotland, 22; Belgium, 30; Iceland and Norway, 15. The lecturer then went on to describe the work of St. Columbanus in France and Italy, and showed how many good results had followed from the work done by Columbanus, among other great results being the repulse of the Saracens from Spain. Altogether the lecturer summed up a great many reasons why Christian charity should be extended to Ireland.

Ireland's Native Tongue.

THE German loves his native land, and in his native tongue
His sweetest songs on every strand in praise of her are sung;
The same soft words the Frenchman hears beneath his native vines,
As sweet and pure may greet his ears amid Canadian pines.

Come whence they may — Pole, Swede, or Swiss, and wheresoe'er they roam
Each exiled wanderer still holds this memorial of his home,
All, all save one, he brings it not, and yet in sweeter tongue
Than his love's art was never taught, and song was never sung.

Alas, his language lives no more in cot or kingly hall,
Though once 'twas known all Europe o'er, and honored first of all.
Why has it died? was love and pride unknown its quartian's heart?
Go ask the hills his heart's blood dyed ere he from it would part.

When freedom first, at slavery's birth, from his fair valleys flew,
'Twas made a crime to hold his faith, to shield its teachers true.
Or speak the tongue his father spoke,—but ah, though tyrant's art
May bow the body with the yoke, it cannot change the heart.

A Nation's heart's a casket rare, but meet for gem so pure,
And, oh, the shamrock, fresh and fair, has not a hold more sure
On Erin's soil.— God send the day when Erin's homes among
Naught shall be heard in tale or lay but Erin's native tongue.

IF you wish to make a cake which will keep well, use the yolks of eggs only; they make it more moist and less liable to dry than whites do.

New Year's Eve in the Old Church Tower.

In the little town of Schakemswitz, which is not exactly on the Rhine, the crankiest, surliest, and least good-for little man of all who abode therein, was Elp Verren the sexton. Not one ever got, in the memory of man, a civil answer to a civil question from the same Elp. When he waited at the church door for a wedding party, he was in his worst humor, and scowled at everybody. When he had to dig a grave he was as merry as a cricket. Nobody liked to meet Elp Verren the first thing in a morning; and a ghost would be as welcome the last thing at night. He never seemed to be on good terms with himself, and he was certainly on bad terms with everybody else. He lived in a corner of the old tower of the ruined monastery in the churchyard, a vicious cat and a snarling cur enjoying the possession of the same chamber with him. Winter and summer, for years, Elp Verren had gone on thus, a dry and withered piece of humanity, and on the New Year's Eve in whose last hours we introduce him to our readers, he was sitting with his dog and his cat, one on each side of him, at the fire in his chamber.

"Them bell-ringers," said Elp Verren, "will be pulling the jangling things just now, for it is near midnight, I know by the stars, as the Plough fronts my window. Wish the tower would fall right away down on them."

Elp snarled like his own little dog, and showed his teeth with as vicious a grin at the notion of the peal of bells coming down on the bell-ringers in their joy.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed Elp, tickled strangely in his fancy, "ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang down the old tower into the vaults where the dead lay, out from the stony ruins, and back again in the echoes; "ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang on each side of Elp, and he looked at his dog, and he looked at his cat, to see were they repeating the same cacchination. But the cat began to wash her face in most cat-like manner, and the dog looked into the fire for his bare life.

"You didn't laugh?" said Elp, nervous for the first time in his existence, and committing the foolish act of questioning his canine and feline companions.

"You didn't laugh, did you?"

"Catch us at it," said the dog and the cat together. "Ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang down the vaults, out from the ruins, and into the chamber. "Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"I have done wrong to have wished anybody ill," said Elp Verren, somewhat frightened.

"You've been going wrong a long time, Elp," said the dog and the cat together. "That little error isn't new to you; but catch us all laughing all the time, you know!"

Again echoed the peals of disagreeable laughter down through the old tower, until they appeared to come back hoarsely from its very foundation, and resounded again through the dim chamber, until all the air shook with their vibration. Elp caught a strange desire to laugh too, and joined the hideous chorus. Suddenly he ceased, and the laughter around ceased as suddenly. Elp Verren looked about to see if he had any other companions besides his usual ones, and seeing none, he looked at his dog and cat, to detect them in their cacchinations; but a more sober pair of domestic animals, to all appearance, never sat before a fire. The cat purring and the dog dozing, as cats and dogs of agreeable manner should do.

The burning wood was flickering and flaring, and nothing met the old man's eyes to cause him any uneasiness. Still the uneasiness was in his thoughts, for Elp's conscience, like that of every other man once awakened, was by no means easily put to rest.

"It is very strange," said Elp, "but I'd swear they had a mouth in the guffaw; and yet look at them now; no one would ever think a smile crossed that dog's countenance, or wrinkled the ugly lips of that tom cat; but I know what I'll do — I'll hang the dog and drown the cat the first thing to-morrow, if I live."

"He'll hang you," said the cat.

"He'll drown you," said the dog.

"Ho! ho! ho ho!" the demoniac laughter rang out again, and went its usual course out of the room into the vaults, and up again through the chamber.

"The first thing to-morrow if he lives," they continued together.

Now there is no one would feel happy to find a dog talking one side, and a cat joining in the other side of him. And Elp Verren thought of making a rush for the chamber door, and flying from such a place of unhallowed noises and speeches; but when Elp endeavored to rise, he found himself perfectly incapable to move a limb, and the laughter went its usual round of peals, as if there were forty clowns, and any number of pantomimes, in full operation before delighted audiences.

"What a fool Elp Verren is to think he will live till to-morrow," pursued the strange talkers.

"The hands of the clock are going to the last hour of the old year, and before the new begins, if there is no one who will pray for the safety of Elp Verren, we will do our duty, and make no mistake about it either!"

Elp heard the sentence thus uttered, and a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and fell in large drops down his hands clasped before him. The dog grew large as a lion beside him, and the cat seemed bigger than the biggest tiger. The sight did not at all alleviate the sexton's excited spirits, the more so as his chances of existence were limited to such a condition as that mentioned by his unpleasant companions.

"Ho, ho! Master Elp," said the pair, "ho ho! You have kept no companions but us, for many a long year. Envy and Ill-will you called us, and you called us aright. We have been beside you at your hearth, we have been beside you at your going forth, we have been beside you at your coming home; step by step we walked with you wherever you went. Us you fed, and us you cherished of all things, and now we do the work of so fond a master unless you find a saving prayer before thirty minutes sweep away. But of course some one or other will pray for you. Won't they, Elp?"

Again those worthies repeated their laughter, for the notion of any one praying for Elp seemed too good a joke not to enjoy it. The laughter grew redoubled, until there seemed a thousand voices joining in its fearful revelry; and not a spot in the room, not the breadth of a pin's point seemed without a special laughter yelling out the horrid mirth which shook the echoes. As for Elp Verren, horrified and appalled, the dreadful satire conveyed in the words fell upon him like remorse. Elp never did a kindly act since he was a boy, and it was with a dread, despairing feeling, he recalled the reflection. He had rejoiced in his unkindness to his species, he had mocked at their pain, and scorned their sorrow. When woe or want fell upon his neighbors, Elp laughed grimly. When sickness or death made desolation amongst them, Elp rejoiced. When the aged and feeble asked him for charity, Elp spurned them with a curse. When the young and helpless besought his compassion, Elp drove them from him with a threat. On earth their was no one who would

kneel for Elp Verren, and he had long ceased to ask a boon of heaven. The sexton thought his case over, and this was the point his thinking came to — he had no chance of a prayer to save him, and there were only thirty minutes to his existence remaining.

"Not thirty minutes, Elp," said the fiends behind him, replying to his thought, "not thirty minutes. You will find it considerably less. You have been thinking, Master Elp, you have been thinking, and we have been laughing, but never give it up so soon, twenty minutes are a long time; oh, dear, bless you, yes! Twenty minutes are yours yet. Why, all the people in Schakemswitz will be down on their knees for you, before the bell-ringers begin their noise. Everybody prays for such a good man as you, Elp, such a kind man, such a generous creature. We'll have our joke, you know, but there's not the slightest use in being frightened; you were never frightened; other people might, but you weren't."

It was a curious thing, Elp observed, for in all his horror he could not avoid observing, that although the pair of visible companions he had, spoke together, there was only one voice between them. The curiosity of the thing, though, was not pleasing. Elp Verren would rather they had possessed a voice each.

"Droll rogue you are," they went on. "You have saved money, Elp — a good deal of money for your receipts, and some one will be praying for you when it is found out, but that won't take place by twelve to-night, nor by twelve to-morrow night either. Some one may take courage to search when you're buried, for they know you're a close fellow. You'll be prayed for, no doubt you will."

One fact seemed to be clear to the terrified listener, that those conversational characters knew the weak points of the chances, and put them in an insinuating manner, which was anything but encouraging. Now, Elp had threatened a little child with the house of correction that very morning for asking him for an alms, and imploring a blessing for him at the same time, and the little creature ran away crying. Elp watched him, and saw him go into a miserable tumble-down house, where his mother, a widow, had got leave to take shelter until the builder was prepared to knock it down and commence another; and Elp laughed when it occurred, to think how completely he had prevented him from begging by his harsh refusal. If the little child were near Elp now, he should have had thousands of groschen and welcome, for a prayer — one breath of his lips — one sigh from his little heart. Elp had lost this chance clearly, and like many another in the same position, lamented it when too late. The hoard he had saved would have preserved his life, and soul, too, perhaps, in this strait twenty hundred times over, and there it lay unutilized, whilst death was approaching him. The gold which he had pinched himself to accumulate out of very spite, that any one should enjoy the benefit, or the pleasure which might be obtained from its use, would soon be lying a prey to the most daring plunderer amongst the scamps of Schakemswitz. Elp Verren began to think what a fool he was to have hoarded the yellow dross for such a use; for the criminal who would curse him for his thrift, would fling his thalers about in cafés and low gambling-houses, and places of debauchery, and add an imprecation on his head where it lay, to make its pain more woful. Elp would have given every grain of the coveted metal for an opportunity to bestow upon the little hungry child whom he had frightened away in the morning, one hearty meal; but he would have yielded up his existence for one whole day of life to dispose of the coins he had gathered, so as to make one poor, miserable family happy for the rest

of existence. He spoke: "I will come back to you," said Elp, "in twenty minutes, if you let me go down to the widow Gedschen, and leave the money inside her door. I don't want to be saved from death, and I won't let myself be seen, lest she might pray for me. I only ask to face eternity with one good action on my memory. I only want to feel in my heart the joy of a kindly, human, and holy deed, and I will die as is decreed at your hands, then."

"Well, now, Elp, this really is ungrateful — wanting to leave us for the first occasion in our long connection," uttered the curious pair of the one voice; "besides you have the most strange notions of time ever we knew you to possess before. Why, a good five minutes are gone since you were becoming charitable, and virtuous, and disinterested, and you have just fifteen minutes longer to live, according to the big clock in the tower face. The thing can't be done, Elp; we'd be happy to oblige you, but certainly not that far. O dear, not at all!" The clamor of the horrid laughter again greeted on his ear, and roused the echoes of the old place.

"Is there no mercy in ye?" said Elp, "demons that ye are! Is there no mercy, that ye mock me thus in pain, agony, and fear, as I am, but fifteen minutes for me to live, and I must face judgment; minutes that whirl by so fast, that to me it seems the least part of a second was longer when time was less precious than now."

"You never knew the value of time, Elp, or of opportunity either, when you held both as you willed. We are not accountable that we know the value of ours, and you may be sure that we will lose neither. But man, don't be nervous. You'll be saved by some of the prayers we expect to be offered up for such an affable benefactor every minute by the people lodged by your bounty — fed by your labor, and rendered happy by your toil through so many years. It will be all right yet, and you'll go down and order the bell-ringers a pleasant supper after their merry peal—if you're prayed for, you know. That's a very easy condition of safety for you. Why its only a pleasant joke for you, — that's all."

Elp bowed down his head on his hands, hopeless and helpless, as he heard the horrid sound once more which formed a chorus to every speech of the fiends beside him. The reality of his fate grew more intense, as the consciousness of the approach of midnight forced itself upon him, in the flight of each second, and the muscles of his frame contracted and relaxed in a species of convulsion, which might well seem to him the commencement of the death throes. He raised his head with an effort, and turned his glance toward the lanceolated window of the chamber, and looked out. The last star of the seven of the Plough just showed itself at the edge of the casement, gleaming brilliantly ere it disappeared from the point of view in which Elp sat and beheld it. Strange shadowy shapes growing out of the darkness in which the subsiding blaze of embers on the hearth left the room, seemed to approach and retire from him, and the one feeling of terror dominated the cowering man, until, fearful to look around him more, he bent down his head and attempted to pray. But the effort was vain, the words would not shape themselves to his lips, nor would his thought await the words. He could think of nothing but his appalling situation. His expressions became incoherent ravings of fear; his ideas became images of fear, any movements he made were contortions of fear, and the soul of the stricken being seemed possessed of nothing else.

"Pray away, Elp," said the voice again; "pray away, Elp, you have ten minutes for the work; and as it is a long time since you did anything

that way, you'll be very fresh at it now. You haven't exactly been charitable; you haven't been very kindly or consoling, and ten minutes will give you no opportunity for doing much to prove that you would be if you could from henceforward; but ten minutes will give you a fine opportunity for showing your piety, and of course you'll do it well. You did everything well, Elp, you know!"

With great effort the appalled sexton lifted his head and looked through the darkness. The fire was almost out. Two gigantic outlines raised themselves upon his right and on his left; and from the height to which they rose, the fiery glare of huge burning orbs looked down each side of him. The heart of Elp sunk within him; an ejaculation of mercy broke from his lips — a breath of prayer — and suddenly his spirit became calm, although not a hope of deliverance rose before him.

Clear, as though in the same apartment with himself, he beheld another scene. Beside a truckle-bed stood a little child, whose face Elp recognized as that of the child he had frightened from him with a curse in the morning. A pale woman whose countenance bore the impress of want, undressed the child and laid aside the wretched, but cleanly clothing of the young creature. The lips of the child moved, and Elp heard his voice clear as though it were beside him.

"Joseph not hungry now!" he said. "The crust was good mother gave him."

"Yes, my child," murmured the pale woman.

"And when the New Year comes will some good man give us more bread, mother?" continued the boy, as if referring to a previous portion of the conversation.

"We shall not want, darling," she answered, bending over him; "all are fed from heaven, and it has not forgotten us."

"The bad man that frightens Joseph at the church gate will not be fed from heaven, will he mother?"

"If he is not forgotten there, he will be provided for," replied the Widow Gedschen to her little son.

"I hate the bad wicked man," said the child passionately. "Joseph was hungry and he frightened Joseph. I hate him!" he pursued.

"Oh, my child!" said the mother, as she fondled the fair flaxen head between her hands, "you must not hate those who wrong you. Little as you are, the teaching of the world must not blot out the light of love in which the world lives. You must bless them that hate, pray for them that curse you. Surely Joseph does not forget this."

"No mother! But why should I pray for the bad man? He told me I should go to prison, when I asked him for bread. The bad man; Joseph will not pray for him."

For a moment the sexton felt free from the thought of his fate: but the last words of the child recalled it once more to his mind, and he shuddered and clasped his hands upon his eyes. When he removed them again he was in the darkness of his own chamber; beside him sat the two hideous watchers, and the horrid voice once more grated upon his ear:

"Well, Elp, so the praying won't do either. Well, well! it is a pity the world is so ungrateful, and that men will forget such generous creatures as you. Time is going, though; five minutes are yours yet, and you may use them as you can."

"Five minutes!" ejaculated Elp. "Surely I have longer to live than five minutes!"

"Not a moment longer, Elp. Sorry for it, but it can't be helped. You had a pretty long cord, and you've run the full length of your tether. To convince you, look at the bell-ringers!"

Instantly Elp seemed to stand in the belfry, and, sure enough, there were the seven bell-ringers

waiting for Hans Morritz, the blacksmith, to make up their company. They removed their coats, and stood in their shirt-sleeves ready to catch the ropes. A knock sounded at the door.

"Here is Hans Morritz," they shouted, as one of their number ran down to open it. In a moment the brawny form and good-humored countenance of Hans was before them.

"Just in time," he said, "two minutes to twelve. Won't we give them a rattling peal, and wish everybody a happy New Year out of the brazen throats of our instruments. To your ropes, my hearties, and at the last stroke of the clock be ready with a will, and altogether."

"Ring loud enough to waken old Elp Verren with a tone that won't be hushed at his ill-will," said another; "the cross old brute would silence us if he dare."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bell-ringers. "Won't Elp swear a trifle!"

A sigh swept through the belfry as Elp felt himself recalled to his chamber to meet his death. One minute in full moonbeams intervened on the clock ere the hand pointed to the hour of twelve, and before the ringers shook the first note out of the bells he should be dead.

"Do you give it up, Elp?" said the demon voice.

"Let me see again the chamber of Widow Gedschen," said Elp.

"Anything to oblige, you know."

Elp looked. The child was kneeling by the bedside now, and its lips moved in prayer. The widow lifted her eyes to heaven, and Elp Verren saw in the glance of confidence which raised beyond the darkness of the night, and the darkness of her lot, the hope of that human heart which trusted in the midst of trial in Infinite mercy, love, and bounty. As he gazed, the clock of the tower pealed out the first stroke of twelve. The clangor of the second swelled upon the air and over the little town, to echo among the mountains far away, and startle the peasant from his sleep. The third pealed, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth fell like strokes of doom upon the ear of Elp. The mother and her child — the widow and the orphan — prayed still. Innocence and suffering knelt to God before the gaze of the agonizing sinner.

"Mercy!" he murmured —"is there no mercy for me?"

He heard the accent of the prayer in which they both joined. Around him there rose a clamor of horror which terrified him, but above which he heard the voice of the child making responses to the supplication of the mother. The words rose clearly to his ear as the clock told the eleventh stroke.

"All who are in temptation, trial, or danger," prayed the Widow Gedshen.

"Oh, Lord deliver them!" murmured the little child.

Twelve!

. . . . .

Such a pull at a peal of bells never surely was made before. Everybody asleep in the town of Schakemswitz heard it, and every one that heard it sprang out of bed incontinently, or sprang up in it frightened. But there was no need for all those startling symptoms; after the first clang the bells fell into the modulation of the regular cadences of joy, and from lip to lip rang the wish which fell from all. "The New Year is ringing in a happy new year and many of them." In his chamber Elp Verren, too, heard the musical thundering from the tower — in his chamber he heard the hearty laughter of the bell-ringers, as they tugged and yielded to the great pulls of the ropes, which aroused all the wondrous harmony. With the rich, and full, and solemn melody, rung still in his ear the prayer of the little child, and the supplication of his mother. "All

who are in trial, temptation, or danger, Oh, Lord, deliver them."

Elp could not mistake, he was living, breathing, listening to the bells as they told the story of the dawning year to sleeping and waking men. He had been in trial, in temptation to despair, in danger,—and the prayer of the widow and the orphan arose for such as he, for him surely as well as others. Ships might have been drifting on rocky shores, where the waves broke and fretted into spray above their treacherous crags — men might have stood above precipices blind, and giddy, and fearful with that strange impulse of despair which hoved them to spring under the yawning depths; human souls might have hovered over the great abyss, where sin and sorrow, and pain would have swallowed them up, but not one of those were so near the snapping of the thread of fate as he, and he knew and felt it even as he thought. Higher and louder — wilder and more swelling rose upon the blast the music of the bells, and Elp Verren sank upon his knees to pray, and who shall say his prayer was not heard?

When it was over he looked around him, aud the fire was almost extinguished upon his hearth, and beside it sat his old domestic friends the dog and cat. Elp sprang to his feet, and a yell from the dog and a squall from the cat attested the force of his pedal mnscles. With a hearty laugh, such as never broke from him since boyhood, Elp Verren rushed down the winding stair across the corridor, and into the tower of the bells.

"A happy New Year," he shouted among the ringers.

"A happy New Year," cried Hans Morritz.

"A happy New Year," roared the ringers.

Elp hardly heard them. He rushed out, and down the street to the house of ruins, where dwelt the Widow Gedschen. There was no widow there, nor any living tenant. The winds came and winds went. The shadows of the night dwelt there, and the echo of the bells swelled through the passages, but not a child knelt, not a woman prayed that night, nor for many a year, within its walls.

"I have dreamed it all," said Elp, "but the dream shall not be without its fruits."

It was as Elp said. Never after did the poor or sorrow-stricken implore Elp Verren in vain. Never after did the weak or youthful supplicate him without benefit, never did the woeful or wandering stand beside his door without experiencing the mercy which dwelt in the heart of the man who had received mercy. Through all the years which were his, there were none so filled with the work of Faith, of Hope, of Charity, and none, above all, to whom as Time swung round, the bells swung out at midnight a greater blessing, than when they broke over the thoughts of the sexton of Schakemswitz announcing the birth of a new year.

Mushrooms.

Professor Ponfick, of Breslau, has been making experiments with the common mushroom. The conclusions he has arrived at, are to the effect that all common mushrooms are poisonous, but that cooking deprives them more or less completely of their deleterious qualities. The water, however, in which mushrooms have been boiled is a strong solution of poison, and should be at once disposed of in such a way that it cannot do harm. In fact, the water in which mushrooms are boiled is far more poisonous than the mushrooms themselves. Dried mushrooms remain dangerous for between twelve and twenty days. They should be dried for at least a month, and are really safe only after four months' drying. To housekeepers these are very valuable hints.

Around the World in Twenty-Four Hours.

Do Catholics ever think that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives? When it is midnight in New York, Mass is beginning in the churches of Italy. There, ancient altars, at which saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands up to heaven.

A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds; and in every city, town and hamlet kneeling crowds adore the chastening hand of God, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and, when it is one o'clock in New York, offers the great Sacrifice in countless splendid churches.

And then Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, which has during many centuries suffered for the Faith, rallies anew around the altars it would never forsake.

At two o'clock and after, the priests of the islands of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape Verde—white-robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their shoulders, bend before the tabernacle.

An hour later a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half-past four the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland; and at five, Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian churches and chapels grow radiant, as the faithful people,—the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun and the innocent, hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them.

At six, how many souls are flocking to the churches of New York, eager to begin the day of labor with the holiest act of religion. Many young people, too, gather around the altar there at a later hour, like the fresh flowers which open with the morning and offer their dewy fragrance to Heaven.

An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing; and at eight, Mexico, true to her faith, bends before its glittering altars.

At nine the devout tribes of Oregon follow their loved black-gown to their gay chapels, and California awhile loosens its grasp on its gold, to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the Unbloody Sacrifice is being offered in the Islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord.

And so the bells are ringing on, on, over the waters, and one taper after another catches the light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At two, the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste, eager for the coming of our Lord, Introibo ad altare Dei. And all the spicy islands of the East catch the sweet sounds, one after another, till at four in the afternoon, China proves there are many souls who are worthy of the name of celestial by their rapt devotion at the early rite. Then in Thibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry souls!

At six, the altars of Hindostan, where St. Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and the sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him who is their life and their strength.

At nine, in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the Bread of Heaven.

During the hours when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour who once died for all, and who is now daily offered for all.

At eleven, in Jerusalem, the Holy City over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where He suffered and offered Himself a Sacrifice for the whole world.

When midnight sounds again in New York, the silver bells are tinkling again in every chancel in Rome. And so it goes on; the Divine Host is constantly rising, like the sun in its course around the earth. Thus are fulfilled the words of the prophet Malachi: "From the rising of the sun even, to the going down thereof, My Name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation; for My Name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Every hour we can and should unite ourselves to the Masses going on in some part of the world, thus adding new brightness to God's glory, atoning for the neglect of others, and promoting our own sanctification.

All is Lost: Death-Bed Scene of Henry VIII.

"The last day of Henry Tudor had now passed, and the night of the dying agony commenced. It was a condition of fearful bodily suffering to the king, broken by intervals of remorse and prayer. Had human pride vanished? Had mercy returned to the royal breast? Was the king at peace with all the world? No! Another act of vengeance was to be consummated. For a year or so before the king's death the warrants for executions were signed by commission in consequence of the monarch's state of health. But in this special case the royal tyrant expressed his determination and pleasure to sign the Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant *with his own hand.*"

Dean Hook justly remarks that nothing more terrible than this scene can be imagined: "At ten of the clock, *when the cold sweat of death covered his face, when in dreadful agony from head to foot*, the awfully prostrated monarch was making a faint effort to sign the fatal document." The action manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit and evinced the domination of a final impenitence. In the very arms of death he would destroy the living; on the threshold of the grave he would turn from the presence of his God to make one more sacrifice to the Enemy of Mankind. Yet even that thirst for the blood of an illustrious subject whose age he had left nearly childless might not have been the worst, if it had not been the last, of the crimes of this unforgiving prince.* A few hours more elapsed (two o'clock in the morning), and the shadow of death was casting a deep and solemn gloom

* When the death-warrant was signed, with the aid of the lords in waiting, the king became immensely exhausted and did not utter a word for some minutes; then he said, "Let the Duke of Norfolk be in the hands of the headsman at six of the clock." Being informed that there was not sufficient light of a January morning at six of the clock for such an important business, he commanded that when the execution took place to let him know how the traitor died. At this moment the miserable man was seized with fresh convulsions, when he "roared like a wild beast upon the rack." Morning came, but the Council hesitated to begin the new reign by shedding Norfolk's blood.

upon the royal chamber. The end *now* came. The final contest was brief; and, in a pulse's throb, the spirit of the long-dreaded King Henry was wafted [illegible] the presence of that [illegible] bunal where so many [illegible] judgments deserved [illegible]. A death-bed has [illegible]s the altar of forgive- [illegible]rity and tears com- [illegible] spirit of prayer com- [illegible] attributes were ab- [illegible]ying couch of Henry [illegible]t, despairing words, [illegible]thony Browne, "*All* [illegible] an awful conscious- [illegible]ution due to a merci- [illegible] remorseless career. [illegible]nutes after the king's [illegible]he domestics could [illegible]over from the dread- [illegible]ad witnessed, Lord [illegible] William Paget held [illegible]tside the apartment [illegible]f the dead monarch [illegible]l horribly convulsed [illegible]ery sight of which [illegible] Browne fall to the [illegible]on. Yet Hertford [illegible] Paget were made of [illegible]he subdued parley [illegible]perers was the first [illegible]erate perjury in re- [illegible] king's "last testa- ment." Paget hesitated, and, glancing at the door, half open, for a few moments looked thoughtfully at all that remained of his royal master, and told Hertford that his "observations were ill-timed." The sudden appearance of Archbishop Cranmer upon the scene gave more confidence to Paget. A terrific storm raged at the moment (three o'clock in the morning). A look from one to the other was understood. Still they feared one another; nevertheless the first step had been taken.* They had resolved to violate Henry's "most Catholic will," and to keep his death a secret for three days, till the conspirators had arranged their plans.

Mr. Froude remarks that Lord Hertford "*did not dare to make public the last conversation he held with the king the day before his death.*" This sentence contains a withering verdict, and is an exposition of the author's sentiments as to Hertford's actions at this time, not the less value from its fortuitous candor. Another question remains still unexplained: Did Lord Hertford and Archbishop Cranmer read for the predoomed boy-king, Edward VI., at any period of his painful regal pupilage, anything, even a syllable, from his father's last "will and testament?" Or what explanation did they give him as to the *special command* to have him *educated in the ancient Catholic Church of England?* Did they impart to the young king his father's injunctions for Masses for his (the father's) soul's health and the due maintenance of the olden religion? Do the Protestant eulogists of Archbishop Cranmer approve of the unparalleled deception in this regard of himself and his *confréres* in the Council? De they approve the worst kind of perjury—*the violation of solemn oaths sworn at the bedside of a dying man?*

It is worthy of remark that during his lifetime King Henry had drawn up no less than eighty-six "last testaments." "The king had," writes his devoted courtier, Sir Anthony Browne, "a great horror of death, and when some gloomy feelings visited his highness he generally began to think of altering his will and bequeathing more money for Masses for his soul *after* death."

And now, *in memoriam*, here is a striking incident, new, perhaps, to many of your readers:—

The royal remains, being carried to Windsor to be buried, stood all night among the dilapidated walls of the Convent of Sion, and there the leaden coffin being cleft by the shaking of

*MS. Letter of Sir Edward Denny; Dr. Whyte's secret correspondence with Father Peto "concerning the last hours of King Henry."

the carriage along a bad road in heavy weather, it was placed upon a stand, and after a while the attendants discovered that the pavement of the chapel was quite wet from a stream of blood proceeding from the coffin. In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, which had burst, when suddenly the men discovered *two dogs licking up the king's blood*. The narrator — one of the royal household—says: "If you ask me how I know this, I answer, William Greville,* who could scarcely drive away the dogs, was my informant." The plumbers, who were greatly affrighted, corroborated the above statement.

The dismantled convent alluded to had been the prison of Queen Catherine (Howard), whose execution took place just five years before the corpse of her ruthless husband reached its temporary resting-place. The reader will remember the denunciation of Father Peto at Greenwich Royal Chapel (1533), in the presence of the haughty monarch and *his* then idolized Anne Boleyn, when the fearless friar compared the king to Achab, and told him to his face that "the dogs would in like manner *lick his blood*." Some Protestant writers question the above relation. Be it, however, coincidence or the verification of prophecy, the fact stands, and needs no further reference from me.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon, whom I have just quoted, describes Somerset's government as that of a usurper, and the period one of the most disastrous in English history. "The doings of unbridled fanatics and unscrupulous self-seekers made the late tyranny seem in comparison a time of law and order; and men who groaned beneath the Seymours and the Dudleys were presently crying out for the *church* and the *laws* of Henry VIII. The magnificent architectural decorations were destroyed, the frescoes *whitewashed*, and in the rood-loft the *royal arms* took the place of the *crucifix*." —S. Hubert Burke, *in Catholic World*.

* Greville was one of the king's domestics, all of whom were attached to their royal master, who treated them with much kindness and often conversed in a jocular manner with them upon rural or sporting affairs.

What the Price of a Book Means.

THERE are frequently many questions asked why a book should cost this or that, when the print and paper and binding cost not half of it. Our readers may like to have one or two of these questions briefly answered. The price of a book must pay for the writing of it, for the risk in publishing it, for the cost of manufacture, for advertising and sending, and for the expenses of keeping it in stock and selling it. The author usually gets ten cents on the dollar of the retail price for each copy sold, whether the publisher and bookseller make money on it or not. The publisher takes this risk, and frequently, even with sagacious publishers, as one said to us recently of his spring books, five do not pay, and the loss must be made up on the sixth that does. And it costs a good deal to make a book nowadays, for, though paper has gone down since the war, labor is the chief cost, and is not much lower, while the public taste demands more and more costly ornamentation. Then, to get the book to the public, the newspaper and express bills must be paid. Then it costs the bookseller a great deal to keep up such a store as a bookstore should be, probably more in proportion than in any other branch of business, and, to keep a full supply, he must buy many books which the public may not like, and which have to go over into his "loss" account and be paid for out of the books he does sell before he can earn his bread and butter. That is why! Add all this up, and it comes to something.

STEP on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.

Adulteration of Foods.

SUGAR.— The different varieties of sugar, syrup, and honey, are the subject of frequent and extensive adulteration. It has long been known that sugar could be manufactured from starch by boiling it for some time with dilute sulphuric acid. By a slight variation of the process, sugar can also be made from woody fibre of all sorts, as cotton, sawdust, shavings, etc. The sugar thus made is called glucose, as it closely resembles the sugar of grapes. It is much inferior to cane-sugar in sweetening properties, and does not crystallize, as does cane-sugar. It posseses chemical properties in several respects different, by means of which it is readily distinguished. In the manufacture of glucose the sulphuric acid is neutralized by chalk, but is not wholly removed, a portion being retained in the sugar in a free state, and also combined with iron, in consequence of the contact of the mixture with iron during the process of manufacture. On account of the non-crystallizable character of glucose it cannot be mixed with the granular sugars, but it is used in large quantities in the powdered or pulverized sugars. The cheap grades of sugar have often been adulterated with plaster of Paris, sand, clay, bone-dust, and numerous similar substances used to increase weight. Recently the astonishing discovery has been made that chloride of tin, an exceedingly poisonous salt, is used very extensively in the adulteration of the lower grades of sugar. The presence of glucose in sugar can be easily detected by the following method: Dissolve in a test-tube half a teaspoonful of the suspected sugar, in two teaspoonfuls of warm water. Add six or eight drops of a strong solution of blue vitriol. This will give to the solution a faint blue tinge. Now add a solution of caustic potash. This will deepen the blue color greatly, and produce a curdy appearance. Continue to add the potash until the solution becomes clear, shaking the test-tube frequently so as to mix the contents well, and then heat to boiling in the flame of a spirit lamp. If grape-sugar is present, as the liquid approaches the boiling point a yellowish color will appear, which will soon deepen to orange, then orange red, and deep red. The changes in color are due to the precipitation of red oxide of copper, which is the chemical test for grape-sugar. The inorganic adulterants of sugar mentioned can be readily detected by dissolving the sugar, when they will appear as a sediment.

SYRUP.— Syrups are still more extensively adulterated than sugars, as the fraud is much more easily covered in them. Some years ago (1873), we examined a large number of specimens of syrup of every grade, varying in price from eighty cents to two dollars per gallon, and found ninety-five per cent. of them grossly adulterated with sugar made from the refuse of corn-starch factories. Much of this kind of syrup is also made from potato starch. In the West there are several large firms exclusively engaged in the manufacture of artificial sugar from corn. Probably the most serious injury from the use of these syrups arises from the sulphuric acid which they contain, sometimes in considerable quantity, besides quite large quantities of iron in some cases. We have known of instances in which serious injury has been done by this fraudulent stuff. A case is reported in which the cork of a jug of syrup was said to have been considerably corroded while on the way to a lumberman's camp.

In a case which came under our observation a party of young persons had what is termed a "candy pull," making a candy of syrup which had been purchased as "golden drip." The next morning every one who had eaten of the candy, found his tongue and teeth as black as ink, from the action of the chemicals contained in the syrup. Such compounds must certainly be wholly unfit to be put into the stomach of any human being. This fraud is not always easy to detect, but it may generally be discovered through the action of well-known chemical re-agents upon the sulphuric acid and iron which it is almost certain to contain. These substances may be detected by the following means :—

Test for Iron.— It is well known that iron forms, with tannic acid, a black compound. It is by this means that ink is made from oak-bark or logwood and salts of iron. Hence by adding a little of the syrup to a solution of tannin, it will become black. Common tea contains tannin, in sufficient quantity to make a good test. Into half a cup of moderately strong, clear tea, put a teaspoonful of the syrup. If the tea becomes black, iron is present in the syrup. It is true that the iron itself in very small quantities may not be productive of great injury, though in the quantities in which we have found it we think it might do harm: but a knowledge of its presence is of value as indicating the probable presence of sulphuric acid and of glucose. Syrup or sugar which will blacken tea may well be suspected and avoided.

Test for Sulphuric Acid.— Procure at a drug-store a drachm of nitrate of chloride of barium. Dissolve in a few spoonfuls of water. Dissolve some of the syrup in warm water in a test-tube or clear clean vial. Add some of the barium solution and shake. Set aside for half an hour. If a white powder appear at the bottom of the vial as a sediment, the syrup undoubtedly contains sulphuric acid, and should be rejected. The adulteration of syrups is so common that it is entirely unsafe to purchase or use the article, no matter how alluring its name or fine its appearance, without ascertaining its purity by careful testing.

Adulterated and Artificial Honey.— A large share of the strained honey in market is adulterated with glucose, as well as are syrups. In some cases, so-called honey contains not a particle of the genuiue article, being simply a flavored syrup of glucose. We have examined specimens in which considerable quantities of sulphuric acid were present. Unscrupulous men are in different parts of the country engaged in the manufacture of artificial honey from cane-sugar and various flavoring ingredients. We were informed by a gentleman not long since that, in a Western State, he had encountered a man who was travelling through the country selling a recipe for making artificial honey. When solicited to purchase, he very properly responded that he had nothing whatever to do with frauds of any kind. It is stated that another very ingenious form of adulteration of honey has been quite extensively practised. What is termed the foundation of the comb, is made of paraffine, a wax-like substance made from kerosene oil. This saves the bees much labor, as they have but to build up the cells on the foundation furnished them. Then, to still further economize their time and labor, they are abundantly supplied with glucose in solution, which they have but to transfer to the comb, thus avoiding the trouble of gathering sweets from distant fields. Of course no transformation takes place in the artificial sugar, it being simply transferred from the feeding vessel to the comb. Thus we have honey which is wholly artificial with the exception of a portion of the wax. This certainly caps

the climax of adulterations. The tests for artificial and adulterated honey are the same as those for glucose in syrups.

CANDY.— Of all mixtures put into the stomach, probably candy is nearly, if not quite, the most thoroughly adulterated. With the exception of rock candy, which is pure crystallized cane-sugar, there is probably no variety of candy which is not adulterated more or less. Very little cane-sugar is employed in its manufacture, it being chiefly composed of glucose. Considerable quantities of gypsum and terra alba are also used, especially in the cheaper grades. The flavoring substances employed are all artificial and unwholesome, often poisonous. But the most deleterious adulterant used is found in the colors with which candies are made attractive to unsophisticated eyes. No less than twenty-four different coloring substances, mostly mineral, are employed, all of which are rank poisons. Numerous cases have occurred in which poisoning has been traced directly to colored candies, and in some instances death has occurred. We need not give directions for the detection of adulteration in candies, for all are bad and should never be allowed to enter the human stomach. Children especially should of all persons be forbidden these poisonous dainties. They would be harmful enough to warrant their disuse if they were wholly pure; but as it is they are absolutely dangerous; and the manufacturers should be dealt with as foes to the public health.

Ash-Wednesday.

ALL our modern life is, in the main, just nothing more than one huge lie. Its promises are large and numerous; it never fulfils them. Its pretensions are vast, universal; its performances are mean and shabby. Forever is it doing its best to make us fools, or to take us in. You know how it goes to work. We have learning, and it whispers that it will render our names everlasting. We have beauty, and it proclaims that we shall be social sovereigns forever. We have wealth, and it shouts out that our happiness shall be unending. And then, alas! alas! amid all the lying promises and hollow pretensions, the Church steps in, carries in her wan hands Ash-Wednesday's ashes, puts the black patch of doom upon our foreheads, and we go away, hanging our heads in wretchedness, as we remember that the grand brain, and the golden hair, and the gleaming eye, and the contented face, will come one day to rot into corruption, to crumble into dust, to slip out of men's memories forevermore.

And, while the year is passing, all that is in great part forgotten. But, though men may forget their destiny, God does not forget what He has planned for men. They are not what they might have been, God's confidants and friends. They are naturally His enemies, judged and doomed; and He will not leave them the comfort of forgetting their doom. Oftentimes during the year, but especially on Ash-Wednesday and throughout the Lent that follows it, that doom is rung into our ears.

The Church's word goes forth; the Church's breath stirs up the stagnant hearts and the lazy minds of men. And neither the Church's breath nor the Church's word can be quite ineffective. No arrow shot from her bow is likely to miss its aim. The appearances of people in the Lent may, indeed, betoken no change of feeling. Our clever people may still

seemingly wrap themselves up in their self-adoration; our beautiful people may still seemingly glory in their social dominion; our people of wealth may still appear proud and vain-glorious of their social independence; but neither pretensions of wealth, nor pretensions of beauty, nor pretensions of learning, deceive us any more. As the gifted of God pass before us, glorying in their gifts, we know what the pageants mean, and we know that, behind all their learning and all their loveliness, behind all their happy faces and haughty eyes, there are hearts of sorrow and brains of wretchedness, for Ash-Wednesday's doom and death-knell is ringing in their ears!

So, that is what it is all to come to. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." "Death is the end of life." The grave is the goal towards which we are all running. A few years, digging in the field or scraping in the street; a few years, behind a counter of the city, or in a farm-yard of the country; a few years, lolling about squares or posturing before looking-glasses; a few years, clothed round with ermine or adorned with a crown; and then — the touch of Death's finger to end it all. We know very well, all of us, what we have power to do, what work we are fit for, the excellence to which we may lay claim, the faults of which we must plead guilty; but we know much better that an hour is coming when we shall work no more, when brain and heart and hand shall be quiet forever. Somewhere, the Lord knows how, we shall lie in the clay at last — silent, careless in our repose; heeding not the flowers that bloom, nor the grasses that fatten, nor the birds that make merry above our graves — voiceless, spiritless, uncomplaining; for dust we are, and into dust we shall return. And while we are so wrapped round by clay and corruption, by death and darkness, the world will go on above us then just as it goes on around us now. Masses will be said, sermons will be preached, sins will be committed, sins will be forgiven, Lents will begin and end, Ash-Wednesdays will come and go, the mountain that we love will be loved by others, the books that we read will be read by others, the same sun will gladden other faces, the same moon will sadden other eyes, and we — you and I — will be lying in our graves, crumbling and disappearing, unthought-of and unthinking, till this earth and all its madness shall have finally passed away.

Sound Sleep.

It is wonderful how much may be done to protract existence by the habitual restorative of sound sleep. Late hours under strain, are of course incompatible with this solacement. On this topic Dr. Richardson says it has been painful for him to trace the beginnings of pulmonary consumption to late hours at "unearthly balls and evening parties," by which rest is broken and encroachments made on the constitution. But he adds, "If in middle age the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be maintained every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution." There, at once, is an explanation why many people die earlier than they ought to do. They violate the primary principle of taking a regular night's rest. If they sleep, it is disturbed. They dream all sorts of nonsense. That is to say, they do not sleep soundly, or for any useful purpose; for dreaming is nothing more than wild, imaginative notions passing through the brain while half asleep or dozing. In dreaming there is no proper or restorative rest.

The Sustaining Power of Water.

WHETHER the experiment said to have been carried out by Dr. Tanner in abstaining wholly from food for no less a space than forty days was honestly and truly carried out has been much debated, and a considerable amount of skepticism upon the point has been evinced. Yet it should not be regarded as a feat impossible of accomplishment. We are in no way concerned in maintaining the genuineness or otherwise of Dr. Tanner's professions that no food in the ordinary sense passed through his lips during the continuance of his experiment; it may be, and probably was, as he asserted; but it will be remembered that he partook during the whole period more or less copiously of water. We do not know that Dr. Tanner had any belief grounded upon scientific or other evidence as to the sustaining power of the natural fluid; but no doubt the great majority of his countrymen who flocked in such numbers to see him, as well as those on this side of the Atlantic who so keenly followed the daily sensational reports of his proceedings, were fully persuaded that the drinking of water was an innocent freak, and that it could have no effect in enabling him to resist the effects of the deprivation of food. Had he called for and drank either bottled stout or porter, or even ale, it would doubtless have been regarded as a violation of his compact to fast; for are not these manufactured from barley, and, in the estimation of the ignorant, do they not contain nutriment sufficient to support the body in health under almost any circumstances? and if, when the stomach was disordered, as it frequently was, he had swallowed a little brandy, would it not, if he had happily survived the attack, have been flashed over the world by telegraph as a striking and incontrovertible proof of the value of alcohol under the most distressing circumstances? It is therefore matter for congratulation that if this experiment was to be carried out no other liquid was imbibed, and Dr. Richardson has done well in calling attention to the wonderfully sustaining power possessed by water.

Dr. Richardson gives shortly the particulars of two cases which run parallel with that of Dr. Tanner up to the period of forty days, and which then differ only in one respect, viz., that the perpetrators of the experiment, not content with forty days, continued longer to withstand natural law, and fell victims to their own temerity and the unswerving justice of nature. The first instance is that of a man who, after a falling off in his appetite, at length absolutely declined to take food and live, only occasionally taking water, for the great space of fifty-three days, when he died. This case is quoted from Dr. McNaughton, in the "Transactions of the Albany Institute" for the year 1830, and Dr. Richardson adds: —

"Dr. McNaughton very reasonably supposed that the system in this case, as in the cases of hybernating animals, lived on its own resources. When the body is emaciated, the fatty part is taken up by the absorbents and conveyed into the blood,— the chief condition for which state of things to be carried on without causing delirium, raging fever, and death, is a supply of water to dissolve and dilute the saline and alkaline fluids. No other drink would answer the same intention in case of abstinence from all solid food; strong drinks would consume the vital powers, inflame the digestive canal, and prevent absorption from taking place.

The nutritives, so-called, as porter, beer, and the like, would oppress the brain, and cause fever and stupefaction and dropsy."

Another case reported is still more interesting and remarkable, inasmuch as the fast continued for fifty-five days. It is drawn from Dr. Richardson's own experience, and refers to a gentleman who, it appears, suffered from a mental perversion that it was useless for him to take food, and brought himself at length "to an entire failure of desire for it, and finally to a resolute determination not to take any more food at all unless appetite, or desire for some particular kind or quality of food, revisited him. From that moment the rigid fast commenced. Of water he would partake readily, but not largely, for he said that in quantity it was heavy and cold, and caused painful distension. He would take it to allay thirst and nothing more." This patient, for so we think he must be termed, went about the house and garden for ten days, after which he took to his bed and remained there until his death.

A further and very striking instance is given, on the authority of Dr. H. Cutter, referring to a young Japanese, aged only fifteen years, who, with two companions, was lost in a heavy snow-storm. They had with them but a very scanty supply of boiled rice, which was all disposed of by the third succeeding day. Two of the three young men died; but one of them, eating snow while it lasted, and afterwards sipping water from a pool, was found alive twenty-five days after the last food had been taken. He was speechless and pulseless, but with due care he gradually recovered.

In commenting upon these curious illustrations, alike of the vital powers of the human body and of the important part which water plays in maintaining it in health and existence, Dr. Richardson points out that a valuable lesson "which may be learned from the experiment of Dr. Tanner, relates to the sustaining power of water as a food. During the first days of his fast, Tanner is reported to have taken but a small quantity of water, and his loss in weight and physical power was rapid. When he commenced to fast he weighed 157½ lbs. In the first fifteen days he had lost twenty-four pounds, and on the sixteenth day he had lost twenty-five pounds and a half. On this last-named day he began to drink more freely of water, and at the close of the day he was found, on being weighed, to have gained a pound and a half since the weighing on the previous day. It was also observed that his hands and feet were a little swollen, as occurs in the form of dropsy known as œdema. On inquiry into the cause of this, Drs. Miller and Gunn found that during the day, Tanner had swallowed forty-four ounces of water. He had lost in the time eleven ounces that could be directly measured, which left thirty-three ounces to be accounted for. Twenty-four ounces were accounted for by increase of weight, and the remaining nine were reasonably set down as lost by perspiration and respiration. The quantity of water taken on this day was considered to be excessive for him, and the same quantity, in the same time, was not repeated, but sufficient was supplied throughout to maintain life.

The lesson here taught is, that the life was sustained by the water, and that, in instances where a long period of existence is maintained on mere aqueous fluids, it is the water that sustains. In short, in a sense, water becomes a food. The knowledge of this truth is corrective of some of the most grievous and mischievous errors. Persons undergoing severe privation and fatigue, persons suffering from disease, persons suffering from repugnant dislike to animal and vegetable foods, have for long seasons been supplied with

drinks of wine or of spirits and water. Forgetting the water altogether, or treating it as a thing of no consideration, they have declared—and others, even medical men, have declared for them—that they were sustained on alcohol, and therefore alcohol was a food. It was vain to indicate that in such cases the alcohol was largely diluted with water. It was vain to urge that the Welsh miners were able to live ten days on water alone, for that time was not sufficiently long in the way of proof. Such proofs as these we now have, were wanting to demonstrate the actual nature of the sustaining agent, and to exclude the agent which, obtaining all the credit, did, in point of fact, more evil than good.

In the same way we have explained to us why some men after shipwreck have subsisted for long periods by laving their bodies with water, and have been refreshed beyond all expectations by a fresh-water bath from rain, and by a copious drink from the same pure liquid supply.

We need offer no apology for bringing this matter of fasting before our readers. We are well aware that abstainers from intoxicating drinks soon learn by practical experience the utter futility of depending upon any form of them for supplying that healthy vigor which the wear of life necessarily impairs. Notwithstanding the force of habit may have been strong upon them, leading occasionally upon the withdrawal of the use of an accustomed drink, be it wine, beer or spirits, to a feeling of depression ofttimes more imaginary than real, the body speedily recovers itself, and a healthier and more pleasant existence results from a perseverance in the abstinence from the unneeded and useless stimulant; but yet we may not have realized how important a factor in bringing about this good result is the water, which has, in the case of the abstainer, superseded the spirituous fluid.

We laymen, to whom these evidences come almost as a revelation of the importance of water, may well be surprised at the grand part which it plays in the economy of life, but as Dr. Richardson observed, the physiologist, who knows that about 75 per cent. of the human body is made up of water, will not wonder, so much as others will, that water should possess the life-sustaining power which now is seen to belong to it.

It is not probable, nor is it desirable, that any very great number of persons will be induced to follow Dr. Tanner's example, but we may usefully avail ourselves of the light which is thrown upon the means of existence. It is, beyond doubt, clear that life may be sustained, and all its duties usefully and effectively discharged, upon a much less amount of food than great numbers of our people are in the habit of consuming; and may we venture to hope that not only will the lesson be heard, but the practice largely adopted, of taking a smaller quantity of food, and that of a plain character, together with entire abstinence from all alcoholic drinks.

Falling off in the British Revenue.

In the Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament, her Majesty was made to say that the growth of the revenue had been seriously retarded by a diminution in the receipts of the exchequer from the duties on intoxicating liquors. We cannot readily remember that a reference has ever before been made in a royal speech to a falling off of the revenue of the country through a diminution of the consumption of strong drinks. The effect of temperance on the Exchequer receipts must have been serious to render necessary such a special, and such a prominent mention of the subject. Let us hope (observes the *London Universe*) that the improved habits of the people are really answerable for this falling off.

"All Fools Not Dead Yet."

The Lake Shore Visitor, Erie, Pa.

HENRY MORGAN, of Boston, who styles himself "Reverend," is a wild, fanatical, and somewhat hysterical man. He has been for some time on the platform, and has delivered many lectures on his hobby. His language is disconnected, more after the fashion of a maniac than that of a sensible man. Desperately anti-Catholic in his manner of speaking, and telling that the Church is more or less responsible for the great and unlooked-for change which of late came over the political minds of men, this Morgan raises the cry, and in whoop lah style says:

"In faith, Catholics are a unit; in politics, a unit. They vote as a unit; vote 'solid' for the Democratic ticket. No questions asked. No matter if a Beacon Hill "blue-blood" heads the ticket, and a North End rumseller foots it. Like sheep over a fence, they follow the political bell-wether. The bell-wether is generally a Catholic liquor-seller, such as Jim Flynn and Mike Doherty. Votes tell! Votes are sovereigns. No matter how cheap the material. A hoodlum's vote counts as much as the best citizen's ballot; sometimes counts more, when he votes 'early and often'— votes on dead men's names."

Mr. Morgan made only one true assertion in the above, viz., in faith the Catholics are a unit. That they vote solid for either one party or the other, Mr. Morgan cannot prove. He seems to labor under the impression that Irishmen are the only Catholics in this country, since he refers to such characters as Flynn and Doherty. The Germans, who, as a general thing, have voted the Republican ticket until the party became so overbearing and so insolent that even a people accustomed to the yoke of an almost absolute monarch could not submit to the insults offered by the men whom by their votes they placed in office. The Germans were forced into the ranks of Democracy by such fanatics as Morgan, who see only about as far ahead as short-sighted men. The late election must have almost unseated Morgan's reason, that is if he were not a born idiot.

In speaking of the Know-Nothing riots in Boston, and referring to the burning of the convent, Morgan gives this wild and bigoted description of the scene. If the rioters were as mad as spoken of, no doubt he tells the truth:—

"Oh, what horrid shouts and fearful cries rang on the night air! What a volcanic roar as they struck at the heavy doors! Crash! crash! went great stones through the windows. Then a louder crash as the doors fell down, battered to pieces. 'Look out for the women!' shouted the leaders. "Don't hurt a hair of their heads! Down with the convent! Raze it to the ground! But spare the women and children!"

Then another cry arose:

"To the cellars! To the dungeons! Search the underground cells! Rescue the imprisoned nuns!"

The mob poured in like a torrent, overflowing the convent from cellar to garret; not a soul was found within. The Superior, nuns, and children had made their escape by a back door; were huddled behind the convent tomb in the garden. Every sound struck terror to their souls; those wild shouts seemed to portend their doom. Light flashed through the convent. Crash! crash! went handsome furniture and crosses through the windows. Louder swelled the roar of the mob; louder the jeers and hurrahs as the grand piano was flung, bang! to the ground, smashing into fragments.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the rioters. "Down with Romanism! Set fire to the convent! Burn the Catholic nest!" Then they rushed from room to room; bedding, curtains, and pictures were heaped up in piles and set on fire. Soon the convent was in full blaze. The mob retreated to a safe distance, to watch the final end of their work. What had become of the nuns and children? While the roaring flames enveloped the convent, they had been rescued by some of the selectmen. Coming up in the rear, unseen by the rioters, they broke off boards from

the high fence and silently led the terrified women and children to a place of safety. All that night the blazing convent lit up the country for miles around. The crowd melted away with the first streaks of dawn. When the sun arose, nothing was left but these blackened walls, standing gloomy and grim amidst the scene of desolation."

Morgan seemed to feel that while thus talking he was really making a fine hit. The thought never crossed his mind that the day had passed when any fool could fan into a flame passions violent and unbridled. In his blind and blatant bigotry, he seemed to lose sight of the fact that he was, or at least claimed to be, an American, and should blush at the very idea of using language which would be a disgrace to a land ruled by an autocrat. Morgan is undoubtedly a relict of another age. He is one of the blue law men, whose fanaticism will forever mark them as fools. Such men as Mr. Morgan should not be at large, much less should they be allowed to talk as preachers. There is no denying that they do much damage. They lie from whole cloth, and seem uuwilling even to tell the truth, when the truth will answer their purpose just as well.

Massachusetts has taken the turn like many of the other States, and with truth it might be said that the turn was brought about by the constant raving of such lip-foaming fanatics as Morgan. The cry of religion mixing in politics came from such men, who, while preaching politics, claimed to be pastors of a certain sect. Either they have no religion, and know it, or are so devoid of shame as not to feel that they publicly lie when as ministers they preach politics, and raise the cry against religion mixing in politics.

But let such men alone. It is now too late to blame them. They act as they have been taught to act, and having been born from parents whose bigotry was a second nature, they knew no better. Ignorance will excuse many men, and even in our day it is possible to find learned men ignorant. We would not care to assert that all Protestant divines are hypocrites, nor would we regard all as being insincere, since we know that there have been a few who have made the discovery that they were wrong, and immediately left the sect of which they were recognized preachers.

That the majority of men preaching or singing the Protestant gospel are insincere, there can be no doubt. Their insincerity crops out every time they refer to the Catholic Church, since they can refer to her in no other manner than in terms of vilest slander. If they were honest they would investigate, and investigation would open their eyes, and at the same time cause them to close their mouths. As we grow older it is true the feeling of bigotry is seemingly less manifest, but it lurks in many breasts just as black and blind as ever, and if kept quiet, it is because policy dictates a quiet feeling. It will take years to eradicate the early and foolish impressions of many who style themselves Americans, but the day will come when that feeling of hate will be forgotten, and that will be when Morgan, and all other fools like him, will get their deserts.

Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc.

I AM the owner and overseer of an ultramarine factory which I have been running these forty-four years on a plan of my own. In this factory a vast amount of sulphur is daily used and consumed, whereby a large quantity of sulphuric acid (S O 2) is constantly produced. During 44 years not one of my workmen has contracted consumption, or died of that disease. Even those who came tainted with the disease became healthy and strong after working merely a few weeks amid the vapors of the sulphureous acid. In like manner no case of cholera ever occurred among my employees. In fact, all diseases produced by microscopic animalculæ

soon disappeared in my factory, when exposed to the action of the sulphur. It is a well-established fact that all catarrhal affections are soon cured by simply inhaling sulphureous acid; the acid kills the parasites that have entered and caused the inflammation, whereupon the pituitous glands are opened and the phlegm is expelled without difficulty. In the same way the little mites of the itch are killed by the action of the same acid.

The discovery of bacteria in the lungs of consumptives proves that consumption, like the itch, is caused by microscopic animalculæ, which infest and consume the lungs. As the origin of both diseases is analogous, the remedy for each is naturally the same, namely, the action of sulphureous acid, which destroys the bacteria of the lungs as well as the mites of the itch.

The treatment of consumptives should, therefore, be the following: Bring the patient to a room wherein small quantities of sulphur (about one or two drachms) are burnt every hour on a warm stove or over a light flame. The inhaling of the sulphur vapor will soon affect the comfort of the parasites or bacteria in the lungs. As a consequence, the patient will cough oftener and expectorate copiously. After 8 or 12 days the irritation and expectoration will entirely cease, because the bacteria will die off gradually. Thus the irritation on the lungs, membranes and serous fluids is effectually stopped, and the patient is put on the way of complete recovery. Afterwards it is well to remove the patient to a place where he can inhale the vapors of aromatic water. My only wish is that my observations and experiences of many years may be made known, and that this often-tried and always successful remedy may benefit suffering humanity.—Julius Kircher, in the *Journal of Austrian Apothecaries*, at Vienna.

A POET is born, not paid.

THE LANDLORD'S DREAM.

"What sounds are these that reach our ears
And in our midnight dreaming vex us?
On every breeze we hear the cheers,
And what they mean does sore perplex us."
"We want our right; we want our own—
The right to live by honest labor;
We have our swords, but earnest words,
And stern resolve's our only sabre."
"Ah! foolish boys, to make such noise;
It sours our wine, it drives us crazy,
It robs us of all earthly joys—
Ah! Paddy, do be aisy!"

But still the sound like thunder grows
That hurls through the mountain passes;
It booms and peals in deafning blows—
'Twill rive and rend like earthquake throes,
And gain new strength from gathering masses;
"The crops we reaped, the corn we heaped,
The tempest wild from us hath taken;
The night is gone, the dawn comes on,
'Tis time that ye at length awaken."
Then loud and deep, from startled sleep,
And dreamings vague and wild and hazy,
The landlords moan in concert tone,
"Ah! Paddy, do be aisy.

"Just think, dear friends, of other times,
Though knees upon your neck were kneeling,
Sure life was sweet as Sabbath chimes
While peasants were devoid of feeling."
"Good lords! not so, for well ye know
That no man should attempt enslave us,
Or claim the right divine to mow,
What we with toil did till and sow—
The gifts our God and Nature gave us;
Our fathers ne'er knew blessed rest—
Nor even beneath the blooming daisy;
With sob and groan from churchyards lone,
'Tis hard for us to be aisy!"

They turn to downy nests and snore,
Nor heed the people's solemn warning—
But hark! the thunder peals once more
With emphasis that bears no scorning:
"Get up, at last, ye drones—'tis morning!
We've watched the night: we see the light—
Its beauteous beams are around us streaming;
We read its glorious gospel right—
There's work for men by mount and glen;
There's time no more for misty dreaming;
Ye had no thought of famished nights—
Ye said that we were thriftless wights—
But Lord! 'twas ye were fat and lazy!
Get out, be quick—we're starved, we're sick;
Your hour is past—the die is cast;
The fingers write so read at last:
Ye must let us be aisy!"—*The Nation.*

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

The Irish Leader.

Mr. Parnell was recently entertained by his constituents in Cork. In his speech he sharply criticised the legislative measures of the government. The land act of last year was fruitful of nothing but costly legislation, and the arrears act of the present year was surrounded with such difficulties as to be unsatisfactory to landlord and tenant alike. Never were demonstrative promises of good so lamentably deficient in performance. The idea of a general emigration of the Irish people was an old one with English statesmen. It received force and form when, in 1847, Mr. Poulett Scrope and Mr. Goody formulated the plan for the wholesale exodus of the Irish people, the meaning of which was, that the Irish people should, under the paternal patronage of the British government, be driven from their homes and holdings in order to make room for plantations of British adventurers who would turn the people out to starve and die in foreign lands in order that bullocks might be turned in to fatten for the pay and profit of absentee landlords. The emigration clauses of the arrears act aimed at a like result. The people proposed to be sent out by the agency of the Board of Commissioners were the destitute and the impoverished — men, women, and children, already in a state of indigence and starvation at home, without private resources in money or attire, and these were to be sent out by governmental contract and landed on strange shores, ignorant and indigent, without friends and without funds. What would be the consequence? Destitution and degradation — farm laborers landed in the great cities on the Eastern seaboard of America without means of proceeding to the interior, where industry could be alone available, and even among the agricultural districts of America, subjected to all the trials and troubles which ignorance of local systems would produce. The emigration system was a sham and a shame, putting aside the policy of not providing for the Irish people in Ireland by the industrial resources which the country presented, the re-culture of waste lands, the promotion of reproductive works. He denounced as an inhumanity the project of transplanting helpless and penniless people to a strange land. It was an adroit expedient for getting rid of subjects likely to be troublesome at home, but it would not stand the test of sober and humane inquiry in the hereafter. If England were sincere in the desire of getting rid of what she was pleased to call a surplus population — a surplus population in a land reduced in numbers by 50 per cent. in less than forty years — why not have made some attendant arrangements so that the emigration should not mean extinction? If England desired to transport the Irish from Ireland, why not have provided them with lands in America and give them homes, and so organize holding that their industry could be at once put in exercise for their future support? The whole system was worse than a mistake — it was a mockery involving a crime. The honorable gentleman entered into statements showing that the waste lands could be made fertile and reproductive at a smaller cost than the demoralizing system of emigration would involve, and advised the purchase for agricultural purposes of the vast grazing fields of Ireland, which, in the days before the famine, gave employment and profit to the cottier, tenant, and farmer. If the country sustained in comfort over 9.000,000 of people in 1846 and 1847, there were no physical

reasons, nothing in the soil or sun of Ireland that would render the country in 1883 inadequate to the support of little more than 5,000,000.

The Situation in Rome.

At a recent banquet in London, the great Cardinal Manning said: "The task of the Holy Father was of a very special kind, and, perhaps, never was more difficult than at the present moment. Our Holy Father stood surrounded by the governments of the world, with all of them offering him personal advice, and doing little or nothing, and at last absolutely nothing, for his protection, or to put down the circle of revolution which was rising round him on every side. The attitude of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., was different, from that of Pius IX. The attitude of the late Holy Father was one of majestic immobility, as it was called — an attitude of firm resistance to evil. But Leo XIII. had actively to deal with the powers of the world, and endeavor to bring them to some relation of good-will at least, if not of amity and peace. When he said that of thirty-six crowned heads there were at this moment only ten that were Catholic, they would understand the difficulty of the task Leo XIII. had to discharge. How he had fared in Germany they knew; how he would fare in France, was evident; and if they had read the *Times* of that day they would have seen with what wisdom the Nuncio who represented the Holy Father was acting in that most difficult charge. Their sympathy in these matters would be rendered more sympathetic when they recalled the strange and monstrous fact that only the other day a civil tribunal in Rome declared that the civil jurisdiction of the Italian Monarchy extended into the Vatican, over the Vatican, and that therefore the Holy Father, nominally the Sovereign, had really no sovereignty at all. Under the law which was by some irony called the Law of Guarantees, it was declared that the Vatican was national property, but the use and enjoyment of it was permitted to the Holy Father. Sad, then, was the position of indignity in which the Holy Father lived, with a sovereignty asserted over him, and that a sovereignty of this world. He asked the company to drink the health of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., meaning thereby that they trusted his faith and wise endeavors to bring back again the civil powers of the world into amity with the Holy See would be successful before that chastisement of his enemies, which was as certain as that the morrow's sun would rise, if they persevered in persecuting him." The toast was drunk with the usual honors, the company singing the late Cardinal Wiseman's hymn, "God bless the Pope!"

Mr. Gladstone's son, Herbert, goes in for a kind of Home Rule for Ireland. He declares that Ireland ought to have a Parliament if she will allow imperial supremacy to be retained. We go this far, and so did O'Connell, and so did Grattan, for both of those great men allow that the royal veto should still exist, so that Irish acts should have the signature of the head of the empire.

The Dublin Winter Commission has opened, and the presiding judge, Mr. Justice O'Brien, has delivered a charge which has elicited two opposite remarks. Some say (the Lord Mayor of Dublin, for instance) that it is very fair to the city, while others think that it tends in the opposite direction. At all events, we hope that this new Catholic judge will not forget what he owes to his creed and to his country. He is well known to be a practical Catholic, and he was long a most industrious laborer on the Cork press.

Our Young Folks.

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Cardinal Newman.

LITTLE maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled;
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear—
Valentine; the name is good,
For it comes of lineage high
And a famous family,
And it tells of gentle blood.
Noble blood, and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the battle for his Lord.

Valentine: I know the name;
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,
Who before and for them bled,
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame.

Yes; there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach of fear;
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Guerdon gained, and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve and whom to love.

WHAT OUR LORD DID FOR A CHILD WHO HAD FAITH.

OUR Lord describes those who are of the kingdom of heaven as being like children. And could we by His grace attain to the faith and simplicity of childhood, what answers to prayers should we not receive, what miraculous conversions should we not obtain! The faith that removes mountains is the faith of a childlike heart. Would to God we had more of it!

Not long ago a Protestant gentleman who had lost his wife, and had a little girl, brought his child to a convent, requesting the nuns to undertake her education and bring her up as a Catholic. He stated that he did not profess any religion himself, holding, in fact, the modern so-called philosophical views of positivism, agnosticism, and such like. But he added that he really thought religion was a very useful thing for women, and that he considered the Catholic religion was peculiarly adapted to the weaker sex. Having paid the nuns this compliment, he went away, well satisfied with the manner in which he had disposed of his little daughter.

The nuns, of course, instructed the little child in all the doctrines of the faith. She might be then about six years old, and was an intelligent and docile little creature. Amongst other important truths, they had taught her about the Eucharistic Presence, telling her that our dear Lord was ever in the Tabernacle ready to receive our petitions and waiting for the poor token of our love. And so one day some office in the convent chapel being over, and the nuns and other children having withdrawn, the little one managed to linger behind and hide herself from observation. Finding herself alone, she succeeded in moving a chair in front of the altar, and having climbed thereon, crouched down in front of the Tabernacle. Then gently lifting the curtain, she proceeded to knock at the door. But no one answered, neither was the door opened. Nothing daunted, the little innocent put her head close to the door and said: "Are you there, dear Jesus?" There was no reply to her first inquiry, and she repeated it: "Dear Jesus, are you there?" Then came a voice which said: "I am here, my child,

what do you want?" Free from terror, as from doubt, the little child replied: "I want my papa to be converted, dear Jesus, and I want it *immediately*."

She had hardly concluded her innocent petition when one of the nuns, entering the chapel, found her descending from the altar, and, of course, inquiries were made as to what she had been about.

The next day but one, the Mother Superior received a letter from the child's father naming the very day and hour of the above occurrences, and stating that he had been walking through the streets of London, when, suddenly, a most intense and vehement conviction arose in his mind that life was impossible to him without some faith, and also that the Catholic faith alone was the true one. He went immediately in search of a priest, and at the time he wrote his letter was actually received into the Church.

Before such wonderful instances of what faith and confidence can obtain, we can but cry: "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

THE TWO WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS.

"A GOOD action left behind one in after life is an inheritance which we find sooner or later." This maxim of an Arabian poet continually finds its application. It is rare, indeed, that a kindness does not one day bring its reward, whether it be in happiness or in a good reputation. We must not, however, do a kindness in the expectation of a return, for this would be nothing else than being a usurer with the heart; but without seeking for the payment of a duty fulfilled, we may hope that we shall find in others the devotion they have found in us, and that when opportunity arises, we shall reap a little gratitude where we have sown many benefits.

The following anecdote, with which the history of England furnishes us, seems to us to present a touching illustration of this truth:—

It was at the period of the quarrels between the parliament and the king. Both parties had taken arms, and made war upon each other with fury; however, the army of King Charles had been defeated several times, and those of his partisans who had been taken with arms in their hands, were brought before the judges established in every town by Cromwell, to be condemned as rebels.

Sir Patrick Newcastle was one of these judges He was a man of austere manners, whose solid but not fiery Republicanism was quoted, and one to whom Cromwell accorded a particular esteem. His delicate constitution not permitting him to devote himself to arms, he applied himself to serve the political cause which he had adopted by his knowledge, and he was cited as the most active, the cleverest, and, at the same time, the most rigorously just magistrate in the county.

One evening, when Sir Patrick had assembled some friends, and was supping cheerfully in the midst of his family, some soldiers entered with a royalist prisoner whom they had just surprised. He was an officer, who, after the rout of the army of Charles, had sought to regain the coast, in order to find means of embarking for France. Sir Patrick gave orders to unbind his hands; then causing another table to be set near the fire, said.—

"This is my birthday; I wish to end joyously the repast which I have begun. Serve refreshments to the cavalier, and to those who have brought him. At the present moment I only want to be his host: in an hour hence I shall become his judge."

The soldiers returned thanks, and seated themselves at table near their prisoner, who seemed to have courageously make the best of his part,

and set himself to his supper with a good appetite.

Meantime, Patrick resumed his place at the banquet with his friends, and took up the thread of conversation interrupted by the arrival of the soldiers.

"Now then, I was telling you," said he, "that when I was fifteen I was still so feeble that every one compassionated my weakness, or imposed upon it, so as to make me suffer. First, I had to bear the ill-treatment of my stepmother, soon I had to endure that of my companions. Courage with a child is only the feeling of his strength. My weakness rendered me a coward, far from hardening me to trouble. The brutality for which I was a butt rendered me more sensible to suffering, more trembling before it. I lived in continual fear; but I dreaded above all the master's rod; twice I had to submit to this cruel punishment, and I preserved such a terrible recollection of it, that the bare thought of being exposed to it again made me tremble from head to foot.

"As I told you, I was following the courses of the Westminster College; the two classes of this college were separated by a simple curtain, which we were expressly forbidden to touch. One summer day sleep overcame me during an explanation given by a professor upon the poetry of Aristotle; a movement made in the class awoke me with a bound, and nearly falling, I caught at the curtain, which fell in my hand. A large hole displayed the adjoining class. The two professors turned round at the noise, and at the same time perceived the damage that had been done. They might just as easily accuse the scholar in the second class at the other side of the curtain as myself; but my confusion betrayed me, and my professor, roused to passion, ordered me to come and receive twelve strokes of the rod. I stood up tottering like one drunk, I tried to speak to ask for pardon, but fear froze my tongue, my knees gave way under me, a cold sweat bedewed my hair; at last, having come near the professor, I fell on my knees. The terrible thong was already uplifted over me, when I heard some one say, 'Do not strike him, I alone am guilty.' It was the scholar placed at the other side of the curtain who had just spoken. He was brought into our class, and received the twelve strokes. My first movement was to stop this unjust punishment, by demanding it for myself; but strength failed me, and the first blow given, I was ashamed to speak.

"After having submitted to his punishment, the scholar passed close to me, with hands all glowing, and said to me in a low voice, with a smile that I shall never forget during my life, —

"'Do not catch hold of the curtain again, little lad, the thong hurts.'

"I fell on my knees sobbing, and they were obliged to bring me out.

"From this day forward I had horror of my cowardice, and I did everything to conquer it. I hope I succeeded at last."

"And do you not know this generous companion?" asked one of the guests; "have you never seen him?"

"Never, unfortunately; he was not in my class, and I left Westminster College shortly after. Ah! God is my witness," added Patrick, with tears in his eyes, "that in my prayers I have often asked that I might see again him who had suffered so much for me, and that I would willingly give some years of my life in order to be able to clink glasses once more with him."

At that moment a glass was advanced toward that of Patrick; he raised his eyes with astonishment; it was the royalist prisoner, who, smiling, was offering him a toast.

"In remembrance of the torn curtain of Westminster, Sir Patrick," said the officer; "but oh, my word, your memory plays you false; it was not twelve blows that I received, but

double that number, for having exposed another to punishment in not declaring my fault at once."

"That is true, I remember now," cried the judge.

"And your worthy professor, if I am not mistaken, gave you to prepare on that occasion a Latin discourse on *voluntary offences*."

"I remember, I remember," repeated Patrick, "but is it possible that you are the person? Yes," added he after looking at him steadily, "I recognize these features . . . it is he, it is undoubtedly he . . . and in what a situation, and under what a misfortune!"

"Under that of my king, Sir Patrick. Gentleman and Scotchman, I have obeyed what I was taught as a duty. I followed my father in the army of Charles; my father died, and I am about to follow him to death. All is well; I only ask one thing. God save the King!"

After saying these words the officer returned to the soldiers and quietly continued his repast.

But Patrick was gloomy and preoccupied. The same evening, after giving all necessary orders for the good treatment of the prisoner, he set off without saying where he was going, and was three days absent. At last the fourth day he arrived, and desired to have the royalist prisoner brought before him.

"Am I at last to be judged?" asked he, gravely. "It is time to end the matter, were it only for humanity sake; I am so well cared for in your house, Sir Patrick, that if I remain here much longer I shall end by regretting life."

"Lord Derby," said the judge, in an agitated voice, "it is now twenty years since you said to me, showing me your bleeding hands, 'Do not again catch hold of the curtain, the thong hurts.' Here is your pardon, signed by the Protector, but in my turn I will say to you — 'Do not again take arms against parliament, for Cromwell is difficult to appease.'"

At these words Sir Patrick and Lord Derby threw themselves into each other's arms, and from henceforth they lived in the greatest intimacy, in spite of the difference of their political opinions.

A WOLF STORY.

A REMARKABLE wolf story is that told by Mr. Christ. Pahl, of Buffalo Township. He brought a wolf's skull into the county auditor's office, and said he had prepared it for the zoological cabinet at the academy. He stated that the wolf was captured when a cub, had been raised at his house with a dog and a cat, and that these three were as friendly as could be. In fact the wolf seemed as tame as though he belonged to a tribe of domestic animals, except in one particular. He would devour chickens, and no amount of punishment, that would leave him alive, could cure him of his love for live poultry. Mr Pahl had a son of ten years of age, between whom and the wolf there was almost a constant intimacy and warm friendship. They would wander all about the farm together and frolic every day; but love for the boy had no effect on the wolf's taste for fowls. When the beast's food was brought to him, he would scatter it about him, and then lie down with his face resting on his fore paws, feigning sleep. A company of hens would surround him to eat his food; and woe to the biddy that came within reach of his paw. She was devoured in a trice. There was no help for it. The wolf must be killed or poultry-raising must end on the farm. So Mr. Phal fired a charge of large shot in the wolf, but did no more than wound him in the thick hide of his neck, and he put off for the woods. The farmer and his men followed him two miles, before getting another pop at him; then he was shot in a hind leg. He crawled into a thicket, and the hunters, thinking he was done for, went home. The very next morning the

wolf came to the kitchen door of the farm-house, when the family were at breakfast, and scratched for admission. The boy was delighted, ran out, and boy and wolf had the happiest kind of a time all day. Mr. Phal resolved to spare the wolf for the boy's sake; but the very next morning the wolf was at his old trap for the chickens, and devoured two roosters, and he was killed instanta. He had grown to nearly the size of a Newfoundland dog.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

One of my first lessons was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under a tree and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep." "What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate — a fine buck worth one hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge and had been in Congress in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's teaching: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things." I began to see through it. Never mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward. I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said to me, — "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership. Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said, "You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson Number Three. And what valuable lessons they were. Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation-stones of character and honorable success.

HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

The health of children would be much benefited by discarding a number of the school tasks, now required of them to be studied at home, thus giving them more time for play and recreation. Too many studies are demanded by teachers, and parents who fulfil the sacred duties should carefully understand that girls, up to the fourteenth year, require as much exercise as boys.

The pale face, contracted chest and weakened back of the average school-girl as we meet her on the streets carrying a large bundle of books, show too plainly that her system is already undermined by close confinement in warm, ill-ventilated rooms, at home and in school, and the effort to master studies which are beyond the power of the young and immatured brain. The education of children of the present age is quite Procrustican, for though their limbs are not chopped off, as was done of old by the celebrated highwaymen of Attica, yet are not parents, by their false ideas of gentility, in preventing their children from taking sufficient physical exercise, to blame

to a great extent for the delicate, sickly, and nervous condition of womanhood and manhood also that we see around us?

The vanity of parents, who in spite of a knowledge of the laws of hygiene will encourage too long-continued mental application and precocious habits in their children, should be severely condemned. I have endeavored to point out the principal causes that promote premature deaths and degeneration of race, the prevention of which are greatly under our own control and power, and relate to the organs of digestion and respiration, the skin and the brain.

SHUN EVIL.

THERE is an old story, but it is a good one, for all that, and a story that will do for grown-up people as well as children. A father told his son that whenever he did anything wrong in act or speech, he should drive a nail into the door of the wood-shed. The door began to fill up pretty fast. The boy did not like the appearance of that nail-studded door, and told his father so. "Well," said his father, "now every time you are obedient, or speak a kind word, or do a good deed, I'll draw one of the nails out." So it went on for some time, till at last the son with a glad heart called his father to draw out the last nail. "Oh! I'm so glad father," said the boy; and then the pitted-looking door catching his eye, he added a little sadly, "but the marks are there." Yes, children; yes, friends, we may repent all our evil deeds, and be forgiven, but the marks of those sins linger on our character and lives. We ought to try to escape not only the wounds, but the scars that are left after the wounds are healed. The only way to avoid this is to avoid the wounds. For example, my boy, don't read any of those flash juvenile papers that are so abundant, "just to see what is in them." You may give them up after a while, and take to more worthy and substantial literature, but such papers will leave the marks of their low character upon you. Take the opinion of your father or teacher, and leave all these things alone. There is plenty that is good. Never listen to improper conversation; the words, indeed, will pass away, but scars on your souls will remain. Don't indulge in any evil habit, thinking that you can give it up whenever you wish or when you may find it injurious. You may be able to give it up—though the power of an evil habit is something fearful to contemplate — but its "marks" will be left. Young man starting on the journey of life, beware of the ineffaceable record which your acts make, beware of taking a social glass occasionally to oblige a friend. The habit may seem unimportant in itself, but it leaves its marks; beware of intemperance of language. A harsh word can never be recalled, and it may give cause for life-long remorse and leave a wound deeper and more rankling than can be made by poisoned steel. Our most transient acts in their effect may reach to eternity. The surest way to have a clean life is to keep it clean. Let us take that scarred door as a warning.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

IT has not fallen to the lot of many men to slay nearly 500 tigers —to say nothing of smaller game— in a lifetime, even when one's whole energies have been devoted to such pursuits. M.d'Harnancourt, a Frenchman, who has been pursuing the avocation of a "hunter" in all parts of the world, claims to be the "greatest tiger-killer in the world"; and having achieved this reputation, he is now, it appears, reclining on his laurels in the dignified position of Tiger-Slayer-in-General to the Government of the Straits Settlements,

having been engaged, so it is reported, to destroy those animals at £10 per head. An English officer in India, however, Major Probyn, Superintendent of Police in Khandeish, must run this slayer of tigers pretty closely in his claim to the title of champion tiger-killer. During the last few years Major Probyn has shot no less than 400 tigers in the district of Khandeish alone, and the immunity from the ravages of these animals which he has secured for the inhabitants of the district has even overcome the suspicion with which the natives too often regard any Englishman who kills a tiger. The destruction of these felines is looked upon by certain classes as an act of sacrilege, certain to be visited with fearful punishments on the village conniving at the act. Major Probyn, however, having practically rid the district of the presence of the unwelcome visitors, has earned the gratitude of the inhabitants, and recently, when there was a talk of his leaving the neighborhood, they memorialized the Governor of Bombay not to remove him. Doubtless there are other districts in India where his presence would be equally welcome to the people,—if unwelcome to the tigers.

FIFTY MILLIONS A YEAR!

Central Catholic Advocate, Louisville, Ky.

Fifty millions a year, the fortune of Vanderbilt annually, is a pretty extensive allowance to the benefit of one Protestant church. Yet that is the amount of money poured into the coffers of Trinity (Protestant) Church, New York, if we are correctly informed. We have no reason to disbelieve it. The incomes of its officers give every ground necessary to enforce belief that its income is of such enormous extent. The rector, the Rev. Morgan Dix, son of General "Shoot-him-on-the-Spot," Dix, has a tidy yearly allowance of fifteen thousand a year, and he enjoys the assistance in his duties of no less than fourteen assistants, several of whom receive ten thousand a year, while none, we believe, in that crowd saves souls at less than seven thousand a year. Two millions annually go to help other churches, we are informed, but we take it that means a thousand or two added to the income as pastors sheltered under the wings of Trinity, and the items of information collapse on us at this point. What becomes of the other forty-six or forty-seven millions annually we do not know, which makes it sad for our inquiring friends, and cannot profess to tell, therefore, but it is a revelation that makes us feel like Rip Van Winkle after waking from his sleep of years. One would naturally expect from a fortune, which has been growing since the reign of William and Mary of England, that there should be some scattering of pious institutions bearing the name of "Trinity" everywhere in the United States, but beyond the fact of its wealth and of the splendid pay of its meek and lowly evangelists, the world outside of its parish is very ignorant of Trinity Church of New York City. Why empires have been founded and nations raised from barbarism on less than fifty millions a year, and around Trinity Church in the "Empire City," there are slums unvisited of Christianity. There is a population in its immediate vicinity reeking in rank ignorance, reeking in filthy poverty, reeking in the filth of sin. One would believe if the coffers of that church are opened to any purposes except the payment of the corporate body that manages the gold therein, that amid that population a great Christian movement could be made productive of rich fruit for the glory of the Master of the Vineyard. There is no doubt, however, that some one is the richer of the capital lodged for the corporation of Trinity Church, and that never was so vast a fund less useful to faith, hope or charity!

Useful Knowledge.

A RICH FORCEMEAT FOR ROAST POULTRY. — Steep half a pound of stale bread in tepid water for five minutes, and wring it dry in a clean towel; take half a pound of good sausage meat, grate half a pound of good dry cheese; fry one ounce of onions in one ounce of butter to a light yellow color, add the prepared stuffing, a dash of powdered herbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a spoonful of pepper; use a raw egg to bind it together as you please.

TO ROAST A TURKEY. — Allow twenty minutes to each pound. A thin slice of salt pork bound upon the breast serves to baste it until sufficient dripping runs from the bird. Turn the turkey while cooking with a clean towel. Do not stick a fork into it, as this wastes the juice. A stuffing of mashed potatoes, seasoned with sweet marjoram, salt and pepper, and bound together with either a little milk, a bit of butter, or one egg, is excellent with roast turkey.

WHITE SAUCE FOR COLD TURKEY OR FOWL. — One ounce butter, one ounce flour, half-pint milk or cream. Make it quite smooth, add two ounces gelatine dissolved in a little water. Remove from the fire, add a little juice and salt, strain into a basin, let cool and thicken. Dip in the pieces of chicken cut into neat joints, place on a hair sieve; when cool dip them in again, till well covered with the sauce. Arrange on a dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs. This makes a pretty supper-dish.

CHESTNUT SAUCE. — Chestnut sauce for roast turkey is made from one pint of large chestnuts, shelled, one quart of stock, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of flour, two of butter. Cook the chestnuts in boiling water for five minutes, then plunge into cold water and remove their skins. Put them on to stew with the stock, and boil gently — for about an hour — until they will mash readily. Mash as fine as possible. Brown the butter and flour in a saucepan. Stir in the stock and chestnuts and cook for two minutes. Season with salt and pepper and the lemon-juice. Unless it is perfectly smooth, you must put it through a sieve.

RYE MUFFINS. — One pint of flour, one pint rye meal, two tablespoonfuls yeast, milk enough to make a thick batter.

TEA CAKES. — Half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces butter, two eggs. Mix all together.

CORN-STARCH makes the best paste for scrap-books.

SYRUP FOR GRIDDLE CAKES. — One pound of light brown sugar, one pint of water. Boil until the sugar is all dissolved.

BAKED EGGS. — Put half an ounce of butter into a small tin pan; break four eggs in it, keeping the yolks whole. Throw a little pepper and bits of butter and salt over. Put into the oven till set, and serve. They will take about six minutes doing.

A WOMAN ON SNORING. — A Chicago lady writes that she will give a premium to any person who will invent something to prevent a man's snoring. She says: "Some time ago I read an article about a patent bed slat that would not fall down at night, no matter what the racket was. Now that is all right, but what I want is a bed slat that will fly up at night and hit a man on the nose whenever he snores. I don't want it to hit so hard as to mar his proboscis, but just to remind him that he can't play Vesuvius in the bed-room with me for first base. Now, my husband is a darling when awake (most men are darlings when asleep). He is as tender as a spring chicken when he is on his pegs, but when he's on his back he's a boomer, and don't you forget it. I won't. Now, I am not a nervous woman. I can stand a decent snore, but when it comes to throwing shot and shell around the room you can't blame me if I get behind something, if it's only the bootjack. Why, old Napoleon or Wellington would have done the same thing. If I awaken him he rises up looking like an Egyptian mummy or a revised edition of Hamlet's ghost, freighting the atmosphere with fragmentary anatomy and dead men's eyeballs and making my heart go pit-a-pat, and sending a Manitoba wave up my spinal column six feet in diameter. I can't stand it. Invent the bed slat and I will immortalize your name." A Western editor, and he ought to know, gives this receipt to cure snoring: "Take a wire that is a little longer than the mouth of the sleeper is wide, and paste some pieces of paper on the wire, so it will act as a windmill. On one of the pieces of paper pin a feather. The wind that comes with a snore will cause the paper mill to revolve, and the feather will tickle his nose. He will wake up mad at first, and throw the windmill away, but another should be provided and inserted in the mouth. After four trials he will quit snoring forever. This is the way we cured it, and it is ten years since we snored a single solo."

The Humorist.

"GETTING EVEN WITH AN IRISHMAN." —"When I was at school there was one boy with whom I was always quarrelling. He was an Irish youth named Barney, and, like many of his countrymen, had a fair share of mother wit. I believe I disliked him mainly because of his wit, which sooner or later made every boy in the school the butt of some joke. Never shall I forget how I tried to get even with him, and how wofully he beat me with my own weapons. Laying my plan carefully beforehand, I drew Barney into a controversy, in the presence of most of the boys, upon the comparative bravery of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. After a warm discussion, in which history was largely drawn upon, and much bantering exchanged, I said: 'Look here, Barney, we can test the thing right here. You are an Irishman and I am a Yankee. Now I will engage to do something here this moment, that you will not dare to do.' 'Go ahead,' returned Barney defiantly, and the boys crowded around to see the fun. I took a large pin from my coat and deliberately thrust it through the lobe of my ear, pulled it through to the head, and then drew it out. It hurt dreadfully, but I never winced. 'There, Barney,' said I, handing him the pin, 'I dare you to do that.' Every eye was upon him, but he was quite equal to the occasion. 'Yes,' he replied slowly, 'I dare do it—but I'm not such a blarsted fool!' What a shout the boys did raise! I slunk away, looking and feeling sadly enough. I had a sore ear for many days, and firmly resolved never again to outbrag an Irish man."

"WHY, John, where have you been all night?" was the greeting as he stumbled up stairs. "Comet party, my dear, zhat's all." "Comet party? Why, it ought not to take all night to see the comet." "If you zhee as many comets ash I did, 'twould take you, poor weak woman, a whole week. Yesh it would."

THE other evening a visitor called on a relative of Mrs. Malaprop and asked if Mr. X. was at home and could be seen. "I think not," was the reply, "I think my husband has expired for the night."

A LADY asked G. Selwyn why the Almighty made woman out of the rib. He scratched his head, and said, "Indeed I do not know, except it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

"THERE'S no time like the present," gleefully remarked the boy who had received a gift of a watch.

ADVANTAGES OF A LONG NOSE. — Mozart's nose was a very long one, a great contrast to his friend Hayden's, who had almost a flat nose. Many jokes passed between them about noses. One day, in a numerous and grave society, the subject of music was being discussed, and Mozart, in reply to the compliments paid him, laid a wager that no one, not even his friend Hayden, was capable of performing at first sight a piece of music that he had composed that morning. Hayden accepted the wager. The piece of music was placed before him on the piano. Hayden easily played through the first portion of it, then he stopped short, finding it impossible to go any further. The two hands must each be at the furthest end of the instrument, and one note in the music demanded that one of them should be in the centre. Hayden confessed himself conquered. As to Mozart, he took up the piece of music, and when he arrived at the puzzling note touched it with his nose. Everybody laughed heartily, and not the least he who had lost his wager.

A YOUNG fellow asked another at a ball if his girl was there. "Yes," said he. "Do you see that girl dressed in pink?" "What, that splendid woman with such magnificent eyes? You don't say. How lucky you are!" "Just so. Of course I am. Well, my girl is the one next to her."

DEAN SWIFT had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner, too much done; he sent for the cook and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please, your honor, I cannot do it less." "But," says the Dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes, very easily." "Why then," says the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be amended."

An indifferent pleader asked Catullus, "Have I not succeeded in making a very moving speech?" "Certainly," said he, "for most of your audience walked out of court."

"I TRUST you are putting a few pennies aside in your savings bank," said a fond father to his son, who was beginning to earn money by doing errands and odd jobs. "Not any, pa. Ever since I saw you shaking out a dime from it I have regarded it as a blind pool."

THE doctors are now telling their creditors to call round after the gunning season has opened.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE POPE AND THE POWERS.—Leo XIII., replying to the Christmas congratulations of the cardinals, said that the Powers were beginning to recognize the Papacy as a great moral fact in human affairs. The truth is that the Powers are forced to acknowledge that human governernment depends upon the conscience of their subjects, not upon armies or hereditary prestige. But the authority which conscience obeys must be divine, and consequently address it with divine authority. Protestants may quote St. Paul's injunction "to be subject to the higher powers," but may not the Protestant interpretation of the apostolic text be wrong? One may say so, and yet remain a Protestant. No one but a Catholic can be bound in conscience to respect governme..t.

The Powers know this, but they very grudgingly admit it. The past generation in France, Italy, and Germany have been trained by their governments to ignore the claims of the Pope as the infallible interpreter of the Divine law. The results of this training now cause profound alarm. Human governments must lean upon the sanction of conscience. A growing party in the countries named are asking by what right are they taxed, conscripted, and misgoverned. It is in vain to appeal to mere arguments for the expediency of government. The question goes deeper than expediency, and touches the very origin and right of government itself.

No wonder that "negotiations are progressing at the Vatican." The Church is the only power that can say, "Obey your rulers, not for wrath, but for conscience' sake." Were the Church only a human institution, subject to the passions of revenge and retaliation, she would laugh at Bismarck and the Czar, and tell them, "You have represented the Pope as a drivelling dotard, the enemy of modern civilization, and an obstacle to human progress. Your people now deny all State authority, and you tremble for your position. You have banished from the halls of education my priests, my religious orders, and my moral teaching, to supplant them with infidelity. Now you have your modern man of progress, with his plots, his dynamite, and his irreligion, knocking at the door of your palaces, and demanding entrance in the name of the Commune. Look to him yourselves."

But like her Divine Founder, the Church forgets her wrongs at the sight of the perils of humanity. She will keep her very enemies in their positions, for part of her mission is the preservation of the social and political society which ignores her.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST AND THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.—The profound, indeed, divine wisdom of the Pope is seen in his advice to the world to hold together in the acknowledgment of the Godhead of Christ. He appeals to all of the Christian name to maintain this fundamental dogma as the basis of a union of Christendom. Why? Because he who believes that Jesus is truly God, and realizes all that this truth implies, must be on the direct road to the Church. Men are deceived both by the devil and themselves, when their atten-

tion is distracted by many of the minor elements in Christianity, such as the veneration of relics, etc. Not that there is any justification for the distinction between fundamental and non-fundamental articles, as Jurieau fancied; but it is obvious that if Christ be God, Almighty and Omniscient, His church must be divinely guided, even independently of any express Divine promises made to her. The question as to the particular Christian society which has the marks ascribed to Christ's Church, unity, holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity, is determined by historical evidence; and there is but one answer. The See of Rome certainly dates from Apostolic times. It is the only surviving Apostolic See. If St. Augustine, at the close of the fifth century, could appeal to the standing Chair of St. Peter, as an evidence of the fulfilment of Christ's promise to be always with His Church, what would he say at the close of the nineteenth century?

The Pope evidently implies that he who believes in the Divinity of Christ, implicitly believes in the Catholic Church. All that is needed is to develop the argument to his mental satisfaction. If all Christains could be brought to understand the power, wisdom, and love of God, the difficulties which confront them in accepting an infallible Church would disappear.

May the Pope be as successful in bringing Protestants and Greeks into the one true faith, as he has been in bringing civil rulers to the Vatican!

ANOTHER YEAR. — It seems to be a special grace that God has put into the human mind, to divide time into periods which make us think. Time in itself is but one — the present—and even that is in a continual state of transition. Our Saviour embodied a world of loving suggestiveness in the phrase, "Sufficient for the day." We are either regretting the past, or looking to the future; but the present day, the present moment, is the only one effectually our own.

Most men are convinced of the need of having some definite object in life; and maxims about the theory of life abound. There is but one theory of any value, and that is the one which teaches us that life is the struggle, the probation for the Last End, the possession of God.

If Christ had revealed no other truth, this alone would prove Him Divine. None of the philosophers ever caught the meaning of life. The Old Testament dwells mainly upon the temporal advantages which came to the Jews from keeping the law. But the Only-Begotton Son taught man that our present existence is the condition, the trial, the arena, the seed-time, the probationary state leading on to life eternal. At once everything becomes clear to the perplexed intellect. Nothing strikes men so forcibly as the sense of incompletion in mortal life and an earthly career. Our Lord's revelation of the meaning of life makes it clear.

His teaching is also a fresh evidence of his love. What are fifty or eighty years passed in his service, compared with dwelling with Him forever in the Father's mansions? Indeed, he throws the whole efficacy of His Passion into a single moment. One minute may save our souls. A sigh of contrition, a passionate act of love of God, our Creator and Father, above all his creation, will cleanse our souls of every stain, even when no priest or sacrament is near, for confession is included in our very wish of love. Every moment carries heaven in its bosom. And, alas! every moment *may* carry hell. Let us think over this, in the dawning of the New Year.

THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT commences February 7th this year.

WE sincerely thank the Catholic and Irish-American press throughout the country for their generous commendations of our Magazine.

CHARITY BALL. — Arrangements are in progress for the annual charity ball in aid of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. The ball will take place on the 5th of February, in the Music Hall. The programme will be similar to the very successful ball of last year, which realized over $2,000 for the Home. During the present year the Home has received and provided

for nearly 500 destitute children. As the institution never receives payment or board for the care of any child, and receives only children whose parents or relatives are unable to provide for them, its claims on the charity of the community are of the strongest nature.

TOPSY. — This clever little sketch, published in our last issue, and which we have reason to attribute to a gifted young Irish priest of Cloyne Diocese, was from the *Catholic Children's Magazine*, published by the well-known firm of James Duffy & Sons, Dublin. If any of our youthful readers send one shilling and sixpence (37c.), they will get the little Magazine each month for all the year 1883.

ON the sixth of January 1839 (Epiphany) occurred in Ireland "The big wind."

THE *Catholic Mirror*, published by Messrs. John B. Piet & Co., the enterprising Catholic publishers of Baltimore, is among the best of our Catholic exchanges. It gave an illustrated supplement of four pages with its issue for the Christmas Holidays. The *Mirror* and our Magazine is given for $4 a year.

FALSIFICATION OF HISTORY.— No weapon has been used against the Catholic Church in England more commonly than the falsification of history. The modern school of historical critics has disposed of many such falsehoods with the effect of reducing prejudice against us; but as soon as one misrepresentation is silenced, another seems to spring into being. The latest we have observed is invented by the current *Quarterly*, which discovers that England owes the loss of her American colonies to the Quebec Act, and we notice with regret that a Catholic writer heedlessly adopts the misrepresentation. The truth, as Mr. Lecky and Benjamin Franklin before him show, is that the Quebec Act, in guaranteeing liberty of conscience, and the continued enjoyment of their ecclesiastical endowments to the Canadians, saved Canada to the British Crown, while the persecuting Puritans of New England were induced to revolt by political and not by religious considerations. If something answering to the Quebec Act had been passed for Ireland in place of the Penal Laws, that country too might, perhaps, have reconciled itself to the British connection.

SNOWBALL RIOT IN DUBLIN. — ON the 6th of December Dublin was visited by a heavy snowstorm. In the city the snow was several inches in depth, and traffic was seriously impeded. Extra horses were attached to the tram-cars, and in some of the suburbs the tramway traffic had to be temporarily suspended. The English mails were late, the trains on the railways were delayed, and some of them brought to a standstill. Snowballing was indulged in by the students of the city. In the afternoon a serious snowballing disturbance took place in College Green, Dublin, between the university students and others. A policeman was violently assaulted, and another man had his nose broken. Four arrests were made. The magistrates were engaged all the afternoon hearing charges of snowballing.

An Aberdeen correspondent telegraphed recently that the trains were considerably behind time, and the tramway traffic stopped. The storm had the effect of greatly delaying transit of cattle to the London Christmas Market, the roads being in such a condition that the animals could not be taken to the stations.

BISHOP FAVRE, of Montreal, on Dec. 23, ordained over 100 clergymen in the different grades, 48 being for the priesthood, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The ceremony took place early in the day, and occupied four hours, during which time the grand seminary of the church was thronged with friends of the students and others.

EARL SPENCER, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has commuted the sentence of death passed upon the five men who pleaded guilty to participating in the murder of the Joyce family.

A BRAVE SISTER.— The chapel of the Mercy Hospital, Michigan, in the northern part of Big Rapids, was destroyed by fire on the 20th of December. So rapidly did the fire spread that the Sisters could do nothing towards extinguishing it. The building, a large frame structure, in twenty minutes was one complete mass of flames. There was many exciting scenes. It was a long time before any assistance reached the Sisters and the seventy inmates, but the Mother Superior was equal to the occasion. Ward after ward was visited and the occupants told of their danger. Those able to help themselves escaped by the windows and doors, whilst those unable to move by reason of broken limbs or sickness were assisted from the burning building, and thus every life was saved, though the sufferings of many were terrible.

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS MANUFACTURE. — In the manufacture of Saddlery and Harness, Dublin takes high rank throughout the world. In this particular branch of Irish trade no country can compete with Ireland. As an illustration of this the manufacture of one firm alone, Messrs. Lennan and Son, of Dawson Street, has taken gold medals at the exhibitions in London, Paris, Vienna, and nearly every capital in Europe. The trade of this firm, which has gained abroad such a high name for Irish-made saddlery and harness, is principally private, and not general or wholesale, like that of Messrs. Box & Son. The manufacture of Lennan & Son is known throughout the globe, and in Europe has been patronized from the Empress of Austria down to the English squire. In America this Irish firm has taken prizes at Chicago, and in New South Wales their manufacture commended itself to the Australians before that of all other European exhibitors. As the trade of this firm is chiefly for private trade, and for a special class of patrons, particular care is taken in its manufacture, and the saddle is made through all its processes by the one operative, excepting the making of the saddle-tree and the iron fittings. The springs for carriage blinds are largely manufactured by Messrs. Box & Co., of Abbey Street. This is done by the coiling of the wire round a bar on a machine called the mandril. All conceivable kinds of requisites for carriage fittings, as well as saddlery and harness, are made by Box & Co. A new patent spring pillar-lock is an article which is an improvement on the old lock. It is self-acting, for the closing of the door fastens it, and a touch to a lever opens the door again.

A DECISION IN FAVOR OF THE CHURCH. —A case of special interest to Catholics has recently been decided in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. A professing Catholic, named Denis Copper, had bought ground for a grave in the Catholic cemetery of Calvary. Subsequently he became a Freemason, and died without being reconciled to the Church. The ecclesiastical authorities, therefore, took no part in the funeral, and refused to admit the body to the cemetery, on the ground that the deceased, by his own act, had separated himself from the Church, and had consequently lost all right to a Catholic burial. His heirs or representatives thereupon summoned the priest before the District Court, and pleaded the purchase of the ground, and the Court gave judgment in their favor, and ordered that the interment should take place. But, on appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, this judgment was reversed, and the Court confirmed the right of the authorities of the Church to enforce its discipline against those who had voluntarily submitted to it. Those, said Judge Barrett, who voluntarily quit it, or are expelled from it, lose all the rights conditional on belonging to it; that is a consequence which they must have foreseen when they entered the Church. And the essential rule of the Catholic Church is the submission of the faithful to their spiritual superiors.

AN authentic declaration that Mr. Darwin, whose praises have been sung by Bishops of the Church of England, and others, and whose funeral was conducted as a religious ceremony, considered that he had no more soul than a pig has.

THE Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis, Missouri, are to begin in the spring the erection of a magnificent new church and college in that city. The plans have been sent to Rome for approval, and it is expected that the church is to be on the plan of the great cathedral of Milan. College and church are to cost more than a million dollars.

It has been notified to Arabi Pasha that he is to be exiled to Ceylon. Arabi, it is said, has expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of being sent to "the last resting-place of our common father, Adam, when he was driven from Paradise." The Koran states that Adam was banished to Ceylon, and Eve to Hedjas.

ENTERPRISE AND GENEROSITY. — We learn from the *Nebraska Watchman*, that a high-spirited Irishman, named Fitzgerald, has purchased the famous Dormitory built contiguous to the State University for the accommodation of the young lady and gentlemen students of that famous institution. It is a large four-story basement and mansard roofed structure, built on a block of 14 lots, on a gentle eminence, commanding a magnificent view of the magic city of Lincoln and the surrounding country for miles. In the centre of the roof is a tower, suitable for an observatory. Besides capacious kitchens, cellars, refectories, store-rooms, parlors, reception rooms, study halls, etc., it has 45 to 50 large dormitories, wide corridors, spacious verandahs, well, cisterns, magnificent barn, and outhouses, *ad libitum*.

The institution fell largely in debt, and at a public vendue, Mr. John Fitzgerald, the liberal-hearted railroad builder and Western capitalist, bought it in and planked down the cash. Seeing the need the little girls growing up around him have for a

solid education based on Christian morals, he handed it over to the daughters of Nebraska for all time to come. The property is now worth from $20,000 to $30,000; and in five years will be worth double that amount, still rapidly increasing.

The school is now awaiting the arrival of a teaching order of Catholic Sisters, approved by the bishop, and Rev. Father Kennedy, the highly-appreciated pastor of Lincoln.

This is not all. When the Sisters take hold, Mr. Fitzgerald will make all the necessary alterations and improvements, and put in all the conveniences to make it one of the best and cheapest institutions of learning in America. Mr. Fitzgerald resides in Lincoln, Neb., and he has the most elegant residence, with all the modern improvements and surroundings, between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. It stands within a 20-acre garden, and we hardly think he'd exchange that home for $100,000 in cash. It is a picturesque palace with a commanding view, and stands six or seven blocks from the State House. Mr. Fitzgerald deserves a long life of happiness in his mansion, if only for his care for the young girls of the State.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January keeps up its reputation. It is undoubtedly the best magazine for the price, twenty cents a number, now published.— *Washington Catholic.*

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.—James Brennan, a laborer, entered a dining saloon in Brooklyn, N. Y., on a recent Friday, boasted that he was a good Catholic, but had a Protestant stomach, and called for meat. As he ate it a piece lodged in his throat and strangled him to death.

A DARING ROBBERY was recently perpetrated in the cathedral of St. Denis, France. The guardian, on returing to his post at eight o'clock in the evening, after being absent only an hour and a half, found, to his surprise, the door he had locked behind him left ajar. On proceeding to the sacristy, he found the door leading from it into what is called the treasury also fractured and open; and, in the treasury itself, the doors of an immense glass case, containing all the objects of value, also standing open. These objects had been temporarily removed from the cupboard in which they were usually locked up, and placed for exhibition in the glass case. The thieves, therefore, must evidently have known what had been done, and taken advantage of it. The ecclesiastical and civil authorities were hastily summoned, when it was found, on inspection by the catalogue, that thirty-eight objects, of the intrinsic value of £4,000, but, of course, of a far higher religious value, had been carried off. Amongst them was an *ostensoir*, the gift of Napoleon I., standing four feet in height, which the thieves had been compelled to break up in order to carry it off. Several precious stones and a fine diamond belonging to it were found on the floor, left behind in their haste. The thieves must have been numerous and well prepared to have been able to effect all they did in the short space of an hour and a half. As yet no traces of them have been discovered, nor does suspicion attach to any one employed in the building.

A. M. SULLIVAN was entertained at a banquet in London by his late Parliamentary colleagues, Mr. Parnell presiding. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Sullivan eloquently described his recent experiences in the United States, dwelling on the intense love which the millions of Irishmen across the Atlantic bear to their loved island home. The day might come, he said significantly, when the government of the United States would ask England why the Irish trouble, which was really an international question, could not be settled upon the reasonable plan of giving to Ireland the rights and liberties possessed by every State in the Republican Union.

IN his recent pastoral Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, said :—"We declare it the conscientious duty of every pastor to visit his school frequently, and to satisfy himself that the teachers do their duty to the children."

DEATH OF GAMBETTA.—Just as the hands of the clock touched the figure of XII, at midnight, the minute that intervenes between the dying year and the new, the soul of Leon Michel Gambetta stood in the presence of its Creator. In our next issue we will give some account of the life and actions of this remarkable man.

GEN. WASHINGTON ON PROFANITY.—In a general order to the army, given at his headquarters in New York, August 3d, 1776, the General says: "That the troops may have the opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigues they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the

foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers, by example as well as influence, will endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven upon our cause if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Add to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

THE MADONNA IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.— At the house of one of the cultured residents, who was entertaining a guest, whose only advantage was his wealth, by showing him the paintings, which were the pride of the house, they paused before a picture of the Madonna, and the guest asked whose portrait it was. "That," replied the host, "is the Madonna." "Ah! Splendid picture! But whose portrait did you say it is?" "Why, it is the Madonna, Raphael's Madonna" "Ah! Fine picture; splendid portrait. But is she a Providence lady?"

THE three bishops of the Province of San Francisco have united in a pastoral to the clergy and laity on the subject of mixed marriages. They declare excommunicated every Catholic who is married before any functionary, other than a Catholic priest.

BRANDY AND OYSTERS do not go well together. "My dear sir, do you want to ruin your digestion?" asked Prof. Houghton of Trinity College one day of a friend who had ordered brandy and water with his oysters in a Dublin restaurant. Then he sent for a glass of brandy and a glass of Guinness XX., and put an oyster in each. In a very short time there lay in the bottom of the glass of brandy a tough leathery substance, resembling the finger of a kid glove, while in the porter there was hardly a trace of the oyster to be found.

PARNELL ESTATE. — Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who, as Mr. Parnell's friend and parliamentary colleague, may be supposed to have spoken from authority, volunteered an explanation at a late meeting in London. Mr. Parnell, he said, believed in peasant proprietorship, and was practising what he preaches. He was anxious that the tenants of his estate should have the opportunity of taking advantage of the purchase clauses of the land act, and he was accordingly offering his estate for sale in order that the farmers who were paying rent to him might become lords of their own soil by holding it independent of him or anybody else. What a change it would make in Ireland, added the speaker, if every landlord in that country would act on such a noble, just, and sensible principle.

THE NEW IRELAND. — MR. DAVITT, in a speech at Bermondsey, England, said that immigration was no cure for the discontent in Ireland. A system of public works enterprises, he said, would be far more creditable to English statesmen than forcing thousands into workhouses and then forcing them to quit the country. But, if during the winter and spring 50,000 families quit Ireland, they would go to swell the ranks of the new Ireland which was growing beyond the Atlantic, where they would be trained in republican ideas. From his knowledge of the new Ireland in America, he could tell Lord Derby that English statesmen before long would have to take into account the Irish element in America in the settlement of the Irish question.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The January number of this ever popular magazine opens with another of those magnificent articles, "Give God His Place," from the pen of Rev. A. J. Ryan. Rev. J. V. O'Connor has a beautiful and thoroughly instructive article on "A Remedy for Woman's Wrongs." The number is filled with a mass of useful and attractive reading that must prove highly welcome to its large circle of readers. The season is a good time for new subscribers to the Magazine, it is only a couple of dollars yearly, and is worth double the money. —*Catholic Herald*, Lawrence, Mass.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.— It is stated by the *Germania* that an agreement has been made between Russia and the Pope by the terms of which Russia re-establishes her embassy at the Vatican, and pardons the exiled Polish bishops, who will be restored to their Sees.

BOOKS IN SCHOOLS. — The Halifax *Chronicle* says the discussion of the Marmion affair in Ontario reminds it of a case which occurred in Albany, N. Y., a few months ago, under similar circumstances. A book was introduced into the public schools which contained passages offensive to Catholics; the clergy addressed an open letter to the school board asking its removal, and removed it was without hesitation, the best of it being there were no cultivated editors in Albany to abuse the clergy and the school board for their action.

A LUDICROUS AFFAIR.

It appears that when the hon. member for Cavan, Mr. Biggar, was crossing the Channel to England during the brief but doubtless Elysian period when he was treading the primrose path out of which he was unhappily destined to wander toward one of her Majesty's law courts, it was noticed that he had with him a strange-looking basket, which he carried about on deck. The weather grew boisterous, and the steamer of course began to pitch. The spray of a wave-crest having been dashed over the hon. member's genial face, he started suddenly and accidentally dropped the basket. To the astonishment of a benevolent-looking old gentleman who stood close by, a series of those low but ear-piercing cries which are not unfamiliar to the young *pater-familias* proceeded from the interior of the basket, and only ceased on the hon. member addressing to the mysterious occupant some soothing harangue which sounded very like an old Irish lullaby. The old gentleman noted the circumstance, and shrewdly held his peace; but he continued to scrutinize Mr. Biggar's every movement during the remainder of the voyage. As soon as the steamer reached Dover the old gentleman hurried ashore, and, accosting the policeman on duty, made a communication to him which induced him to lay hands on Mr. Biggar the moment he landed. The hon. member for Cavan protested strongly against this apparently unwarranted assault. But his impassioned eloquence was of no avail. The policeman insisted on opening the basket, and after a few moments' hesitation its custodian gave his reluctant consent, though under vehement protest, to the inspection. On raising the lid of the basket the officer discovered, to the benevolent-looking old gentleman's and his own discomfiture, that it contained — a parrot.

The *Osservatore Romano* rejoices over the conversions to Catholicity which have recently taken place in England. Thus, it says, is being verified the prophecy of the holy Confessor King, that in 300 years the United Kingdom would again be Catholic.

Monsieur Loyson. — The *Figaro* has revived the sad history of the ex-Carmelite, Père Hyacinthe, who, it is stated, has been making a spiritual retreat with the Trappists, with a view to abandoning his terrible career of heresy and apostasy. The death of Dean Stanley was a great blow to the pretended revival of Gallicanism by M. Loyson; and, with the exception of the small sum of £500 left to his son, there is no prospect. The financial condition of Gallicanism in Paris is hopeless; and were it not for the contributions of a few private friends, the Loyson family would be in absolute distress. It is to be hoped that the symptoms of repentance shown by M. Loyson may bear solid fruit. But this is the second time that he has spent some days in monastic retirement without further result.

China has been divided by Rome into thirty Vicariates Apostolic. In one of these, Kiang-man, 14,500 native children are inmates of Catholic institutions, and are being brought up as members of the Church.

Cheering accounts are given by the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* of the progress made by the Church in the diocese of Columbo, which embraces the Southern part of the island. The total number of Catholics has risen from 90,000 to 125,000 during these last 25 years. Of that 35,000 increase, 13,000 souls were reclaimed from Buddhism, 2,850 from other heathen sects, 4,400 from Protestantism; making in all 20,250 increases by conversions, without counting those that were baptized on the point of death. 45 new churches were built, 52 were enlarged or rebuilt almost entirely, 156 schools, with 12,303 pupils of both sexes, were opened, and two printing-presses were established, one in English, one in Singhalese. Well done, good and faithful servants!

A Bishop Honored. — On the 30th of November, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination as priest of Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., was celebrated with imposing ceremonies, which were largely attended. He has been a Bishop for fifteen years. He was presented with a thousand silver dollars by the laity, a crozier by the clergy of the diocese, a large medal by the children of the diocese, pontifical robes by the Rev. W. J. Holly, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a missal by Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston, Texas. All the priests in Arkansas, together with Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston, Father Henry, of St. Louis, and Father Bender, of Denver, were present at the Cathedral. Addresses were delivered by Chancellor Carroll, Col. W. L. Terry, and others.

Holy Childhood. — The Pope lately wrote to Father Du Fougerais, of Paris, saying in his letter: "I would like to see all Catholic children become members of this beautiful Association of the Holy Childhood." Those who join it say a "Hail Mary" a day, and contribute one cent a month for the conversion of pagan children; and they may obtain many rich

indulgences. Rev. Father Andreis, Styles and Exeter Streets, Baltimore, Md., will furnish all further information that may be desired, and will authorize trustworthy persons to act as collectors.

FRETTING. — There is one sin which seems to me is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets — that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks flying upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

SECRET SOCIETIES. — Denunciations of the Secret Societies continue to fall from the pulpits and altar-steps in Dublin. Cardinal McCabe was terribly urgent on the subject the other day, when warning the members of a sodality at Harold's Cross against all dealings with any one connected with them. Unfortunately the wretches who do the mischief are far beyond the reach of priests or bishops. When the man Dowling, charged with shooting Constable Cox, lay as it was thought, dying in hospital in care of the Sisters of Mercy, they, of course, brought a priest to his side. "Ah," said Dowling, "you're a priest, are you? You may go away. It's many a day since I had anything to do with the men of your cloth."

TEMPERANCE ON BOARD CUNARD STEAMERS. — An important regulation in the direction of the temperance cause has come into force among the crews in the service of the Cunard Steamship Company. It appears that until lately two rations of neat rum were served out daily to the men, while no compensation, either in money or in non-alcoholic beverages, was allowed to total abstainers. The officers on the Cunard boats on representing the matter to the authorities were allowed eighteenpence a day in lieu of the ale, sherry, and rum which were formerly served out every day. Similar consideration has at length been shown to the crews also, and at a Board meeting of the Cunard Company held in Liverpool, it was resolved that from December 1st no grog or other alcoholic drink should be served out to the crews of the company's ships, but that coffee should be substituted.

MISS CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN, who has returned to Ireland, told a reporter of the *Cork Examiner* that her impression as regards the success of Irishmen in America is decidedly favorable. "In some they may be called the brains of the nation. They influence political life immensely." While admitting the field open in this country to the poor emigrant, yet she also saw what led her to think that she was "distinctly opposed to forcing on the emigration. I believe that multitudes of people who leave this country would do better to stay at home. I would have no man or woman to go to America if they can see their way to living at home."

MR. PARNELL has lodged a petition in the land court for the sale of his property in the county of Wicklow. A conditional order for the sale of Mr. Parnell's property was entered on the 29th day of November. The extent of the property was given as 5,000 acres, and the total incumbrances as £13,000.

NUMBER OF OFFICERS KILLED IN EGYPT. — It is stated that the proportion of officers to men who were killed at Tel-el-Kebir is the largest ever known during any campaign within the last century that British troops have been engaged in. One of the former to every fifty of the latter was the average loss during the campaign of 1815, and during the war of American independence, it varied from one to eleven to one to nine, the latter being the highest previously reached. At Tel-el-Kebir, however, one officer was killed to every six privates, although the total loss was only sixty-three all told. Many military men are of opinion that the Institution of the Victoria Cross has had a good deal to do with this, in the way of tempting young officers needlessly to expose themselves to danger in the hope of winning so coveted a decoration, and that many have done so before the men could follow them. If this is so, we think that the authorities

would do well to impress upon our impetuous cadets that foolhardiness is not always a desirable qualification, and that, even if an officer makes light of his own existence, he has no right to run the risk of leaving his men at a critical moment deprived of his leadership. Wiid harum-scarum feats and reckless exposure to danger were rather detrimental than otherwise to the French army in 1870-71, when, as is well known, the Prussians owed a great part of their success to the steadiness and precision of their action, and the coolness of both officers and men.

Sir Hugh Allan, of the Allan Line, died at Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 9.

Errors of the Colleges.—Dr. Howard Crosby, before the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni, recently paid his respects to the "Errors of Our Collegiate Institutions." The doctor said: "The only mistake common to our colleges is the fostering of boat clubs and ball clubs. That young men should, in time of relaxation, go out on the green and have a good game of ball, or should go down to the river and have a row, is most natural and commendable, but that they should form clubs for training and spend months in the process and have grand public contests before thousands all over the country and attract the professional roughs with their betting and drinking, to the show, in all of which study is neglected and must be neglected, is an abomination of the first order."

The Treadwheel in England.—The time-honoured treadwheel, which was supposed to be going out of fashion in our prisons as an instrument of punishment in deference to the sentimental humanitarianism of the age, is again coming prominently into use for the benefit of the criminal classes in England. The medical inspector of prisons, and the Prison Commissioners, have recently expressed a decided opinion in its favor, and some 350 boxes for the accommodation of as many delinquents have been lately fitted up in the new part of Coldbath Fields. It is at once a severe punishment, one that presses with equal hardship upon all criminals, and which it is impossible for any one to evade or shirk. By a recent arrangement of the Commissioners, all the tread-wheels throughout Great Britain are made uniform in their character and workmanship, and a day's work on the tread-wheel is now everywhere equivalent to the raising of a man's body through 9,000 feet. A prisoner consequently tramps up hill to a height equivalent to that of Mount Ararat, or the St. Gothard, and, supposing him to average 12 stone in weight, lifts about 575 tons through one foot of space. The arrangement as to time is for each man to get a quarter of an hour on the wheel, and five minutes off, alternately.

Thurlow Weed and Archbishop Hughes — The recent death of Thurlow Weed, the great political manager of New York, recalls an incident in his life which illustrates the manly and tender strength of his feelings of friendship. Forty-three years ago, the venerable Archbishop and Mr. Weed crossed the Atluntic ocean together. Landing at Queenstown the Archbishop plucked a rose and presented it to his fellow-traveller with a hearty welcome to the land of his fathers. The Archbishop little thought that this simple trifling expression of kindness would be remembered nearly half a century. But it was. When the Archbishop was in New York in 1879, he paid a visit to the aged politician. Calling up memories of bygone days, Mr. Weed sent for a book in his library. Opening its leaves he gave back to the Archbishop the pressed and faded leaves of the flower, that had been the symbol of greeting on the shore of Ireland. The perfume of the dead rose had long departed, but the sweeter fragrance of true-living friendship clung to it through all those many years.

The late John F. Logan, of Boston, bequeathed $500 to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children.

Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, has issued a circular, dated Sept. 24th, to the Nuncios, concerning persons who are going about Europe collecting for various Oriental Churches. The Cardinal states that Innocent XI. and Clement XII. had formerly forbidden such means of collecting, and quotes a similar circular of Propaganda in 1875. As this unfortunate abuse still continues, and as fresh complaints are continually being addressed to the Congregation, it is judged expedient to recall former decrees, and to state that no collector must be received or tolerated, unless he can show a formal and authentic permit of recent date from the Sacred Congregation.

Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, has forbidden the Catholic churches of Michigan to raise any money by raffles, fairs, excursions, or balls. The first consequence of this is the lessening of the incomes of several charitable institutions, and he has ordered an assessment on the diocese to make up a deficit of $1,300.

WHAT at one time looked like a very shocking Fenian atrocity has been satisfactorily explained. The Woolwich Board of Guardians recently received a mysterious box. They immediately jumped at the conclusion that it was an infernal machine, and the utmost precautions were taken so as to avoid an explosion. At the last meeting of the Board, one of the Guardians asked had the contents of the box been ascertained. He was informed by the chairman that the box had been opened and examined without any of the dreadful consequences apprehended. In fact, it contained nothing more dangerous than a pig's head and a letter. It was stated that the letter came from a pig, that the pig asked for mercy to be shown to his fellow-pigs, so that they might be saved from their enemy, and a hope was expressed that the guardians would not consider their pig correspondent "cheeky." Since then, the head has been buried by the master of the workhouse. The guardians must be congratulated on their narrow escape.—*London Universe.*

A BOSTON GARDENER FALLS HEIR TO $16,000.—In 1806 a certain Denis Doyle of New York City, disappeared. A sum of money belonging to Doyle was in the possession of the Court of Chancery. It was never claimed by him, and in 1845 was invested in mortgages on Richmond county property. It then amounted to $3,800. The money, by an act of the Legislature, was subsequently turned over to the Treasurer of Richmond county to be kept in trust for the owner or his heirs. In 1882 the money had accumulated to $16,000, and Staten Island lawyers became interested in the matter. It being conceded that Denis Doyle was dead, a search was begun for his heirs, and James Doyle, a gardener, and a son of Denis Doyle, was found in Boston. He produced satisfactory proof as to his identity, and the money was paid to him a few days ago by County Treasurer Robinson.

THE IRISH IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—When Irish-Americans are taunted with being a foreign-born population it would be well to remind the silly taunters that there were two Irishmen for every native engaged in the revolutionary war. Mr. Galloway, the speaker in the House of Assembly in Pennsylvania, in his examination before a committee of the English House of Commons, June 16, 1779, was asked this question: "That in the service of the Congress were they chiefly composed of the natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English?" Here is the answer: "The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer that question with precision. There was *scarcely one-fourth* natives of America, about *one-half* Irish; the other fourth were English and Scotch." This is worth remembering.—*Washington Catholic.*

SNOW.—They had a big snow-storm in England early in December. With great severity, snow-storms have blocked the railways in the north, and one train was buried from nine to eighteen feet deep in nine miles of snow, for seventy hours, in Wales, at Bala. Some wayfarers and shepherds have been frozen to death on the Scotch moors; several youths have been drowned on their venturing on the ice before it was sufficiently frozen to bear; and the blackest fog has made itself felt in London.

MR. MCPHILPIN, proprietor of the *Tuam News* (Ireland), has been sentenced to two months imprisonment for publishing articles inciting to intimidation.

MONEY FOR IRELAND.—IT was estimated that there was sent by Massachusetts people to their friends in Ireland during the year 1882 a total of $750,000 in remittances, varying from ten shillings to ten pounds, but averaging about two pounds, ten shillings.

THE ORIGINAL BULL of Adrian to Henry Plantagenet, concerning the latter's invasion of Ireland, has been discovered, it is said, in the Vatican Library. The author of Analecta Juris Pontificii gives the letter in full and comments upon it through 120 pages. Instead of giving the Island to Henry, he warns him not to enter the kingdom "unless invited by the princess, bishops, and people of the realm."

SAVE us from London catsup! A fungologist, named Smith, has been making a microscopical examination of several samples of catsup with some startling results. He examined four samples manufactured in the metropolis. In one he found only matter which looked like mashed-up toast and salt; in another decayed fish, mildew, and broken twigs; in a third, fungus spawn, mildew spores, crushed walnut husks, and vibriones, large black spores, evidently belonging to the genus *coprinus*, and brown ones recognizable as those of the horse-mushroom.

MR. J. E. REDMOND, M.P., has started for Australia, whither he has gone as the delegate of the Irish National League to explain and advocate its principles among the Irish communities in the Australian colonies. Mr. Redmond will be assisted

in the colonies by a staff of lecturers. He will attend conventions of the representative Irishmen of the various Australasian colonies at Victoria, where he will be received by the Irish members of the Legislature; at Sydney; at Brisbane, where he will be the guest of Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, one of the "'Forty-eight men," now a member of the Queensland Legislative Council; at Adelaide, and at Auckland and Wellington. Mr. Redmond's visit will, it is expected, extend over ten months.

THE DISTRESS. — From wave-washed Donegal in the far north of Ireland, from the wild seaboard of Galway and Mayo in the west, and from many places in Limerick, Clare, and Kerry in the south, there has just come at the same moment, and yet evidentiy without any concerted arrangement, a cry for employment for the people, who are already suffering distress, and whose condition threatens to be much worse if speedy help be not given. Alms are not sought, but reproductive labor. The Government has as yet made no sign in the right direction, but has offered to the people the enforced idleness of the workhouse or the fearful alternative of the storm-tossed emigrant ship in midwinter, with a dismal prospect beyond the Atlantic. There is no time to be lost, if lives are to be saved and the horrors of famine years to be averted.

LORD DERBY has signalized his return to the Cabinet by blowing a loud blast on the emigration trumpet. His cure for all the ills that Ireland is heir to is the wholesale deportation of the Irish peasantry to lands beyond the ocean. Mr. Forster has sent forth a violent tirade against Home Rule, and all the other popular remedies for Irish grievances. He is right only on one point, and that is, his advice that national education in Ireland shall be placed more under the control of the priesthood. To do poor Forster justice, he always did lean to the side of denominationalism in teaching, and when hs was an education minister he considerably checked the advocates of secular education. But in Dublin Castle he was a wretched failure, and a very despotic minister.

TERRIBLE CONDITION OF THE WEST.— The most tangible thing in Ireland is the distress and misery of the people in the western districts, particularly in the places where there are hundreds of evicted families withont shelter and starving. The information about these is derived chiefly from the Catholic priests, whose own resources are all exhausted, and about whose dwellings the unfortunate creatures are gathered begging piteously for a potato or a pound of corn meal. There are no members of the human race whose condition is so abjectly wretched as that of the starving people in the West of Ireland.

POPE LEO XIII, is said to have declared recentlv to M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a long interview which took place on November 5th, that society was menaced by the enormous increase of infidelity, the spread of agnostic literature, and by the unscrupulous attitude of the chiefs of the revolutionary party, who had insinuated themselves into the favor of the people by making mendacious promises. To meet the terrific consequences of this state of affairs, the Pope said, "there is but one means—the counterbalancing influence of real religion and the union of all persons who believe in the divinity of Christ."

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.—There are three Catholic Churches in course of erection in New York City. At the corner of 59th Street and 9th Avenue the Church of St. Paul is in course of erection. A church is being built on the corner of 79th St., and First Avenue, at a cost of $40,000. Fr. Powers is erecting a new church on Madison Avenue, between 129th and 130th Streets.

THE LENTEN SEASON OF 1883. — The Lenten Season begins unusually early this year, Ash-Wednesday falling on February 7th, and Easter Day on Sunday, March 25th. This great Feast will not occur upon so early a date until the year 1894, when it will again occur upon the same day of the same month.

THE Archbishop of Tuam (the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly) has just done an act which, being quite in harmony with his well-known character, has caused nó surprise, although it has elicited much admiration. His loving people have presented to his Grace, on his return from Rome, a handsome pecuniary offering, but he stated that he would not use it for any personal purpose, but would devote it all to carry on the work of completing the noble cathedral begun by Archbishop Kelly, which work had been so well continued by the illustrious Archbishop MacHale. In thus deciding, the learned author of the world-famed "Commentary on St. Paul" has not only given glory to God, but also honest work and bread to many at a time when work is greatly needed.

Personal.

On Nov. 30th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination as priest of Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Ark., was celebrated with imposing ceremonies, which were largely attended. He has been a Bishop for fifteen years. He was presented with a thousand silver dollars by the laity, a crozier by the clergy of the diocese, a large medal by the children of the diocese, pontifical robes by Rev. W. J. Holly, of Cincinnati, Ohio; a missal by Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston, Texes.

Mr Biggar, M.P. for Cavan, in a speech at the inauguration of a National club in Waterford, denounced Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as a blood-thirsty English peer, who had hanged Hynes and Myles Joyce, although satisfied of their innocence, in order to gratify the English Whigs. Mr. Biggar's remarks were loudly cheered, but he has been marked out for prosecution.

At the ordinations at Troy Seminary, Rev. James William Allison, Rev. Joseph Edward Keyes, Rev. Patrick Bernard McManus, Rev. Nicholas Joseph Murphy, Rev. Henry Augustus Sullivan, of the Archdiocese of Boston, were raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, ordained for the same Archdiocese, Revs. James Kelly, J. A. Fitzgerald, and M. Kelly, of St. Mary's Seminary.

The Government of India has awarded the Afghan war medal to the Rev. J. H. Doogan, Catholic Chaplain, Bareilly, and four other priests of the Agra Mission. Those Rev. gentlemen did duty during the first campaign in 1878 and 1879.

Gen. Sherman's only son, named after his grandfather, Thomas Ewing, is studying for the priesthood at the Jesuits' College at Woodstock, Maryland. He recently lectured at Loyola College, in Baltimore. His devoted and devout mother was present with his sister Rachael, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Thackeray, and there was a large attendance. His subject was "The Inquisition." He said that the Puritans of New England burned people at the stake and indulged in other horrible butcheries, which the inquisition did not. The Spanish inquisition was different from that of the Catholic Church, and was condemned by the Pope for its atrocities.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken, accompanied by the Rev. R. J. Sullivan, has gone to Cuba to avoid the severity of the winter season. The Bishop announced to his congregation his anticipated trip, and expressed the hope of returning with renewed strength to resume in the spring his annual visitations to the parishes of the diocese to collect funds for continuing uninterruptedly the building of the new Cathedral in Providence.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir J. Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Hong Kong, to be Governor of Mauritius.

Rev. Dr. C. O'Brien has received official information from Rome confirming his appointment to the vacant Archbishopric of Halifax. The mourning in which the throne of St. Mary's Cathedral has been dressed since the death of Archbishop Hannan has now been removed, and the consecration of Dr. O'Brien will likely take place early in the new year.

Pope Leo XIII. celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest on Dec. 23.

Canon Ulick J. Bourke, parish priest of Claremorris, Ireland, has addressed a striking and eloquent letter to Mr. Gladstone, on behalf of the poor people of his parish who are to be taxed for the murder of Mr. Walter M. Bourke. Canon Bourke protests solemnly that his parishioners had nothing to do with, and no knowledge of, the murder, and gives them a high character as patient, long-suffering, and industrious people. His picture of their struggles and hardships, and of the obduracy of their landlord, is one which impresses the mind with a terrible distinctness. He avows that the peasants, with their own toil, reclaimed, almost created, the poor land for which Mr. Bourke extorted an impossible rent. He only answers for his own parishioners, but states that these never refused to pay a just rent, for that he holds a document signed by them all, promising to pay, and praying Mr. Bourke for a reduction. Canon Bourke and two other priests and dignitaries of the Church waited on Mr. Bourke and urgently entreated him to show mercy; but he would hear of none. One hundred and seventy creatures have been flung out of their homes in this parish, and their pastor gives a pitiful description of undeserved sufferings. Canon Bourke is a distinguished Irish scholar and a Fellow of the New Royal University. I trust his letter may be admitted into some of the English papers. But, at all events, it has reached Mr. Gladstone's hands.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has been re-elected.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR. Translated from the French by MISS ELLA MCMAHON. 32mo, extra cloth, 50 cents.

Nothing better for the family. The maxims and counsels are brief, and can be read in a minute or two.

John B. Piet & Co., Baltimore.

This enterprising Catholic House has recently issued the following books :—

A CROWN FOR OUR QUEEN. By Rev. Abram J. Ryan. Price $1.50.

The author of this book says in the preface : "At the suggestion of a child of Mary, its title is 'A Crown for our Queen,' in which the author has tried to intertwine his own humble thoughts and the remembered ideas of others, with the holy truths of Faith, regarding Mary's place in the plans of God. Would that the crown were worthier of our Queen ! The book is divided into chapters for the thirty-one days of May. The book closes with some simple legends, translated from the French. "The book," says the author, "is dogmatic as well as devotional."

STEPHANIE : The Story of a Christian Maiden's Love. By Louis Veuillot. Translated from the French. Price 75 cents.

"In these days of demoralizing literature it is a comfort and a delight to get hold of this exquisitely pure and wonderfully interesting story. It is a prize poem. It is the emanation of a tender heart, clean and clear, and whether in the hands of a gentle maiden or an aged grandsire, no one can read it without being the better for it."

THE CATHOLIC'S COMPANION: A Selection of Choice Devotions for General Use.

"This book is introduced," says the preface, "to compute all a Catholic will ordinarily need, and at the same time to devote all in a volume which will not be cumbersome, and yet shall present all in a print not too small for failing eyes, or for any eyes whatever, in the many cases where the light happens to be too dim, if not too religious."

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH PEDIGREES.

It will be seen by a notice in our advertisement columns, that Mr. John O'Hart, of Ringsend, Dublin, the eminent Irish genealogist, is preparing for the press a supplement to his work on *Irish Pedigrees*. The mere enumeration of the items of information which that supplement will contain must, in the present state of Ireland, create a lively interest in the forthcoming volume. In the field of Irish genealogical and historical research, Mr. O'Hart has labored with a thoroughness unequalled by any other investigator of family names. He gives in his *Irish Pedigrees* not only the origin and stem of the Irish nation, and the genealogies of the ancient Irish families down to the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland, but also the genealogies of the families that settled in Ireland since the English invasion. Many of those families have long been considered of foreign extraction; for, at one time and another, Irish families whose lot was cast in the English pale, or whose patrimonies would otherwise have been confiscated, were led to purchase peace and to secure their property by adopting English substitutes for their original patronymics; so that in our day it would be difficult to say that an Irishman with an English name is not, nevertheless, a descendant of some Gaelic clansman. Mr. O'Hart has unmasked many of those names, and his labors ought to obtain for him the necessary amount of subscriptions towards the publication of his supplement to *Irish Pedigrees*.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1883. An elegant book of 150 pages, 3 colored plates of flowers and vegetables, and more than 1,000 illustrations of the choicest flowers, plants and vegetables, and directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the centre table or a holiday present. Send on your name and post-office address, with ten cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds, deduct the 10 cents. *Vick's seeds are the best in the world !* "The Floral Guide" will tell you how to get and grow them.

VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, 175 pages, 6 colored plates, 500 engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. 32 pages, a colored plate in every number, and many fine engravings. Price $1.25 a year; five copies for $5.00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

JAMES VICK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

EVERYBODY wants the Irish-American Almanac for the year of our Lord 1883. See advertisement in our advertising pages.

"THE HARP" is now published by Messrs. Callahan & Co., Montreal, New Dominion. It has been enlarged by the new proprietors, and is the best value for one dollar in the Dominion. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and *The Harp*, only $2.25 a year.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Our Flag of Liberty." Quartette, by Jessie A. Rand. "The Moon is Brightly Beaming," Mixed Quartette, by C. A. White. "Love Will Roll the Clouds Away." Song, words by Earl Marble. words by Chas. D. Blake. *Instrumental*: "Menuit de la Cour," by C. Corte. "Gov. Benj. F. Butler's Grand March," by Chas. D. Blake. "Dreams of Youth," Reverie for Piano, by Cora Nillson Gooch. "Angels Whispering," Melodie Celeste; "Dews of Heaven," Reverie Sentimentale. "A Dream of Love," Morceau Elegante, three pieces dedicated to Helena Modjeska by Chas. D. Blake. "Casino March," Brilliante for four hands. by Chas. D. Blake." "Orange Leaf Redowa," by C. Mack. "Nellie Polka," by C. Mack. "Gold Leaf Galop," by C. Mack. Affection Waltz," by Maggie A. Collins. "Sout á la Jorie," Galop, by P. Fahrbach. "Blue Bird Redowa," by Harry Mather. "Bouquet of Melodies for Banjo," by Gen. C. Dobson. "Hungarian Melody," by C. Kolling. "Canary Waltz," by Harry Mather. "Squirrel's Waltz," "Sleepy Fox" Reverie, "Rabbit's Jump Polka," by same. "A Polish Dance," by Scharuenka. "Peasant's Wedding March," by A. Soderman. "Pheasant's March," by Harry Mather. "Answer," Song, Words by Dora Green, music by Jacques Blussaenthal. "Get Up With The Lark," Motto Song, by Sam Lucas. "Simon The Cellarer" Ballad, by J. L. Hatton. "The Silver Line," Song, words by Henry P. Stephens, music by Edw. Solomon. "There Are Names In Our Hearts We Never Speak," Duet and Chorus. Words by Alma A. Vaughan, Music by Clarence J. Sargent.

Orchestral Arrangements. "Pretty Primrose Schottische," arranged for 10 instruments by G. A. Haney. The same arranged for violin, cornet and piano, by G. A. Haney. "When the Leaves Begin to Fall," Waltz, arranged for full orchestra, by A. Damm. The same arranged for violin, cornet, and piano, by A. Damm; all in Messrs. White, Smith and Co.'s elegant style of publication.

Books. "Gip Junior," a juvenile operetta. Libretto, by Earl Marble; music by D. S. Hodges. Designed expressly for church, schools, and other amateur organizations. This is a very tasteful and pleasing little work, and as its title implies, is excellent for use at church entertainments, etc., as it is not difficult. It is gotten out in Messrs. White, Smith and Co.'s usual tasteful manner.

Spear and Dehuhoff, New York.

Vocal: "O, You Little Darling, I Love You;" Song and Chorus arranged by James Carlton. "The Crutch and the Empty Sleeve;" Song and Chorus by the Whittaker Bros. "The Old Home down on the Farm;" Song and Chorus by Gustavus Du Bois.

IN DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for the New Year Mr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, has a paper on "Irish-Americans in the next Congress." Rev. J. V. O'Conor gives in that strong, sententious style of his, "A Remedy for Women's Wrongs," which in itself should commend the Magazine. Take it all in all, Donahoe's is first-class, and is worth placing in every Catholic home.—*The Western Watchman*, St. Louis.

THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS, in a fit of anger, had ordered the citizens of Thessalonica to be put to the sword. A few days later, accompanied by his guards, he presented himself at the Church in Milan. But Saint Ambrose met him at the threshold, and with grave and stern countenance forbade him to enter. "Did not David sin and yet find pardon?" cried out the Emperor. "Thou hast imitated David in his guilt," replied Ambrose, "imitate him also in his repentance." The Emperor acknowledged his fault and humbly asked forgiveness; and religion and humanity gained an immortal triumph.

DARK CLOTHES.—It may not be generally known that a man wearing dark clothes is more liable to infection from contagious disease than he who wears light-colored garments, because particles which emanate from diseased or decaying bodies are much more rapidly absorbed by dark than by light fabrics. This is easy of proof. Expose a light and dark coat to the fumes of tobacco for five minutes, and it will be found that the dark one smells stronger than the other of tobacco-smoke.

IT has been decided that the country situated between the western limits of Manitoba and the eastern boundary of British Columbia shall be divided into four territorial divisions, named respectively, Assiniboia, Satkatchewan, Alberta, and Athabaska.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

DEATH OF A CAVAN PRIEST. — A lamentable accident occurred near Ballarat, Australia, recently, by which Rev. Michael Sheridan, one of the priests of the diocese, lost his life. He was, it seems, driving out of town to give religious instruction to the Catholic schools at the Navigators and Dunnstown, when his horse bolted and he was thrown from the buggy, striking his head against a stump in his fall. When found he was, however, sitting up, and declared that nothing serious had occurred to him, nor could any marks of injury be seen except a cut over the right ear. He was, nevertheless, suffering from concussion of the brain, of which he died two hours afterwards. Father Sheridan, who was a native of Cavan, and had been educated at All Hallow's, Dublin, had been only four years in Victoria. He was a young man of great promise, and especially beloved by his people, among whom his premature death has occasioned deep and sincere sorrow.

THE death is announced of the venerable Father Lemke, O. S. B., which occured at St. Benedict's Priory, Cambria Co., Pa., on November 29th. The deceased was in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and had been in feeble health for several months. Father Lemke was a contemporary of the famous prince-priest, Demetrius A. Gallitzin, whose life he wrote in German. He was a native of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, and, like Father Gallitzin, was a convert to the Church, having been for some years a Lutheran minister.

DEATH OF THE REV. T. F. MEAGHER, KNOCKLONG.—After a painful and protracted illness the patriotic pastor of Knocklong, diocese of Emly, the Rev. Thomas Francis Meagher, breathed his last on Nov. 30th. In 1866, at the request of the late Archbishop of Cashel, the saintly Doctor Leahy, Father Meagher, then curate of Templeraden, visited the United States to collect subscriptions to meet the cost of building the new cathedral, Thurles, then in course of erection. In America Father Meagher caught disease, the seeds of which remained ever after in his system, and now ripened to death. The deceased pastor was for many years curate of Tipperary, where, by his genial, kind disposition, and zealous patriotic character, he gained the love and admiration of the people, and is deeply mourned by his parishioners.

REV. FRANCIS H. BOUVIER, who has been pastor of the Catholic Church, Salmon Falls, N. H., for several years, died suddenly of heart disease on Saturday morning, Dec. 23. Father Bouvier was well-known throughout Maine and New Hampshire, and was one of the most beloved and respected priests in the Portland diocese.

REV. FATHER CAJETAN MELVILLE, of Egmont Bay, P. E. I., died on the 11th of December, at the advanced age of 71 years. For twenty-two years the deceased gentleman had administered the Parish of House Harbor, Magdalen Islands, where his name is held in great reverence, and in 1868 was called to the incumbency of the parish of Egmont Bay, which he filled till his death.

ENGLISH papers announce the death of Rev Thomas Culshaw, whose mission was in Sunderland. The death of the Very Rev. Monsignor Canon Sing is also announced. He died the death of the just; and his last moments were full of peace.

REV. BERNARDINE F. WIGET, formerly of Boston, died at St. Thomas Manor, Charles County, Md., Jan. 2nd. Fr. Wiget was a native of Switzerland, and came to this country in 1848. He was ordained at Georgetown College in 1850, and served as pastor of St. Mary's Church on Endicott Strret, Boston, during the years 1856, '57, '58 and '59; in the latter year he went to Washington, where he took charge of the parish of St. Aloysius, and, afterward, the parish of St. John's at Frederick, Md. During the war he was chaplain of the hospitals at and around Washington, where he was also, for some years, president of Gonzaga College. His memory is still cherished by the old parishioners of St. Mary's, and the Catholics generally of Boston.

SISTERS.

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR ALCHINER, of the Sacred Heart Academy, Montreal, died Dec. 15, 1882.

ON the feast of the presentation of Our Blessed Lady there died at St. Anne's Convent, Birmingham, England, Mary Jackson (in religion Mother Mary Aloysius), in the sixty-eighth year of her age, and the thirty-eighth of her religious profession.

LAY PEOPLE.

JAMES F. HARAHAN of Boston, after a lingering illness, died of consumption at

his residence, No. 36 Milford Street, Dec. 11, at the age of 34 years. He was the son of Thomas Harahan, one of the oldest family grocers in Boston, and was himself in the grocery business on Shawmut Avenue. The deceased leaves a wife and three children. His father, Mr. Thomas Harahan, has now lost five of a family of six children, and in this recent loss receives the hearty sympathy of many friends and business acquaintances.

The Hon. Charles Duff, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, died, at the age of sixty-six, at his residence in St. John, N. B., on Dec. 20th, after a brief illness, of paralysis. The lamented decease of Judge Duff will probably open the way to secure for the Roman Catholics of this Province a seat on the bench for one of their number. The elevation of Judge Watters, a County Court Judge, to that position, would, no doubt, gratify a people forming one-third of the entire population of the Province, and would be satisfactory to all other denominations.

Dr. Michael Hogan, one of the oldest physicans in New York, died at his residence, No. 119 East Twelfth Street, recently, after an illness of two days. Dr. Hogan was born in Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1819. He graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in that city, and after several years of hospital practice he entered the service of the Royal Steamship line — then called the Galway line — Galway to Boston —and was surgeon of the steamers *Parana* and *Connaught*. While surgeon of the last-named vessel she was wrecked, in the year 1860, 200 miles east of Boston, and after days of danger the bark *Minnie Shaffar*, bound from Malaga to Boston, rescued all hands. Dr. Hogan, with Captain Leech, were the last to leave the *Connaught*, and from merchants on both sides of the Atlantic they received many words of praise.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of the firm of P. O'Brien & Son, florists and contractors, of Cambridge, Mass., died at his residence on Sparks Street, Dec. 28. The deceased came to this country some fifty years ago, and by thrift and enterprise built up a lucrative bnsiness and amassed a large and valuable property. He was for many years connected with Mt. Auburn Cemetary.

Conversion of a Wealthy English Family.— The *Dublin Freeman* says: "The Catholic Cathedral to be built by Sir Tatton Sykes for Cardinal Manning, at Westminster, will, as already stated, cost, at the lowest estimate, a quarter of a million, but it is not unlikely that the outlay may be nearly half as much again. A philanthropist who has already built thirteen churches for the Anglican community will hardly stop at one for the religion of his adoption. Sir Tatton Sykes is, I be ieve, a vegetarian and teetotaller — in fact, is almost as ascetic in his mode of life as Cardinal Manning himself. His frugality would have enabled him to add enormously to the fortune he inherited were it not that his liberality is so great." A correspondent of *Truth* says: "I am afraid that if the contemplated Catholic Cathedral be built by Sir Tatton Sykes, the building will not be in the purest style. When Mr. Street was engaged by him in restoring churches, the Baronet took exception to some points of artistic detail that were suggested in regard to one of them by the architect. Mr. Street ventured to assert that he, perhaps, knew more of the matter than Sir Tatton. "My father," replied the Baronet, "once said that those who pay the piper ought to choose the tune."

Four Brothers in the Chancel.—In the Church of the Holy Family, on the south side of Thirteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, South Brooklyn, there was a singular family reunion on Christmas Day. The celebrant of the Mass, a pale, black-haired young priest, the Rev. Father George M. Hanselman, had been ordained two days before at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, and it was the first time he had officiated. The chief assistant of the celebrant was his eldest brother, the Rev. Father James J. Hanselman. The chaplain of St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, the Rev. Father John M. Hanselman, officiated as deacon, while the sub-deacon was the youngest brother, the Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S. J., of Woodstock College, Maryland. Another of the family, a cousin, acted as master of ceremonies. This was the Rev. Father Michael Wagner. of the Church of St. Benedict, Fulton Street and Ralph Avenue, Brooklyn. In the congregation were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hanselman, the father and mother of the priests. Happy parents to have given to God's Church so many priests!

Nearly Out of Debt. — At St. Mary's Church, Boston, Rev. Father Duncan, S. J., the pastor, announced that the debt of $150,000 which burdened the Church five years ago has been reduced to a little over $47,000, a reduction of $5,000 having been made within the past six months. The debt is now in such shape that it can be easily handled, and Father Duncan trusts that no more fairs will be necessary.

All National League meetings in Ireland have been proclaimed as seditious and illegal.

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"*All secret associations*, the members of which take upon themselves *extraordinary obligations* to one another, and are bound together by *secret oaths*, are naturally sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men living together under popular institutions, and are dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government.— Under the influence of this conviction, it is my opinion that the future administration of all such *oaths*, and the formation of all such *obligations*, should be prohibited by law."—*Daniel Webster.*

Give God His Place.

Fifth Article.

BANISHED from governments,— a NOTHING in Politics,— will not God's name find its place at the hearths of homes? If not in the State, does God not hold His own in the family? There are nearly ten millions of families in our country, representing a great variety of Christian beliefs, or religious opinions;— but surely, believing in only one God — and the large majority believing in Christ! — well — has God His place at the hearthstone? The old Pagans had home-gods sculptured and pictured, that presided over their domestic and private life.

They were held in reverence. A simple ritual was theirs;— daily services,— incense and prayer,— offerings of flowers,— sacred songs, and many other testimonies of a faithful — if it was a blind — worship.

Every Roman father was a priest in his own home,— as was the Greek and the Egyptian, and the Persian and the Hindoo. It was all, of course, a dark idolatry,— and yet it ruled these pagan households. Ours is the religion of light, and ours is the true God. And His name is Love. In sooth we pity the poor unenlightened pagans. Let us spare some pity for ourselves. If the old dead pagans could rise out of their graves and be enlightened as we are,— and know our God,— they would scarcely pity us. They would be struck with a wonder that would soon rush into abhorrence towards us at sight of the practical godlessness in Christian families. We keep God's name. But even God's name is a nothing,— unless with His name we hold in our hearts fidelities to His person. His name is nothing without its sanctities. Pass the thresholds of Christian homes, innumerable,— and

what find we? — Aye, what do we find? — As between husbands and wives, what? — Love, — reverence? The husband's authority obeyed, and the wife's rights respected? Is home a quiet temple, when Duty and Right worship in harmony together? Is home a place of peace? Do husband and wife pray together? Does each aid the other in the keeping of those laws which dignify and sanctify the ties of marriage? Is each moral a help-meet, but a hinder-mate to the other? Why ask so many questions that are so easily and visibly answered? The frightful increase of divorces is a terrible answer. The daily annals of conjugal infidelities are daily answers. The inner stories of homes' unhappinesses that never reach the ear of the public, are mournful replies.

Christian homes are losing the consecration of domestic virtue, and the benediction of God. The sacred laws that ought to preside over the mystery of human generation and preserve its purities, are disregarded. How many a husband is more of an animal than a man? How many a wife is losing the sacredness of womanhood, by becoming — or being forced to become — a tool or a toy?

Animal passion, with its coarse tyrannies, holds the woman in carnal slavery, — and has no regard nor respect for those sacred delicacies which preserve marriage from degradation. Hence, many a home is a place of desecration, where human loves live in sacrilege.

God there? — He is the God of purity. God there? — Is He not the God of sanctity? God there? — It is not a fitting abiding-place for His presence or His benediction?

And the children born in the place where love is desecrated and love's laws disregarded? — What of them? Like parent, like child. The rule is nearly invariable. If fathers and mothers have lost reciprocal reverence, their children will scarcely keep the respect which offspring ought to possess, — and that lost, the spirit of obedience dies. Soon, in the very beginning of their teens, they assert independence. Parental control they disregard. They will, and they must, have their own way. It is the spirit of the age. The sacred names of father and mother die away from their lips. 'Tis the "Governor" or the "Old Lady" they talk about; and so name those who gave them birth. Thus, with wills uncurbed, they grow on, into years. Their home was not a blessed place. God did not live under their roof. So, unblest, they pass into the great, godless, world; — and easily, naturally fall into its ways of living. A strange preparation this, to become good and true and honorable citizens! A singular novitiate, their home-life, to the wider world-life in which they are expected to be men of honor and men with consciences!

Hence, thousands and tens of thousands leaving unblest homes, suddenly find themselves in the grasp of the policeman, and, as incorrigibles, are sent to reformatories, or as felons, to penitentiaries, which reformatories and penitentiaries are, by reason of crimes increased, increasing in number all over the land. Do they come forth from these institutions better men and

women, ashamed of their past,— sorry for the crimes that brand them with a life-long stigma,— and resolved to force the future to repair the past? Not at all. In many cases, yes. In most,— along the same paths of crime,—they will find their way back to the criminals' walled prisons. Statistics in this matter are full of horrors.

Well, next to the place of birth is the home of books,— after the home is the school. First, brothers and sisters by themselves at the hearthstone. Next, the gathering of children together in the school-room. After home's example, comes education's influence. In our country, we have surely every educational advantage. We have education made easy,— and gratuitously given. All over the land, from the humble frame-built school-house in the village, on and up to the grand structures wherein pupils gather in order to be made scholars, every facility for the acquisition of knowledge is within the reach of all. Taxes for the education of all our children are imposed on the people. The law of such taxation is necessary; is, on that account, just; and is accepted without any reluctance. The taxes gathered, the State, through teachers, teaches. The State, in fact, becomes a school-master. Some object,— some do not,— to the master and the method. Non-Catholics, in the main, indorse the system. True Catholics protest against the system,— and have right. Taxation without representation, is anti-American. Religion must be represented in every education. In our system of public schools, Protestantism is represented by the Bible read,— the prayers said,— the hymns sung,— and the text-books taught. Now to represent Protestantism, is to ostracize Catholicity. Protestantism is a *counterfeit* religion. Catholicity is a real and genuine religion. The counterfeit passes current in the school system of this country as if it were genuine;— and the genuine, which is the Catholic religion, is treated as if it were counterfeit. That is not just, nor fair, nor right,— nor American. But apart from this aspect of the subject,— Has God really His place in the system of American,— or un-American education? Next month, we shall see.

A. J. R.

Boston College, Boston, Mass.

Common School Education.

Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts, speaks wisely in his late message to the Legislature: — "Restrict the branches taught in the primary schools by law specifically to spelling, reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, history — preferable of the United States — and require that those shall be taught upon the same system, to the same grade of scholars, in every common school in the Commonwealth. When the scholar can show by an examination that he is well grounded in the elementary English branches, then let him be admitted to a school of higher grade, where line drawing for industrial purposes shall be taught, bookkeeping, algebra, geometry, the rudiments of the Latin and French languages, chemistry, physics, with natural philosophy in a rudimental degree, and there a common-school education should stop."

Art for Everybody.

Art, after all is said and done, is not only painting pictures, making figures and statues, but is something a great deal more than that. To take root in society it must be as much the object of the poor man to have beauty around him as the rich man. It is possible for the very poorest of us to surround himself more or less with what is beautiful. There is no longer any excuse for bad taste; there is no longer any excuse for people being squalid and dirty. People can be refined and elegant if they only are simple. Upon the simplicity all great and beautiful art depends; upon the simplicity all great and beautiful lives depend. It is not the grasping after a station to which you do not naturally belong that makes a gentleman; it is not the grasping after a fashion that you cannot afford to carry out to its best that makes you appear a rich man when you are not. If you cannot afford to buy a magnificently carved chair, have a simple one with plain square legs, but have it made as strongly as possible; do not let it fall to pieces when a heavy man sits upon it. If you cannot afford to have a Persian carpet, have an oaken floor, and if not an oaken a deal floor, but let it be kept clean, looking bright and beautiful, and giving pleasure to every one coming into the house. Taste is, in a great measure, associated with fitness, and that is not because you cannot afford to have most splendid things that you should not have beautiful things. There is no greater mistake than to imagine that a thing to be beautiful must be ornamental. Proportion has more to do with beauty than ornamentation. You may have a most ornate chair, and it may be hideous; you may have the simplest chair, and it may be beautiful by the simplicity of proportion. Do not imagine that because you cannot buy magnificent furniture, your furniture must necessarily be ugly. In these days, there is no reason why we should read bad literature; there is no reason why every person should not cultivate his mind by good literature. By cultivating one side of the mind you are cultivating the other sides of the mind, and are constantly raising your mind into loftier levels of thought. Not only are you raising it if you read good literature, and raising it also by looking at fine pictures, but you have all the advantages which it is impossible to say you could have had twenty years ago. Avoid as much as possible looking at bad art; avoid reading any book but the best. You may have for a few shillings one of the most beautiful works of art in the world; for a few dollars you may become the possessor of the noblest poetry,—Shakespeare and Milton. Why, then, should not every one be a cultivated person? Art is a very honorable thing indeed; in the exercise of it, the finest part of man's mind is brought into action, and we seem all to appreciate it. Every one may be a sharer of its beauty and its glory.

The Decay of Protestantism.

UNBELIEF is spreading in the world, causing great unrest. The life to come and man's relation to it engage his thoughts and excite his hopes or his fears. The natural, the material, the present, are around him, and ever at hand; they arrest his attention and claim his time. The supernatural, the spiritual, the future, are far off, are not seen, and so are often relegated to another time,— to the next world. Yet, the thought of a life to come, in eternity, with a possibility of endless pain or pleasure, compels reflection and begets uneasiness. Men do not care to make a mistake in what concerns eternity. God, the Redemption, Sin, Salvation, are questions of paramount importance to the whole human race. They cannot be ignored; they demand solution; the solving of these questions brings faith and hope, or unbelief and despair.

Men had definite beliefs with regard to these truths three centuries ago. They then believed in supernatural truths and in mysteries. They also believed in a divinely-established authority to guide men in all questions of faith and morals.

Protestantism, taking its rise in the beginning of the sixteenth century, began by rejecting this teaching authority, and substituting therefor the right of each individual to judge and choose in all matters of religious faith and morals. Private interpretation of the Scriptures, without note or comment, without guide or limit, became the cardinal tenet of Protestantism,— its very essence. By it Protestantism was to live or to die. In leaving the Catholic Church, it carried along many of the old points of doctrinal belief, and some of the familiar and cherished religious observances. Bnt when it thus left the Catholic communion, it was much like a mariner going out to sea in a ship without a rudder, who, when the storm arises, casts out one bit of cargo after another, in the vain hope of saving the sea-tossed and foundering vessel. Protestantism went out to sea without Christ's appointed pilot, and has been discharging cargo ever since, to escape shipwreck. Now that there is little left to throw overboard, above all wrangling and contention the cry of distress is heard, that danger is imminent and disaster inevitable. In all its multitudinous forms Protestantism is decaying,— is dying.

On all sides this confession is heard. It comes from the review and the newspaper; from the pulpit and the platform; from friend and foe alike.

So long ago as 1847, Brownson wrote in his *Review*: "That Protestantism in most countries, especially in this country, is developing into infidelity, irreligion, *naturism*, rejecting and losing even all reminiscences of grace, as too obvious and too well-known to be denied, or to demand any proof." The *Westminster Review*, in its July number of this year, sweeps the whole body of believers in the supernatural away from the world of to-day, leaving only a few fossilized fanatics, succinctly cognizable as knaves or fools. It says,—

"The result is that intelligent men cannot accept as true the curreut forms of theology, nor yet can honest men day after day act the falsehood of apparently countenancing opinions which in their hearts they know to be false. Those who are thus left as the exponents of the popular faith are those so intellectually dull that they cannot master the logical effect of recent criticism, and are unable to realize the spirit of the age in which they live; or they are those whose moral susceptibilities are so blunt that they perceive no moral incongruity in the advocacy of opinions they do not hold in the ordinary and conventional sense. But a class which is intellectually dull or morally

blunt cannot long retain ascendancy over the public mind; and that process of deterioration in the character and influence of the clergy, which during the three last centuries has materially compromised their position, seems likely to result in the total extinction of all respect for the office and services of the class."

These are, it may be alleged, unfriendly witnesses. Their testimony would avail little if it were not corroborated by mournful avowals within the fold.

The purport of this paper is to show by facts and figures, and by the admissions of sincere and sorrowing friends, that Protestantism as a religious organization is decaying. This decay is found in

First. Church creeds.

Second. Church government and ministry.

Third. Church membership and attendance at church worship or services.

Some of the causes which have led to this decay will then be indicated.

First. There is a decay in church creeds. At the outbreak of the sixteenth century schism, Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and their associates formulated creeds which they imposed on their followers, and sought to impose on others. Each new sect, as it broke away from its parent sect, announced its special creed, made up of what it brought away, headed by its peculiar and distinguishing doctrine justifying the separation and an independent organization. The multiplication of these sects was so rapid, and the dissensions among them so bitter, that all pretence of unity and Christian comity ceased. Before Protestantism had celebrated its first centennial, a refuge in Deism as a relief from unending disputes and uncertainties seemed the only alternative. This threatened lapse into Deism alarmed the ablest and most earnest of the leaders in the Protestant ranks. From Deism to Atheism was but a question of time. Grotius, Leibnitz, Bacon, drew back in dismay and sought safety in a reunion with the Catholic Church. They asked concessions that involved dogmatic truth. But the Church cannot sacrifice truth to interest or expediency. It was within this first century that Protestantism made all its gains. Steadily since, in spite of state protection, the smiles of wealth and power, its easy facility in yielding to the whims, the demands, the social exigencies of its adherents, it has lost ground. From time to time the need of unity was felt. Lopping off of doctrines, modifications in church creeds and discipline, failed to bring it about. At last an agreement to disagree was offered distracted minds in the delusory hope of peace. The various sects have continued to disagree, to discard old points of belief, to cast away the substance of Christian doctrines, while still retaining phrases and forms, until now little remains of the original teachings of the fathers of Protestantism. Although Episcopalians still profess to stand by the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Prayer-book, the utmost latitude is allowed in interpreting their meaning. Nineteenth century Presbyterians of all schools combined could not produce a disciple acceptable to John Knox. The old Puritans of New England would never recognize as brethren the Congregationalists of to-day. It is becoming the fashion to eschew doctrine, and to philosophize rhetorically on conduct. According to Rev. Mr. Pullman, as reported in the New York *Herald*, even this minimized creed is not believed in. He says:—

"Another great drawback to effective Christian work is in the clergy itself. This body, which was once so powerful for good, finds itself paralyzed, and the secret is that the ministers have nearly all lost belief in the religion they find it necessary to profess. They preach a creed openly, but secretly their souls are honeycombed with doubt, and

thus they have to a great extent become mere reasoners, arguers, and platform lecturers."

Whatever else may be said of Henry Ward Beecher, it can be safely admitted that he interprets correctly the progress and aims of American religious thought as developed day by day. His career at Plymouth Church shows a gradual curtailment of doctrinal teachings, and an emasculating of others to harmonize with the notions of his hearers. He is something of a barometer in American Protestantism. Lately he withdrew from a Congregationlist organization, that its orthodoxy might not be disturbed by his advancement in religious teachings,— this advancement consisting in a further pruning of his church creed. Whereupon the Rev. Dr. Edwards A. Park, a leading theologian among the Congregationlists, admitted, at a meeting of ministers of his denomination, according to the New York *Times* of November 6th, "that Congregationalism is no longer what it once was, and that its ministers show a tendency to discard one doctrine after another." For his part, he would admit no candidate to the ministry who did not make profession of a belief in the atonement, in eternal punishment for the wicked, and in the Scriptures as a perfectly trustworthy religious guide. The last point of the doctor's creed is somewhat hazy, inasmuch as that for three centuries Protestants have been taught by their ministers that the Scriptures were inspired, and were an infallible guide subject to each inquirer's private judgment.

Beecher, seemingly disgusted with all the schools of Protestant theology, in a letter to a friend, writes: "But, wherever I may go, I am determined, before I die, to find a theology which will pass muster at Bangor, at Andover, at Cambridge, at New Haven, at Princeton, at Alleghany, at Oberlin, at Chicago, and at Park Street,— then I shall willingly die." In other words, a search after a theology in which all the schools of American Protestantism are in accord is a hopeless task.

The writer of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," published by the Riverside Press, Cambridge, displays intimate knowledge of the American Protestant public, and of their present condition of religious thought. Of those who still retain belief in their church creed he speaks in high terms; "but," he remarks, "they are too few to regenerate the American Church, though their influence is highly valuable in resisting some of the evil tendencies of the age. Most of them are old, and they have few successors among the younger people, . . . and their number and strength diminish from year to year." Of another very large class, he says: "Church work is for them, in all its forms, a kind of sacred amusement. Public worship, with its pulpit oratory and modern church music, is an æsthetic entertainment. They have developed a religion which is not religious . . . they do not believe the creeds which they subscribe when they join the church, and generally make no secret afterward of their doubt or disbelief respecting various fundamental doctrines of Christianity." "Their ministers," he writes, "are men of intelligence and of culture. They believe even less than their people of the doctrines of their creeds."

Here I might rest; but, as in so serious a question the authority of representatives of religious creeds should be adduced, as well as that of individuals, I cite the Pan-Presbyterian Congress that met in Edinburgh, Scotland, July 4, 1877. It was composed of over three hundred delegates from all the divisions and sub-divisions of Presbyterianism in the world. To bring these discordant sects of a sect together at all, it was necessary to determine in advance, that dogmatic questions should not be mooted. The official organizers of the council shut out doctrinal discussion by the follow-

ing programme: "To consider questions of general interest to Presbyterians; to strengthen and protect weak and persecuted churches; to explain and extend the Presbyterian system; and to discuss subjects of church work,— evangelization, use of the press, colportage, suppression of intemperance, observance of the Sabbath, systematic beneficence, and the suppression of Romanism and infidelity." The canny Scots must have enjoyed the bit of humor thrown in at the close of this bill of entertainment. The delegates to the convention carefully avoided doctrinal subjects, and the condemnation of heresies. The zealous but inexperienced minister that introduced dogmatic topics was promptly quieted. Not even in religious worship could these three hundred delegates come together as one. Only one hundred and thirty partook of the Lord's Supper, on the one day of the Congress appointed for a general act of worship. When teachers abdicate their office, is it any wonder that pupils lose confidence in them and pass from under their influence? The transition to doubt and negation, to indifferentism and infidelity, to rationalism and atheism, becomes logical and certain.

Second. Protestantism is decaying in church government and ministry. It will be conceded that no society or corporate organization can live that has not the power and the will to enforce discipline and coerce refractory members,— that cannot compel obedience to its rules on the part of all who choose to remain within its body. How is it with Protestant churches?

The Methodist denomination, once so strong in church government and discipline, is weakening under the influence of wealth and desire for the good things of the world. Its most effective power was found in ministerial itinerancy. A strong and active party is forming within the bosom of Methodism, to do away with the periodical removal of its ministers. This growing feeling is so far deferred to, that popular ministers are assigned to the large towns, and when the round of rich churches has been run in one conference, they are transferred to another.

No Protestant denomination holds more tenaciously to the forms of authority than the Episcopal Church, and none fails more lamentably in its exercise. Its right to excommunicate those who withdraw from its body is exercised only when they have openly turned their backs on Episcopalianism and joined another church. While the name of fellowship is kept up, they may belong to the broad church, the high church, or the low church; their teachings may be in favor of baptismal regeneration, or against it; in favor of the Real Presence, or against it; in favor of auricular confession, or against it. The church governmental agency for self-protection seems powerless. When a congregation is largely composed of advanced thinkers, as they love to be called, their chosen minister preaches according to the views of his employers. Whatever authority is in the church to control the abuse is inoperative. Ritualist and cultured Rationalist are at home and in peace within the same fold. In the church of the former there may be altar, candles, and vestments; there may be services closely copied after those of the Catholic Church, and most unlike those of recognized Episcopal forms. In other churches of the same denomination all forms, ceremonies, and aids to devotion are set on one side, while the minister labors to preach, not in the sense of the Gospel of Christ, but in that of the interests of science and progress in things material and earthly.

The Episcopal denomination also puts forward the loudest claims for the ministerial character and dignity of its clergymen. Yet, after three centuries, it is unable to state authoritatively, in precise and non-nebulous terms, the nature of the office and work of its ministers. In October of the year just

past there assembled in Richmond, Va., a Congress of the Episcopal Church of the United States. On the second day of assembly the subject presented for discussion was, "The Priestly and Prophetic Functions of the Christian Ministry." The first speaker was the Rev. William R. Huntington, of Worcester, Mass., who eloquently maintained that the Episcopal minister held the priestly and the prophetic office. He was followed by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, of Philadelphia, who boldly denied that either of these functions belonged to this dispensation. The Rev. Dr. Courtenay, of Boston, disclaimed all pretension to exclusive privilege for their ministry; the whole people rather are the royal priesthood. By the way, this view of the subject may explain the absence of the laity from public worship on inconvenient Sundays. Bishop Peterkin, of Western Virginia, as comported with his official position, was exceedingly non-committal, but exhorted his hearers to aspire to the prophetic rather than to the sacerdotal function. Rev. D. H. Greer, of Providence, R. I., said: "After the expression of such widely varying views, he did not know if he was priest or prophet, or what he was. . . . The fundamental idea with him was worship. . . ." And he might have added that worship by a "royal priesthood" could be offered up as well in a private house as in a church,— by the head of a family as by a minister.

At the same Congress they discussed "The Powers of Standing Committees." Judge Sheffey defined their powers and extolled the value to the church of these committees. He also lauded the late Rev. Dr. De-Koven. The learned judge evidently had not read the eulogy of standing committees pronounced by this learned doctor. In the Episcopal Congress which met in Boston in October, 1877, Dr. De Koven gave way to his pent-up feelings in this style:

"So far as the laity are concerned, anybody may be a lay member, if he 'merely goes to church a few times a year.' He need not be baptized; he need not be confirmed; he need not be a communicant. He may even be a Jew, Turk, or Infidel, if you please, provided he has the money qualification which makes up the franchise of the church." . . . "Underneath it all, lies the money qualification. The parish elects the vestry, and the vestry need not be communicants. The vestry and parish elect the lay delegates to the Diocesan Convention, and they need not be communicants. The Diocesan Convention elects the lay members of the standing committees, and they need not be communicants."

When a church cannot tell what are the functions of its ministry, and when its government falls in a degree under the control of laymen who need not be communicants, it may be said to have abdicated all government and ministerial power and office. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Protestant pulpits are often occupied by unordained women-preachers, boy-preachers, lay-preachers.

Third. Protestantism shows decay in church membership, and in attendance at religious services. Proof of this assertion flows in from many sources. These proofs are startling and conclusive. They are found in the admissions of Protestant clergymen, in official documents, and in the statistics gathered by impartial secular newspapers. Empty pews tell the tale Sunday after Sunday. Churches are lavishly furnished and made cozily snug, the music is fascinating and artistic, the social standing of the members is above reproach, but the favorite minister, who is most acceptable on every other score, fails to draw and fill the pews. The attendance is beggarly in spite of the opulent membership, except on a few special occasions when piety takes a start, or the religious inducements are unusually seductive.

Within a few years, statistics carefully collected amply confirm the statement that church membership and attendance are falling off. According to the "Christian Alliance," of the 1,100,000 inhabitants of Berlin, only 30,000 go to church. Deduct the Catholics from this number, and the remainder discloses a woful condition of religious life. Yet the State religion in Berlin has many aids to growth. It is well paid; it is the religion of the Court and of the aristocracy, it has no embarrassing load of dogma to carry, and conforms readily to the advanced and progressive theories of the day; secret societies do not plot against it. When the government dispensed with the observance of religious rites on the part of its Protestant subjects, these dispensed with the services of ministers of religion at baptisms, marriages, and funerals. American clergymen visiting the centres of European Protestantism return with dismal accounts of its decay.

In England and Wales, statistics of church attendance have been gathered by secular newspapers in about seventy cities and towns. These statistics have been made in the interest of non-conformists, as against the Established Church. They show that the latter is steadily decreasing, with all its advantages of wealth and educated ministry, and the prestige of respectability. They also demonstrate that a majority of the people spend the Sunday elsewhere than in church.

The object of this paper is, however, chiefly with the condition of religion in this country. Here, also, secular papers have, at times of dearth of general news, busied themselves and interested their readers with accounts of the growth or decline of the churches in their respective localities. Some statistics have been based on church membership; others on church attendance. The Rev. Dr. Rylance, of the Episcopal Church, thinks the former very misleading, as he said to a New York *Times* reporter: "I am sofry to say that in nearly all church returns there is much dead wood. Often there are names on the books that can be duplicated from grave-stones, especially in large organizations. But this is nothing compared to the number who continue to figure on the roll, and who have dropped away through indifference, or other causes."

On the 16th of April, 1882, the Boston *Advertiser* caused a census to be taken by its reporters of attendance on Divine worship at the churches in that city, obtaining the following result: In 160 Protestant churches, 75,572 worshippers were counted; and in 30 Catholic churches, 49,337. Catholics do not receive the credit to which they are entitled, as this count was made in some instances at only one Mass. A stronger spirit of faith and piety is needed to attend service at six o'clock in the morning than at ten. Besides, Boston is only at the beginning of the good work of establishing Catholic church schools.

On a Sunday in January, 1881, canvassers counted in 131 non-Catholic churches of Philadelphia, 42,140 heads, and in 19 Catholic churches, 82,653. The accuracy of this count having been called in question, the Philadelphia *Times* sent its reporter on a Sunday of March in the same year, who found, in 56 non-Catholic churches, 19,946 attendants, and in 9 Catho c churches, 38,019. Though but a partial report, it verified the first enumeration.

The 40 non-Catholic churches of New Haven showed a less number of worshippers on a Sunday in April, 1881, than its five Catholic churches.

St. Louis gave 34,109 at 104 non-Catholic churches, and 85,171 at 34 Catholic churches.

A count of church attendance made by the Rochester *Morning Herald*,

on Sunday morning, Nov. 26, 1882, gave these figures: At non-Catholic services, 10,784 were present; at the Mass in 11 Catholic churches, 18,913 worshipped. The non-Catholic attendants were distributed as follows: 1,397 were in 8 Protestant Episcopal churches; 2,633 in 11 Presbyterian; 1,271 in 5 Baptist; 1,248 in 7 Methodist Episcopal; 3,311 in 11 German Protestant; 924 in eight miscellaneous churches.

It is a noteworthy fact that the churches which maintained their own church schools, the Catholic and German Protestant, had the largest attendance at church services.

In Baltimore, a secular paper adopted another plan on which to form an estimate of the religion or irreligion among its people. It gathered statistics of church membership. It consulted the latest official documents, and submitted the figures to the inspection and correction of prominent clergymen. The totals gave 177,689 in a population of 340,000, distributed as follows: 110,000 Catholics; 28,642 Methodists, of ten different sects; 11,474 Lutherans; 8,561 Episcopal Protestants; 6,887 Baptists; 4,995 Presbyterians, of three subdivisions; 4,109 of the Reformed Church; 1,003 Friends; 2,010 scattered among seven other denominations. The editor remarks that religious indifference is chiefly found among the large Evangelical churches of the Native Americans.

The most exhaustive study of this kind was made by the New York *Times* in the summer and autumn of last year. Its canvassers explored New York City, Brooklyn, and the surrounding country. It placed before its readers statistics of church membership, of church Sunday-schools, and of church charitable contributions. A mine of wealth in facts and figures on these subjects is opened to interested seekers after this kind of knowledge. The reporters of the *Times*, in continuance of their labors, interviewed prominent clergymen to learn what they thought of the figures thus displayed before the community. There was no getting around these figures; nor could an honest mind ignore their lesson. They demonstrated that growth in the Protestant sects kept no pace with increase of population in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Want of space necessitates the briefest summary. The non-Catholic population of New York City in 1882 is estimated at 800,000. The total membership of all the non-Catholic churches, including synagogues and miscellaneous, was 97,497. Brooklyn held its own much better, for out of an estimated non-Catholic population of 390,000, it had 69,000 church members. A comparison is made between 1845 and 1882, showing that while the population of New York has increased in that period over 300 per cent., the percentage of increase in church membership has been startlingly small. When the Rev. Dr. Curry, of the Methodists, was called on by a reporter of the New York *Star*, he admitted the lesson of the figures, but acknowledged his inability to explain the falling off of Methodism. A brother Methodist preacher gave as his solution of the problem that "education, culture, and refinement have killed them (Methodist preachers) as preachers of the gospel." Rev. Dr. Hall is hopeful, in spite of empty pews in other churches than his own, but does not believe in spasmodic efforts and revivals, and calls for organized congregation labor. Rev. Dr. MacArthur, Baptist, says: "While things are not so bad as some pastors think, they are bad enough." Rev. Dr. Newman, Methodist, thought that "the statistics of the *Times* did injustice to Christianity by omitting Catholics. The Roman Catholics," he urged, "belonged to the great aggregate of the Christian Church. They represented the most venerable branch of the Church of Jesus, and for ages the Roman Catholic Church has been a wall of brass against the encroachments of scientific in-

fidelity. That church had also been the sturdy enemy of secret societies and the spirit of Communism. Furthermore, the Roman Catholics have steadily opposed frequency(?) of divorce, and have always recognized children as being part of their church." He might have completed the chapter by adding, "And they educate their children in church-schools away from the malarious atmosphere of infidelity." Prof. A. E. Waffle, at a meeting of Baptists in Pierrepont Street Church, Brooklyn, said that the proper training of children was the greatest work of the present generation, and that if this had been attended to in the past, it would not be possible to say to-day that, in Brooklyn, nine out of ten of the young men do not belong to any religious denomination. Rev. Dr. Newton, Episcopalian, thinks that irreligion in New York City prevails among the very rich and the very poor, while the middle class are driven out of the city by costly living. Rev. Dr. Ferris, Methodist, is reported thus: "But it must be said that the native American Protestants are growing more and more indifferent. As a result of careful observation, it is my conviction that fully one-half of our native American people, with Protestant traditions, must now be classed as absentees; and it is getting more and more difficult every day to induce people to attend Divine service." Many more admissions in the same sense might be quoted, but the above cumulative evidence proves incontestably that Protestantism is decaying in church membership and in attendance at Divine service.

After the foregoing arrangement of Protestantism as an inefficient agency to hold and transmit faith in Christianity, it is but right that causes be assigned, if any there be, for this inefficiency.

There is one true and effective cause for this incapacity and consequent failure. There are, no doubt, many secondary causes which are rather results flowing from the primary and predominating one. Protestantism has failed to do Christ's work, and will continue to dwindle away until nothing is left of it but remnants and a name. Its failure lies in its rejection of Christ's divinely-constituted teaching authority; in its doing away with the renewal of the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, and in its dispensing with the means to holiness and eternal salvation graciously vouchsafed to us in the sacraments. Christianity is a religion of supernatural truths needing supernatural helps. The religion of the future, the religion of nature, the scientific religion, into which all Protestantism is rapidly lapsing, having eliminated supernatural truths from its creeds, where it has not blotted out creeds altogether, has only polite phrases with which to designate a condition of religious life more correctly characterized as indifferentism, irreligion, infidelity, atheism. Into this avowed atheism largely increasing numbers of Protestants are passing, because they have no divinely assured teacher to lead them to a knowledge of the supernatural, and help them by supernatural means to a supernatural end.

But it may be said that this is a begging of the question. Be it so. Other causes for the admitted decline of Protestantism can be stated. Of these secondary causes, or results necessarily consequent on the one named above, the following are worthy of consideration, and may be called common-sense explanations of religious phenomena:—

(1) The dissensions among Protestants with regard to vital truths. These dissensions began with the founders of Protestantism and have not intermitted since. The more the various sects felt the want of unity, and the greater efforts they put forth to bring it about, the wider were the breaches among them, and the more rancorous the bitterness they manifested one toward another, even while confessing the right of each sect and of

each individual in the sect to hold opinions, persuasions, and choice of tenets of belief. It was this doctrine of private interpretation, conjoined with each man's self-sufficiency in matters of religion, that constituted the basis of separation from the Catholic Church. It has led to sects innumerable, to wranglings endless and bitter, to a search after peace by the casting away of all dogma, What has been for three centuries will continue to be until nothing is left of Protestantism.

(2) The malignant acerbity with which Protestantism assailed the Catholic Church and her doctrines. No language was too vile, no misrepresentation too gross, in describing to children and to women, the Pope, priest, and nuns. The result was, that when non-Catholic laymen became cognizant of falsehoods and exaggerations amounting to calumnious caricatures, the reaction that set in threw a doubt over other strong statements of their ministers. The encouragement lent in the past to wandering outcasts of the Catholic Church retailing scandals, true or false, in indecent and scurrilous lectures, in Protestant pulpits, helped the downward course of Protestantism. The tone of pulpit and press has changed in dealing with Catholics, but the wrong of the past has left its impress on Protestants rather than on Catholics. When non-Catholics began to read the Catholic chapter of history, and made the acquaintance of Catholics, lay or cleric, they learned to doubt much more than these false charges.

(3) The radical principle of Protestantism took away from its ministers all authority. These ministers depended on their followers; they came at their call, and went at their command. They thus lost all courage to reprove popular sins. Morals in the pulpit, under such a constrained relationship, were colored by the sentiments of the pews. Questions of morals were decided by this sentiment, or were ignored altogether, as a convenient compromise. The marriage tie, as morals grew looser, broke under the operation of divorce laws. The Protestant churches acquiesced promptly in these laws, because the pews demanded the concession. With divorce laws the family lost its chief safeguard. Children were at the mercy of the new arrangement, with no certainty of a home having obligations and duties, and often found themselves in the way, and a troublesome burden. On the heels of divorce laws followed lewder notions of the marriage state and its requirements. The religious education and nurture of children demanded by Christian denominational organizations were sacrificed by ministers who held office at the beck of men whose ideas of the training of children were regulated by the world around them, and not by the thought of responsibility to church or God. Hence in vain did the General Assembly of Presbyterians, in 1848, resolve: "Cordially to recommend their congregations to establish primary and other schools, as far as may be practicable, on the plans sanctioned by the last Assembly — of teaching the truths and duties of our holy religion in connection with the usual branches of secular learning." No such schools are established. The desire for them is dying.

An exception is noted in German Protestant congregations. These maintain, in connection with their churches, day-schools for the religious education of their children. These congregations show the most numerous attendance at church service of any of the Protestant denominations.

The full religious training of children is not cared for in families liable to be broken up, not by death, but by uncontrolled passion; by men and women whose principles with regard to marriage differ from those of the Mormons only in this: that these keep many wives at one time, and the others have many, one at a time, as has been said.

When passion rules in marriage, other evils follow. Children become an incumbrance. Hence, alarmed at the prevalence of child-murder, Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, directing attention to matters treated of, in a late pastoral of the House of Bishops, wrote:

"I have heretofore warned my flock against the blood-guiltiness of infanticide. If any doubt existed heretofore as to the propriety of my warnings on the subject, they must now disappear before the fact that the world itself is beginning to be terrified by the practical results of the sacrfices to Moloch which defile our land. There are scientific and statistical documents before the people which fully sustain my remonstrances."

But some may say, our numerously attended Sunday-schools in cities and towns disprove the theory that Protestantism is decaying through the want of children in the families of church members. Statistics with regard to the New England States demonstrate this theory of few children among church members as an undeniable fact. "Besides the strictly native New Englanders," says Dr. Allen, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, "there is only one other people, or race, where there has been such a natural decrease in numbers,—that is, the Sandwich Islanders." This assertion finds its strongest sustainment in the testimony of Mr. J. W. C. Leveridge, for forty years prominent in Sunday-school work, and now Secretary of the Sunday-school Association of New York County. He thus unburdened his mind to a reporter of the New York *Times*:—

"They (the churches) never report so many scholars for the church, and so many for chapels and missions, but so many in the lump. The reason for this is, in plain English, that they are ashamed of themselves. There are lots of these big churches on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with from eight hundred to fifteen hundred members, who cannot show one hundred Sunday-school scholars. Why is this? you ask. Well, I guess rich people have about quit having children. And even middle-class Christians don't seem to do much better. When I was a younger man than I am now, our Sunday-schools were largely made up of the children of church members. Now the children of Christian parents are awfully few and far between."

Rev. Mr. Eaton, of the Universalist denomination, said to the same reporter: "Our Sunday-school is in excellent condition, but it is largely composed of children whose parents have no connection with the church,—chiefly the better class of Germans. The fact is, Universalists don't seem to have any children." The Superintendent of Rev. Mr. Collyer's Sunday-school made a similar remark in regard to Unitarians. It may be asked, after pondering on the significance of the above facts: Do culture and sterility, natural or artificial, even in Protestant churches, go hand in hand?

(4) A common-sense view of the working of Protestant churches in our cities and towns notes that their members are highly respectable, their equipments costly, all the furnishing and upholstery parlor-like, pervaded and encompassed by an atmosphere of exclusiveness. In a word, these churches are not for the poor, and the poor do not go to them. For the poor, missions and chapels are built and supported by wealthy fellow-religionists, on side streets and in the suburbs. Poor people, not mendicants, resent the affront of sending them away from their brethren. For one or two months of the summer season, ministers and their wealthy parishioners adjourn to the sea-shore, or to the lake-side, for religion and health, leaving behind them closed churches and their spiritually uncared-for poor. Many forget to return when the churches reopen.

(5) Another hindrance to the growth of Protestantism is found in the impossibility of providing churches with ministers educated up to the standard required by Americans at the inadequate compensation offered. The

advance of the American people in intellectual development, their habits of thought and study with regard to everything that comes before them, in their business or occupation, in politics and religion, make them fastidious in the choice of preacher or minister. They demand much of him. He must be as intelligent, at least, as themselves; be able to treat subjects of the day with readiness and skill, in language flowing, rich, and attractive, or their own minds, running ahead of his, may be on the alert to supply the missing word, or the apt argument. The minister who can come up to their demand can do better in some other walk of life, and he may not see the necessity of sacrificing himself and family for a flock unwilling to make sacrifices for him. Hence every day we hear of able ministers deserting the pulpit, and of congregations with church and pulpit but no preacher. Thus, Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, came down from his pulpit, and resigned what might be called a large salary to do better for his family in the insurance business. His case is not exceptional. While the statistics furnished by the secular press relate chiefly to cities, the losses to Protestantism in the rural districts come in no small degree from their inability to obtain suitable preachers at beggarly pay.

(6) Nothing has developed skepticism in the laity more effectually than the minister's quickness in giving up a doctrinal point at the demand of secularists, on the plea of science. The theories of the scientific school have more weight than Bible, church creeds, or theological teachings. The belief loaned to a congregation one Sunday may be taken back the next. Science, in many of its false assumptions, domineers over theology. In a word, the laity have learned from their ministers to hold few or no dogmatic truths. Constant changes, vexatious uncertainties, doubts, negations, have led multitudes into the ranks of cultured Agnostics and polished Atheists.

(7) Of late years secret societies, with ministers as chaplains or high-priests, have engulfed many who find in the lodge a substitute for the church. The attractions for men, wanting in the latter, are found in the former; the restrictions are less; there is no troublesome creed; the coveted exclusiveness is obtained. Churches are left for women.

Much more might be said. Let this suffice. It may be asked, Do Catholics rejoice at the evident decline of Protestant sects? If Protestants drew nearer to the one true fold as they forsake their own pastures, Catholics would indeed be glad, and, with happy hearts, give thanks to God, through whom alone such a mercy can come, and welcome them to peace of mind and refreshment of soul. But as the decay of Protestantism is a transition from church organizations, that held some of the great truths of salvation and administered baptism to the ranks of indifferentism and infidelity, Catholics grieve. The late Rev. Dr. Spring, of the Old Brick Church of New York City, publicly announced his preference for the infidelity of Voltaire over the teachings of Catholicity. His co-religionists are heirs of his preference with a vengeance.

Yet Americans are not infidels of the stamp of the continental European infidels. These glory in their infidelity, and have no shame in blaspheming God, whom they seem to hate. When Americans doubt and deny, they do so with regret. Our "Bob Ingersolls" are not numerous, while the crowd of those willing to pay to hear his revilings of sacred truths is great.

Most commendable, indeed, are the earnestness, the zealous work, and the large generosity of many non-Catholic church people in the United States. Catholics believe that their efforts are misdirected, yet give them credit for well-intentioned sacrifices for religion, for charity, and the religious educa-

tion of the wealthier members of their churches. Catholics appreciate the many good words spoken in the past by able non-Catholics, in favor of the inspiration of the Scriptures, of a belief in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; in the Incarnation and Redemption, in eternal rewards and punishments, and in other truths. They sincerely regret that in the impending struggle between Infidelity and Catholicity, their aid shall be wanting; and regret yet more that so many who were once members of Evangelical church organizations shall be seen in the ranks, not of indifferentism, but of open and avowed Atheism.

It is not intended to present in this article a comparison with Catholicity. Whatever falling off in numbers there may be among members of the Catholic Church in some countries, it is accounted for by their neglect to listen to the Church when she condemns secret societies, by the evil influence of political State oppression, and by the sinking of religious truths when conflicting with national questions. For these losses there are compensating gains in other quarters. In her creed, government, and ministry, she is as strong to-day as ever in the past, though the helping hand of ruling powers is greatly weakened, or altogether withdrawn.

B. J. McQuaid.

The Adoption of the Shamrock as the Emblem of the Most Holy Trinity.

On Tara's hill the famous marble hall
Is filled with kings and priests, and chiefs and bards,
Who all with one accord, their fixed regards,
Direct on Patrick blesséd. Each and all,
With ear attentive, hearken to his voice.
A tiny shamrock from the grassy sod
Serves him for emblem of the Triune God.
He ceas'd to speak, and Erin made her choice,
To be, of nations Catholic, the first,
To Peter's chair and Patrick's words to cling,
Though sunk in woe, in anguish sorrowing,
To keep her faith when hell had done its worst,
To love the *type* by her St. Patrick given,
And hope to love its *antitype* in heaven.

Oxford, N. J.

Many of the members of Catholic Sisterhoods are versed in pharmacy, and can safely prescribe for ordinary ailments. It would be well if every principal conventual establishment possessed a Sister with a medical knowledge sufficient to make the services of regular physicians unnecessary. This object could, we believe, be easily attained. As doctors are educated nowadays, an experienced convent pharmacist is often more reliable than the product of the medical mill. — *Catholic Citizen.*

Bonnie Dunraven: A Story of Kilcarrick.

Robert Grace was a frequent looker-in at Kilcarrick during those eight months succeeding poor Norah's death. As if by tacit agreement, he and Bonnie never alluded — even indirectly — to that terrible interview they had had, on that summer evening gone by. Grace seemed to be feverishly eager to blot away the past year altogether; and who knows what hopes he was entertaining afresh, now that Bonnie Dunraven had come back again — absolutely free? Yes; *there* was the vitalizing fact. The girl was free,—free as air. No shackles now. Grace thought, too that he perceived a subtile change in the girl's manner toward him; a half-tender, half-timid intonation in her voice when she and he were alone together; a certain shyness in her gaze when her eyes chanced to meet his, full. Now it had not been so formerly, of a certainty. The girl had treated him simply as if she were his sister — do you remember how uneasy poor Bob used to be about this over-nice distinction?— and not, as she always had been and still was, his heart's only love. A huge joy sprang up in the man's heart, gave new blood to his veins, new life to his limbs.

Now, could this be another delusion, after all?

In very truth the girl *was* changed in her manner and feelings toward Robert Grace. In the first place, she felt profoundly sorry for her treatment of this true-hearted fellow — for the words she had made use of, during that last, dreadful scene between them on the cliffs — for the hard thoughts she had entertained of him all through that time of trial. And this feeling of remorse intensified, according as Paul's image became more and more free from purely fanciful garniture in the girl's mind.

Then, again, Grace's unflagging sincerity, big-heartedness, untiring anxiety about, and sympathy with, the mourners during the weeks preceding, and the months succeeding Norah's death, were cordially appreciated by the girl. Day after day, she perceived fresh proofs — if proofs were wanting — of Robert's open generosity and staunch warmth of heart. He was, veritably, the sunshine of the Kilcarrick household. The children listened eagerly for his well-known step — a brisk, firm step it was — and his familiar voice in the hall. They shouted for very delight when they became aware of these signs and tokens of his coming. (And, by-the-way, if you wish to know the character of a man, observe his manner toward women and children. If he be not courteous toward women, and kind toward children, that's enough—and more than enough! — about him.) Bonnie caught the universal contagion, and welcomed Grace as a true old friend, worthy of the utmost trust and regard.

But here she paused. She went no further. What Grace mistook for the shyness of dawning love — such love as *he* yearned for — was, in very reality, the result of the girl's consciousness of having treated Robert badly in the past, and her sensitive effort to make complete amends now.

So once again, you see, poor Grace was deluded in his hopes, and was building on sand.

. . . .

Anna Wylde wrote frequently to Bonnie; long, entertaining, and decidedly original letters. They kept up the girl's spirits, many a time, when Bonnie felt her courage wofully at fault. Anna, indeed, had come herself to Kilcarrick early in April, and had spent a happy week in the old house with her friend. Bonnie had begged of her to prolong her stay, but Anna was not to be coaxed.

"Mrs. Graingell is very desolate

and very feeble, dear," Anna said, "and I don't like to be away from her at all. She is so good, Bonnie, so uncomplaining, that I cannot find it in my heart to neglect her. And I am afraid she cannot live long."

"No; I suppose not — poor Mrs. Graingell. Anna, when she is gone you will be a solitary creature," Bonnie said; "and I, too, shall be a lonely spinster. So the best thing we can do will be to go somewhere, and live together for all our days."

"What a prospect you are holding out before you, Bonnie! A lonely spinster, indeed! No such thing. Listen to me, Bonnie: You are either blind, or obdurate of heart. I wonder which?"

"Why so, Anna?"

"I have been making use of my eyes, and ears, and judgment, since I came here, and I see clearly whither matters tend. May I say a thing? Yes I *shall!* Dr. Grace — now listen!— is in love with you, dear — please listen!— and —"

"Hush, Anna! I ask you, as a favor, not to talk of that," Bonnie interrupted, in a very low voice. "Poor Bob. I am very fond of him — proud of him, dear, and all that; but as for anything else — well, that is all over forevermore."

"You say you are fond of him, Bonnie, and proud of him, and you know very well, I am quite sure, *his* feelings toward yourself. *Don't* you know, Bonnie, that he loves you? Don't you know that you hold his future happiness in your hands, Bonnie?"

I may as well tell you here, that Grace had had a certain *tête-à-tête* with Anna Wylde on the previous evening, and it is quite possible, you know, that she had undertaken a little delicate embassy on Dr. Bob's behalf.

"Anna, why are you urging this most unpleasant matter? This is unlike you," poor Bonnie said at last. She felt herself at bay.

"I believe in my heart, Bonnie dear, that he would make a first-rate husband for you. He is a fine fellow, and, as I say, he loves you as few men love, nowadays. If you really are fond of him, Bonnie, surely you ought to pause and reflect, before you decide to absolutely wreck his life.

(That "absolutely wreck" was, I suspect, a quotation from Dr. Bob.)

"To wreck his life, Anna?"

"Yes, Bonnie. You have the alternative in your own power. Nobody else can interfere in any way. God knows," Anna said, with intense earnestness, "I would not say such things to you, darling, if I did not believe in my soul that I am speaking for your own happiness and success in life. Think over it, Bonnie. Give all your mind and heart to a careful consideration of the subject in all its bearings. Be generous, be true, be *yourself*. That is all I ask you now."

That same evening, Anna went away from Kilcarrick. Bonnie drove her friend to Ballydoonan Station. Just as the train was moving slowly away from the platform, the girl whispered a last word into Anna's ears.

"If ever I *should* have a house of my own, Anna, you must come and live with me, and never leave me. Won't you, darling?"

And Anna's bright smile was a sufficient reply to the question.

In the after years, when this pleasant little arrangement was actually carried out, the two dear friends many a time recalled the day when the affair was first spoken of. For, all through their lives, the friendship between these two was fast and faithful. It never changed. Verily, it was—

> "The secret sympathy,
> The silver link, the silken tie,
> Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
> In body and in soul can bind."

Life glided on very monotonously at Kilcarrick, during this tender May weather. As Bonnie sat in the Orchard Room, listening, not very

attentively, I fancy — to Master Freddy's recitation of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "Casabianca," and "Hohenlinden" (for the young gentleman had developed latterly a distinctive taste for declamation), and turning aside, now and then, to help Meg over the obstacles in the Rule of Three, or to explain to Rosa that the acute accent in French was by no means equivalent to the grave, — the dull sameness of the girl's life oftentimes weighed so heavily upon her spirit, that she felt she could not endure it any longer.

There was no lack of kindness in the household. Every one was affectionate to the girl. Her uncle and aunt were, if possible, fonder of her, and dearer to her, than ever. Old Kitty Maguire had begun to hobble about the place briskly enough again, now that her "jewel an' darlin'" was come home. But, for all that, the girl felt drearily desolate, at times, and a longing would seize her to go out again into the world, and endeavor to earn her own bread in some unflaggingly active manner, where physical energy would leave no room for mental strife.

One evening, towards the end of May, Bonnie set out alone from Kilcarrick, and walked across the fields to the quiet old churchyard of Drumkyle, where Norah lay at rest. The rose-bushes at the head of the little grave were now beginning to show the color of their blossoms, and one beautiful white moss-rose peeped out in full bloom from amid the fresh, green leaves. The scent of the hawthorn filled the place, and the breeze came across the barley-fields, pure and strong, from the sea.

Bonnie entered the ruin, under the green and white roofing of elder and hawthorn, and sat down on the grassy mound — her favorite spot — and gazed out dreamily through the old, gray arches, to the blue sea beyond the fields. It was very quiet here, in the tender, May evening. The sound of the sea travelled across the fields with a low and soothing monotone. The place was deserted, save for the wild-birds which, now and then, fluttered in the foliage overhead.

Within the ruin here, a cool green twilight prevailed, but through the westward arch the level sunshine trembled in with a ruddy light, and flecked the grass with red fire. The silence of the place was broken, now and then, by the cawing of crows flying slowly homeward to the big trees around Kilcarrick, and the lowing of cows from the fields of daisies and buttercups over there beyond the churchyard.

The girl's mind was toned down and saddened by the silence and solitude of the spot, and her eyes had a melancholy look in them as they gazed far away over the distant ocean, where the gray-blue sea-line lay, level and defined, against an horizon of pearl and silvery-white.

During the past few days, Paul Earnscliffe had been much in the girl's thoughts, and the glamor which had heretofore shrouded his image was now somewhat dispersed, at last. By sheer force of mental suffering, Bonnie's faculties of penetrating had been rendered keen and discriminating, and the girl was now peculiarly capable of grasping the character of the man whom she had loved and lost. Those portions of Anna's confession which Bonnie had kept rigorously in the background of her mind, were now advancing into clear light, and the girl could shut her eyes to them no longer. Verily, her ideal was becoming detached from the reality.

Bonnie sat with folded hands, and still gazed out dreamily and sadly over the sea. Her courage had ebbed very low this evening, and a strange feeling of absolute weariness of life oppressed her. It was well for her that she was roused up vigorously from this state of mind. Had it gone on much longer, in its uninterrupted course, the girl would, very

likely, have sunk into such a state of dejection as would never, all through her life, perhaps, be surmounted. She needed some outward shock to brace up her relaxed nerves, and give tone and vigor to her mind, now morbid and flaccid from feeding on itself of late.

And the shock came.

Turning her gaze suddenly from the distant sea, her eyes fell upon a man's figure standing under one of the arches of the ruin, just as he had stood there on that happy July evening gone by.

Was it a dream, or could it really be a reproduction of that other scene of the dead past?

With a low cry—a cry which died into a groan—the girl clasped her hands before her white face, and sat there shuddering from head to foot, unable to articulate a word. Her head sank lower into her hands. She dared not raise her eyes. But she heard his step drawing nearer and nearer; and then, at last, a voice — changed, indeed, but still, beyond doubt, the voice of Paul Earnscliffe himself — fell upon Bonnie's ear.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WITHERED ROSE.

"THANK God, I have met you at last!"

These were his first words, and then there was a silence while you might reckon twelve. Bonnie remained in the same position. She could not speak, but the shudder which shook her limbs was visible now.

"You need not be afraid of me. You may look up at me. Oh, Bonnie," he added, suddenly, his voice sinking so low that the girl barely caught the faint whisper, "speak to me. Only a word. Look up, so that I may see whether there is hatred or pity in your face. This silence is more cruel than the hardest words. I have not come to trouble you, Bonnie. I have come to say farewell."

The girl's clasped hands fell from her white face, and then she looked up full into his wild black eyes. How changed he was since she had seen him last, on that September evening, in the porch at Glentobar! What hollow eyes — what a gaunt figure — what a lean, haggard face. Those hollow eyes were fixed on Bonnie's with a wild, yearning look in them, which thrilled the girl to the very heart. As Bonnie looked up at him, the expression of the man's eyes calmed wonderfully, by degrees. There was no hatred in the girl's face — there was no reproach. All was lost now in a measureless dumb sorrow.

"I have come back, Bonnie, to see you once — just once — and then, perhaps, never again. I have been haunted, day and night, by this desire, ever since — that time. I have been away in England and France and other places, striving, with all my strength, to distract my thoughts from the past. I might as well have striven to stop the current of blood in my veins! Death, alone, will effect both. And so I have returned, Bonnie, and I came here on the chance of seeing you once again. Thank God, we have met!"

He was leaning against the ivied wall, close to where Bonnie sat. He paused for a while now, but the girl said not a word. She was afraid to trust, as yet, to her voice. But her eyes spoke, if her lips were mute.

"I got your letter, Bonnie," Earnscliffe said slowly, after that pause; "and so you know all."

"Yes; I have heard all from Anna Wylde."

Her voice was low and unsteady, and the pallor of her face had intensified as she spoke. But now that the silence was broken at last, the girl felt that her courage was being braced up afresh.

"And you look upon me with horror and dread, Bonnie — do you?"

"No; I have no horror nor dread of you in my heart," the girl replied, slowly; "I understand the whole story too well for that. I have learned to think more calmly over it of late, and — and I think I know how it all came to pass."

"But you have heard only one side of the story," Earnscliffe said, "and you cannot judge me mercifully until you know the entire truth. Why, common justice even demands evidence on both sides!"

"I do not want to be your judge," the girl replied, slowly and sadly. "I think I understand all. There is no necessity to bring up the story again. There is no necessity for a judicial investigation of the matter! I can forgive you without *that*, Paul."

His name spoken by the girl's low voice, sent a thrill through every fibre of Earnscliffe's frame. His eyes were now dim with blinding tears.

"Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie, what have I done — what have I done! God help me! I have wrecked my life forevermore. I see no glimmer of light for me in this world again. Heaven knows I am more sinned against than sinning!"

All the weakness of the man's nature spoke out in these words. Bonnie, as she heard them, shivered a little, and the expression of her face unconsciously hardened. She said nothing. But her eyes were lowered to the ground.

"Yes, Bonnie, I repeat I *am* more sinned against than sinning. All through my life, a relentless fatality has pursued me with inexorable malignity. I have been, and *am* to this day, a mere puppet in the grasp of that accursed power. I could, and *can*, do nothing save surrender — surrender absolutely. When I saw you first, long ago, on Liskeelan Strand, I loved you, Bonnie, though you were but a little girl then." His voice had softened wonderfully now. "But the years went by, and Fate forced me into the doom of wedding Anna Wylde. There was no real love in that miserable union. The whim of the hour was the foundation. You may guess the result!"

"I *know* the result," Bonnie said, and now the hardness of her face had stolen into her low, clear voice; "absolute love and trust on one side, treachery immeasurable on the other. Poor Anna told me all. As for you, I thought you would, at least, refrain from boasting of your own perfidy," the girl added, looking straight into his face. "My eyes are being opened at last to the truth."

"To the truth, Bonnie,— to the truth? *What* truth? Good God, have I come back only to hear such words as these from *your* lips? There is scorn in your face, Bonnie. Your voice is harsh. And yet you told me, awhile ago, that you forgave me for all."

"For all — so far as I myself personally am concerned; but it is a different thing when you degrade yourself by dwelling self-contentedly on the subject of your own shame and treachery. Paul Earnscliffe, I have been deceived in your character. I never fancied for a moment that *you* could descend to *this*."

They faced each other now, both in strong excitement; but, whereas Bonnie's agitation was suppressed, and her exterior calm enough, Paul was trembling in every limb, as he dashed the tears from his eyes.

"I am not the first who was married on the unreasoning impulse of a weak hour," he said, bitterly, "and I shall not be the last. Ah, Bonnie, scorn is all very well, but how can you tell — you *cannot* tell — that it is merited. You speak of my degradation. It may be so. But *I* cannot echo your opinion. Better that two people should live apart — wide apart — than together, when the latter implies constant strife and domestic misery of every kind. She and I were most unsuited to each other. While apart, there

was, at least, comparative peace. But had I forced myself into living with her — "

He broke off, with a strong shudder.

"We need not dwell on this," he resumed, after a pause, during which Bonnie had sat motionless and silent. "Now, as ever, I find I am pursued by my fatality, and I am destined, I fear, to regret, to the last hour of my life, that I ever came back to wish you farewell. Better had I gone away without seeing you — far better; and yet — Bonnie!" he cried, with a sudden, passionate pleading in his low voice, and now he laid his trembling hand on the girl's arm, "I must speak once, and then forevermore be silent. I must tell you how I loved you — how proud I was of you — what a new life I had anticipated with you — O, God, how I loved you — how I loved you!"

He paused for a moment, but Bonnie said not a word. Her head was bowed, but he saw — or fancied he saw — a tear trembling on the long lashes which swept her cheeks.

"When I saw you, that March night, at the window, I knew that I had never really loved any woman before," Earnscliffe went on passionately. "The discovery came upon me with a sense of joy, measureless and unutterable. I was a new man. I felt as I had not felt since I was a boy. I felt fresh of heart, strong of courage, with a robust hope in life, which, Heaven knows, I had not experienced for long years before. I was not absolutely sure, that night, whether *she* were dead or not. But I went soon afterwards to Innisrush and saw Mrs. Graingell, and heard that Anna was certainly dead. Words cannot describe the relief of my heart. It was boundless. Judge, then, what I felt when I found that she was alive after all! Picture the thing to yourself. I had walked from Garrabridge, and had sat down to rest for awhile at the Burrow, before I should go on to Castle Strange. I had had a long, lonesome walk beside the sea for hours, and all that time I was fancying in my mind how you and I should meet. The anticipation was vitalizing. I never had felt supreme happiness in my life before. But I knew what it was *then*, for the first time, and I revelled in it. I sat down, as I say, to rest, and I began to sing a love song, and I pictured *you* leaning over my shoulder, and smiling down into my eyes as the words of the song went home to your heart. The sound of your voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. I closed my eyes, and fancied the softness and warmth of your hands about my neck. Then I heard a footstep. As I live, Bonnie, I believe it was *yours!* — you were coming to me, drawn to me by some irresistible power. I looked up, and the wife whom I had thought dead, was standing before me."

"I know, Paul — I know," Bonnie said, with an internal shrinking from a repetition of the hideous story. "She told me all about it."

Earnscliffe broke into a low, bitter laugh.

"'All about it?' — did she! I should have liked to hear *how* she told it. Good God, Bonnie, what could she *know* of the fury of passion raging and rioting in my heart. She goaded me on to madness. I was like a maniac; but when she mentioned *your* name, then, indeed, reason fled from me altogether,— all restraint was gone. I heard a clamor in my ears like the roar and crash of thunder. I had but one thought, and that was a gigantic one. It filled my mind. It vibrated every sense. It was the sole motive-force of my actions then. It was this: Anna Wylde and Bonnie Dunraven should never meet again. Never, never, never! On this depended the happiness of my future life. Should *she* go back to you, there was the anguish of hell for me. Should I,

drown her here this evening, then all was well. I saw, beyond that, nothing but supreme joy. And I hurled her from me into the sea. Then, on the instant that I heard the splash in the water, it seemed as though my frenzy were riven in twain from top to bottom, and, through the rift, clear consciousness glared in, frantic with horror and remorse. I rushed madly from the spot. Oh, I cannot *bear* to think of how I spent that accursed night!"

A low groan burst from the man's lips, and he bowed down his head upon his folded arms. Bonnie raised her eyes and looked at him as he stood there, and then she spoke again.

"It is worse than useless to talk of it now," she said, slowly and very earnestly. "Let it die away. You have your future before you. You are still young. You ought to have energy. You have experience. I will pray for you, Paul."

"Yes, Bonnie, yes." he said, catching eagerly at her words, and raising his head again, "I *have* a future. I must strive strenuously to forget the past. But," his voice fell, the wild light died out of his eyes, "how *can* I forget it, after all? O, Bonnie, how can I? I *must* remember it, and that remembrance will pursue me wherever I go. I cannot get free from it. It is my Nemesis—a malignant Incubus!" And he shuddered.

This direct expression of the man's characteristic weakness, goaded on the girl resistlessly to what she said next. But the instant she had spoken, she was sorry for her words.

"And must not I, too, outlive my past?" she said bitterly. "One would think, to hear you talk, that *you* are the only sufferer — in a world of suffering! Be a man. Be courageous. Be independent. Look forward, and strive now to cleave out an honorable path through life, of which you have never yet, apparently, appreciated the value and the resource."

Earnscliffe shrank a little, as if from a curling lash, and his eyes fell under the girl's earnest gaze.

"Thank you," he said, in a voice so low that Bonnie barely heard it. "I shall strive to be worthy of your friendly counsel. You are very forgiving. You are more. You supplement even forgiveness itself, with good advice for the future." Then his voice suddenly changed. The ring of sarcasm was gone, and in its stead came a tone of the tenderest pleading. "Bonnie, now before I go, I wish to say a word about my sister, poor Alice. There is no blame — not the very slightest — attached to her in this affair of Anna Wylde. She knew, indeed, of my marriage, but she believed always that Anna died the year after our wedding. She never questioned the truth of this for a moment. And she loves you dearly, Bonnie. She will be lonely when I go away. Will you sometimes write to her — and perhaps — if I am not asking too much — you will go and see her sometimes — when I am gone?"

"Yes, Paul, I will. I promise to do both. I like your sister more than I can say. I will not neglect your wishes, never fear."

"God bless you, Bonnie! And now — now, I suppose I may as well say farewell. I am going away, Bonnie — to the West Indies."

"To the West Indies, Paul?"

"Yes. There is an uncle of mine there — a wealthy man, but aged. You have heard me speak of him — Stephen Rainsford, my poor mother's brother. He is a childless widower, and now, as I say, an old man, and his heart is set on my going to him, to look after his property there. It may not be for long, you see — a few years, perhaps. But at any rate, I am going. It will be a new life to me, Bonnie, with new faces — new duties — new associations. Maybe, it will be the best thing that has ever happened for me. And yet — I do not know. I think I am doomed to

nothing but misfortune. I cannot escape."

"Nobody is 'doomed'—in your sense—to anything, Paul. The all-seeing Eye looks down on each individual. The ever-sympathizing Heart beats and bleeds for every man, and woman, and child that ever walked, or ever shall walk the weary earth. I am glad you are going, Paul. I, too, think this may be the best thing that has ever happened for you."

"Well—we shall see—we shall see. And now, Bonnie, farewell!" He took her hand. She had risen. Both were deadly pale. "Bonnie," he said, in a whisper, his wild black eyes full of tears, "I am going now. We may never meet again in this life. I am leaving all I ever loved on earth behind—my sister and you. Oh, chiefly *you!* Bonnie, will you give me something to think of, all through the months and years to come—Oh, the long, long years without *you!*—something to prove your forgiveness—only *this*, Bonnie, only this *one?*"

The girl lifted her white face, and pressed her cold lips once to his; but what a passionless kiss! All passion was now merged forevermore—in pity.

"Good-bye, Paul, good-bye. May God be always with you! Farewell!"

He was gone. The girl stood with clasped hands, watching his tall, worn figure until the arches of the ruin hid it from sight, and from her life forevermore. Then she sat down again on the mound, and remained utterly motionless for fully five minutes, her eyes lowered to the grass, her very lips white.

Suddenly she swayed forward as though struck, and fell down upon her face on the grass, and with a wild cry—"O, Paul—O, God!—gone, *gone* forevermore!" burst into such a passion of sobs and tears as occurs but once in a lifetime. The girl's lithe form was convulsed with the intensity of this wild paroxysm. Her face was buried in the grass, her arms flung out over the mound, her fingers locked tight together. All the anguish of the past miserable months now tore its way out from the girl's heart, in one resistless flood.

At last Bonnie stood up and dried her eyes, and smoothed her tossed hair. She was very calm now, but white as death, and shuddering in every limb. But she felt immeasurably relieved. A dead weight was lifted from her heart. As she stepped out of the ruin and crossed the churchyard, on her way back to Kilcarrick, she knew in her soul that the crisis of her life had come and gone, and that she had passed scatheless through the ordeal.

She went along the orchard path, and entered the house through the little side door of which you know. She met nobody, and was glad of that. When she had got in safely to her own room, she turned the key in the lock, and then bathed her face and eyes, and dressed her hair; but, indeed, she was hardly conscious of what she was doing now, for there was another thing to be done before she unlocked her door.

Her jewel casket, a bauble of satin-wood and silver, stood on her dressing-table. Bonnie opened it, and removed the upper cover. Then she took out a tiny box, and hesitated for a moment, every vestige of color fading from her cheeks. But her resolution was made. The little box contained neither jewels nor gold. Nothing but a withered flower.

But is was, indeed, the wild rose which Paul Earnscliffe had given the girl at Eagle Crags, on that happy August day of the past.

The rose was withered now,—a fit symbol of the love that was also blighted. Until this moment, the girl had not had the courage to destroy the poor little token of the past. More than once had she held

the little box in her hands, hesitating in her mind all the time, and finally putting it away hurriedly, and, with a blanched face, shutting up the casket.

It was not so now.

She crushed up the rose in her palm, and flung it into the grate. It was the last renunciation. All the glamour was now dispersed, forevermore.

. . . . . .

I think it must have been some three weeks, or so, later, that Robert Grace, one evening, "'twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," came over to Kilcarrick and inquired for Bonnie. She had gone down to the Cliffs, he was told, and so he went in pursuit.

He found her strolling along the narrow path skirting the cliff-tops, her arms hanging listlessly by her sides, and her eyes turned dreamily seaward. He handed her a small parcel, and said nothing. The girl opened it curiously, staring for a moment, and then uttered a cry of surprise.

It was a dark hair bracelet with a silver clasp.

"Why, Bob, where on earth did you find this? This is — I cannot be mistaken, *surely?* — it certainly is Anna Wylde's bracelet. She lost it on that terrible evening. *Where* did you find it?"

"Do you remember that July day when I read the old ballads for you on Liskeelan Head?" Bob asked, his big blue eyes fixed on Bonnie's face, his straw hat pushed back off his forehead, and his crisp yellow curls partly visible.

"I do, to be sure — well?"

"Well, you remember, too, I suppose, how we went down on the little strand, and how I suddenly cried out that I saw a man — or a goblin? — which was it, Bonnie? — looking over the cliff-top after us? Don't you recollect?"

"Yes, yes, Bob. I was puzzled that day. I couldn't understand it at all."

"No. It would be hard for you, Bonnie! I am not given to ghost-seeing," Grace laughed. "Well, Bonnie, the cause of my sudden agitation was, that I had seen this very bracelet lying on the shingle within a yard or two of your feet! I knew if *you* saw it, it would be a dreadful shock to you; you were so terribly cut up about your friend. So I hit on that plan of distracting your attention, and then I picked up the bracelet, and stowed it away so carefully that night (never dreaming it would be wanted again), that I couldn't succeed in finding it during Anna Wylde's visit here in April. I suppose you will send it to her now?"

"Oh, I am so glad to *have* it to send to her!" Bonnie cried; "she valued it highly. This was her poor mother's hair. She will be delighted to get it again. The notion of your having it all the time and never saying a word!" Bonnie added, looking into the blue eyes of Dr. Bob. "It was very, very good of you, Bob. The shock would have almost killed me, I think, had you shown me the bracelet that day. Oh, it was so good of you, Bob — so thoughtful — so *like* you!"

There was silence between them for awhile, after that. They strolled along together, still following the course of the winding pathway. The moan of the sea filled the air. The long, rugged line of cliffs stretched away before them, growing gradually indistinct in the brown and purple shadows of the gloaming. There was a dreamy, gray-blue coloring on the sea. The sky was of a deeper blue, but, at the south, delicate lines and ripples of pearly cloud lay along the horizon; and, in the west, there still lingered exquisite hues of primrose, and saffron, and rose-pink. A fresh, salt breeze had sprung up since sundown, and as it blew across the barley-fields it made a faint, mur-

murous sound like whispering. The thin line of foam on the gray shingle where the waves were breaking in, glimmered white in the dusk.

"Bonnie," Grace said, breaking the silence at last, "I have"— he hesitated, then went on courageously — "something to say to you now. I have been thinking over it ever since you came back to us. And, Bonnie, somehow I have not had the pluck — or the heart — or whatever you please to call it — to broach the matter, until this evening. I think you know what I mean, Bonnie! Surely you know. *Don't* you know, Bonnie — *darling?*"

After that last little word, there could, of course, be no doubt whatever as to Dr. Bob's intentions. But Grace did not leave the matter at even this. His words poured forth in a torrent from his heart. All the love that had been, indeed, but gathering and strengthening during the past months, now found impetuous utterance at last.

How long he would have gone on in this strain, had not the girl come to his relief, he himself, I am sure, could never afterwards precisely tell. But in the midst of his impassioned outburst — at that very point, indeed, where strong appeal gave way to urgent entreaty — a girl's soft, white hand was placed in his, and, with a shock of joy, he knew that he had pleaded not wholly in vain.

. . . . . .

And so I leave these two together in the twilight, hand in hand, and I like to think of them so, as I close this record of a portion of their lives.

Each of them had, you may be very sure, during the after years, many a sorrow to contend with — many a heart-wrung sigh to quell — many a withered hope to lay in its grave. But let all this go by.

Think of them only as they stood there together, on that tender, June night, with the quiet stars throbbing through the dusk, and the wavelets whispering and crooning on the shingle. And see, over there beyond the darkened fields, what is that cheery light which flashes out ruddily from amid those great old trees? Surely, it issues from the Oak Parlor, and the big front hall of Kilcarrick.

Beautiful old Kilcarrick!

As I dip my pen in ink, for the last time now, I look back, through the years, and I see you — as I saw you, once upon a time, in the mellow summer light — the blue Atlantic in front, and the green orchards clustering behind. And my childhood is again before me, and old scenes and old faces fill in the dream-like picture.

Well, I have said all now. No need to tint the closing scene with a sombre coloring. Let all be bright and happy, and let these last impressions be pleasant ones.

And so the story being told, and the pen nearly dry, what remains but to wish you all a full hearty Farewell?

THE END.

The Word "Cafe."

THE young preacher was well up in his Latin, his Greek and his Hebrew. But somehow or other his French had been neglected, as they did not study it at the theological seminary. Therefore, he was not equal to the task when the æsthetic young ladies of his church sent him a notice about the fair they were going to have and asked him to publish it from his pulpit. These dear creatures were not satisfied with having a lunch counter or eating-room. They must needs give the department its French name, and so they called it a café, with the accent on the final *e*. The good parson knew nothing about this way of pronouncing the word, and so, instead of saying that there would be a "caffay" in connection with the fair, he announced that there would be a "calf," making the word rhyme with the laugh which speedily appeared on the countenances of the congregation.

What a Woman Can Do.

THE ladies of the Land League, who have been pretty well reviled throughout England, are at least doing a work which every one must approve in Carraroe, a district in the West of Ireland, where, six or eight months ago, a hundred and sixty families were evicted. In this place, a wild, picturesque spot, where the land is chiefly bog and rock, the distressed people rose up in a mass and surrounded their cabins, clinging to their homes, and defying the bayonets of the police. Nevertheless the bayonets were stronger than they, and man, woman and babe were driven from shelter. What was to be done for these destitute creatures? Temporary relief was given by the Land League, but that could not last forever. Miss Yates, of the Ladies' Land League, went to the spot, saw that the people were intelligent and eager for work of any description, and set her woman's wit to the task of making employment for more than one hundred idle and starving women and girls. The League supplied funds; wool was bought and was distributed, to be knitted into socks. At first the articles made were such as could not be sold or made use of, but this was to be expected. Miss Yates engaged a house and organized classes. The women and girls flocked in, the cleverest soon profited by instruction, and the first fruits of the industry of Carraroe appeared in the Exhibition, marked "First Attempts." More capital was advanced, and the work continued, and with such success that quantities of knitted and crocheted articles of wearing apparel for women and children, and even for men, are now turned out, as fresh and pretty as hands can make them. From the child of six years old to the grandmother, all the women of the place have now employment. Both in England and at home their work has given satisfaction, and Miss Yates has added other industries to that which she first started at Carraroe. She is teaching the girls to make lace, and the children are kept busy manufacturing toys and ornaments of the pretty shells they can pick up on the shore, and fragments of glittering stone they can find on the mountains. One of the Dublin papers says: — "As what class of patriot we wonder would Dean Swift describe Miss Yates? She has done more than make two blades of grass grow instead of one; she has taught hundreds of human beings to live where all of them used to starve before. What prospect was before these hundred and sixty evicted families until Heaven sent Miss Yates and Michael Davitt down amongst them? There were the emigrant ship for some, the poor-house for more, the ditch-side for more,—for all, uselessness and utter effacement. The hundred and sixty evicted families now know—at any rate — how to live independent of land or landlord. Miss Yates has effected nothing short of a revolution in Carraroe, but not of the kind that some people would affect to expect from a lady Land Leaguer. For our part we seem to see in her noble work the first clew to the solution of a great national difficulty. Perhaps it is a type of the revolution that has been wrought, as well as of things to come—the bright girl the visitor sees tripping gayly and with light step across the rocks and bogs to deliver up her work, receive more and take instructions, who, no matter how wretched the hovel she emerges from, no matter how threadbare and scant her clothing is, has learned to be always clean, and neat, and trim in her personal appearance." Of course, as is natural, the demand for the work done at

Carraroe falls far short of the capabilities of supply. It would be a really Christian act to assist this undertaking. An application to Miss Yates by post will always procure price lists and samples. It has been stated that the Mansion House Evicted Tenants' Committee have come to an arrangement with Miss Yates to establish a similar industry among the evicted tenantry of Mr. Isidore Burke, in Mayo.

The scheme proposed by Dr. Lyons, M. P., to re-afforest Ireland, has been eagerly approved of by many people, and a mass of correspondence has poured in on the gentleman who has started the idea, proving how gladly any suggestion for inaugurating any system of reproductive work for numbers, is hailed by the inhabitants of this country. One Philip Reade writes to state that his plantations realize £230 per acre. He lately sold, in the County Louth, six larch-trees at fifty guineas each. The scheme of planting Ireland with trees, at once giving present employment and laying up wealth for the future, is, of course, too large an enterprise to be set on foot without the aid of Government.

Murdered by the Freemasons.

A LETTER from the late Thurlow Weed, dated Sept. 9, 1882, in answer to an invitation to attend the unveiling of a monument to Capt. William Morgan, at Batavia, N. Y., gives a sketch of the anti-Masonic excitement created by the disappearance of Morgan, and the belief entertained by many that he had been murdered by Freemasons on account of his exposure of the secrets of the Masonic organization. The story of the death of Morgan, as narrated by a person claiming to be present on the occasion, is not a new one, having been given to the public by Mr. Weed, a few years ago. But, some interest having been reawakened in the topic by telegraphic despatches, that story, as contained in Mr. Weed's recent letter — the truth of the statements in which document was sworn to by Mr. Weed, on the 28th of September — is given below:

Col. Simeon B. Jewett, of Clarkson, Maj. Samuel Barton, of Lewiston, and John Whitney of Rochester, passed that evening [in 1831] at my house. Jewett was prepared to testify that he furnished a carriage for those who were conveying Morgan secretly from Canandaigua to Niagara. John Whitney was one of the party. Maj. Barton would have testified that he furnished the carriage which conveyed the party from Lewiston to Fort Niagara,— John Whitney being one of that party. Whitney would have sworn that Gould supplied money to enable him to "escape from justice." In the course of the evening, the Morgan affair being the principal topic of conversation, Col. Jewett turned to Whitney with emphasis, and said: "John, what if you make a clean breast of it?" Whitney looked inquiringly at Barton, who added: "Go ahead."

Whitney then related in detail the history of Morgan's abduction and fate. The idea of suppressing Morgan's intended exposure of the secrets of Masonry was first suggested by a man by the name of Johns. It was discussed in lodges at Batavia, Le Roy, and Rochester. Johns suggested that Morgan should be separated from Miller and placed on a farm in Canada West. For this purpose he was taken to Niagara and placed in the magazine of the fort until arrangements for settling him in Canada were completed; but the Canadian Masons disappointed them.

After several meetings of the lodge in Canada, opposite Fort Niagara, a refusal to have anything to do with Morgan left his "kidnappers" greatly perplexed. Opportunely, a Royal Arch Chapter was installed at Lewiston. The occasion brought a large number of enthusiastic Masons together. "After labor," in Masonic language, they "retired to refreshment." Under the exhilaration of champagne and other viands the Chaplain (the Rev. F. H. Cummings, of Rochester) was called on for a toast. He responded with peculiar emphasis, and in the language of their ritual: "The enemies of our order — may they find a grave six feet deep, six feet long, and six feet due east and west." Immediately after that toast, which was received with great enthusiasm, Col. William King, an officer in our war of 1812, and then a Member of Assembly from Niagara County, called Whitney of Rochester, Howard of Buffalo, Chubbuck of Lewiston, and Garside of Canada, out of the room, and into a carriage furnished by Maj. Barton. They were driven to Fort Niagara, repaired to the magazine, and informed Morgan that the arrangements for sending him to Canada were completed, and that his family would soon follow him. Morgan received the information cheerfully and walked with supposed friends to the boat, which was rowed to the mouth of the river, where a rope was wound around his body, to each end of which a sinker was attached. Morgan was then thrown overboard. He grasped the gunwale of the boat convulsively. Garside, in forcing Morgan to relinquish his hold, was severely bitten.

Whitney, in concluding his narrative, said he was now relieved from a heavy load; and that for four years he had not heard the window rustle, or any other noise at night, without thinking the sheriff was after him. Col. Jewett, looking fixedly at Whitney, said: "Weed can hang you now." "But he won't," was Whitney's prompt reply. Of course a secret thus confided to me was inviolably kept, and twenty-nine years afterwards, while attending a National Republican Convention at Chicago, John Whitney, who then resided there, called to say that he wanted me to write out what he once told me about Morgan's fate, to be signed by him in the presence of witnesses, to be sealed up and published after his death. I promised to do so before leaving Chicago. There was no leisure, however, during the sitting of the convention; and even before its final adjournment, forgetting what I had told Whitney, I hurried to Iowa, returning by way of Springfield, to visit Mr. Lincoln. In the excitment of the canvass which followed and the secession of the Southern States upon Mr. Lincoln's election, I neglected the important duty of securing the confession Whitney was so anxious to make. In 1861 I went to Europe, and while in London wrote a letter to Whitney asking him to get Alexander B. Williams, then a resident of Chicago, to do what I had so unpardonably neglected. That letter reached Chicago one week after Whitney's death, closing the last and only chance for the revelation of that important event.

Whitney was a mason by trade, honest, industrious, sober, but excitable. In all the early stages of the Morgan affair he believed he was doing his duty. The final crime was committed under the circumstances I have related.

When Quin was in a coffee-house he heard one man say, "Waiter, a glass of brandy; I'm hot." In a few minutes another customer cried out, "Waiter, a glass of brandy; I'm cold." Exasperated by the general dishonesty he hallooed, "Waiter, a glass of brandy; I like it."

Intemperance and Crime in England.

Cardinal Manning.

In 1860 there were 1,000,000 paupers on the poor books, and in 1881, 3,000,500; in addition to which there were 96,000 lunatics. Dr. Adam Clarke, who had been through nearly all the hospitals in the United Kingdom, had said that more than half of the inmates were brought there through diseases brought on by excessive drinking. The 310,000 drunkards taken into custody by the police (enormous though the number appeared) did not represent anything like the total number of drunkards; the police only having orders to take up those who were incapable or riotous. If the intoxicated person was able to find his way home quietly, he was permitted to do so. Again, they had to add those who got drunk in their own homes, and consequently were not seen by the police. The results of immoderate drinking were 12,000 premature deaths, while at least 75 per cent. of the crimes committed were traceable to the influence of intoxicating liquor. Were there, His Eminence asked, any Christian persons in England, Scotland or Ireland, who did not feel it a burning shame that such intemperance should exist in the land, and who did not feel it to be their duty to try, as far as lay in their power, to stamp it out? One-tenth of the producing power of this country was wasted every year in the production of intoxicating liquors. If the £130,000,000 thus spent were laid out in cotton and woollen clothing for the people, in building comfortable houses, and in draining and tilling the land, there would not be a half-clothed person to be seen, a family without a home, or unemployed work-people seeking in vain for something to do, while the land would yield abundant harvest. If these £130,000,000 were spent in digging holes on Mondays, and filling them up on Tuesdays, it would be apparent to every one that the money was being squandered away; but it would be no more wasted in doing this than in pouring down the throats of the people intoxicating liquors which destroy them. Some were in the habit of supposing that drunkenness was restricted to the working-classes; but this was not so: it was the besetting vice of rich and poor alike. Some time back the body of a respectably-dressed young man was found floating down the River Mersey, and on his clothes was pinned a paper, with these words written on it: "Don't ask my name; drink has brought me to this." The body was not identified; but on the facts becoming known in the public press, the coroner received upwards of 500 letters from different parts of the country, from parents whose sons had left home and never been heard of since. One of his flock, whose wife had in vain endeavored to turn him from the practice of drinking alcohol, came home intoxicated one night, and as his wife opened the door to let him in, he struck her a fearful blow, which knocked her down and from the effects of which she died. He was now spending his time in prison, a condemned man, in sorrow and repentance. One of the finest soldiers living, a brave and generous non-commissioned officer, whose only fault was drink, shot his wife dead while under the influence of alcohol. He was at once arrested, disgraced before the regiment, and afterwards hanged. Again, near the house in which he (the Cardinal) resided there lived a young man, who, coming home drunk one night, threw his wife out of the window, from the effects of which the poor woman died. If, then, such a maddening poi-

of Wales, and equally with a small cheesemonger; with a Roman Catholic or a Hindoo.

PRIEST. Exactly; and he is bound, on Masonic principles, to help the Hindoo brother-Mason rather than the best Christian alive, who is no Mason at all. That is, as you just now expressed it, he helps all men, especially Masons, and with no reference to the "household of the faith." As to those whom you call "Roman Catholics," here is our friend O'Leary, who, if he joined them, would give up the sacraments and membership of his church.

O'LEARY. Indeed, that I'd be sorry to do.

PRIEST. And yet you know well that you would excommunicate yourself, and nothing less.

WILSON. But why, sir, is your church so hard upon them? What's the harm of them, after all? They are very benevolent people, who support schools, have public dinners for charity, and the like. Only hear their speeches. What fine benevolent sentiments, and loyalty, and peace and good will to all men.

PRIEST. I will show you, before we have done, that such speeches are chiefly made by those who know no more of the real principles than the figure-head of a ship knows about the steering. Against the speeches, we will put the oath, which is more significant. I chance to have it in my pocket, with other papers; for a friend of mine is tempted in the same way, and my errand now is to warn him.

O'LEARY. Well, there's nothing like black and white, to be sure.

PRIEST. First, observe, that whatever the oath shall be found really to mean, it is unlawful to take it, because it is a *secret* oath to do an *unknown* thing; that is reason enough, if there were no other. You look, O'Leary, as if you doubted.

O'LEARY. Why, saving your Reverence's presence, I've been told you were a friar, yourself, now; and sure didn't you take, not only an oath, but a vow, to obey your Superior, and do whatever he'd bid you?

PRIEST. Certainly not either a secret oath, nor about an unknown thing. A Religious binds himself by a vow of obedience, knowing beforehand the things in which he will be called to obey; and that they are *good* things. He knows they are things according to the laws of God, and to the very highest interpretation of those laws. So his vow is about as unlike the oath of a Secret Society as pure gold is unlike poisonous copper.

WILSON. Suppose his Superior told him to do something against the law of God?

PRIEST. You put an almost impossible case; but, of course, he would be bound to obey God's command, and that only. The authority of the creature ceases the moment it comes in collision with the laws of the Creator. The creature can only have authority, as representing the Divine authority, and being in unison with it.

WILSON. And if his Superior's command was against the just law of the land?

PRIEST. Saint Paul shall answer you. "Let every soul"—Religious included, of course—"be subject to higher powers," "for those [powers] that are, are ordained of God"—and so on, through several verses, which I dare say you know well.* The Apostle proclaims the secular power, the settled and lawful government of a country, to be "God's minister," and he repeats it twice. So straight does that authority come from God, that they who resist, "purchase to themselves damnation."† But we are getting rather away from our subject.

WILSON. That is a poser, though, for my friend O'Leary, even as far as we have gone, for he is always ta

* Rom. xiii. 1-7. † Ibi

about upsetting governments, and shaking off yokes.

PRIEST. Then you are wrong, O'Leary, and you ought to know it. But leave that for another time. Meanwhile, I might give you the oath of "secrecy and fidelity" taken by the "United Irishmen," only that I pass on to the Freemason's, which is a stronger one.

WILSON. If you please, sir, who were the "United Irishmen"?

O'LEARY. They were Irishmen uniting for Ireland's deliverance, and more power to them: who else should they be?

PRIEST. No one loves Ireland more than I do, and I have reason to love it, though an Englishman born. I have lived in that country for nine happy years; my mission there carried me into most parts of the island; I have met true friends everywhere, and preserve their friendship unchilled in my heart, to this day.

O'LEARY. And God bless your Reverence for the same. I thought English priests did not understand us at all, like our own.

PRIEST. A priest, because he *is* a priest, must make it his duty to understand the men of every class and kind, when he comes across them. It ought to be nothing to him, *whom* he benefits by his ministration and teaching; it is enough that they are immortal souls. And, as to temporal welfare, social and even political prosperity, these should also be his concern in due measure, as far as his priestly duties allow him time and thought for them.

O'LEARY. Ah, then, your Reverence, we have you, a thousand times over.

PRIEST. Yes: show me anything that is really for the good of Ireland — anything that will heal the wounds and repair the manifold and grievous injustices of the past—you will not find me backward with the best counsel I can give.

[illegible]N. If I understand you, [illegible]nd O'Leary would only differ as to the *means* of benefiting his country?

PRIEST. Just so. I wish to convince *him*, that it is neither good for Ireland nor for himself, and I wish to convince *you*, that it is not for your own real happiness and welfare to join *any* Secret Society.

O'LEARY. Oh, whatever becomes of me, old Ireland forever!

WILSON. I belong, I suppose, to a prosperous country, that can take care of itself without much help from its citizens; so I look out rather more for Number One. But about the oath, if you please.

PRIEST. Remember where we began. Man is intrusted with his own liberty, as a precious gift, or rather loan, from his Creator. He cannot give it away, without the Divine permission, any more than he can pluck out his eyes, or cut off his right hand, or sacrifice his life. Now, God *does* give permission, and blesses the act, where the surrender of the personal freedom is (as I said) for some definite good object that is known and above board. For example, Wilson, do you pay rent and taxes?

WILSON. Well, yes, sir, I just manage, by hook or by crook.

PRIEST. Yet, if you were in the backwoods of America, with a bag of money, there would be no rent or taxes to pay, and you might cry "No Rent!" as loud as some of O'Leary's friends. When you live in a civilized country, you surrender a part of the liberty by which you had *naturally* a right to keep all your money. You give away a portion of it to pave the street you live in, and another portion to light it, and another to have water laid on, so that you and your family may not break your necks in the dark, and may be able to wash your hands and faces.

WILSON. True, sir, but I want to come to the Secret Society, and the oath.

PRIEST. So do I; and here we are. The instance of paying taxes, which I have given, is one among

many, in which men may lawfully surrender a part of their liberty. Nay, more, a government has every right to insist upon it that they shall do so, for the common good, and punish them if they refuse.

But a Secret Society, on the other hand, demands *unlawfully* the surrender of a man's personal liberty. It puts before him an oath, by which he gives himself over into the power of other men, he doesn't know who, to do all their bidding, he doesn't know what.

O'Leary. That is, Father, if he wishes to join the Society: for no one forces him.

Priest. Exactly; and as both of you are debating whether you shall join, I wish you not to run your heads into a noose, without knowing what you are in for. Now, you remember Herod's rash oath to the damsel who pleased him by her dancing;* and it led to the death of St. John the Baptist. Where do you think Herod was wrong?

Wilson. I have never much considered it; but I suppose he did not reflect that she might ask something even so wicked as that.

Priest. But, before he passed his word, much more his oath, *ought* he not to have reflected?

Wilson. Well, "look before you leap," is a good proverb, no doubt.

Priest. Now, a man who is prepared to take his oath of secrecy, has much more reason than Herod had to suppose, and to suspect, that it may lead him wrong.

For, first, honesty and lawfulness walk in the light, while evil lurks in the dark. Evil, and darkness, and secrecy, are so allied, that the Scriptures use one word for the other. You can perhaps remember such words in the Bible.

Wilson. I remember something about the dark places of the earth being full of cruelty†, or iniquity; but I have not got the words rightly.

Priest. And the prophet denounces woe to them that are deep of heart, *whose works are in the dark*, and who say: "Who seeth us and who knoweth us?"* The apostle reminds us that we are "light in the Lord," and bids us walk as children of the light.† But above all our Divine Lord spoke words so distinct, that you might almost suppose they were directed against such unlawful associations. "Every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, that his works may not be reproved."‡

O'Leary. That sounds very strong, anyhow, if the works we had to swear to *were* so bad.

Priest. We have only got as far as this: I am required to take an oath of secrecy, *therefore*, because secret, the thing has a bad and suspicious look.

But, now further: Any man of sense, with only a smattering of history, would have this suspicion greatly increased in him by the recorded doings of Secret Societies; and, if he does not know them exactly, he is bound in conscience to inform himself.

Wilson. What past doings, sir?

Priest. Revolution and assassinations, in various countries and periods.

O'Leary. Eh, now — sure that is more than I can swallow.

Priest. I am not speaking without book; but, if I spoke from all the documents at hand, the subject would of itself swell into a book. Take one fact. You know the three great watchwords of the French Revolution at the end of the last century. They were: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Brotherhood. §

* St. Mark vi. 22, etc. † Ps. lxxiii. 20.

* Is. xxix. 15. † Thess. v. 5. Eph. v. 8, etc.
‡ St. John iii. 20.

§ It is more than a play on words, it is a tremendous truth, that has given to this motto the following interpretation: *Liberté*—de mal faire: *Egalité*—de misére: *Fraternité*—comme Cain avec son frère. It is the Liberty to do evil; the Equality in the wretchedness that evil produces, and the Brotherhood which Cain evidenced toward his brother Abel.

WILSON. I heard of these. My grandfather lived during that dreadful time, and told me, when a child, enough to make my blood run cold. But what have these words to do with Freemasonry?

PRIEST. What would you say if Freemasonry adopted them, and made them its own?

O'LEARY. Ah, now, your Reverence, I can never believe that. Equality? Why, sure, there's Lord —

PRIEST. All in good time; we will have his lordship by and by. People of rank and station, and good principles, are invited to join, and so lend the influence of their name, without being let behind the scenes. Masons can build cleverly enough to put flying buttresses to their buildings, and ornamental capitals to their columns. But now for my proof. The 12th of August, 1792, was the day when Louis XVI. was condemned to lose his throne, and led to prison, as a prelude to losing his head. On that day the Legislative Assembly passed a vote, deciding that from that time the date of "Equality" should be added to that of "Liberty;" and the warrant for the King's detention was dated "The fourth year of Liberty, the first year and the first day of Equality."

WILSON. Nothing Masonic here, sir, that I can see.

PRIEST. Wait a moment. Barruel, a noted Frenchman of the era of the Revolution, was an eye-witness of the events of that period; intimately acquainted with many Freemasons in Paris, and himself one of the "Craft." He relates that the Brethren, considering the time to be come when they were free to publish the secret they had sworn to keep, shouted aloud:

"At length our goal is reached; from this day, France will be one vast Lodge, and all Frenchmen, Freemasons; the rest of the world will soon follow our example." *

Having himself been admitted a Mason, Barruel once witnessed a reception to the craft, at the close of which, the "Worshipful" thus addressed the candidate, who had been sworn in, and received as a Brother: "My dearest Brother, the secret of Freemasonry consists in these words, Equality and Liberty; all men are free, all men are equal, all men are brethren." *

O'LEARY. Well, and sure your Reverence, so they are.

PRIEST. In the right sense of the words, certainly. But in what sense did the Revolution use them? Blood, confusion, atheism, anarchy, hideous corruption; the guillotine employed, first on those who opposed revolution, then on its own children, till it needed the iron hand of Napoleon to bring anything like order again into chaos.

WILSON. I cannot understand, sir, as I listen to you, how a peaceable, charitable body, as the Freemasons are amongst us, can have anything in common with such wild and murderous doings. There must be some mistake here. Or perhaps the English Masons are different from their brethren abroad? There may be good and bad brothers in the same family.

PRIEST. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a mask? Or do you know what is meant by a cat's paw?

WILSON. I do not see the meaning of the words *here*.

PRIEST. The real principles of Freemasonry, and of Secret Societies generally, could not be exposed, without shocking all friends of order, and right-minded men. Consequently, they have to be masked under fair-sounding phrases, recommended by influential supporters in after-dinner speeches; in a word, disguised. And as the most specious disguise will always be an *individual*, these Societies seek to aggregate to themselves men of high station and character, whom I must needs call

* The *Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State;* translated from the German. Burns and Oates, pp. 92, 93.

* Ibid.

(with no thought of disrespect) the cat's paws of those who are behind, who employ them for their own ends.

WILSON. You would not say this, sir, out of your own head and without proof?

PRIEST. Let us take the avowal of Louis Blanc, a well-known Freemason in Paris. The only wonder is, he should be so outspoken.

"It seemed good to sovereigns, to Frederic the Great, to handle the trowel and put on the apron. Why not? Since the existence of the higher grades was carefully hidden from them, *all they knew of Freemasonry was that which could be revealed to them without danger.* They had no reason to concern themselves about it, seeing that they were kept in the lower grades, in which they perceived nothing but an opportunity for amusement, joyous banquets, *principles forsaken and resumed at the thresholds of the Lodges*, formulas that had no reference to ordinary life,—in a word, a comedy of equality. But in these matters, comedy closely borders upon tragedy; and princes and nobles were induced to offer the shelter of their name, and the blind aid of their influence, to secret undertakings directed against themselves." *

There is *one* authority for you. To me, as a priest, and to O'Leary, as a child of the Church, the words of the Vicar of our Lord are more than sufficient; and thus spoke Leo XII.

"Though it is not the custom to reveal what is most blamable herein, to those who have not reached the high grades, yet it is plain that the power of these Societies, so dangerous to religion, is increased in proportion to the number of their adherents. †"

Also, the late Pope, Pius IX.,‡ speaking of the admonitions of his predecessors, goes on to say:—

"Unhappily, these admonitions have not had the desired effect; and We have therefore considered it Our duty to condemn this Society once more; seeing that, *perhaps out of ignorance*, the false opinion might arise that it is inoffensive, that its only aim is the practice of charity, and consequently that it could not be a source of danger to the Church of God."

WILSON. Why, sir, if we get upon religion, I hope no offence in reminding you that I am not of your way of thinking. I suppose you mean the *Catholic* religion condemns Secret Societies, and thinks they aim at destroying them?

PRIEST. Primarily, I mean the Catholic faith. But you, too, as a sincere Christian, though not Catholic, cannot join yourself to a sect that has no religion, except mere Deism, and puts Masonry in place of Christianity.

WILSON. But, sir, I know clergymen who are Masons.

PRIEST. They must be among the buttresses, then; they have never really examined the principles of what they gave their names to. I know a clergyman who had joined them thoughtlessly in early life; but when he considered that (as I said before) he had thereby bound himself to help a Mason Turk in preference to a non-Masonic Christian, he renounced his connection at once. This he was bound to do, on the principle of St. Paul's words, which you remember.

O'LEARY. I hope your Reverence is going to give us an oath or two, as you promised.

PRIEST. Yes, you shall now have some hard swearing. Just listen, and see whether you could bind yourselves, and blind yourselves, as such an oath would make you. First, take the oath of the Italian Carbonari, a sect of obscure and doubtful origin, but very definite practices in European Revolutions.

The aspirant was warned that death would be the penalty of his violating the oath of secrecy which he was about to take. Now, this is the first grievously unlawful part of the business.* What right has any

* Quoted by the Bishop of Orleans: *Etude sur la Franc-Maçonnerie*. p. 65.
† Ibid., p. 83. ‡ Allocution, Sept. 26, 1865.

* "I consider," says Lord Plunket, "an association bound by a secret oath to be extremely dangerous, on the principles o the common law; inasmuch as they subtract the subject from the State, and interpose between him and allegiance to the king." And he speaks most truly; for it is an act of high treason against the most fundamental principles of political and social life." *Secret Warfare*, etc. Introd. p. lvii.

man to give away to another man the dominion over the life God has intrusted him with?

O'Leary. Maybe 'twas an ancient custom, and the words came to mean next to nothing.

Priest. Once a Carbonaro, always a Carbonaro. He was placed in the midst, kneeling blindfolded, and bidden to lay his hand on an axe. Then he said:

"I swear upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, scrupulously to keep the secrets of this Society, and neither to write, print or engrave anything concerning it, without having obtained the permission of the Grand Master. I swear to help my Good Cousins, [or fellow members] even with my blood, if necessary, and not to attempt anything against the honor of their families. I consent, if I perjure myself, to have my body cut in pieces, and then burnt, and that my ashes may be scattered to the winds, and my name held up to the execration of all the Good Cousins throughout the world. So help me God!"

Wilson. That is serious enough. But, as for me, I am in no danger of becoming a Carbonaro, or consenting to be carbonadoed. I am only thinking of the respectable and benevolent body of the Freemasons.

Priest. I am afraid, then, I must ask you to listen to their oath, too.

Wilson. (Firing up.) Why, sir, do you mean to tell me that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and so many noblemen, and gentlemen—

O'Leary. Easy, now, can't you let his Reverence—

Priest. Easy, both of you. I have already told you what the Freemasons themselves say about their distinguished honorary members. No one can observe the career of the heir-apparent, and not admire the benevolent interest in the concerns of the country that prompts his Royal Highness to take part in every movement for its good, at whatever fatigue or personal inconvenience.*

Wilson. Then how can he take any oath at all like that one you read?

Priest. First, I will read the Freemason's oath, and then answer your question. It runs thus: *

"I swear, in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the passwords, the doctrines or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with respect to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word: They may burn my lips with red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a Lodge, till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and his Holy Gospel. Amen."

Wilson. Well, that is tremendous. But what about the Holy Gospel? that sounds pious, at least. How can a Deist say that? Yet you call them Deists, sir.

Priest. They call themselves so,

* Social intercourse with a circle of loyal Brothers and apparently well-disposed friends is an agreeable recreation, even for a king; especially as he rarely knows what it is to have a real friend, or to escape from the shackles of Court etiquette; and since its dark and terrible aspect is concealed from his view with a fabulous dexterity, why should he suspect any evil designs in this League? To Freemasons, it is a matter of still greater moment to have the head of the State, or one of his nearest relatives, as their Patron, to number his counsellors among their members, or to procure for one of the most deeply initiated of their craft the nomination to some post of importance." *Secret Warfare*, etc., p. 94. Again, the "Disclosures of a Freemason on his Death-bed," by M. de Haller, Courtrai, 1826, thus state their principles: "It is of the utmost importance, if we would bring our great designs to a happy conclusion, as well as render their execution a matter of less difficulty and danger, that we spare no effort to get into our power the most prominent members of the clerical and military professions, the civic authorities, the education of the young, kings themselves and princes, especially their children, their counsellors and ministers; in a word, all whose interests might generally clash with our principles." Here we have an explanation of the cringing submission exhibited by the craft towards any existing authority which they have not the power to overthrow," etc.—*Ibid.*

* *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, April, 1875.

whatever becomes of this particular phrase. Their principles are such, that they might as well swear upon the Koran or the Book of Mormon. Their modern English "Book of Constitutions," as given by Eckert, a German writer whom I find quoted in a standard work on Freemasonary,* says: "In olden times, Masons calling themselves Christians, into whatever land they might be led by business or pleasure, were bound to conform to the Christian usages of the country; but now, a Mason, in his character of a true Noachite, is bound to observe only the moral law."

From this I gather, that formerly Masonry tended to indifferentism and hypocrisy; whereas now, it tends to indifferentism only. A poor change for the better. You will find, following the same passage, what it is to be a "Noachite." If it is certainly a different thing from being Christian. Nay, the Noah whom they profess to follow is by no means the patriarch of the Old Testament, but an imaginary being, much more like the Bacchus of the Greeks or the Osiris of the Egyptians.† Yet this is the Mason's religion!

WILSON. The puzzle certainly does not become less, as we go on. But how about the nobleman and gentlemen aforesaid?

PRIEST. One moment. I will continue to quote from the same book, because the following passage is well put.

"The statement of the greatest importance, and which gives a key to the whole mystery, is this; that the Mason, as a true Noachite, is solemnly pledged to keep the moral law, and to fulfil the precepts of that religion *in which all men agree*, and which consists precisely in the three laws of Noah. No mention is made of dogmatic faith, just as if it did not exist; the whole religion of the Freemason consisting in the moral law; and *even this is condensed* into the three well-known articles,‡ which neither Rationalist nor Buddhist would feel the least hesitation in signing. Those who act thus, afford incontrovertible proof that they repudiate the whole system of Christianity, regarding it as a nursery tale for the amusement of the populace. In the Masonic view, man is regarded exclusively in the condition in which he was at the time when Noah left the Ark, namely, in his purely natural condition of a rational biped. He who requires man to be more than this, sins against the one true faith, the three laws of Noah; consequently, the social life of mankind cannot be expected to be more than merely natural. All that is supernatural must therefore be carefully eradicated from the soil of the State and of society, or, at most, tolerated there for the present, just for the sake of those trogdolytes who call themselves Christians. Thus, the Christian State, denominational education, Christian marriage — in a word, the whole influence exercised by Christianity upon daily life, becomes an insupportable tyranny. In point of fact, it is not the Liberals who agitate vehemently for a radical reversion to a state of things existing five thousand years ago: it is from the Masonic lodges that the whole impetus comes."

WILSON. Still, I am in the same difficulty, if all this is true, how to account for finding the names we *do* find, at the head of them.

O'LEARY. Aye, sure, 'tis the greatest of puzzles; for you find the froth at the top of the wave, now, the same kind of water as the wave itself.

PRIEST. An illustration is not an argument, friend O'Leary. Instead of throwing light, it sometimes obscures. If you are not satisfied with what Louis Blanc has told you already, of the reasons why crowned heads, and noble names, are invited to enroll themselves, take a further instruction from Mazzini. This was the man who was praised, not so long ago, in Parliament, by an enthusiastic admirer and M. P.— Mazzini was the man whose cooler head inspired the ruder arm of Garibaldi,

* *The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State*, Engl. Edition, p. 47.

† *The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against Church and State*, Engl. Edition, p. 47.

‡ The laws given to Noe are divided, in the "Book of Constitutions," and the York "Record," into three before the Flood; (1) "The world is given to man, that he may enjoy it," (2) "Man is bound to abstain from shedding blood," and (3) "from eating flesh with blood;" — and three after the Flood; (1 "to build the Ark," (2) "in it to abide the chastisement about to come on the world" (3) "to re-people the earth after the Flood." These are susceptible of a Masonic interpretation; and, indeed, appear only to be binding in that sense.

whose apotheosis (to our shame) fills the applauding and mourning newspapers at this moment, and who was fêted, worshipped, when he came to England, by our great ones, from Mr. Gladstone downwards.

WILSON. I should be curious to hear what Mazzini says, I own; though, after all, he is only an Italian.

PRIEST. He is an Italian; but he advocates the principles of Masonry all over the world. Do you suppose that men who are bound together by such an oath as I have read to you are really different because they dwell on this or the other side of a channel, or of a mountain-range? So thought not a far-seeing mind that has gone from amongst us, the late Lord Beaconsfield. In a speech at Aylesbury, on the 20th of September, 1876, he said,—

"In the attempt to conduct the government of this world, there are new elements to be considered, which our predecessors had not to deal with. We have not to deal only with emperors, princes, and ministers, but there are the Secret Societies—an element which we must take into consideration, which at the last moment may baffle all our arrangements, *which have their agents everywhere*, which have reckless agents, which countenance assassination, and which, if necessary, could produce a massacre."

So, we are not dealing with Italian politics merely, though I am now going to give you the words of an Italian assassin.

At Turin, then, on the first of November, 1846, Mazzini gave utterance as follows:—

"In great countries, it is by the people that we must progress towards regeneration; in yours, by crowned heads; we *must* have them on our side, and it is not difficult. The Pope will take the path of reforms on principle, and by necessity; the King of Piedmont, lured by the crown of Italy; the Grand Duke of Tuscany, by inclination and imitation; the King of Naples perforce. Profit by the slighest occasion to bring the masses together; be it only a meeting convened to express a vote of thanks. The concurrence of people with great names is indispensably needed, in order to make a Reform in a feudal country. If you have the people only, mistrust will be aroused at the first measure, and they will be crushed. *If some great ones* are at the head, those great ones will serve as a passport to the people. Italy is still what France was before the Revolution; she must have her Mirabeau, Lafayette, and others like them. A great lord may be held back by his material interest; but you may catch him on the side of vanity. Allow him always to play the first part, as long as he is willing to go with you. Few of them will be willing to follow out to the end. The one essential thing is, that they should remain ignorant of the ultimate term of the great revolution; we must never let more than the first practical step be seen."*

After this, I think no one need be astonished to find royal highnesses, and eminent peers, as ornaments on the surface of what is so very unornamental below. Masonry is a whited sepulchre, and looks all the fairer if you can get the heir-apparent of a throne to whitewash it.

WILSON. It is all very surprising, I confess. You have said enough, however, to give me some new ideas on the subject; at all events, to make me pause before going forward to join the Masons or any other Secret Society. And for that, sir, I thank you heartily.

O'LEARY. But now, your Reverence, a word about poor old Ireland. Leave those Italian brigands alone; an impious crew, who did not know when they were well off, under the rule of the Holy Father. You know yourself, Ireland is *not* well off, and has not been so for generations and ages; and sure what can be the harm of a few real patriots combining together for the good of their country?

PRIEST. Fine words, O'Leary, which you have caught from those who see further into a millstone than you do, and who use them to lead you by the nose. I say again, whatever is for the real good of Ireland has, and always will have, my heartiest sympathy. And my indignation is roused, when I see how your "few real patriots" have been blundering as well as sinning, all through.

* *The Wars and Revolutions of Italy in 1848 and 1849*, by Count E. Lubienski, pp. 44-47.

They have spouted fine things about the Irish cause, and shown themselves among Ireland's grestest enemies.

O'Leary. How is that, sir?

Priest. If—which is impossible on the face of it—there had been no such commandment as "Thou shalt not kill," yet, even so, some "few real patriots" would have committed, I say again, what an astute politician used to describe as "worse than a crime—a blunder." It was hideous crime and stupid blunder together, and has thrown back the cause of Ireland a full half century, unless God be pleased, in His own way, to bring good out of evil.

O'Leary. Ah, I know what's coming now.

Priest. That foul double assassination in Phœnix Park—

O'Leary. Beg your Reverence's pardon for interrupting you; but that was not the work of any true Irishman, at all at all. Sure, Ireland abhors it, from Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

Priest. I know it well; it was a crime that came all the way across the Atlantic; it was the direct work of agents from some secret association, who took a nine or ten days' voyage to commit it. But the lesson it reads us is none the less distinct for that. Here is the outcome of lawless and secret combination.

Wilson. I should be glad, sir, to hear you state that lesson; for O'Leary and I have had more than one talk about it; and I had to step in the other day and help him out of some rough treatment from my fellow-workmen, on account of that very deed.

Priest. I believe that atrocious crime, which has sent a thrill of indignant horror through Europe, to have been a torch of discord, thrown into the country purposely, to inflame angry passions between England and Ireland. For it was thrown just when there was a gleam, aye, more than a gleam of hope, of reparation for a long past history of cruelty and injustice. There never had been a fairer day for Ireland, than that which closed in the blood of an eager benefactor. No wonder the leaders of the Land League were crushed with dejection at the news of it. The victim against whom those four butchers' knives were chiefly raised, came, that very day, with an olive-branch of peace, conciliation, energetic beneficence to Ireland. It was not a mere vague sentiment, that would sound gracefully in an after-dinner speech at the Dublin Mansion House; it was an earnest practical determination. And it was met by a determination on the other side, which I do not hesitate to pronounce diabolical—a determination that such good result should *not* be. If "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," then accursed of God are they who would quench peace in blood; they are of their father the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning.

O'Leary. Am I to think a man a murderer who merely takes an oath to benefit his country, and stands by those who do all for the best?

Priest. He is not *ipso facto* an actual, but he is a pledged and possible murderer, if—as I began by saying—he delivers over his will to others, and finds murder to be in the programme. He has run into the net, and there is no escape except by doing an arduous duty, breaking his rash oath, and abiding the consequences. Then, indeed, he escapes being a murderer by being probably murdered.

O'Leary. Sure, things are not so bad as that, anyhow.

Priest. Consult your own good sense, O'Leary. Suppose one of the four men on that outside car, on that evening of the sixth of May, had been touched in conscience, and had refused to go forward. If he had withheld his hand from the sanguinary deed—would he, think you, have been a living man to-day?

You are silent, and I respect your silence.

Believe me, my dear friend, our Mother the Church knows what she is about, and sees further into right and wrong than you do, when she denounces all secret associations, bound together by secret oaths, as contrary to the law of God, whereof she is made the keeper, and which she has the commission to expound as well as to guard.

WILSON. With all that, sir, I quite agree, except, of course, about the Catholic Church, that I have no knowledge of. With regard to the Fenian Brotherhood, and such like, it seems all true. But as to the Freemasons — why it *is* hard to believe all you have been saying.

PRIEST. I will meet you half-way, and answer in better words than my own:

"Even should it appear that Freemasonry has been misrepresented, and that the accusations brought against it are full of exaggerations and perversions of truth (which, as we believe, the Brethren will find it difficult to prove), the fact remains, notwithstanding, that the Masonic oath, as we have already stated, is in itself a serious violation of the natural law which forbids us to abdicate the freedom of our will in favor of an unknown and self-constituted authority, and to bind ourselves irrevocably to the propagation of tenets, or to the blind execution of orders, about which we are in utter ignorance at the time, and are therefore unable to determine whether they are consistent or not with our moral obligations to ourselves, our neighbor, and our God."

And now, for you, O'Leary, a parting word. Only this morning, the address of all the bishops of Ireland was placed in my hands. It needs no comment from me. They mourn, as Fathers in God, over those misguided ones amongst their children, who have thought to do evil, that good might come. They admonish them, with an authority from Himself, to break off from all unlawful doings and unlawful associations. As to the latter, especially, I will read you their Lordships' words: you ought to listen to them with your hat in your hand, for they are the words of those to whom our Lord has said:

"He that heareth you, heareth me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth me."

A dark day would it be for Ireland, when she ceased to reverence the voice of her chief pastors. She would come down from her pedestal in the front rank of Catholic nations.

Fifth, then among unlawful means which have been resorted to in Ireland to further a movement to benefit the country which, in itself, "has had the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff," they enumerate "forming secret associations for the promotion of the above, or obeying the orders of *such condemned associations*. Under each of these heads, numerous offences, all more or less criminal, have been committed; fearfully prominent amongst them being the hideous crime of murder, which even at the moment We address you, horrifies the public conscience, disgraces our country, and provokes the anger of the Almighty. Against all and each of these offences We most solemnly protest in the Name of God and of His Church, and We declare it to be your duty to regard as the worst enemy of our creed and country, the man who would recommend or justify the commission of any one of them. We solemnly appeal to all our flocks, especially the youth of both sexes, not only to have no connection with Secret Societies, but to condemn and oppose them, as being alike hostile to religion, and social freedom, and progress."

Catholic Ireland will respond to that appeal; and you, personally, I am sure. In proportion as you live like a practical Catholic, you will love Ireland with the love of a true son, because with the devotion of a child of God. In the same measure you will be a benefactor to your dear country, and will render yourself worthy to receive the blessing with which the assembled bishops

conclude their address, and which I desire and pray may come down upon you in full measure :—

"Earnestly beseeching our loving Lord to bestow on you and on our afflicted country the wisdom, piety, and fortitude of His Divine Spirit, and to teach you to prefer the treasures of His Grace to all the goods of this earth. We heartily impart to you our pastoral blessing."

St. Patrick's Thorn.

HERE is the legend of the miraculous thorn of St. Patrick, as related by a venerable priest, formerly Vicar-General of the diocese where it exists :

"St. Patrick, on his way back to Ireland, came to the left bank of the Loire ; he requested some boatmen to take him across to the other side, promising them the blessings of Heaven if they would thus oblige a minister of God. But these rude people gruffly refused him. Thereupon the Saint laid his mantle upon the water, and directing his course by means of a branch of blackthorn which he had broken from a bush near by, floated safely to the opposite shore ; there he planted the branch, and returned thanks to God. The thorn took root, and grew into a bush which has blossomed each succeeding winter. The phenomenon has been remarked from time immemorial ; but science is still unable to give any satisfactory explanation of it ; the appearance of flowers, even in the middle of winter, upon a blackthorn, is certainly extraordinary. Two or three years ago the flowers appeared from Christmas until Jan. 1, when the mercury was almost constantly below zero. It frequently happens that the bush is at one and the same time white with the snows of winter and the blossoms of its own flowers."

Another version of the legend runs as follows: "One day St. Patrick came from Ireland to Gaul, to visit St. Martin, attracted by the reputation of his miracles and sanctity. On arriving at the banks of the Loire, not far from the spot on which the church is now built which bears his name, he rested beneath a thorn bush. It was then in the middle of a severe winter during the Christmas festivals. The bush, out of respect for the Saint, extended its branches and protected him from the snow which was falling ; when the holy man arose to continue his journey, it appeared covered with flowers. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on arriving at the opposite shore, again rested under another thorny bush which at once began to flower. From that time," continues the chronicle, "the two bushes have blossomed every Christmas-tide, in testimony of the sanctity of the blessed Patrick."

The following jotting from an ancient breviary, printed in 1686, may be of interest ; it forms a part of the office of St. Patrick, as then recited : "Corpus ejus (S. Patritii) in Britaniam Minorem translatum, inde tempore vastationis Normannorum, cum corpore Beati Paterni Venetensis episcopi aliorumque sanctorum (id est, secundum idem brevarium, sanctorum Albani martyris in Anglia, et Birgittæ virginis Hiberniæ) in Bitazicensium fines delatum, nomen Patritii dedit parochiœ diœcesis — Turonensis ubi in transitu corpus sanctum mansionem accepit." The body of St. Patrick being brought into Little Brittany, and transferred during the time of the Norman Invasion, together with the relics of St. Paternus, first Bishop of Vannes, and other saints (according to the same breviary those of St. Alban, of England, Martyr and St. Bridget, Virgin of Ireland), to Berry, gave the name of Patrick to a parish of the diocese of Tours, where the holy body reposed for some time.—*Ave Maria.*

The Law of Liberty.

Cardinal Manning.

His Eminence took for his text the words, "So speak ye, and so do, as being to be judged by the law of liberty," from the second chapter, twelfth verse, of the Epistle of St. James. His Eminence said: "Perhaps some one would ask, Why should we keep the jubilee of St. Patrick's Church?" Is there anything strange or singular in a church fifty years old? They who know the undying life of the Catholic Church know that there is nothing strange in a Catholic altar or a Catholic church living for fifty years. Nevertheless, there are reasons distinct and strong why we should pray and celebrate with great rejoicing the jubilee of St. Patrick's in Liverpool. It was opened and dedicated fifty years ago — years while the penal laws were even then on the statute-books of England. There were then laws against the Catholic Church and faith still in rigor, and the remnants of the most refined and cruel penal legislation the world has ever seen —

Save only Ireland.

That supplied one reason which can never return. It is also the first jubilee since the cancelling and blotting out from the statute-book of the laws of our country, of those laws against the holy faith of Jesus Christ. Now we have liberty spreading on every side. Twenty-five years ago the Church in England, which till then had no hierarchy, no diocesan, no internal jurisdiction, no apostolical authority, received once more that full and perfect order of the Church, with all the plenitude of apostolic authority, which Jesus gave to Peter, and which passed from Peter to the Apostles, whose successors our bishops are. These were two reasons why this jubilee should be kept that day. In the words of the text, St. James admonishes all the faithful so to speak, and so to do, as men that will be judged by the law of liberty — that liberty which was purchased by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, the Giver of all liberty to man, without whom no liberty can exist, and in whom the bondsman is made free. If you believe the truth, it shall make you free, and, if the Son make you free, then you will indeed be free. What is this bondage? What is this liberty? It is the liberty of God from the bondage of Satan. Let us then understand as clearly as we may the nature of this law. It is not written with pen and ink: it has a deeper, a more spiritual existence. It is recorded in the soul of man. It is the image to which God made us in our creation. It is the will which He has given us — a will free to do His will, but brought into bondage by sin, by the world, the flesh, and the devil. God has given to all His creatures a power of acting according to their instincts; even the irrational dumb creatures of His hand are governed by His law. They feed, they lie down, and rise up by the action of the stupendous law of His intellect. They have no will, and, therefore, they have no liberty; they have no will, because they have no reason or intelligence. They have hunger and thirst, but they have no conscience whereby to govern themselves; but

God Made Man to His Own Image and Likeness,

He gave him a reason and an intelligence like his own. He gave him the power over his own actions, according to the dictation of that reason. All his appetites, passions, and impulses ought to be under the dominion and government of his reason. The conscience ought to conform to the will of God. God Himself is law, and the law gives the most

perfect liberty. There is one thing only which God, by reason of His perfection, cannot do,—He cannot do evil. To do evil is an abuse of liberty; and they that abuse their liberty fall under the bondage of sin that very moment; and the man that commits sin is the slave of the devil. The law of liberty consists in the freedom of that soul which God has given us. It is like his own, and ought to be governed by the light of reason, and illuminated by the light of faith. We were under the bondage of guilt, and by the Precious Blood in our Baptism, and our absolution in the sacrament of Penance, we were set free from the guilt of sin. Sin dwells in every one, and holds many in bondage, and we are set free from that bondage by the power of the grace of the Holy Ghost working in the soul. Any man who has the spirit of God in his heart is made master of himself, to conquer over his sins and over the temptations that are about him. This liberty consists eminently and chiefly in the love of God, and in the government of the love of God over the free will of man. The charity of God is poured out into our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who has given it to us, and, where the love of God dwells in the heart, that heart itself conforms to the will and the law of God. It counts the whole world to be nothing compared to the love of God. The love of God in the heart sets man free from bondage of the world, the flesh and the devil; and still further, it conforms his will and makes it one with the will of God, so that what God wills he wills. All the desires of his life are for those things which God loves and which are most for the glory of God, and the spread of his kingdom and knowledge and the salvation of man. These things are the desire of the man whom the love of God governs. He can find no sweetness in anything that is contrary to the will of God; he can find only bitterness in those things which are displeasing to the will of God. In the revelling which is often recreation to others, but which is contrary to the will of God, to His piety, or His purity or truth,—in all those things the man whose heart is governed by the love of God can find no sweetness. Those who have not upon them the love of God and the love of sanctity will have to conform to the will of God before they can receive His grace in their souls. St. Augustine says,—

"Love God and do what you like."

He means that it is impossible for any one who loves God to do anything that God hates. If he does so, it is by his own wickedness. If we love God, we shall not do anything that God hates. We shall turn with fear from anything that is hateful to Him, and would put in peril our eternal inheritance. We should turn with an instinctive abhorrence from any act that would cast a stain upon our hearts. By the use of our free will we may grieve the Holy Ghost, resist and drive Him out of our hearts, but if by the sanctifying power of grace our will is in conformity with the will of God, we receive the heavenly majesty of God in our souls; and it would be a violation of our nature to betray ourselves and be that which God hates. The law of liberty means the law that is in us. God is his own law,—the sanctity, holiness, wisdom, goodness, and justice. These perfections of God are the eternal law of God. He always acts in conformity with it. His will is determined by His infinite love, and conforms itself to these divine perfections. He created man to his own image. Through the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, and the sanctification of the Holy Ghost, He restored that image to the faith. God has written His law upon the tablets of the hearts of those who believe in Him and who love Him. St. Paul says the Ten Commandments were not made for the just, but for the unjust man. That is to say, we do

not build walls nor set up fences to protect our property against the honest man, but against the robber and the unjust. God made those laws that were written upon tables of stone for the wicked and unjust, the blasphemer and the murderer, against those who broke the laws of holy purity and truth. He has wisely written upon tables of stone, because the hearts of men are like stone. He also wrote them so that they would never be forgotten, but would impress themselves upon the hearts and the minds and the consciences of those who heard them, and are disciples of Jesus Christ. They who are in the favor of God will endeavor to keep, as far as can be, from a breach of the law in their consciences, and strive to carry out the whole commandment — the love of God and of their neighbor. To love our neighbor with a pure heart, in faith, in charity, and in all sincerity, is the plain meaning of the words. At first sight, it seems a little difficult to understand how there can be law and how there can be liberty, but if we only base our lives upon the perfections of God, then we shall understand the law of liberty. He would give one example which would abundantly suffice to them above all others, for that one example would be the life of

The Glorious St. Patrick, their Patron Saint.

When a youth, St. Patrick was carried away into captivity and bondage in Ireland. After six months' captivity he was, by the providence of God, freed from slavery. After a little while he was again carried into captivity in Ireland. Twice over a bondsman, and then again set free. Perhaps every one of us would have said that, after being twice in bondage, we would take good care never again to go to Ireland. Every motive of this world would have kept him away from its shores, but there was a law of liberty higher than this world. There was a freedom above that liberty to which he had been restored. There was a liberty of the love of God; the liberty of the love of souls, and the liberty of Ireland and her people, which was constantly before him. As he tells us, he seemed to hear a voice crying from the wood by the side of the Western sea, "Holy youth, come once more and walk amongst us." He saw also the little children of Ireland from generation to generation lifting up their hands to him and praying him to come and give them the light of the word of God. Yet liberty was dear to him; home, and safety, and his friends were dear to him; and his kindred came about him and besought him not to go. He wavered, it may be for a moment, between the love of God and the love of souls that were perishing in Ireland — the love of home, and liberty, and kindred. The love of God prevailed. He gave up all that he possessed; he disentangled his heart from love of home and kindred; and he went back to Ireland, — no longer a bondman, but free in time and eternity. He went back to Ireland as a pastor of souls; as a soldier following the banner and fighting in the cause of the King of Heaven; permitted by the successor of Peter to open up the gates of true life — the way of truth and the life by which we may come to the Father, and without which there is no entrance to true bliss. This was an example of the liberty of God constraining the free will of man in that law of liberty to give himself in order that he may accomplish the will of God upon earth, to glorify Him and gather into His eternal kingdom the souls for whom Jesus Christ shed His blood. They had heard in a tradition that our Lord promised to St. Patrick that he would never lose the inheritance of that people which God had given him. Certainly that promise had been accomplished, and not in Ireland alone — England has received the faith and lost it twice over. England is now upon the trial of her faith, and is losing it day by day.

Ireland Never Lost Her Faith.

She has never wavered or faltered through all manner of persecutions. With the Divine assistance, coming from the Holy Ghost, the people of Ireland have remained faithful to Jesus, their Lord, and to His Vicar on earth, in His world-wide Church. St. Patrick's is an inheritance which has never been cut off, and though he was no prophet, he made bold to say, never will be. For his inheritance is not seen in Ireland alone, but through the world-wide Church of God. In the great new world of Australia, on the continent of America, and scattered through the East, the sons of St. Patrick, pastors and priests, springing from his ordination, spread the Church of God and gather souls into salvation. There is no family or progeny in all the Church of God so great as that which sprang from St. Patrick. That one sole apostle of the nation has at this day an inheritance in the Catholic Church which is not exceeded, nay, he would say equalled, by any other apostle of the nations. St. Augustine was, indeed, the Apostle of England, but where is the inheritance of the first Archbishop of Canterbury? Patrick, the first Archbishop and Primate of Ireland, has his inheritance full and undiminished, multiplied and expanded throughout the world at this hour. In the great Council of the Vatican, when the Catholic Church met together by representatives, there was no one saint or apostle, save only those saints or apostles who had laid the Church in the beginning, who had in that august council, that synod of the intellect of the Church, so many mitred sons as the Apostle of Ireland. This is the reward which God, in His generosity, gave to them who served Him in the law of liberty. The names inscribed on the walls of the church showed that the children of St. Patrick would never forget, living or dying, the priesthood. Here around him, he could see the names of those who laid down their lives by the fever-stricken bed, and went, like soldiers of Jesus Christ, to fill up the vacant gap. There is no people throughout the world so united to their pastors, so ready to be the helper, the friend, the brother, even the defender of the priest, as is the Irishman. He would say to them: Pray God to make them understand the law of liberty. He would not say be faithful to the creed which St. Patrick gave, for where is the Irishman who is unfaithful? Even while he is acting contrary to the law of God, and giving scandal to himself and his neighbor, he holds his faith as the most precious of all inheritances. There was no apostle of the nations whose life was more marked by constant penitential exercises than St. Patrick. He denied himself and mortified himself in order that he might be a true servant of Jesus Christ. Therefore, for the glory and sake of God and His blessed Mother, and for the honor and the glory of St. Patrick, practise your religion, and let the world see, by the light of your lives, and by the generosity of your actions, that you are a true descendant of the great apostle. For by our hearts we shall be judged by our Divine Master when we stand before Him.

The Eye of the Eagle.

When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty, and when we see some birds scrutinizing with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses the power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter

with perfect distinctness; but if we move a page to a distance of forty inches we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases. He has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object this little circle of bone expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved of its pressure, becomes flatter, and when he looks at a very near object the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

Foreign Born Congressmen.

THERE are nineteen foreign-born representatives in the present U. S. Congress. There will be more than double that number in the next Congress. Jones, of Florida, Senator Fair, of Nevada, Representatives Cullin, of Illinois, Robinson, of Brooklyn, Nolan, of Albany, and Young, of Ohio, are Irishmen; Senator Jones, of Nevada, and Representatives West, of Saratoga; Burrows, of Missouri; Joyce, of Vermont; Briggs, of New Hampshire, and Grant, of Virginia, are Englishmen; Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Representative Buchan of Georgia; Hardy, of New York City, and Ritchie, of Ohio, are Scotchmen; and Morse of Boston, Hellman of Indiana, and Duester, of Wisconsin, are native Germans. Of these only Hardy, Robinson, Morse and Deuester, among the Representatives, have been re-elected. In the next Congress, Foran, of Ohio; Kean, Ferrell and McAdoo, all of New Jersey; Burns, Cosgrove and O'Neil, all of Missouri; Tully and Hanley, of California; Campbell, of Brooklyn; Murphy, of Iowa; Collins and Davis, of Massachusetts; Mowery, and Lamb, of Indiana; Connolly, Boyle, O'Neil, Kelley, and Barr, all of Pennsylvania; and Finnerty and Cullens, of Illinois; McCormack, of Ohio; Cassidy, of Nevada; Clardy, of Missouri, Ryan, of Kansas, are Irishmen, making, with Robinson, twenty-seven, and we think there are some others. To the Germans will be added Nicholas Muller, of New York City; Fielder, of Newark; Keimer, of Indiana; Breitnung and Hausman, of Michigan, and Guenther, of Wisconsin, who, with Morse and Deuster, make eight in all. Minnesota has a Swede in Knute Nelson. New York has one Englishman in Spiggs, and returns one Scotchman in Hardy.

How to Cook Rice.

RICE is becoming a much more popular article of food than heretofore. It is frequently substituted for potatoes as the chief meal of the day, being more nutritious and much more readily digested. At its present cost, it is relatively cheaper than potatoes, oatmeal or grain grits of any kind. In preparing it, only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of pot, which should have a close fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled, until it is nearly done. Then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels.

A Winter Night's Story.

Contrary to Mr. Fitzgerald's expectations, the Assizes at —— did not terminate on the day he expected; several affairs of life and death were yet upon the calendar, and the case for which he had been called as a witness was the last but two upon the list. It is an inconvenient thing for a man to be summoned to a distance of thirty miles on an occasion in which he feels no personal interest, and when he arrives at his journey's end to find that, at the expense of comfort and cash, he must wait the issue, although it be protracted to an indefinite period. In fact, there was no evading the matter; he was obliged to submit to the proceedings of the court; and, while he muttered some severe observations on the unfitness of the judge, who paid so little consideration to the private feelings of country gentlemen, he wrote a letter of explanation to his wife, and made up his mind, for the first time in his life, to sleep away from home.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was by no means violent in her temper. Whenever she was in a passion, her rage exhibited itself in a species of wordless convulsion — a sort of desperate hiccough — she was spasmodic in her anger. She was never known to abuse her husband, but she had a painful hysterical laugh, with which, on occasions of uncommon aggravation, she assaulted his nerves. It is the art of the sex to appeal to man's compassion; no man can reply to a woman's scream, and should she think proper to faint — argument, remonstrance, and threat are out of the question. There are weapons peculiar to both.

When Mrs. Fitzgerald received her husband's letter, she possessed no means of venting her mortification upon him, therefore it speedily suppressed itself. Had he been present, she would have fallen into an agony of swoons and shrieks. People seldom think of a vexation unless there is somebody near them at the moment with whom they dare be vexed. Ladies very rarely tear their caps, or burst blood-vessels, when they are alone. Most young ladies choose to faint in crowded drawing-rooms.

The messenger who conveyed the letter to Mrs. Fitzgerald departed very little wiser than he came, so far as the lady's feelings respecting its contents were concerned. The inmates of the cottage, Mrs. Fitzgerald and a favorite and familiar servant, whose musical name was Judy, listened until the last echo of the horse's feet died away. They then closed the door, double bolted it (it was the first time they had ever passed a night under a roof without the protecting presence of a man), and prepared to spend the remaining dismal hours until morning, sitting up at the fireside.

When two females are in this situation they generally sit up all night. They think there is a security in sitting up; they have some undefined sense of safety, particularly if it be winter, which was the case on the present occasion, while they look at the fire and poke the vagrant gas-soldiers, a sense which forsakes them when they find themselves in bed and the candles out. They use, also, another means of defence against ghosts and robbers, which is equally susceptible of a satisfactory solution, — we mean conversation. Mrs. Fitzgerald and Judy had recourse to both.

"Now what could bewitch the master, ma'am," said Judy, as she took her seat on a low stool by the side of her mistress, "to stay out from you the livelong night? Sure what has the 'sizes to do upon him compared to his lawful wife?"

"Nothing but his weakness, Judy," replied her mistress; "he has no command over himself when he gets out o' my sight. I dare say he thinks to make a great friend of the judge by his condescension, just as he used to tell me he made a friend of Kane—"

"For the love of Heaven, mistress jewel, don't talk of Brother Kane; myself's not myself when I hear his name; there's such stories told of him about the country."

This Kane, we should premise, was a mysterious personage, habited in black, who wandered chiefly by night about the neighborhood.

"Have you heard anything lately?" inquired Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"Och! then, avich, I heard a frightful story of him last night; it would make the hairs of your head afeard of each other."

"There can be no harm in telling what you hear, Judy," said Mrs. Fitzgerald, as she involuntarily drew closer to the fire, and looked peeringly round the room.

"Troth, then, mistress, honey, there's not another in the world," said Judy, "that I'd risk everything for but yourself, and sure if you don't think there's no harm in it, I'll tell you all I know about it."

"See is the door fast, Judy, and the shutters," whispered the mistress, inspired, perhaps, with a portion of the terror that filled the maid.

Judy slowly, and with trepidation, obeyed; and when all was secured, drew her short gown over her head, and huddling herself on her stool close to Mrs. Fitzgerald, commenced the promised narrative.

"You know, ma'am," cried Judy in a prelude, "that it's the law that a child can turn his father out o' doors by turning Protestant; and that no matter how much land or money he's worth in the world, it all falls as naturally as possible to the child that's bad enough to turn against his religion and his priest.* Well, poor Paudgeen Dowling, that had a sight of ground at the top of the hill beside the kiln, and that was a saving man, and paid regard to his little family, the cratures, and reared them up decent, and saved up a snug penny for the rainy day, poor Paudgeen's son, Tim Dowling, a boy that ought to have known better than to break his ould father's heart, came across Kane one night, God help us! in the dark glyn, just under the waterfall.

"And so they fell to talking about one thing or another, until at last Tim Dowling began to tell how he was out of his mind about Margaret White, the flourman's daughter, up in Ennis, but that she was a Protestant, and that he knew her friends would never consent to such a thing as their marriage; and so he wanted Kane's counsel what he should do to get Margaret White.

"'Sit down here,' says Kane, 'and I'll tell you.' So ma'am, *Chris Chreestha!* they sat down upon the very stone where Shamus Healy murdered his own brother last Michaelmas twelvemonth.

"Well, the water was dashing about their ears, and the trees moaning just like the branches, and Tim Dowling says, 'Don't sit here, this is a gloomy place to talk about a wedding in,' but Kane gripped him by the arm, and desired him to stay where he was.

"'Then what is your advice to me?' says Tim Dowling, and they say he shook like a leaf all the time.

"'My advice to you,' says Kane, 'is this, and it's few that I'd give it to; you know you've got no house, nor home to bring her to when you marry her, so you must get that first. There's your father's nice little place, and there's plenty of room in it for Margaret White if you choose.'

"'But what would I do with my father, and my brothers and sisters?' says Tim.

"'Why as to that,' says Kane, 'there's no trouble about them at all,

* This law was repealed in 1793.

for all you've to do is *just say you are a Protestant*, and all the fathers and brothers in the world can't stand against you.'

"'And would you have me turn rebel to him that reared me, Misther Kane?' says the other, and he looked at him as if he would pierce him through.

"'No, not that neither,' says Kane, 'but if you just go and *say* you're a Protestant, you can marry Margaret, and then bring her home; nobody can turn you out then, because you see the house and place will be your own, and you may then take care of your father, who is geting too ould to take care of himself.'

"'Faith, then, I believe you're right there,' says Tim, whose love for Margaret was uppermost, 'and I'll take your advice.'

"So up they both got, and came away together through the glyn; and just as Tim parted from the thraitor he met his poor ould father.

"'Where are you going so late at night, Tim?' says the father, because he always kept a watch over his children.

"I'm going home, father,' says Tim; and you see he meant that he was going to take his father's home from him.

"So they walked on a little way, and Tim says: 'I am a Protestant, father, and all your land is mine, and I'm going to marry Margaret White to-morrow.'

"'Go on, you fool,' says poor Paudgeen, not thinking but that Tim was joking with him.

"To be sure Paudgeen Dowling was wrong to lock out the boy all night, but then he was vexed out of his reason with him and maybe he didn't know rightly what he was doing.

"Well, Tim goes off to the Protestant minister and tells him the whole story; so the next morning a patrol of soldiers comes down to poor Paudgeen's place, and turns them all out, little creatures and all, just as they were, and wouldn't even give them time to get their little clothes to put upon them. And what do you think Pat Dowling did? He brings the whole boiling of them down to the glyn, for he knew it would be no use to talk to the sassenachs, and there he makes beds for them, six of them in all, under the trees just upon the edge of the stream. The neighbors all collected to console poor Paddy, but he wouldn't hear of them at all, nor wouldn't take any comfort they gave him. So he lived there, like a wild man, for a whole week, while Tim was about at the house, pulling down and building up, and singing and drinking like as if he was to live forever. No wonder, to be sure, that no luck should come of him after such doings.

"Well, at the end of the week, one morning, as one of the neighbors was going down to fetch the famishing children a bit of breakfast, he thought he saw a man lying with his feet in the water. 'Now,' says he, 'if this should be Pat Dowling;' and sure enough, as he said the word, it was Pat Dowling that was lying in that spot. So he goes over to him, and tried to wake him, and pulled him, and shook him. 'Get up, Pat Dowling,' says he, 'this is no place for you to be taking your sleep in.' But never a stir Pat Dowling stirred. So he tried to lift him, and he found him as heavy as a log of wood. 'What's the matter with you, Pat Dowling?' says he, but never an answer did Pat Dowling make, until at last he began to feel his hands and his face, and — he found a cold clammy sweat upon them, and they were just like the marble. 'Pat Dowling,' says he, 'you're dead.' And poor Pat Dowling, at the word, dropped from his hands like a stone, without motion or life; and there he lay before his ould neighbor, that came to bring him nourishment, as stiff and dead as a lump of clay. 'Och, wurrah! wurrah!' says the poor man, 'what's to

be done at all? and what 'll become of them that brought you to this?'

"So the story of Paudgeen Dowling's death was in everybody's mouth, and people said that his heart was broke inside, and that he died in a fit. Well, when the poor all about that loved him as if he was their father heard of his end, they set about to think what they'd do with the son, and so they thought that he deserved a just punishment for his wickedness.

"Although his poor father died that death, Tim Dowling was drunk all day yesterday, and roaring about the place, and saying that he'd bring Margaret White home to-morrow; but it wasn't to thrive with him, as I'll tell you."

"Last night he had a great carousing, and it was very late when his sinful drinking was over, and his bad advisers left him; so just after they were gone, a heap of the boys from Slievegraughan gathered, and went up to the house, and there wasn't a single light in the whole place, but they brought one with them that was better than any they could get at the kiln.

"So after they looked well about them, and found that Tim was snoring in his bed, they set fire to the haggard, and then set fire to the house wherever they could get a bit of wood in it to take the flame. Well, in a few minutes the whole pile was one blaze, and they say you could see the fire for miles across the mountains over to Ballyboden, and round again for miles over Galway!

"Sure enough, Tim Dowling woke with the smoke and fire that was suffocating him; and not knowing where to run, broke the window to get out. Just as he looked out the flames gathered round him, and hissed about his ears, and he was going to jump out when he saw the boys below. 'For the mercy of God, save me!' says he; and his throat began to grow stifled as he called out. 'You had no mercy on your father, Tim Dowling!' says the boys; and as they spoke the word, a volley of shot came upon him from under the window where he stood.

"Well, for a short time, there was no noise heard but the groaning of the fire as it forced up through the chimneys and rafters, and spread through the roof of the house. Then after that they saw a figure stagger over to the same window, and the blood was dripping from his head, and his face was black and horrid, and he tried to call out to them, but he wasn't able to speak or to hould the sash. So as the words were gurgling in his mouth, the boys fired at him again, and Tim Dowling dropped from the window down upon the stones outside.

"The fall finished him entirely. There wasn't a whole limb in his body, and his head was full of holes, and bleeding out of the eyes, and the skull was smashed, and the wretch was black dead.

"When this was done the boys raised a shout over the body, and returned back again through the glyn to Slievegraughan."

This story was too horrible for Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose nerves were not a little affected in the first instance by the absence of her husband, and she entreated Judy to drop the recital. An hysterical sob relieved the intense apprehensions of the good lady, and after a pious prayer, and a great effort at composure, she retired to her room for the night; not, however, until she had made Judy bring in her little pallet, that she might sleep at the foot of the bed.

Many such another story could be told of the awful winter nights of '89.

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this persecution.

General Andrew Jackson.

THERE was a banquet in Boston, in honor of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans and of the inauguration of Governor Butler, on the 8th of January. Gen. B. F. Butler, in the course of a brilliant speech, thus alluded to the famous battle of New Orleans:

We have met here on the 8th of January, the anniversary of Jackson's victory in New Orleans, to do honor to his memory and renew our devotion to the principles of democracy, of which he, after Jefferson, was the great exponent. I can no more profitably spend the few moments that I ought to detain you, than in tracing the events of these lights which illustrate where true Democracy comes from.

Born in Ireland, coming across a mere boy, hardly more than a baby, to North Carolina, of the true old stock that settled Londonderry in New Hampshire and North Carolina, which gave us Polk, also, from Tennessee, and gave the Bells, the Gilmans, the Sullivans, and all

Those Illustrious Names

of New Hampshire, and gave to Massachusetts an Irish governor in the person of James Sullivan at the same moment that his brother John ruled New Hampshire. (Applause.)

That is the stock from which Jackson came. Coming thus from the people by his industry, perseverance and energy of character, he rose step by step until the call of his country came "To arms!" and in the earlier Indian wars, he showed the qualities of a military leader. Then when there came occasion for interfering with the Spanish Indians of Florida, he was desired to lead there, and he showed such qualities, that when the war of 1812 broke out he was put at the head of the forces which were to operate in the Southwestern part of the country, and which ultimately found occasion to assemble at New Orleans, to defend it against the chosen veterans of Great Britain, fresh from the victories on the fields of the Peninsula. The story of that battle, and the story of that victory, is familiar as household words. Then he came up step by step, and was Congressman, and at last, in 1824, the eyes of the Democracy turned upon him as the candidate for the Presidency, and in that three-cornered contest, where he was beaten by the combination between Clay and Adams, which was denominated by that stanch old Democrat of Virginia, John Randolph of Roanoke, as "a union between the Puritan and the blackleg," which caused a duel on the field of battle, the people remembered, and in 1828 he became the candidate of a united Democracy, and in that candidature the streams of calumny were poured upon him with a virulence, with a personal application, with an attack of him and his, even descending to such personalities as accusing him of living in adultery with his wife, because there was a technical legal objection to the first marriage, which he felt it was best to correct by a settlement. And the old man was very deeply stirred, and from that hour no calumny of any man was believed by him. He knew how unjustly he had been assailed, how unjustly the memory of his wife had been assailed, and it was hard to make him believe that all men against whom calumnies were uttered were not as

Pure, Honest and Upright

as his wife and himself. That may account, my friends, for the fact that he at some time chose men to office who were not always the best men. There was no such thing as convinc-

ing him by telling him anything about a man brought up for office that he did not put down in his own energetic language as a "campaign lie." (Laughter.)

The unthinking of to-day, the civil service reformers, not remembering history as well as they do their own political interest, charge him with adopting the maxim that "to the victor belongs the spoils." Far from it. Every office-holder had assailed him and the principles of the party he represented with virulence, with bitterness, with injustice and personal vituperation, and he enunciated this doctrine, which in this day I adopt for one, not that to the victor belongs the spoils, but that "the government belongs to its friends." (Tremendous applause and cheers.)

The first great danger that his administration met, and the first great question it had to cope with, was the question of the re-charter of the United States Bank. That, with its branches, was the money power, and under a very able, astute and great financier, Mr. Biddle, it undertook to perpetuate itself by a charter, and the first well-grounded intimation of the use of money, either in corrupting the press or corrupting the Legislatures, was in that contest when it was found that the greatest statesmen of that day had overdue notes in that bank to a very heavy amount, and the most influential editor of that day had overdue notes to the amount of $50,000. From the money power, corruption crept in. The whole country was stirred. Deputation after deputation was sent to that old man to cease his efforts to prevent that charter. There was hardly a city that did not send, as you remember, deputations of workingmen to tell him that their wives and children were starving and would starve if the United States Band was re-chartered. All the money power of the country was used to paralyze the business of the country for the purpose of swerving Andrew Jackson from his purpose. He never said a profane word in the world, but he did say

"By the Eternal,

that bank shall not be chartered," and it was not. (Applause.) And the country was saved from being governed by a plutocracy.

The next great danger was when his vice-president, John C. Calhoun, led nullification against the country, and promulgated through the South that Jackson's administration was to be opposed unless the tariff laws were altered to suit the Southern idea. You, the younger men, can have no idea of that time. A boy, just interesting myself in politics, under the tutelage of a mother who knew more of politics then, than I have ever known since (applause), I was taught in that contest. It was my duty night after night to read to her all the proceedings of Congress and all the State papers, and how uninteresting reading those may be to a boy you can well imagine from some of your late experience. (Laughter.) But that reading impressed upon my mind, as with a pen of fire, the events of that day. The whole country was convulsed. The President and Vice-President were at loggerheads. The Democratic party seemed to be upon the verge of dissolution, and if it had dissolved — if any man but Andrew Jackson had been in that presidential chair dissolution would have come — then the war that we fought in our generation, would have been fought out in the generation of our fathers. To one of John C. Calhoun's speeches in the Senate, as logical, as clear, as penetrating in its power as ever was uttered, the reply of Andrew Jackson was sent as a toast to a gathering on the 8th of January, like this gathering of ours, "The Federal Union; it must and shall be preserved." (Applause.) The boy remembered that toast, and I had the pleasure, when the war was raging, within a few days after I got into New Or-

leans, of having that inscribed in letters cut deep into the granite pedestal of the statue of Andrew Jackson in the principal square of that city. (Applause.) Calhoun still went on, the danger was imminent, and at last advised that force should be used in South Carolina. The answer of Andrew Jackson was to that, "By the Eternal, if John C. Calhoun allows any force against the United States

I Will Hang Him to the Nearest Tree."

(Applause.) The boy remembered that, too. And that is how traitors ought to be dealt with. (Applause.)

From that hour, nay, from the moment of that declaration, nullification was dead. The proclamation immediately followed, the force bill followed that, and the danger to the Union was postponed for thirty years. And that is what we owe to Andrew Jackson, and that is why we here to-night are well employed in devotion to his memory, and in directing our thoughts in the channels of his views and examples.

Irish Industries—Boots and Shoes.

THERE are few manufactures in Ireland of more importance and capable of greater development than that of boots and shoes. It was a trade that gave a vast amount of employment even up to half a century ago, but which has now dwindled down to very small proportions. The number of artisans then engaged at it reckoned over ten thousand; the number now employed at it falls short of one.

More than one cause has operated to bring about this sad result. One of the chief reasons, however, for the great decline in this particular Irish manufacture is the vast advantage which the English manufacturer possesses in having workmen thoroughly acquainted with all branches of every subsidiary trade in connection with the making of boots and shoes, located around the great manufacturing centres where this industry in England is carried on.

The chief centres in England for the manufacture of boots and shoes, are Northampton, Leicester, and Stafford. In the outlying districts around those towns artizans engaged in the various branches of trade connected with the manufacture of boots and shoes reside in cottages or lodgings at rents about half that which is paid by the Dublin artizan, and altogether are of a better class. The result of this is that every description of work required for boot and shoe manufacture is produced without delay, and at less cost than that which would have to be incurred by the Irish manufacturer. The English artizan, in comparison with his Irish fellow-workman, is infinitely better off, and this is emphatically the case in the particular trade under review. His weekly rent is about half that of the Irish operative, and all the necessaries of life cost far less in those English centres of this manufacture than they do in Dublin. Under these circumstances, wages of 30*s*. per week to the English operative go nearly as far as £3 per week (could such a sum be paid) to the Irish artizan. The result of this improved social condition of the English workman on the boot manufacture in England is highly favorable to the English manufacturer, and renders native competition in Ireland, with English imported goods, a matter of some difficulty.

In the making of boots and shoes on a manufacturing or wholesale scale there are more numerous processes involved than the production of such an article would seem to warrant. In the great English centres mentioned, this manufacture is largely

carried on by what is known as "sweating system." The English workman pays a low rent and lives cheaply; and his cottage or his lodgings, notwithstanding the fact that he carries on his trade in them, is not in an unsanitary condition. Some are engaged with their families in the preparation of "uppers," others in the different processes necessary for the manufacture, and all are skilled in their own particular branch.

This "sweating system," which would be highly objectionable in a city like Dublin, and almost an impossibility here in this particular trade, is highly advantageous to the development of the manufacture in England. Every sudsidiary process in connection with this manufacture has its representatives around those English centres; and any person who succeeds in making himself the recipient of a demand for a certain quantity of boots and shoes finds no difficulty in supplying the same rapidly and cheaply by taking advantage of the sweating system practised in England.

Of course the boot and shoe manufacture of England is not carried on altogether by the sweating system, though it is largely and profitably utilized by English manufacturers, but a large number of factories exist where there are a vast number of operatives employed, and the extent of the productions of which is almost unequalled anywhere else throughout the globe. This is another circumstance which gives the English manufacturer a great advantage over his competitors—the vast extent of his trade. It is hardly necessary to remark that the larger the production of the manufacturer, and the wider the scope of his business, the cheaper he is enabled to sell, and so successfully compete with others. The factories of England manufacture very largely boots and shoes of a cheap and inferior class of leather, but which are made and finished in a manner that gives them the appearance of a superior production. Irish warehouses and shops are filled with those cheap imports from England, and until the Irish public more fully realize that the lowest-priced article is not always the cheapest, such productions are likely to fill an important place in the cross channel traffic between the two countries.

Another circumstance which has militated against the success of the manufacture of boots and shoes is the use of gutta-percha instead of leather in the soleing of those articles. This is more largely utilized through the principal provincial towns than in Dublin. Its effects have been a serious diminution in the matter of repairs to those practically engaged in the trade. The use of this material has little to recommend it. Gutta-percha is imporous, and although it may protect the feet better in rainy or frosty weather, it must be admitted that it is an imporous material, and so calculated to check natural perspiration.

Although the trade in Ireland is still in a moribund condition, in comparison with what it formerly was, still it may be expected, under the impetus given by the recent revival movement, to attain again its former proportions. In Dublin the manufacture of boots and shoes of a class altogether superior to English productions of a similar price is carried on with very spirited enterprise. The development and success of this manufacture, like every other branch of Irish industry, will depend upon the people themselves,—by patronizing Irish manufacture.

Mrs. Shoddy (to shopkeeper): "Show me a thermometer—one of your very best." Shopkeeper: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver? That would be very nice for the kitchen, but I want one for my boodoor. Haven't you one with gold?"

A Rift in the Clouds.

One of the events of Catholicity just now is the reconciliation of the Czar of Russia with the free right of Catholic worship in his dominions. Under Nicholas, thirty years ago, the first serious penalties were laid upon Catholics under Russian rule. Persecution was let loose upon them, particularly in Poland. The laws were made severe and more severe, until they afforded the bare possibility that Catholics might be permitted existence in the Empire without being exterminated. Alexander, the father of the present emperor, remitted the severity of Nicholas in hardly any of its details. He struck the fetters from the serfs, but he kept them welded on the Catholics. The Nihilists that killed him, threaten the existence of his dynasty and left the black flag of destruction in the palace of his son. In arms, in soldiers, in spies, in scaffolds, he finds no safety for his threatened life, and he sees what his grandfather Nicholas was mad not to have seen, which is, that in the power of the Catholic Church alone there is the only barrier to stay the sweep of murder, of rapine, and of anarchy over the world. As a last resource the emperor proclaims his Catholic subjects free to exercise their faith, and only requires that the Bishops selected by the Holy See will be approved of by the Government. With this principal proviso, the Czar submits in everything else regarding the exercise of the Catholic religion by his subjects to the claims of the Pope, and from henceforward will have an accredited minister to the Vatican. Russia has therefore retraced her steps, and the Papacy is now the recognized Sovereignty in religion by the great powers of Europe, treating with them as a great power. Germany recognizes it as such. Austria recognizes it as such. Russia recognizes it as such. Spain recognizes it as such. The puerile Government of France is forced to recognize it as such, and England is preparing publicly to proclaim her recognition of it in the same character.

Who could predict this twenty years ago? The jeers of bigots rose in this country that the Papacy had fallen until the thunders at Bull's Run silenced them with the shrieks of our national dismay. Exeter Hall in England rang with pæans of praise to Garibaldi's prowess and Victor Emmanuel's confiscations, and around the Vatican there was nothing but clouds. The Papacy tottered! Places of refuge were offered to the Pope in charity, but the Popedom as an entity amongst Royalties, the Papacy as an entity amongst Governments, was no more. Did not Passaglia think so? And yet here is the Papacy again lifted up, with ambassadors crowding around it and emperors treating with it, as if the human glory of the middle ages when it was the impulsive power of Art and Science, and Song and discovery, were rolling up to strike the coming future with its majesty. With Pius there came the trial of a new Gethsemane — "*Crux de Cruce!*" With Leo arises the Labarum — flag of victory. Again the cross is uplifted in the skies, not trampled to the earth, and around it is flame-girt the legend of promise, "In this sign thou shalt conquer." How did this come? There is not a touch of earthly action in it. Not an army was moved, not a fleet put to sea, not a popular emotion stirred, not a preacher went around to teach and exhort the nations to honor the Papacy and pay it homage, and acknowledge that it had enduring rights, for their own safety, and the security of society. It came because God ordained it to come, and the man of all men in

Europe who was the first and most powerful to break down every barrier that guarded the Papacy, died an outcast and an exile, dishonored and unlamented — Napoleon the Third — and left his example to warn those who were following in his footsteps. The next step in this eventful progress will be the evacuation of Rome by King Humbert, and steadily from that will arise once more the splendor of the Papacy as the rallying point of order, peace, and civilization.— *Central Catholic Advocate*, Louisville, Ky.

The Fast of Lent.

THE consecrated language of the Liturgy attributes the most salutary effects to fasting, by which "vices are repressed, the soul is elevated, virtue is attained, and rewards are received." A discipline that represses vice, and elevates the soul, is sure to score the victory in the welfare of salvation. Fasting and abstinence have, from their very nature, a powerful influence in checking the rebellious passions of fallen human nature. By the indulgence of the appetite did man forfeit his high estate in paradise, and by self-denial must he regain his lost inheritance. Hence, we see that, from the beginning of the world, great store was set upon the efficacy of fasting. King David regarded fasting as a means of moving the Lord to mercy. "While the child was yet alive," he said, "I fasted". . . "who knoweth whether the Lord may not give him to me, and the child may live." (II. Kings, xii. 22.) Even the unjust Achab, by fasting, found favor in God's sight; "because he hath humbled himself (by fasting) for my sake, I will not bring the evil in his days." (III. Kings, xii. 29.) When a "great multitude of Ammonites, Moabites and Syrians had combined against Juda, King Josaphat being seized with fear betook himself wholly to pray to the Lord, and he proclaimed a fast for all Juda." The hand of the god of battles was with Josaphat and his people of Juda; the enemy turned against and destroyed one another. "And the kingdom of Josaphat was quiet, and God gave him peace round about." (II. Par. xx. 30.) When the people who had turned away from God began to fear His judgments, the Prophets invariably invited them to seek the Lord again in "fasting and prayer." "Sanctify a fast . . . cry to the Lord." (Joel i. 14.) "Be converted to me with all your heart, in fasting, in weeping and in mourning." (Joel ii. 12.) And how instructive and consoling to every repentant sinner is the example of the Ninivites. That "great city of three days' journey," as it is called in Holy Scripture, was doomed to destruction. The Prophet Jonas was commanded to proclaim, "yet forty days, and Ninive shall be destroyed." But, happily, the people of the "great city" proclaimed a fast "from the greatest to the least," from the king to the beggar. "And God saw their works (fasting) that they were turned from their evil way, and He had mercy." It is needless to multiply instances, as we might from the history of Moses and Daniel, of Esther and Judith in the Old Law, and from the examples of our Blessed Lord, St. John the Baptist, and St. Paul in the New, to demonstrate the spiritual efficacy of fasting. We shall rather summarize all in the words of the angel Raphael to Tobias and his son, "Prayer is good with

fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold." (Tobias xii. 8.)

The enemies of salvation maintain an abiding warfare against man, even in the light and grace of the New Law; and, accordingly, the same means of defence have been perpetuated. Our Lord Himself gave an example. He fasted forty days for our instruction and encouragement. The Apostles followed in his blessed footsteps, and inculcated the salutary observance of the forty days, and hence the Lent dates back to the Apostolic Canons. It is referred to by the Council of Nice (A. D. 325) as an established law and practice. St. Ignatius, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, mentions it, as well as St. Polycarp, the contemporary and fellow-martyr of St. Ignatius. St. Ireneius testifies to the Lenten observance in the second century, and other saints and doctors along the course of the early ages of the Church. The Lenten fast, then, is as old as the Church, and has been kept in every age, and amongst every Christian people in communion with the Church from the time of the Apostles to the present day.—*Bishop Mac Cormack.*

Temperance in Eating and Drinking.

Dr. W. B. Doherty recently delivered a lecture in Louisville, Ky., in which he says: The habit of indulging in alcoholic drinks exercises a momentous influence in the promotion of premature deaths. In regard to the dangers and diseases induced by alcohol it is the abuse, and not the use of whiskey and beer that does harm. It has been said that no American judge, however honest, has been known in a political sense to decide against his party. And so it is in the case of alcohol. The average temperance lecturer is just as ready with his misstatements in regard to the death-dealing power of this agent as the lover of whiskey is with his to prove its innocuousness. A small quantity of whiskey or beer taken during meals increases the appetite, stimulates digestion, and produces activity of the circulation; in large quantities it paralyzes the brain and heart. It is in once sense a food, yields force and prevents the disintegration of tissue.

Alcohol taken on an empty stomach, in a concentrated form, irritates the mucous membrane and may produce inflammation of that organ as well as of the liver, kidneys and brain. One or two ounces of whiskey well diluted, or a half-pint of claret, or a pint of beer taken within twenty-four hours and during meals, affords a gentle stimulus to the digestive organs, and enables them, in cases of debility, to assimilate the food, and more easily convert it into good nutriment. But where digestion is good there is no reason for its use, and the man who, on rising, must have a few ounces of whiskey before breakfast, has travelled some distance on the road to alcoholic ruin. Its habitual use is fraught with the most evil consequences, causes numerous fatal diseases of the brain, the digestive and urinary organs, saps in innumerable ways the sources of life, and produces idiocy, epilepsy, nervous degeneration, and the craving or taste for alcoholic drinks in the offspring. Dr. Morel, of Paris, states that an examination made by himself into the condition of one hundred and fifty children of the Commune from 10 to 17 years of age, taken from behind the barracks, with arms in their hands, revealed the sad fact

that alcoholic drinks had, through inheritance, stamped upon them physical, intellectual, and moral depravity. The deaths, directly and indirectly, produced by alcohol are so innumerable, that to speak of them would be to repeat a well-known tale. The great danger to be guarded against is the acquirement of the alcoholic habit, the result of the blind instinct of appetite and passion, or the unreflecting impulses of mere emotions, which are shown in the periodical drunken sprees, or daily tippling of its victims. The constitutions of such persons are already shattered, and unable to resist successfully the effects of other diseases. The passion for strong drink occurs more among the destitute and poverty-stricken, those who are under-fed, and who eat badly-cooked food, than those whose tables are well supplied with healthy nutriment, and in Europe, to those whom hard fate deprives of a supply of proper nourishment, a light wine or a little beer is a great boon, and makes the bit of bread and cheese more palatable. In this country, where every one who works has an abundance of food, alcohol is unnecessary for the young and vigorous, but as old age advances, when digestion is enfeebled, and the powers of life failing, an occasional glass of wine will tend to lighten the burden of the weariness of age and its manifold annoyances.

While abundance of warning is given as to the effects of alcoholic excess, the value of temperance in eating is not so often lauded or appreciated. Almost everybody in this country eats too much, and masticates imperfectly what he does eat. It is said animals feed, man eats, and the man of intellect alone knows how to eat, and also the man who eats hastily or gets drunk, does not know how to eat or drink. In order to observe the truth of this aphorism, it is only necessary to step into the dining-hall of one of our hotels or restaurants at meal hours and notice the "gulping or bolting" of food and the rapidity with which it is despatched. The process of mastication is almost discarded, the food enters the stomach imperfectly chewed, and that organ has to do what the teeth should have done. The stomach is, therefore, converted into a grinding machine, an unphysiological task is imposed upon it, and the organ suffers in consequence. Instead of spending half an hour at dinner, only ten minutes or less is consumed, often under the mental excitement of business cares and anxieties. The emotions, such as joy, fright, sorrow, we all know from experience, exercise a baneful influence over the process of digestion. More time should be allowed for meals, the food carefully masticated, and pleasant conversation and good cheer will act as excellent auxiliaries to stimulate digestion. When we consider the excess of food (far more than is required for the support of the system) that is taken hurriedly into the stomach, no wonder that headaches, dyspepsias, and apoplexies follow. In fact, it takes very little good food, properly cooked, to maintain the system in a state of health, while bad food, imperfectly prepared, always tends to the production of disease. The system of fast days in the Church is very beneficial to health, as it breaks the chain of that stream of superfluous aliment which is daily poured into the blood, already too rich, thereby preventing the condition which results in apoplexy. The passion for work and the inordinate pursuit of wealth which overtax the mind by study or increasing application to business — so characteristic of Americans — affects the healthy functions of the brain, engenders nervous exhaustion and premature deaths. The desire of wealth is the mania of the day, every nerve is driven to its fullest tension, and everything is sacrificed to the God of Mammon, and often when success has crowned the efforts of its votary, a weakened mind and diseased body

alone remain to reward the conqueror, who, in the possession of the power to purchase every object on which his heart has dwelt, finds he has lost all relish for the enjoyment. It is not so much in work as in worry, not so much in calm, determined labor, as in excitement and feverish discontent, in which the greatest peril lies. Man was made to work, and without it there would be neither health nor happiness; for the proper object of life, and the true end of all our exertions, is development of the mind in harmony with the laws of God. But the unceasing agitation and excessive taxation of the mental faculties in the race for wealth and distinction, from childhood upwards, in every stage of life, but transmits a sordid desire, precocious habits, and lack of filial affection in the offspring. The education of the physical as well as the mental condition is sadly defective, particularly in our large cities.

Woman's Influence in the Church.

When St. Bridget set her pure lamp aflame in her sanctuary among the oaks of Kildare, and gathered her maidens around her for the worship of the true God, she seemed to do but a little work among a few fragile girls, but she is the mother of the female monasticism of Ireland, and, through her daughters, the foundress of Faith and Christian virtue among the women of many a pagan population. In the darkest spots of the earth her lamp is kindled. Tender women have torn themselves from home and friends, and all that makes life sweet, to carry it over desert and over sea; and the flame which it bears is kept alive by the martyr-spirits that have placed it in a foreign shrine. Mercy tends that lamp and fans its fire. Thank God, there is mercy outside the Catholic Church, but nowhere else is it organized to do good on such a vast and comprehensive scale. Among pagan peoples the angel of mercy must always precede the angel of Faith. The simple children of the forest must be won by kindly deeds before their untaught minds can be prepared to receive the truths of religion. It happened once that a band of savages came down their mountains, armed with poisoned arrows for the destruction of the Jesuit Missioners, who had come to evangelize them. The Missioners seized their musical instruments, and putting off from shore in a boat, began to play some of the most soothing melodies they knew. The savages dropped their arrows and listened enraptured to the music; and presently they followed the white men in their boats, not to murder them, but to get nearer to their sweet sounds. In this way the ignorant creatures must be attracted by tenderness, by the harmony of beautiful lives dwelling in their midst; and the Sisters of Mercy, by their charity and noble example, draw their dark-faced sisters in crowds into the kingdom of the children of God. In the hearts of women is the mainspring of virtue in the world, and through woman nations can be saved. Christianity gives her her rightful place in creation; gives her her home from which no one can dislodge her; gives her her mission, and her crown. And not alone for the pagan and the savage does the Sister of Mercy leave all she loves behind; far and wide over the globe are scattered the exiles of the Irish race, men and women suffering the penalty of enforced banishment for crimes not their own; and for these the advent of the Sisters of Mercy is like the coming of the angel of light. When Father Burke was in America

he met an Irishman, old and childless, who in his later days longed and pined for the land of his birth. He had been years in America, and yet the yearning for home had never left him. The foreign faces, foreign accent, foreign scenes weighed upon his spirits. "I was so lonely," he said, "so lonely that my life was a burden to me. But now the 'Sisters' from Ireland have come to our place, and, thanks be to God, the loneliness is gone from my heart!"

Irish Terms of Endearment.

THERE is no country in which the phrases of good-will and affection are so strong as in Ireland. The Irish language actually flows with the milk and honey of love and friendship. Sweet and palatable is it to the other sex, and sweetly can an Irishman, with his deluding ways, administer it to them from the tip of his mellifluous tongue, as a dove feeds her young, or as a kind mother her babe, shaping with her own pretty mouth every morsel of delicate viands before it goes into that of the infant. In this manner does an Irishman, seated behind a ditch on a bright Sunday, when he returns from Mass, feed up some innocent girl, not with "false music," but with sweet words; for nothing more musical or melting than his brogue ever dissolved a female heart.

What language has a phrase equal in beauty to *cushla ma chree* — the pulse of my heart? Can it be paralleled in the whole range of all that are, ever were, or ever will be spoken, for music, sweetness, and a knowledge of anatomy?

Another expression of peculiar force is *vick ma chree*, or son of my heart. This is not only elegant, but affectionate, beyond almost any other phrase except the foregoing.

We have seen many a youth, on more occasions than one, standing in affliction over the dead body of his father, exclaiming, *Ahir, vick ma chree, vick ma chree, wuil thu marra wo'um?* — *wuil thu marra wo'um?* — Father, son of my heart, art thou dead from me? art thou dead from me? An expression we think, under any circumstances, not surpassed in the intensity of domestic affliction which it expresses; but under those alluded to, we consider it altogether elevated; in exquisite and poetic beauty, above the most powerful symbols of Oriental imagery.

A third phrase pecular to love and affection is, *M'anim usthee hu*, or, my soul's within you. Every person acquainted with language knows how much idiom suffers by a literal translation. How beautiful, then — tender and powerful — must these short expressions be, uttered, too, with a fervor of manner peculiar to a deeply feeling people, when, even after a literal translation, they carry so much of their tenderness and energy into a language whose genius is cold when compared to the glowing beauty of the Irish.

Mavourneen Dheelish, too, is only a short phrase, but coming warm and mellowed from an Irishman's lips into the ear of his *coleen dhas*, it is a perfect spell — a sweet murmur — to which the *lenis sussurus* of the Hybla bees, with all their honey, is jarring discord. How tame is "My sweet darling," its literal translation, compared to its soft and lulling intonation? There is a dissolving, entrancing, beguiling, deluding, flattering, insinuating, coaxing, winning, inveigling, roguish, palavering, come-overing, blarneying, killing, willing charm in it, worth all the philters that ever the gross knavery of a withered alchemist imposed upon the credulity of those who inhabit the other nations of the earth — for we don't read that these shrivelled philter-mongers ever prospered in Ireland.

No, no — let an Irishman alone. If he hates intensely, effectually and incessantly, he loves intensely, comprehensively, and gallantly. To love with power is a proof of a large soul, and to hate well is itself to be loved.

A Little Gift from Ireland.

"HERE gran'ma, here's a present, it has come a distance, too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes addressed to you;
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here mentions more —
They were gathered at your birthplace on the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? O darling, is it true?
Acushla, let me *feel* them — and you say 'twas *there* they grew?
Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really what you say?
From my birthplace in old Ireland! poor Ireland far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in darkness, God be praised.
Yet, Katie, how it starts me, how my poor old heart is raised,
To feel it here so near me, the soil that gave me birth,
The very clay of Ireland; let me kiss the holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them, yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long ago;
And gleaming through the darkness comes the vision that I love,
The dark green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky above.

"I see, as I once saw them, when a girl like you I stood
Amid the furze and heather; there's the chapel, hill, and wood;
There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the river's winding shore,
And the boys and girls all playing on the banks of Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for bringing back the scene,
The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness of the green;
Thro' long, long years to see it, and to see it all so plain,
Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm feeling young again.

"And though I'm truly thankful for the blessings that God's hand
Has brought around me, Katie, in this great and happy land,
I can't forget the old home, 'midst the comforts of the new.
My heart is three parts buried where those little shamrocks grew."

SAINT PATRICK'S BAPTISM. — Like Moses, Saint Patrick, even in infancy, was the object of Divine interposition; and to complete the parallel, in each case the material was the same. When the babe was brought for baptism to a blind and aged priest, there was no water for the sacred rite to be performed. Thereupon, the priest, with a holy inspiration, took the child's hand in his own, and with it made the Sign of the Cross upon the ground. Beneath the power of that mighty symbol uprose a sudden stream; and the priest having baptized the child, and reverently washed his own face in it, received his sight in recompense for his faith.

Things to be Remembered.

It was an Irishman from Maghera, Charles Thompson, who was the guiding spirit of the congress and convention that adopted our Declaration of Independence and framed our Constitution. It was an Irishman's son from Wexford, John Nixon, that first read the Declaration of Independence in public to the people in Independence Square; it was an Irishman from Tyrone, John Dunlap, that first printed and published that Declaration. It was an Irishman, this same John Dunlap, that published the first daily paper printed in the United States. It was an Irishman from Donegal, General Richard Montgomery, that first fell while commanding an army fighting for independence. It was an Irishman from Wexford, John Barry, who was first Commodore of the American Navy. It was an Irishman's son, General Henry Knox, that fought in every battle in which Washington was engaged, and was first secretary of war. It was an Irishman that wrote the first history of the United States. It was an Irishman's son, Robert Fulton, that gave America the credit of inventing steam navigation. It was an Irishman's grandson, Samuel Findlay Breese Morse, that invented telegraphy. It was the descendant of an Irishman, McCormick, that invented the reaping and mowing machines, and another descendant of an Irish emigrant, Horace Greeley, with a smashed-down hat and breeches no better than corduroy, that "founded the *Tribune*." It was Irishmen and their sons, in Philadelphia, merchants and soldiers, heroes and patriots, who, in the darkest hours of the revolution, when the English elements were rejoicing over the disasters of Washington and his army, that gave their money and their swords to the cause, which, without them, might have been lost. They were mostly members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, a society then flourishing in Philadelphia, General Stephen Moylan of Cork, and his three brothers; George Meade, one of whose descendants commanded and conquered at Gettysburg; Matthew Meade, who fought with Paul Jones on the *Bonhomme Richard*, and his brothers; Thomas Fitzsimmons, one of the framers of the constitution; John M. Nesbitt, whose timely efforts in sending provisions saved Washington's army from starvation; Thomas Barclay, who gave £5,000 sterling for the relief of Washington's army; Blair McClenaghan, who gave £10,000; John Barclay, afterwards Mayor of Philadelphia; Colonel Ephraim Blaine, John Bleakly, a wealthy citizen and public benefactor; General Richard Butler and his four brothers; Robert Gray, of Gray's Ferry, Captain John Green, who commanded the first American vessel sailing to China; General Edward Hand, who was called "The right-hand man of Washington." General William Irvine, George Latimer, speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly; James Logan, son of the confidential friend and adviser of William Penn; Colonel Francis Nicholas, whom Washington appointed first Marshal of the district of Pennsylvania; Oliver Pollock, who secured a timely supply of gunpowder to Washington; General Thomas Robinson, General Walter Stewart, "The Boy Colonel," General William Thompson, General Anthony Wayne.

All these, and many more who contributed liberally in money and service to the cause of Washington, were members of the same Irish Society, the friendly sons of St. Patrick.

Musical Wives.

This is the age for accomplishments; but in the education of our girls it may be doubted whether they be not too openly and exclusively invested with those graces and attractions which may best qualify them for accomplishing what seems to be the only end and aim of their training, *i.e.*, matrimony. In music this seems more especially perceptible. Brilliant fingering has superseded brilliant eyes; execution is performed by octaves and shakes; and hearts are literally carried by a *coup de main*. Holding a wax-light instead of a torch, Hymen takes his post beside a book of sonatas. Cupid bestrides the keys with one foot upon a Flat, the other upon a Natural; takes a Sharp for his arrow, which he aims at the ear, not the heart, of his victim. It is painful indeed to observe how many enroll themselves in this music-admiring brotherhood. How many brides are led to the altar who sing sweetly, play divinely — brilliantly without "strumming," expressively without affectation, scientifically without pedantry, and doubtless excel equally in many other ladylike accomplishments — at least so think the friends of the young ladies. The congratulations then crowd in, and for a whole month the newly-wedded pair are the happiest in the world.

Stradella, as all the world knows, saved his life by playing a tune to the bravos who were hired to assassinate him; but we are now become so musical that I verily believe I should incur the fate which he avoided were I even to attempt setting limits to this passion.

However partial I may be to sweet voices and sweet sounds, I certainly have no ambition to be sung to death. I will here, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, give, in his own words, a few experiences of a friend who lately married a musical wife:—

After the first bustle of visiting, introductions, singing, playing and admiration, I naturally concluded that we should subside into a little domestic quiet and self-possession, when I might quietly re-commence my professional studies and enjoy my own fireside; but my wife's notions of happiness or enjoyment were so far from harmonizing with mine, that I found a *da capo* had commenced, and I was condemned to run through the same round of melodious misery. Since then, I have been in vain expecting a finale: "The cry is still they come;" fiddlers, singers, masters, and amateurs, besiege my house, and there is no end to my wife's parties, or my remonstrances. I find I have married a musician who perpetually reminds me of Dr. Pangloss's distinction between a concert and consort. Accustomed to admiration, she cannot live without it, and her home becomes insipid, unless it is crowded into an arena for display. I have no voice in my own house, because my wife has so much, and everybody keeps time in it so rigorously, that I cannot find any time for my own occupations. From morning till night I am distracted with harmony — my head seems to be a thoroughfare for crotchets, quavers, and semi-quavers — a common sewer, into which is disgorged a perpetual stream of noise, under every possible variety which the modulation of air can produce. Even in my sleep I have a constant singing in my head; the nerves of my brain, like an Æolian harp, vibrate of themselves; and if I dream, it is of the jarring, scraping, and tuning of ten thousand instruments.

My experiences of domestic bliss are rondos, sonatos, and canzonettas.

How can I expect her to be a good housekeeper, in any sense of the word? That left hand so conversant in thorough-bass, would you desecrate it with a roll of tradesmen's bills? those dexter fingers, such volant summoners of sound, would you condemn to a thimble and a needle, or require them to handle any keys but those of the instrument? and that voice, "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," would you have the heart to bid it scold the servants and add up accounts? None but a Goth, or a Vandal, would dream of such degradations, and yet I am ashamed to confess how much of a barbarian I have become. "The piece which your wife is playing is extremely difficult," said a friend the other night. "I wish to heaven it was impossible," was my reply. The scandal of all the by-standers was expressed in the casting of angry glances and the holding up of forefingers, and the general exclamation of "Hush!" Fond as my guests appear to be of music, many of them walk into the next room to play cards or chat during the performance of any favorite piece, but they invariably return, when it is finished, to cry "Bravo! Charming! Beautiful! Divine! Whose composition is that? Do *pray* oblige us with it once more."

Let none but the rich man aspire to the possession of a musical wife, for he must expect to pay for the luxury in proportion to its annoyance; a computation which renders it extravagant indeed. If ever I place a few sovereigns in my pocket they are soon dispersed for concert tickets or subscriptions. One is no sooner over than another is announced, for singers are never out of breath, fiddlers' arms never ache, my wife's fingers are always ready for the piano, and mine never out of my purse. The "no song no supper" of former days is now converted into "no dinner no song," for my table is beleaguered two or three times a week with hungry harmonists, who commit sad havoc on fish, flesh, and poultry, and cultivate the decanter as if they were drinking for a voice. At first I had no conception that a song could emerge from such a superincumbent mass of viands. I at first found a malicious pleasure in believing that even the ghost of a voice must be laid low under so much of solids, when lo! with no other conjuration than a preliminary "hem," the melodist with the greatest ease called up the buried swells, shakes and cadences as loud and clear as before dinner.

But the crowning misery, the master mischief of this music-mania, is the converting my dwelling into a concert hall for the benefit of some squalling Italian, when utter strangers, on the strength of their guinea tickets, stare me out of countenance in my own abode, hustling, elbowing and pinioning me up into a corner where I can see and hear nothing; or compelling me to stand half way down the stairs, with a cold wind blowing upon my back, and some vulgar man treading upon my toes in front. I should never submit to be a witness of this outrage but for certain considerations which I hardly know how to name to ears polite. Suffice it to say that I find it necessary to look as well as listen upon these occasions, for among my visitants I have had amateurs of other things than music, gentlemen who have learned another art of fingering, shrewd conveyancers, who make transfers from chimney pieces to pocket in a demi-semi-quaver. I accuse nobody — the whole invasion were doubtless all *honorable men*, though I had not the honor of knowing them; and the phenomena I am about to relate are unquestionably attributable to the music. We know what magical effects it produced among the ancients:

Orpheus and old Amphion play'd
Strange tunes to entertain our sires,
Enlivening stocks and stones, 'tis said!
But then we know they had their *lyres*.

I firmly believe that the walls of Thebes built themselves to the tune of "The Freemasons' March," and that tigers and kids, lambs and lions, raised themselves upon their hind legs and waltzed so lovingly together, when Orpheus sang to Chiron; for I have witnessed enchantments in my own house not a whit less miraculous. A small antique Apollo, that stood upon a bracket in my drawing-room, although he had but one leg, has hopped clean away, probably imagining, from the concord of sweet sounds, that he was regaining his favorite Parnassus. By what arrangement of muscles Mercury could ply the wings attached to his cap, I could never comprehend, but it is obvious that he possesses the power, for a little bronze image of that god has flown away from my chimney-piece. This, however, may be the pious abduction of some one who recognized his appropriate deity, and so bore him off in triumph. A beautiful nymph skipping has jumped from my writing-table, and eloped from the paternal roof. If the gentleman with whom she has taken refuge will return her to her disconsolate owner he may retain the rope for his own use. Philip the Fifth of Spain fell once into such a fit of low spirits, that for several months he refused to be shaved, until the soothing sweetness of Farinelli's strains induced him to submit his chin to the razor with great cheerfulness and resolution. Well, I had a large medal of this monarch in his bearded state, which must have recognized, in some Italian warbler's, such approximation to Farinelli's notes, that is has rolled itself away for the purpose, probably, of undergoing another capillary excision. Inquiries have been made at the barbers' and perfumers' shops in the neighborhood, but I can gain no tidings of the fugitive. An Egyptian Scarabæus in blue onyx, animated by some lively tune, not only crept from under a glass case, but crawled fairly out of my hall-door at the last concert. Should any of my musical visitants have been mounted on its back, like Arion on his dolphin, and an accident have occurred from their crossing the street amid the rush of carriages, I sincerely hope the poor beetle has escaped unhurt. That a Parisian shepherdess in bisquit should take French leave of my mantlepiece, is perhaps natural, and may be attributed to love of home rather than of music; nor is it wonderful that a gold box with Thieves' vinegar should abscond, for the present possessor establishes his claim to the perfume by keeping its case; but I cannot comprehend how a verd-antique pitcher with one ear, and that one hermetically sealed, should be so fascinated as to run off with one of my melodists, and thus deprive me at once of "my friend and pitcher"; nor why so apparent, phlegmatic and discreet an inmate as a silver candlestick, should become a "Fanatico per Musica," and walk off to encounter more melting strains than those to which it was nightly subjected in the performance of its duty.

My wife remarks with great originality and shrewdness, that things cannot go without hands. "Not even pianos," I replied; "and they are constantly going." However, I am a recognized amateur, and of course bound to love music, whatever effects it produces; though I confess I should be better pleased if every visitant were compelled to give a concert in return, by which arrangement our movables might justify their name, and after performing the tour of our circle, return to their original quarters. At all events I am an inveterate amateur, and therefore I exclaim *con amore*, and with infinite bitterness, Hail to that bewitching art which lightens our bosoms as well as our brackets, eases us of our cares and candlesticks, imperceptibly steals away our vexations and valuables, and clears, at the same moment, our minds and our mantlepieces!

Kathleen O'Neil: An Irish Girl's Fidelity.

"KATHLEEN, is it possible that you are crying again? Did I not tell you that I would discharge you if I found you indulging in that foolish whimpering any more?"

Poor Kathleen O'Neil had been dusting the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and she stood before an exquisite painting of one of the blue, sparkling Irish lakes set in gold green shores, with a sky beyond like liquid amber, stood with her apron to her eyes, and her ruddy cheeks deluged with tears.

"I couldn't help it, ma'am," she sobbed, "but it puts me in mind of home."

"Home!" scornfully echoed Mrs. Arnott. "Your home! A shanty in a bog. It isn't likely you ever saw such a spot as that."

"'Deed did I, then, ma'am," answered Kathleen, "an' many a time. For we lived beyant them same green shores when —"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Arnott, coldly; "I don't care to hear about any reminiscences."

Kathleen did not understand the five-syllabled word, but her quick nature comprehended the sarcastic tone. The tears were dried in their fount,— the scarlet spot glowed on her cheek.

"She looks down on me as if I was a dog!" Kathleen thought to herself. "An' sure it's the same flesh and blood God has given us both. How would she like it, I wonder, to be in a strange land, and never a kind word spoken to her? Oh, but if I could see mother, and little Honora, and Teddy, that's but a baby yet; but it's the blue sea rolls between us, and it's all alone that I am!"

Poor Kathleen! the sense of desolation came upon her with sickening power just then as she stood before the sweet Irish lake, with wet splashes on her cheek; and Mrs. Arnott's cold, hard voice sounding in her ears.

"It's a great pity to be obliged to do with these wild, untutored Irish."

Kathleen was just bringing up the tray, and Mrs. Arnott's words sounded distinctly in her ears as she paused on the top step to get breath.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Tudor Audor, sympathetically, "they are bad, thoroughly bad, the whole lot of them. I'd send them all back to their native country if it lay in my power."

"I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea," said Mrs. Arnott, "and then perhaps we would have a chance to employ Swedes, or Chinese, or somebody that would at least earn their bread. Is that you, Kathleen? Why don't you bring in the ice-water at once, instead of standing there?"

Kathleen obeyed; but the dreary, homesick feeling that thrilled through all her pulses can hardly be described.

"If I was only at home again," she thought, "where the poorest and meanest have a kind word for each other! They scorn and hate me here; and sure I've tried to do my best, but the lady has a heart of stone, and even the little children in the nursery, with their French maid, make fun of Irish Kathleen."

And the lone exile wept herself to sleep on her solitary pillow that night. It was a mere closet of a room, without light or ventilation, that she occupied. Mrs. Arnott thought the place good enough for Kathleen! the bed was hard and insufficiently provided with clothing, but, as Mrs. Arnott carelessly observed, 'twas no doubt a great deal better than she was accustomed to at home. And she had just paid a large sum for draping her drawing-room windows with lace and brocatelle — so, of course, there was nothing left for such a trifle as the comforts of her servants.

"Is Kathleen sick, mamma?" little

Julia Arnott asked one day. "She cries so much, and looks so white."

Mr. Arnott, a stout-built, good-natured man of forty or thereabouts, glanced up from his paper.

"What does the child mean, Lucretia?" he asked. "I hope you look a little after your girls?"

"Of course I do," she said sharply. "Kathleen is a silent, sullen thing, and I shall discharge her next month. Natalia has a sister who wants the place."

"Has she any friends in the country — Kathleen, I mean?"

"Not that I know of."

"Seems to me I wouldn't discharge her then. It would be rather hard unless she is guilty of some fault."

Mrs. Arnott bit her lip.

"Gentlemen understand nothing of the management of a household," she said tartly. "These girls haven't our sensitive natures either. They are quite used to knocking around the world. Are you going down town now?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop and ask Dr. Hart to call here this morning; little Clarence is feverish."

"Anything serious?"

"I hope not," the mother answered, "but I always like to take these things in time."

Dr. Hart leaned over Clarence's little crib. He involuntarily uttered the name of some malignant type of fever, just then raging in the city.

"I wish you had sent for me before. I fear that it is too late to secure the exemption of your other little ones. But with constant care we may save the little fellow. You have a good nurse?"

"An excellent one. I can trust Natalia as I would myself."

"You are fortunate," said the doctor. He had scarcely closed the door when Natalia came to her mistress.

"My month expires to-morrow, madam; will you pay me my wages and let me take my departure at once?"

"But, Natalia, the baby is sick,—"

"One's first duty is to one's self; I would not risk the infection for twice what you pay me."

And Natalia packed her trunk and departed without coming into the nursery to bid little Clarence good-by.

The cook was next to give warning. Matilda, the laundress, took herself off without any preliminary ceremony.

"I am going too," said the seamstress. "Mrs. Arnott wouldn't have lifted her finger if we'd been dying, and I believe in doing to others as they do to me."

And almost before she knew it the stricken mother was left alone by the bedside of her suffering babe. Neighbors crossed on the other side of the street like the priests and levites of old; friends contented themselves by sending in to inquire; even hired nurses avoided the malignant fever.

"Is there no one to help me?" she moaned, wringing her white jewelled hands together. "Have all pity and sympathy died out of the world?"

A slight noise caused her to turn her head, and Kathleen O'Neil was at her side, busy arranging the table.

"I thought you too had gone, Kathleen!" she cried.

"Sure, ma'am, what would I be going for?" asked Kathleen, simply, "and the bits of children sick, and you in sore trouble? I nursed the little brothers and sisters at home, and I know just what needs to be done."

And she took little Clarence in her arms with a soft tenderness that went to the mother's heart.

"Are you not afraid, Kathleen?"

"What should I be afraid of, ma'am? Isn't God's sky over us all, whether its the green banks of Ireland, or the church steeple of this great confusing city? Oh, ma'am, He'll not take that bonnie baby from us."

All Mrs. Arnott's children had the fever; last of all she was prostrated by it, and Kathleen watched over every one, faithful, true, and tender.

"Kathleen," Mrs. Arnott said, the

first day she sat up, the Irish girl arranging the pillows about her wasted form, "oh, Kathleen, I don't deserve this."

"Sure, ma'am, if we all had our deserts in this world, its a sorry place it would be, I'm thinking," laughed Kathleen.

"But, Kathleen, I was so cruel to you; so perfectly heartless!"

"We won't talk about it ma'am dear," said Kathleen evasively.

"But say just once that you forgive me," pleaded the lady once so haughty.

"I forgive you, ma'am, as free as the sunshine," Kathleen answered softly.

"And you'll stay with me always, and be my friend, Kathleen?"

"If God wills it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Arnott put her lips to kiss the fresh, cool cheeks of Irish Kathleen.

The years that have passed since then have made men and women of the little people that Kathleen nursed through the fever, and strangers who visit Mrs. Arnott scarcely know what to make of the plump, comely, middle-aged woman who moves about the house apparently as much at home in it as the mistress herself — who is consulted about everything, and is trusted with all secrets.

"Is she the housekeeper, or a servant, or a relative?" some one once asked. Mrs. Arnott replied:

"She is my true and trusted *friend*, Kathleen O'Neil."

The Root of Evil.

It is generally recognized that the greatest dangers which threaten American society spring from the prevalent mania for acquiring wealth. To get rich is the great end and aim of life in this country, for wealth now draws in its train every other good thing. Men are honored and respected in proportion to their income, and the highest niche in the temple of fame is reserved for him who is able to pay the most for it. Longfellow is dead and Jay Gould still lives, but the great railroad wrecker will probably have a monument first, and it will undoubtedly be much finer than the one erected to the memory of the poet, if, indeed, the poet ever has one. Nothing is considered too great a sacrifice to wealth. Health and life, even, are being sacrificed every day in the mad race for gain, and the victims to selfish greed are extolled in the press and from the pulpit as patterns of successful manhood, worthy of praise and emulation. Honor and honesty are absolutely of no account; in fact, it is the current belief that the accumulation of great riches requires the utter abandonment of both. Speak of a man being rich, but honest, and people will receive your remark with a shake of the head, and a smile of incredulity. The story of every rich man in the country to-day contains one or more chapters of sharp trickery, underhand intrigue or absolute theft. And yet these men are pointed to with pride as the peculiar products of our American institutions. They are the men who control our entire social organization, who own our legislatures, who make our laws, who establish our customs, and fashion our religions—they are our gods whom we fall down and worship. With our limited past, wealth has an excessive social power, and its marvellous growth in the country at large from year to year makes it more and more the decided object of ambition. The ideal of the great mass is wealth, and no price is thought too great to pay for it. There must be an improvement of this ideal some time, and it lies with the teachers of morality and right-thinking men to bring it about. The aim of life must be taught to lie in the development of the heart and conscience rather than in the accumulation of vast estates, in the growth of honor and manliness rather than in the growth of those arts which gather wealth but stunt and paralyze the faculties of their enjoyment.

Our Young Folks.

BROKEN TOYS.

Eva Ellis was an only child, with whole hosts of uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, whose object in life was, it would appear, to heap toys and sweets and playthings of every sort on the petted and beloved Eva.

As a natural consequence of this over-indulgent weakness, Eva was seldom satisfied, and always in want of something "new," and day after day valuable toys and objects of art were broken, destroyed, and cast aside as worthless, the while Eva pined and fretted for the "new."

A new aunt of Eva's just returned from school, now appeared on the scene, and having spent some time in the nursery, suddenly inquired,—

"Eva, why do you not give away some of those toys, of which you appear to have too much?"

"Give them away?" was Eva's startled query. "Why to whom should I give them, auntie? Every one I know has as many as I have, and much nicer, too;" and immediately Eva went through a list of new toys she wanted.

"I do not mean that you should give them to your friends," her aunt replied, "but to poor children who have none of their own."

"Who are they?" said Eva, "and why do they not get their people to buy toys and nice things for them?"

"Because their people are unable," was the aunt's grave reply.

"Why unable, are they ill?" Eva now inquired curiously.

"No, but they have no money; they are poor," her aunt explained; "think now, Eva, if you got nothing to eat all day, and that I gave you a shilling in the evening, which do you think you would purchase,— one of those swimming dolls of which you have been speaking, or something to eat?"

Eva paused before she answered. "Oh, I daresay if I were very hungry I should buy the something to eat. But could I not get sandwiches from cook, and keep the shilling all the same?"

"Well, but supposing you had no cook and no sandwiches," smiled auntie; "but Eva, understand, poor people who work all day perhaps for a shilling or two, could not expend their day's pay for a toy; on the contrary, they require all the money they can earn to purchase food, so that their children are deprived of the pleasures and comforts of life."

Eva looked concerned. "Oh, auntie, I shall buy them such lovely toys when uncle George gives me my money-present on New Year's Day; won't that be nice?"

"Very," auntie replied, "but I tell you nicer. Come with me to-day and give away some of your own old ones."

"Oh, they're no good, auntie. My Noah's ark is almost in two, and my baby-house has neither door nor window."

"No matter; gather up that very forlorn-looking damsel in the corner, get nurse to put on your walking costume, and come with me."

In a few moments Eva and her aunt had turned into a low, dark dwelling, where at first Eva could only hear the sound of her aunt's voice and the murmur of a weak infantile treble. In a few moments, however, the little girl's eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, and she saw a pale, weary child reclining on a low, poor bed, her thin hands toying restlessly with the patchwork coverlet.

"Are you better to-day, Maggie?" Eva's aunt inquired.

"Yes, miss," was the reply, "but I am so tired and lonesome waiting for mother to come home."

"This is my little niece, Maggie; see the present she has brought you, to occupy you during these lonely hours." Then the maimed doll was displayed, and Maggie's wild delight almost took Eva's breath away.

"Oh, thank you, miss, thank you. Oh, she's lovely. I'll have her with me all day, and I sha'n't be lonely and cross any more," and Maggie fairly hugged the battered doll to her heart.

"Auntie," said Eva on their way home, "I'll mend up all my broken toys, and look out for children like Maggie, who will be glad to get them."

FRANK FORREST'S MINCE-PIE.

"I DECLARE, Frank," said Mrs. Forrest, "that is the fourth mince-pie you have eaten this evening. I am afraid, my boy, they will make you ill, so put away this one until to-morrow."

Frank knew not how to disobey his beloved mother, so he promptly took up the delicacy, and placed it in the cupboard. It was Christmas-Eve. Presently, a feeble, timid knock was heard, and as cook was ever so busy preparing tarts and pies for the morrow, Frank ran to the door, and opened it. A gust of sleety wind nearly lifted him from his feet, and a few snowflakes fell softly on the floor, and melted slowly on the carpet in the hall.

"Something for the children," said a weak, faltering voice, and Frank saw before him a pale, delicate woman, shivering in the icy wind. She had a child in her arms, looking sickly, and the snow had made a little crown for his head on the cloak which his mother had wrapped around him. She held another child by the hand, and its little rags flapped and fluttered, as the cruel storm tossed them, and pierced the little limbs with its icy needles.

"Stop a moment," said Frank, who was a rough, brusque, manly lad, but had tender feelings, though he was unconscious of possessing them. In a few moments he returned with the following miscellany: Several buns, scraps of cold meat, a paper of tea, a paper of soft sugar, a bunch of raisins, a wooden monkey on a stick, a battered doll, and crowning all, his own mince-pie which he had put away for the morrow.

"God bless you, dear!" said the woman, as she opened her apron and wrapped up all these treasures, and a smile flashed across her face and lighted up her eyes, as if an angel had rushed by and touched and transfigured her.

Nine o'clock came, and Frank sat by his bed-room fire, watching the flames dancing and leaping, and gambolling around the bars. Then, slowly and reluctantly he pulled off one shoe after another, and soon found himself nestled in his little cot, listening to the wild storm that shook the windows, and wondering where were the children resting whom he had seen that afternoon. Softly sleep stole upon him, and he closed his eyes in the peaceful slumber of boyhood.

Boom — boom — boom. It was the great Cathedral bell swinging out the midnight hour, and sending its welcome tones on the wings of the storm. Frank started up.

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, and mingling their sweet silvery notes with the deep booming, the joy-bells pealed out rapturously the Christmas chimes. Frank heard the hall-door open and shut, and he knew that his mother was going through the storm to the midnight Mass. He rubbed his eyes, and looked around. Heigho! what's this? He rubbed his eyes again, then started up, and leaned on his elbow. No doubt about it. There in his own chair, opposite the fire, was a little old man, not a bit bigger than Frank himself. He held his hands before the fire, and Frank could see their dark shadows distinctly before the red embers.

For a moment, the boy was astonished, but presently his boyish daring and courage came back, and he shouted cheerily,—

"Hallo! old fellow, a happy Christmas!"

The stranger rose slowly, then came to the bedside, his two hands folded behind his back, and bending over the boy he exclaimed half-seriously, half-jestingly,—

"Ah! you bad boy!"

"I am *not* a bad boy," said Frank, indignant at such an answer to his welcome, "and you have no right to say so."

"Where's my mince-pie?" said the old man, lifting up one finger, and shaking it warningly.

"I am sure," said Frank, "I don't know where's your mince-pie; but I gave mine to a poor woman."

"Ah! you bad boy," said the stranger again, as he slowly turned away and took up his seat by the fireplace. But Frank knew that the old man did not mean what he said. Presently his hand dived deep, deep down into his pocket, and he placed on the table near Frank's collars and cuffs, the very identical mince-pie which Frank had given the poor woman at the door. There it was, with its mitred edge, its brown crust, and the five currants which Frank had ordered the cook to place crosswise on the top. The old man lifted off the crust and placed it gently beside him. "He's going to eat it, the old glutton," thought Frank; "he surely stole it from the poor woman." But no! he simply lighted a match on the coals, and swiftly passed it round the edge of the pie before him. A bright blue flame shot upwards, flickering and flashing in the darkness till it reached the ceiling. Then it assumed gradually the form of a house on fire. The windows were shown clearly against the dark walls by the terrible flames within, and Frank could see the little spirts of fire that broke from the slates on the roof. Now there was a rumbling, and the confused murmur of many voices, and the tramping of many feet, and a noise like the roaring of the sea. Then there was a wild shout, and a tiny jet of water rose like a thread from the crowd, and scattering in showers upon the fire. Another shout, and the boy's heart sank within him as he saw, at the window of the burning house, a young lad like himself, clad only in his night-dress, terror and agony on his face, and his arms flung wildly hither and thither. A cheer went up, and a ladder was planted firmly against the window, and a sailor lad swiftly ascended, and in a moment the little fluttering figure was grasped in the strong arms, and carried safely where gentle hands and warm hearts would protect him. Frank's heart was throbbing wildly, the perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead, when he heard the harsh voice of the old man:

"Shut your eyes!"

Frank shut them, but kept one little corner open, and he saw the old man quietly take up the crust and place it in the pie, completely extinguishing this awful conflagration. And the Christmas Bells were chiming. "Shut your eyes!" said the old man again, quite angrily; and Frank shut them and kept them closed for a long time, as he thought.

"Look!" said the same voice.

Frank opened his eyes, fearing and wondering what new strange vision was going to burst on him. It was nothing terrible, however. But somehow the mince-pie had expanded and grown into a deep and broad valley, with rugged rocks and strange dark places, and black mountains huddled together, and tossed about as if by an earthquake. And from their midst rose a mighty peak, the base of which was clothed with fir-trees, and farther up were black frowning rocks, and the top was crowned by a pinnacle of snow that shot up high into the air and was lost beyond the ceiling of the little

bed-room. At the base of the mountain was a village, and there was a bustle in the village, and the noise of many tongues. In the street, many mules were standing, laden with provisions, and three guides, tall and strong, and brown, strolled up and down, their alpenstocks in their hands, and huge coils of rope strung across their shoulders. Three young gentlemen stood apart, talking earnestly. They were young, scarcely more than boys, but there was vigor and courage in their looks and gait and manner. They had not heard of the word "Danger!" At last one separated from the rest, and walked away quite dejected and angry. The word was given, and the two gentlemen and their guides set out to scale the mountain. They were watched until they turned the spur of the hill. Then one ringing cheer, and they disappeared in the shadows of the mountains. The day wore on, and evening came. But before the twilight descended, Frank saw that people came from their houses with long telescopes, and levelled them at the snowy summit. Nothing was visible there, as Frank could see, but the cold, hard, glittering snow, shining pink and ruby from the reflection of the fire. Suddenly there was a shout: "There they are!" Frank looked, and thought he saw five tiny black specks in the snow, linked together by a thread. Slowly these specks moved up the slippery surface until they were lost in the clouds. In a few minutes those same black specks reappeared, toiling down the steep side of this mountain of ice. Frank held his breath. They had already travelled down half the mountain, when the lowest figure on the rope fell, and one after another the brave climbers were tossed from cliff to cliff, from precipice to precipice, until they were lost in the black valleys beneath. A cry of horror had gone up from the village. Frank shut his eyes and put his fingers in his ears. After a few moments he looked again, and saw lights flashing in the village, and dark figures hurrying to and fro, and he felt they were going out to seek for the dead bodies of the guides and the two gentlemen. Presently a bell began to toll, and Frank thought it too cheerful for a funeral; for now down the slope of the hill, in amongst the trees, out across the valley, he saw the lights shining, and slowly the procession entered the village. Mountaineers, with their heads bent down, carried on their shoulders a bier, and on the bier was something covered with a black cloth. Behind them came a young man, whom Frank recognized as the companion who was left behind in the morning. He was weeping silently, now and again passing his handkerchief across his face. For one moment he raised his head, and the red light of the torches fell upon him, and Frank saw that it was himself, and he felt himself choking at the thought of his narrow escape from a terrible death. He lay for a while thinking and thinking, when once more he saw the old man by the fire with the mince-pie on the table, but the vision of the valley was gone. But the Christmas chimes were ringing.

After a little while, once more the voice of the old man, now very gently and lovingly said,— "Shut your eyes!" Frank closed his eyes sorrowfully, for he felt very sad and frightened, and he dreaded another terrible picture.

"Now," said the old man, "you may look!"

Timidly enough Frank peered forth; but how his heart bounded with joy when he saw his own beautiful harbor painted in its richest colorings of blue and gold, the sunshine streaming over its surface, and the little waves dancing and leaping and flashing. He looked for a long time out over the waters, but he heard the noise of laughter and talking quite close at hand, and he saw just beneath him a large, beautiful boat,

and somehow he thought that this boat was but his mince-pie lengthened out and decorated. It was heaving and rocking on the water, and it had the straightest mast and the whitest sail in the world. And in the stern Frank saw quite a crowd of "fair women and brave men," and he knew them all as the friends of his boyhood, though they were changed. Stout watermen in blue jerseys were lifting hampers over the gunwale, and over all there was a something Frank never saw before. It was a joy, and a peace, and a glory, as if reflected from some light brighter than the sunshine. But he himself was very sad. And they pitied him, and said: "Another time, Frank, don't grieve too much." And then the oars were planted firmly in the gravel, and the boat was pushed away, and after a few strokes the sail was lifted, and the breeze caught it and carried the gay bark like a bird over the bright waters. Frank turned away sick and disappointed, but lo! as he came along from the Admiralty Pier, he saw facing him the poor woman whom he had relieved, and her children. But she was changed. She had on that strange look which passed across her face when the angel touched her, and her child was bright and ruddy, and held forth his hands to Frank, and the little girl, dressed ever so beautifully, caught Frank, and bent him down towards her, and whispered something that Frank could not hear. But a strange peace stole over his heart, and all the sorrow and disappointment were gone.

But when the evening came, and the lamp was lighted, and the books were opened, the same sadness stole into his heart. Suddenly there was a sharp ring, and a succession of knocks, and hurried whispering at the door, and he heard his mother's voice saying, "My God!" and then the door of his room opened, and his mother glided in, and her face was wet with tears, and Frank knew that the gay bark of the morning was drifting out a sad wreck into the high seas, and he knew also that his dear friends from whom he had parted so sadly in the morning were now lying cold and still on the sand and shingle down deep beneath the cold blue waters. But mother came near him and flung her arms around him, and he heard her say,—

"Why, Frank, you lazy boy, still in bed at eight o'clock Christmas morning. You promised to be first in the sacristy to bid Father Sheehan a happy Christmas; and now you must wait for High Mass, and there's a pile of Christmas Cards waiting for you."

Frank lay still a moment, collecting his thoughts, doubting all things, thinking all things a dream. But there was the white light of the Christmas snow shining in his room, and there was the bell ringing for Mass, and drawing a long sigh, he exclaimed,—

"Oh, dear mother, I had *such* a dream."

"Never mind, my boy," said his mother, "you can tell it by-and-by!"

And by and-by, when the tables were cleared and they were sitting round the fire, and there was not a shadow of gloom on the gay little circle, Frank told his dream, his hand softly clasped by his mother. And when he had done, she smoothed away his fair locks from his forehead and kissed him gently and said,—

"It was not a dream, Frank, but a vision of dangers from which the good God will preserve my boy for his kindness to the little ones of Christ."

Apples and pears cut into quarters and stripped off the rind, baked with a little water and sugar, and eaten with boiled rice, are capital food for children.

LETTER TO THE LITTLE ONES.

My dear Children,— So many happy thoughts come crowding about me at the beginning of another year of our friendship, that the difficulty is to choose one or two from the many which deserve attention.

There is something very sweet and very solemn in the consideration that yet another New Year has opened before us, a further extension of God's mercy, one more golden opportunity of laboring for the reward of the hereafter.

Time is a precious treasure to us, because on *Time* depends our *Eternity*. God sent us here for a time, in order that we prepare ourselves for eternity.

Dear children, with you time is but beginning, and in a very special manner God evinces His love for your souls, by causing you to be reminded thus in time of the awful importance of a proper use of those early years of your life. Open your used-up exercise books, and after examining with satisfaction the fair, well written, unblotted pages of the last few days, turn back to the first, and how chagrined and disappointed you feel at the careless writing, the blurred and blotted appearance of the commencement. You cannot help exclaiming in disgust,—

"With a little care at the beginning, this book might have been to me a source of gratification and delight, but now it can never be aught else but a stinging reproach."

In a few years hence you will look back on your life with precisely the same desires and wishes, and do not forget that it is now in your power to make or mar the result.

Begin this New Year in the same spirit as you open a new exercise-book, with a resolution that carelessness shall not blot the fair pages, and cause you after-regret.

It is possible that through inadvertence you may sometimes fail, but always do your best on the spot, to remedy the failure.

If you make a false entry in your book, you at once erase it; if you happen to soil or blot, you at once do your best to remove it, in order that the pages may be clean and clear for after-perusal. Extend this mode of treatment to each soiled page of your life, which has not alone to bear the critical gaze of an earthly master, but which will one day be displayed before men and angels.

There is something noble and God-like in thus *choosing* the good.

Man, being such an essentially dependent creature, there is something delightfully gratifying in the thought that we can *choose* to serve God, and consequently embrace the high and noble and pure, not because we are compelled so to do, but because it is our wish and desire.

Always bear this in mind: that one day you will look back on the years that are now passing, yearning for the good which of right belongs to them, and turning away heart-sick and despairing if you fail in your search.

Ask Him, then, my dear children, through the merits of His most holy Childhood, to bless our work and its helpers, and do not forget the special needs of yours faithfully.

THE CHILD AND BEAR.

Henry Flynn, who resides up the hills near Inskip, Cal., relates the following incident in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his three-year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and, as his little daughter seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps 40 rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued where he left her, and, on looking back after going a

little farther, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight, and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home, he made inquiries about her of her mother, who said she had not seen her, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he had left her, he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear. The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child, nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the lost one by her name. Morning came and the search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who were travelling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swampy spot where the undergrowth was thick, called the child, or else they were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her.

The men crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing on a log extending about half way across the swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms, and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also. The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear laid down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

LETTER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

JOHNNIE was six years old, his socks full of holes, his clothes torn, and, more than that, cold and hungry, when the thought struck him to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin. Not knowing how to write, he ran round the corner where an old soldier performed the office of a public scribe for persons not accustomed to the pen. He found him smoking and warming himself, as usual.

"Good day, sir! I would like to have a letter written."

"It will cost ten cents, my boy," said the man.

"Excuse me!" answered Johnnie, opening the door to go away, when the old warrior called out: "Are you a soldier's son?"

"No," replied the child; "I am mamma's son."

"Well, have you no money?"

"Oh, no! Nor mamma neither."

"Your letter, I suppose, is to get some soup?"

"Yes, sir; that is it."

"Come here, then: ten lines and a half sheet of paper are not much to give." He arranged his paper, and, dipping his pen in the ink, wrote, in a flourishing hand:

"PARIS, DEC. 17, 18—"; and on a lower line, "TO MR. —— What's his name, little fellow?"

"Who, sir?"

"Why, the gentleman, of course!"

"What gentleman, sir?"

"The one about the soup, of course."

The child understood this time, and said: "It is not a gentleman."

"A lady, then?"

"Yes—no—that is, I mean—"

"You young rogue! do you know to whom you want to write?"

"Oh, yes."

"Hurry, then!"

Poor little Johnnie grew red, and whispered: "It is to the Blessed Virgin I want to send a letter."

The old trooper did not smile now. "You rogue!" said he; "are you making fun of an old man?"

But noticing the child's serious countenance, he muttered to himself: "Ten thousand cannon! but there is much misery in Paris!" And looking at the child with his eyes half shut, he said in a low tone: "What is your name, my little man?"

"Johnnie."

"Johnnie what?"

"Just Johnnie."

"What do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?"

"I want to tell her mamma has been asleep since yesterday, and beg her to come and wake her, for I can't."

The old soldier heaved a sigh. "But what about the soup?"

"That was before she went asleep —she gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat then?"

"Oh, for two days before, she kept saying, 'I am not hungry.'"

"How did you try to wake her?"

"I kissed and hugged her, and kept on talking; but she never answered."

The old soldier trembled with emotion, and, taking the child on his knee, said, gently: "Little one, your letter is written, sent, and answered. Take me to your mother."

"Yes: but what makes you cry?"

"I am not crying," he said, stooping over to embrace the child and hide his tears; "you will cry soon, poor little one!"

Johnnie's mother was dead, — died of hunger and misery; she could not be brought back to life by the benefactor of her child; no doubt she smiled on them both from heaven.

Johnnie, though young, soon made himself a name. As to the old soldier, he lived a good Christian life, beloved by his adopted son, and often said to his friends: "I do not know the carrier of letters such as Johnnie wrote, but they are sure to reach their address in heaven!" — *Ave Maria.*

THE THOUGHTLESS BOY.

Frank Nye was returning from school on a very cold day in winter. As he was passing with some other boys over a bridge, he saw that the river was frozen.

"Come, boys," said he, "let us have a slide."

They were all ready to accept the invitation, and ran at once towards the river. On their way they met an old man, who said to them, "Boys, are you running to the ice? It is not strong enough to bear you up; you will certainly get down into the water."

This made the boys pause and fear to venture on the ice. Frank alone did not heed the friendly warning. He stepped upon the ice, and cried out to the other boys: "Shame, you cowards! what is there to be afraid of?" But Frank had not been sliding long before the ice broke under him, and he was plunged to his neck in the water.

All the boys ran off, and he could not have escaped death had not the good old man drawn him out, trembling from head to foot. He was as pale as death, and at first could not utter a word; and though great care was taken of him, he became very ill, and was confined to his bed for several days.

"Remember in future, Frank," said his father, after his recovery, "that those who do not attend to good advice may suffer severely for it."

Useful Knowledge.

THE CARE OF LAMPS.—If a list could be presented of the deaths and frightful burnings that have occurred since the introduction of kerosene, it would be appalling. Good kerosene, that is, of the legal standard of quality, and that sent out by the best makers, is far in advance of the legal requirement, properly used, need be no more dangerous than the old-fashioned sperm oil, or tallow dips. But it is vastly more so. Why? If we observe the accounts of these so-called "accidents" as they are given in the daily papers, it will be found that they are due to one of two principal causes: (1) using kerosene to light a fire; and (2) filling a lamp while lighted. Only the most ignorant can be so stupid as to pour kerosene upon a fire, and as such persons do not read, it would be a waste of time to caution them against it. Filling a lamp while it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by always filling the lamp in the morning. This task should belong to some one member of the household, who should have a fixed time for doing it; nothing ought ordinarily to interfere with or cause its postponement. It should be made a duty to be discharged with all the regularity and punctuality of the daily meals. If good kerosene, of either of the best manufacturers, be used, there is little danger of accident. Glass lamps ought never to be carried about, for the very reason that they are glass. This would hold no matter what material they contain; even if it be sperm or lark oil, the breaking of a lamp is a disaster to be avoided. There is a chance that the one carrying it may slip or trip, or some other accident cause it to be dropped. With good kerosene, even the breaking of the lamp and spilling its contents should cause no disaster in the way of burning; but all kerosene is not good, and that risk should never be taken. In "trimming" the lamps, only the small portion that is charred need be removed from the wick, and that is readily done by scraping with a knife kept for the purpose. If any substance collects upon the wick tube, that should be scraped off, leaving the brass or metal perfectly clean. After carefully scraping, wipe off the upper part of the wick tube (and the wick) with a piece of very soft paper, to remove any small particle left in scraping. A wick may become unfit for use long before it is entirely consumed. Many quarts of oil are carried through a wick, and in time the pores of the fabric become so filled with little particles of dust and other impurities that the oil contains, that its ability to take up the oil as fast as it is burned becomes greatly diminished, and when this occurs a new wick is needed. If a lamp is filled quite full in a cold room, and then brought to a warm one, the heat will cause the oil to expand, and overflow, and lead to the suspicion that the lamp leaks. This should be avoided by not filling completely. Knowing that this may occur, the lamp should not be entirely filled so as to allow for the expansion.

DRINKING COLD WATERY BEVERAGES IN COLD WEATHER. — Cold drinks are depressing in their influence, and the result of taking such draughts when performing more than feats of strength and endurance, particularly in middle age and advanced life, is to lower the tone of the nerve centres at a time when it is most desirable that they should be in exceptionally good working order, so that they may retain the vitality necessary to meet unusual need. So far as we are aware, the physiological effect of iced potations taken hastily when putting forth special strength and making a peculiarly large demand on the vital force of the nervous system, is either not understood or is forgotten. For the sake of the many zealous statesmen and politicians who do not seem to have given the need of special precautions in this particular a single thought, it is desirable to point out that the worst illnesses may, and do, proceed apparently from insignificant causes. This is one of the petty causes which may lead to sad results.

REAL HASTY PUDDING.—Put into a kettle the quantity of cold water you wish to have of pudding; salt to suit the taste; when the water begins to boil, take corn meal in one hand and a large spoon in the other; let the meal fall gently into the water, stirring it constantly until it becomes thick as cake when ready to bake; boil it about five minutes and pour into a shallow dish that has been well greased; when wanted, cut into slices about half an inch thick. Fry in hot lard.

HEADACHE.—As a rule, a dull, heavy headache, situated over the brows, and accompanied by languor, chilliness, and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea, can be completety removed, in about ten minutes, by a two-grain dose of iodide of potassium dissolved in half a wineglassful of water, this being sipped so that the whole quantity may be consumed in about ten minutes.

IN all fevers, the juice of lemons is of decided assistance.

The Humorist.

A LANDLADY advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed-room for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" still another has "a hall bed-room for a single woman eight by twelve."

IRISH beggar: "Could you help a poor fellow to-day?" Shopkeeper: "Not to-day." Irish beggar: "Well, sir, it's to-day I need it." Shopkeeper: "Couldn't, I've had fifty of your kind to-day already." Irish beggar: "Sure, sir, it's meself that knows how the profession is overrun."

TOGETHER they were looking over the paper. "Oh my, how funny!" she said. "What is it?" he asked. "Why here's an advertisement that says: 'No reasonable offer refused!'" "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush; "but those are exactly my sentiments."

"IF I am not at home to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and larger half, "don't wait for me." "I won't, my dear," replied the lady significantly. And what do you think she did? At ten o'clock precisely she slipped on her bonnet and went for him, and gave him a bit of her mind before "a few friends."

MRS. MCCOBLE rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words:—"When I hired you, you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Lor bress your soul," returned Matilda, "he ain't no male friend of mine!" "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."

"WE have a call bell in our private office," says an editor; "it is used to call one of our boys with. At least that is the popular legend connected with the article. When we want one of our boys we ring the bell, and then go out in the back office and hunt him up and tell him of the fact. It always pleases him to learn that we have been ringing."

A LATE Duke was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night he asked Foote what new character he should go in. "Go sober," said Foote.

A RETIRED actor, with a fondess for poultry, was asked why he named his favorite hen "Macduff." He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

"WHEN I was young," said a young man mournfully, "my venerable grandfather never used to tip me, his invariable excuse being, 'At your age you haven't any need of money; but later on come to me.' Well, when I was eighteen, I went to him, and he coldly buttoned up his breeches pocket and said, 'At your age you ought to be making your own way in the world!'"

"MISS GAMBOGE," says Blixen to that interesting but rapidly advancing lady of forty-four, "I declare you are looking quite charming—a regular twenty-one bloom and spirits. You can't be a day over that figure, if I am a judge." Miss Gamboge lets off a shower of smiles and says: "Now Mr. Blixen, you do say such insinuating things—and then you guess ages so closely."

"I AM tired to death!" So you have said very often, yet you are still alive and well. "I had not a wink of sleep all night!" And yet your bedfellow heard you snore many times. "I would not do it for the world!" And yet you have done things quite as bad for a penny. "We were up to our knees in mud!" You know very well that the dirt was not over your shoes.

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked the magistrate. "With whiskey, your worship," replied the sententious policeman.

A PAPER has an article headed "Get Hold of a Boy's Heart!" Bah! The place to get hold of a boy is by the scruff of the neck.

A QUACK doctor advertises to this effect: "Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

"DIDN'T I tell you to call me at six o'clock this morning? Why did you disobey me, Joseph." "If you please, sir, I was afraid you wouldn't like it—you were asleep."

YOU might as well try to tell the amount of money in a safe by feeling the knobs, as to tell what is in a man's head by feeling his bumps.

THE man who imagined himself wise because he detected a typographical error in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

ONE of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railway official was —"Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lamps."

TONGUE, plenty, but going fast; brains, scarce and wanted; cheek, full supply; pluck, market bare; hearts, unsteady, price fluctuating, mostly sold for cash on delivery.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

GENERAL CRITICISM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. — The assertion has been frequently made, and, of late years, with increased virulence, that the sole opponent of the Public School System is the Roman Catholic Church. This statement is actually flung in the face of the fact that a very large portion of the community positively deny the vaunted perfection of the system, viewed simply in its educational method; and several denominations, notably the Lutheran and the Episcopalian, go quite as far as the Church in denouncing the system on purely religious grounds. It is admittedly easy to find fault with everybody and everything; but when a large and distinctively intelligent portion of society present objections, they deserve at least the courtesy of an examination.

Instead of meeting these growing complaints fairly, the public school advocates seem to content themselves with calling names, or fallaciously evading the point objected. Only ignorance and superstition are afraid of education. This accounts for the Catholic objection. Protestants who conscientiously object to an education without God, are either fanatics, or think their own children better than others! To scientific students of education who point out the generally cheap yet efficient education system of Europe, the answer is: "That won't do for America, where we must know all the 'ologies we want to. Nothing stingy about us." The taxpayer is consoled by the delusive prospect that his educated son will turn out a Vanderbilt.

These subterfuges, however, will not answer long. The people now have the craze of "reform," and if they turn their attention upon the Public School System, they will find plenty of material to work upon. The remarkable and humiliating statistics of illiteracy disclosed by the last census, have shaken confidence in the system. A man need not be a Christian at all, to believe in God, and there is an uneasy impression that the system ignores God, and leads on logically to negative, if not positive infidelity. The enormous expenses without corresponding results disgust a business people; and one might confidently predict that there will soon come a revulsion of feeling against the common schools. The number of tasks, studies, and exercises inflicted upon the immature mind of childhood, in defiance of every hygienic and psychological law, is not the least objection to this radically defective system. In many places, the Board of Education is only a corrupt and corrupting ring of ignorant politicians who appoint teachers for bribes, for political capital, or, for personal, sensual purposes, as has been repeatedly shown. Such a state of affairs cannot long endure.

We think that the injudicious pressure of the religious argument against the schools, has tended to bring odium upon the Church as a foe of education. Let us "give it a rest," and join with our non-Catholic friends in bringing about at least an examination of a system which will fall if touched. Its successor *must* be *better*.

FRANCE IN TRANSITION. — The spectacle which France presents to the world at present is painful. The nation appears to have lost its self-consciousness, and to be reaching out vaguely after some stable form of government. Successive ministries have tamely borne the insolence of Germany, until the exasperated people are ready to abolish the republican form of government, and call to dictatorship any man of genius, courage, and determination. That no such man can be found, or brought forward, to-day, in France, is significant of a certain decay, due largely to the depressing influence of infidelity, which scorns all enthusiasms, and cultivates nothing higher than the sensual appetites. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, in his "Lectures and Addresses," says, that even the peasantry of France have been inoculated with the narcotic poison of indifferentism, and it is common to hear among them the expression "There is no God but pleasure." Nothing, of course, need be expected from a nation sunk in spiritual sloth.

Gambetta, with all his personal vices, stood at least for an idea, — the possible and eventual humiliation of Germany, and the restoration of France to her place among the dominant nations. But what does Plon Plon's existence signify? A man without the slighest pretension to even the commonest natural virtues, and going out of the way to expose his vices, is a pitiable leader to follow. His manifesto was a shade less absurd than himself. As for the mock kingship and princely pretenders in France, they belong to the stage decorations, which are the first to be consumed in a fire. The people have unmistakably signified that they will have no king or emperor to rule over them. This would, in popular parlance, "settle the hash" of any political party among us. We should trouble ourselves no further. Not so France, who must reiterate and reiterate that she shall be kingless and Plonplon-less; and to emphazise it all, she packs her "pretenders" over the border. In this country we should let them open a beer-saloon as we did Herr Most, when he came to teach us how to drink the gore of tyrants.

Well! every one to his taste. Then, too, France is never so happy as when she is engaged in changing her government, as ladies do their garments. No wonder, indeed, it is, *par excellence*, the beloved land of the fair sex.

The chief duty of France, in the eyes of an American, familiar with the caprices of republics, is to "shut up" the frothy orators and decline to re-elect hot-headed editors, who use their journals to puff themselves in the legislature, and to blacken their opponents. After this, let France send to her Chambers men of plain common sense, who will do their work without much talking. Imagine the American Congress listening to a spouter for three or four hours! Fancy three duels the result of that speech! Would this country tolerate it a week? Yet this is the chronic condition of French legislative action.

It must be confessed that the Bourbon and Bonaparte factions in France are elements of annoyance: but not a whit worse than our own political antagonisms, which we manage to reconcile easily enough.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.— Advices reach us that the distress in Donegal is rapidly reaching its climax, and nothing but government aid can hope to control it. Alas! will this be forever the same old story? Is Ireland, almost alone of all nations, to have this shameful exposure to famine visited upon her periodically? Would not this alone show the radical defectiveness of the land laws, to one who was either too indifferent, or too lazy, or too busy to study them? No other nation is regularly famished.

There really seems but one avenue open; and that is the bringing of the people to this country. America might as well put them on their feet here, as to be continually obliged to keep them there. Although there is plenty of money in Ireland, but there appears to be a mighty tight grasp upon it; and the first move is always to appeal to America. The writer knows hundreds of instances where poor servant girls and day-laborers have been sending money "home," for years, with the assured prospect that they will always

hear the same old cry for help wailing across the waters.

Why could we not establish an Emigration Company on a grand scale; buy out a territory; and fetch over all Donegal, or some other distressed county; settle it in the New World? Would it not repay us in time? The fact is that America is getting tired of responding to this cry of famine, where there is the feasibility of guarding Ireland at least from the fearful and most desperate condition to which a human society can sink.

GOUNOD'S REDEMPTION.—ITS FIRST PRODUCTION IN BOSTON.—The two performances of this masterpiece were given at the Boston Theatre Jan. 21, and at the Music Hall, Jan. 24 under the baton of Mr. J. G. Lennon, with Mr. J. Frank Donahoe as organist, and the following soloists: Mlle. K. Van Arnheim, soprano; Mrs. E. P. Whitney, soprano; Miss Helen M. Moore, contralto; Mr. Jules Jordan, tenor; Mr. L. F. Brine, Baritone; Mr. Edgar A. Buch, Basso; Mr. Jean E. Morawski, Basso. The chorus was composed of 300 singers selected from the Catholic choirs of Boston and vicinity, and sang throughout with thrilling effect. Several of the choruses deserve special mention, particularly the chorus "Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting" which received a merited *encore* on both occasions. Messrs Carlyle Petersilea, Calixa, Larallel, and Albert Conant, presided at the Grand Pianos at Boston Theatre, and Mr. J. Frank Donahoe at the organ, while at Music Hall Mr. Petersilea alone was pianist, and Mr. Donahoe organist. Mr. Lennon, in our opinion, is deserving of great praise for his efforts in bringing out Gounod's masterpiece, and the way in which he handled his chorus at both performances. We understand that he will bring out Haydn's "Creation" later in the season, with the same chorus, assisted by able soloists, and orchestra and organ.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PASSAGE FROM IRELAND.—The rates of passage from Ireland, England, and Scotland have been reduced from $30 to $20 and $21. We cannot say how long this may last, but we advise those who contemplate bringing out their friends to engage at once. The tickets are good for one year. Call at the old-established office, 19 and 21 Boylston Street.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been in Dublin, carrying on their spasmodic services; but the attendance has been small, and, as even Moody and Sankey cannot live on nothing, we presume that they will not often in future "steer their bark to Erin's Isle." The Dublin press reports that the attendance was scanty, and that there was very little enthusiasm exhibited. We believe that the great majority of the local Protestant clergymen (who, taken altogether, are esteemed by their fellow-citizens) do not at all favor these semi-operatic services.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND AND WALES.—The number of the Catholic clergy in England and Wales now amounts to 2,112 priests and seventeen bishops, who serve 1,188 churches, chapels and missionary stations. Besides these, in Scotland there are six bishops and 306 priests, whose ministrations are distributed over 295 chapels. For England and Wales there is one archbishop with fourteen suffragans and two auxiliary bishops, and two archbishops for Scotland with four suffragans. These numbers are about double those which figured in the same directory a little before the constitution of the Hierarchy, in 1850. There are twenty-nine Catholic peers who have seats in the House of Lords; there are four Privy Councillors; there are forty-seven baronets, the premier being the "infant" Sir Henry Alfred Doughty Tichborne, and the last in rank Sir Maurice O'Connell.

THE Paris *Monde* publishes a despatch from Rome which states that, according to private information from Berlin, negotiations between Germany and the Vatican have been resumed on bases which afford a prospect of a complete settlement.

THE HIERARCHY.—There are in the Sacred College six Cardinals bishops, all the suburban sees being full; forty-six Cardinal priests, leaving four hats vacant; and thirteen Cardinal deacons, leaving one hat vacant. This is, of course, without taking account of those which may be reserved *in petto*. With the twelve Patriarchal Sees there are 899 residental sees of archbishops and bishops throughout the world. In the British empire, there are in Great Britain three Archiepiscopal, and eighteen Episcopal sees; in Ireland, four Archiepiscopal and twenty-four Episcopal sees; in the colonies and dependencies, seven Archiepiscopal and thirty-nine Episcopal sees; thirty-five Apostolic Vicariates and nine Apostolic prefectures.

HOW MUCH RELIGION remained in the heart of Léon Gambetta no man knows. But he never gave up the practice of burning tapers in the church of the parish where he chanced to be residing, on the anniversary of his mother's death. It is said that on the last anniversary but one he was in very low spirits, and as he passed Notre Dame des Victories he said to a friend, "I must go in and burn a taper—I had forgotten it." His friend tried to stop him, saying with a smile, "What would the clericals say?" "Bah!" cried Gambetta, "they will say I loved my mother." And he went in, leaving his friend outside. It is true that the cultus of the mother still holds in France, and that even an act of temporary piety, is forgiven to the Republican, when it is done in a mother's name.

THE REIGNING HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.—A correspondent, signing himself "J. R. V. M.," writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows:—Now that the reigning House of Austria has celebrated its six-hundredth anniversary, it may be worth noticing that the present Emperor is not a Hapsburg at all. "Everything in that house," says Kossuth, "is usurpation, down to the very name. They are not Hapsburgs, they are Lorraine-Vaudemonts, 'rebellious Crown officers of France,' as Napoleon I. used to style them. The Lords Denbigh, of the House of Feilding, are the only Hapsburgs on earth, not they." The present dynasty of Austria has as much title to be called Hapsburg as the present dynasty of England to be called Plantagenets, or Stuarts, or Tudors. The rapid growth of Austria was in great measure due to the privilege of female succession—a privilege which the other feudal principalities of Germany did not have, but which was conferred on the duchy when constituted by Frederic Barbarossa. Add to this a marvellous skill in match-making, and the greatness of the House is explained. For

"Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube:
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus."

A MOVING BOG.—The phenomenon of a moving bog has been seen near Castlereah, Ireland. The bog is a very large one, and, in consequence of the recent heavy rains it has left its place and is proceeding toward Castlereah, overwhelming thousands of acres of the adjoining country. Several farmhouses have already been demolished, and the inmates have had narrow escapes. Part of Castlereah is in danger.

AT Sligo Mr. Sexton, M.P., has been presented with two adresses and a check for £500, in recognition of the services he had rendered Ireland. In returning thanks, the hon. member reviewed the history of the Irish agitation, and contended that the Land Act and the Arrears Act had accomplished little for the good of the Irish people.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON was recently arrested in Paris for publishing a manifesto denouncing the impotence and incapacity of the French Government, the decadence of the army, the dilapidation of the finances, and the increase of the debt. Religion, he said, received no protection from the State, though persecuted by Atheism, and the loyal application of the Concordat could alone establish peace. He concluded by establishing himself the representative of the principle of the people's right to nominate its chief.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, of a late date said, "Ireland was never further from being conquered."

THE REMAINS of the late Archbishop Hughes were transferred from the vaults of the old Mott Street Cathedral, New York, where they had lain for nineteen years, to the New Cathedral of St, Patrick, on the 29th of January. The ceremonies were very impressive and imposing.

THE CATHOLIC, Pittsburg, Pa., has just entered upon its 40th year, and celebrates the event by a new suit of plain, readable type.

THE Chief of Police, of St. Petersburg, has been arrested for blackmail under the guise of a nihilist.

A MISSIONARY FROM SCOTLAND.

THE Rev. Patrick A. Wright, who has been sent by the Bishop of Galloway to ask the Catholics of Canada and the United States to assist the poor and small Catholic congregations in many of the cities and towns of Scotland to build Catholic schools, has arrived in Boston from Canada. The condition of the Catholics in many of the Scotch towns is described by the Bishop as very deplorable indeed, inasmuch as being few in numbers and poor they cannot, unaided, establish schools, and such a change in the school law is threatened as will render it impossible for them to maintain Catholic schools hereafter where none are established within the next year. The Bishop fears that in the districts which remain unprovided with Catholic schools, the faith will assuredly disappear.

Father Wright has spent some time in Halifax and Cape Breton, where he was received with the greatest kindness and courtesy by people of all classes, Protestants as well as Catholics, and his appeal on behalf of the destitute, in whose cause he labors, was liberally responded to.

Bishop McLachlan says: "The question before me, as a pastor of souls, is really, Whether in many districts of the diocese our holy faith is to continue and flourish, or else to perish utterly; whether in these districts the souls of the present and future generations of children are to be irretrievably lost, or to be saved? Issues like these may well fill me and my clergy with dread and anxiety. Allow me to add, in the words of our Divine Master — for Whom and in Whose name I ask your help—'It is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'—MATT. xviii. 14."

Letters for Father Wright may be addressed to him, in care of Mr. Donahoe.

OUR ELEMENT. — AT the late election in Massachusetts, there were elected to various positions one Congressman, one Governor's Council, three Senators, and thirty-two Representatives. This is doing well. We hope that good judgment and wise discrimination will guide their deliberations.

ONLY A BIT OF MOTHER'S DRESS. — A little fellow from one of our charitable institutions was being taken to a New Jersey farm by an agent, the owners of the farm having the boy "bound" to them for a term of years, when the agent noticed that the boy kept placing his hand inside of his jacket on the left side, and occasionally would peep within with a tender look. At last he said, "What have you got there, my little friend?" "Oh! nothing, sir," he replied; "only a bit of mother's dress, which I've sewed on my coat; it was the dress she had on when she died. and now it kind of comforts me to touch it."

DUELLING AND SUICIDE IN GERMANY. — The incredible abuse of duelling is still rampant among an educated and practical nation, such as the Germans really are. Dr. Zarncke, rector of the University of Leipzig, in his opening address to the winter session, declared the other day that of eleven of his colleagues who had died during his year of office only four had died a natural death, and that of the remaining seven one had fallen in a duel and six by suicide. The rector expressed a fervent hope that this awful state of things might speedily be remedied; yet only a few days after his address two students of the University put an end to their lives by revolvers. Are not these frightful events closely connected with the ever increasing irreligion and the equally increasing immorality among the members of the academic bodies?

THE IRISH SITUATION. — John Dillon, who is wintering in Malta, has addressed a letter to his constituents, in which he declares again his determination to withdraw from parliamentary life. He repeats that his only reason for resigning his seat is his physical unfitness for the work which an Irish member is bound to do. Mr. Dillon says: "As regards the present situation in Ireland, I will only say that the cause of Irish nationality, as well as I can judge, was never, since the union, in a stronger position. The very means to which the Castle is obliged to have recourse, in order to maintain its government in Ireland, only serves to make more manifest the rottenness of its system. And if the people will only persevere in attack with the same vigor they have shown during the last three years, the Castle and its infamous system must shortly fall.

THE report that an English diplomatic representative will be shortly accredited to the vatican is wholly without foundation.

CONSECRATION AT HALIFAX, N. S. — The consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of Prince Edward Island, as Archbishop of Halifax, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on the 21st of January. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the decorations were very handsome. The organ was assisted by the full band of the Nineteenth Imperial Infantry, giving the ceremony even more than usual impressiveness. Bishop Fabre, of Montreal,

acted as consecrator, and upward of one hundred clergymen were present. Addresses were presented by the citizens of Halifax accompanied by a purse of $1,000.

The Most Rev Dr. O'Brien, the new Archbishop of Halifax, is a young man, not yet forty. But he has achieved great distinction as a scholar. A student of the Propaganda at Rome, he carried off gold and silver medals almost whenever offered during his stay there. He is of Irish descent.

Boston College Stylus.—The students of Boston College have issued a very neat paper under the above head. It is filled with matter principally relating to the college, and is conducted and edited by the students and former graduates. Father Ryan contributes a poem. The editors are F. J. Barnes, F. A. Cunningham, J. G. Foley, E. A. McCarthy, J. A. Walsh. The manager is P. J. Farley, who has for assistants T. Hurley and W. P. Cashman. The treasurer is D. M. Murphy. It is to be published bi-monthly until the end of the present academic year. Fifty cents a year, single copies fifteen cents. Address *Boston College Stylus*, 761 Harrison Avenue, Boston Mass.

Mr. J. Frank McQueeney is the printer. The whole paper does infinite credit to the editors, printers, etc.

Emigration Statistics.—During the month of December, 1882, 25,868 immigrants arrived in the United States against 37,037 in December, 1881. For the six months ending December 31, 1882, 270,479 immigrants came to this country, while for the corresponding period of 1881, immigration amounted to 328,357. The total immigration to the United States for the year ending December 31, 1882, was 712,542.

At the request of the Bishop of Tarbes, the Holy Father has granted a special extraordinary Indulgence, in the form of a Jubilee, to all the faithful who, during the year 1883, shall visit the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes. This has been granted as an act of thanksgiving for the special graces obtained during the first twenty-five years of public worship at that shrine.

Terrible Floods in Germany.—There have been two floods,—the autumn flood and the winter flood. The first came in October and the second in December. It has rained almost constantly in Germany and Switzerland for the past five months, and enormous quantities of snow on the Alps have been melted and precipitated upon the valley of the Rhine. In Prussia 20,000 houses were destroyed, 100,000 people plunged into suffering and more than 60,000 hectares of land ruined. This was by the October flood, and that of December inflicted even more damage. In the province of Bayriche, Rheinpflaz, Bavaria, 1000 houses were lifted so clean and carried off that you could not tell that a single house ever stood on that territory. There was no trace left, and 12,000 people were left in destitution. Hessen and all other districts touching the Rhine suffered the same calamity. These facts have just come to us by an official cablegram. The German papers are full of accounts of the flood and its consequences. The territory devastated was a beautiful country, covered with vineyards, inhabited by well-to-do people, who are now ruined.

Defeat of the English at New Orleans.—At the Cathedral on the 8th of January, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted after High Mass, as a thanksgiving and memorial of the defeat of the English troops in the plains of Chalmette, on January 8 1815. This religious act was fulfilled according to an order issued by Mgr. Perché, Archbishop of New Orleans, which dates from 1872, wherein it is ordered that "a Solemn Mass be celebrated, in the Cathedral Church, and that this Mass be followed by a *Te Deum*, to preserve the memory of that glorious day of January 8, 1815, to continue to testify in public our gratitude to God, and to pray to Him to cover always with His omnipotent and merciful protection our dear Louisiana and the whole country."

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.—The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. *Swayne's Ointment* is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents: 3 boxes $1.25 (in stamps). Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

Gambetta.—A persistent rumor declares that he was shot at and wounded in the hand on November 27th, by his discarded mistress, the wife of a lawyer of Bordeaux. The story goes that this woman having long hoped that Gambetta would eventually make her his wife, had just learned that he was engaged to be married. She upbraided him in a stormy scene, and

drew a pistol to take her own life. In trying to wrest the weapon from her hand, it was discharged, the ball shattering his hand. This is the story. It is also stated that this woman nursed him during his sickness.

ELECTED.— The contest at Mallow, county Cork, for the seat in Parliament made vacant by the elevation of the Rt. Hon. William Johnson to a judgeship in the Queen's Bench division, has resulted in the election of Mr. O'Brien, editor of the *United Ireland*, over the government candidate, Mr. John Naish, by a majority of 72 votes The poll stood as follows: O'Brien, 161; Naish, 89. This is considered a great triumph for Ireland.

YOUNG CLERGYMEN.— "It is really gratifying to any one, who has the good of religion at heart, to read the reports of the late ordinations," remarks *The Lake Shore Visitor*. "Throughout the country hundreds of priests have been ordained, and as all are necessary for work on the missions, it conclusively proves that rapid progress is being made. The great West is fast filling up, and as emigrants go there to find homes, the Church and school are what they most need. Another century and a change remarkable will have taken place in our religious feelings."

GREAT MEN. — It would be interesting to know what great men think of each other, and failing that, it is interesting to know what they say of each other. It appears that what M. Gambetta said of Prince Bismarck was, "Happy man! beer and smoke agree with him." For poor Gambetta, oppressed with the corpulence which was to play so great a part in his disease and death, was forbidden the delight of cigars and pale ale, as well as of those sweet wines, pastries, and mixed dishes for which he had an Italian love.

VETERANS.— During the past year, 13 persons who had reached or passed their 100th year, died in New York City. Among them were: Dennis S. Kelly, born in Ireland, aged 105; Ann Spencer, born in Ireland, aged 105; Ann Donnelly, born in Ireland, aged 100; Catharine Stevenson, born in Ireland, aged 100; Bridget Haley, born in Ireland, aged 107; Mary Gillen, born in Ireland, aged 102; James Gilman, born in Ireland, aged 100; Elizabeth Rice, born in Ireland, aged 100; Margaret Landrigan, born in Ireland, aged 100.

WITH the January number, *Donahoe's Magazine* enters promisingly on its fifth year of existence. We wish it many happy New Years. Among the contents, are "Give God His Place" (third article), by Rev. A. J. Ryan; and "A Remedy for Woman's Wrongs," by Rev. J. V. O'Connor. This last we reproduce, and commend to the perusal of all our fair readers.— *Catholic Union and Times*, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LAND LEAGUE FUND.—The report of Rev. Lawrence Walsh, of Waterbury, treasurer of the Irish National Land League, shows the amount of contributions from each state since Oct. 10, to be as follows: — Massachusetfs $1,871.42; New York, $3,301.97; Rhode Island, $996.40; Illinois, $903.25; Connecticut, $605.25; New Jersey, $500; Wisconsin, $380 50; Pennsylvania, $224.75; Montana, $200; Maryland, $150; Iowa, $140; Ohio, $127.29; South Carolina, $114; New Hampshire, $74.20; Texas, $70; Vermont, $37.55; Mississippi, $12.30; Minnesota, $5; total, $8,743.88.

A MAN desired to bury his amputated leg in a Dubuque cemetery, but the superintendent refused to allow it on the ground that a burial permit was necessary for every interment, and such a document could only be procured for an entire body.

A FAMILY took rooms in a Montreal boarding-house for a definite term, and refused to give them up before its expiration, though they quarrelled with the landlady. She resorted to the expedient of burning Cayenne pepper, where the fumes would go up through the hot air pipe into the apartments. The family left.

ADDITION TO OUR POPULATION.— The total number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, last year, was 455,450. This is 14,386 in excess of last year, and is the largest number of any year since the bureau was established. Mr. Jackson, the superintendent, estimates that the immigration this year will be fully 100,000 less than in 1882.

THE IRISH HARVEST.—A parliamentary return reports that the depreciation in the value of the crops in Ireland for the year 1882, in consequence of the unfavorable harvest, aggregated the sum of £5,178,167 as compared with the favorable year 1881, and £2,527,664 as compared with the average of the preceding ten years. The bulk of the loss was on the potato crop, which was £4,317,687 as compared with the year 1881, and £2,274,431 as compared with the average for the preceding ten years.

MISS BURKE, sister of Mr. Thomas Burke, who was murdered so foully in Phœnix Park, Dublin, has, at last, recovered her health and mental balance, which were both seriously impaired by her bereavement. She now lives with her surviving brother, Colonel Burke, in London, and will never visit Dublin again, to the great loss of that city, where she was always foremost in every charitable work.

IT is stated that one of every ten marriages in Maine results in a divorce suit. Within the last three years 2,400 divorces have been granted in the State.

RE-AFFORESTING IRELAND.— That Ireland was once planted with great forests is undoubted. Many districts and mountains bear Irish names declaring the fact, and tracts of country on which you could not (as a countryman said to me once) "find a rod to whip a child with," are called to this day the "Great Wood," the "Black Wood," the "Oak Forest," etc. Out of our bogs huge trunks and roots are dug black and reeking; and when the turf crop fails, are often dried with difficulty by the poor, and used for fuel. They are also chopped up and dried and sold as "bog deal" for lighting fires. Frequently a torch of this wood is substituted by the peasant for a candle; and it is a curious fact that these woods often yield aromatic odours in burning, equal to those of most precious balsams. The idea of re-afforesting Ireland is not altogether a new one. In the reign of William III. it was enacted under severe penalties that 200,000 timber trees should be planted yearly for thirty-one years throughout the kingdom. This, however, had no effect. In more recent times the Dublin Society offered a prize of £50 in plate to the person who should plant the greatest number of timber trees between the 1st of September, 1741, and the 15th of December, 1742. This offer produced the planting of 367,819 trees in one year by seven persons only. Maurice Uniacke, of Woodhouse, Waterford, adjudged the prize.

SOME papers are trying to make Gambetta another Judas Iscariot, and mark the accord between their despairing cries, "*peccavi, tradens sanguinen justum,*" and "*Je suis perdeu.*" We never had much respect for Judas Iscariot; but we protest against this last and undeserved insult to his memory. — *The Western Watchman.*

THE IRISH SOCIETIES of Boston have voted to parade on the 17th of March, which occurs on Saturday this year.

THE LATE CARDINAL DONNET was an excellent host. After having gravely recited the *Benedicite*, he was wont to take his seat. His guests admired the venerable head with its thick crown of snow-white hair; Perugino and Mantegna never gave a nobler wreath to their prophets. His cheek was ruddy with good health and his appetite was noble, as should be that of a man whose soul has no remorse and whose heart has no sorrow. Immediately after the soup the Cardinal was wont to say to his guests, "Messieurs, I have not every day the pleasure of seeing you at my table; we must celebrate the occasion. Come, George, give us some of the Médoc." George appeared with the Médoc. "Well, what do you think of it? I flatter myself ——." There was a chorus in praise of the Médoc. Upon the appearance of the *entrées* he turned to George again. "Come, now, we must have a bottle from the corner you know of. Messieurs, here is some Château-Lafitte which would be hard to excel." Later on, "George, we must treat ourselves now to some of the Château-Margaux. We will keep the Château-Yquem for she dessert." The faithful George served this variety of wines with punctuality and precision, keeping the precious bottles deftly wrapped in a napkin. Much tasting, much discussion followed; the stock phrases of the connoisseur were exhausted in laudation of his Eminence's choice and judicious cellar. But, alas for dilettantism! All the Cardinal's wines were drawn from the self-same humble barrel, the only one in the cellar, filled with unpretending wine from the Cardinal's vineyard hard by. This innocent trick was a favorite with his Eminence, who used to boast that he had taken in a hundred diners, and some knowing ones among the number; he repeated it constantly with ever fresh enjoyment.

RUMORED RECONCILIATION.— Cardinal Simor, Primate of Hungary, and the Bishops of Leeds, England, and Cleveland, U. S. A., had farewell audiences with the Pope after Christmas. The Vienna *Tagblatt* states that Cardinal Simor has offered the services of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Pope as mediator between His Holiness and the King of Italy. It adds particulars of the Cardinal's interview with Leo XIII. and the Papal Secretary of State, according to which "the Pope dwelt upon the insecurity in the midst of which he lived, and said that he would be glad if even a temporary settlement could be arrived at safeguarding the freedom of the Holy See and the Catholic religion. Cardinal Jacobini pointed to the possession of Rome by the Royal Government as a grave obstacle to a compromise. The Pope could not leave Rome and become a

kind of Archbishop to the King of Italy." Another account says the Pope was moved to tears by the Austrian Emperor's letter, and declared that if he succeeded in reconciling Italy with the Church the latter would be everlastingly grateful. He told Cardinal Simor that he was exposed to much annoyance from the Italian Government, and that his life was even in danger. Still, to prevent revolutionary tendencies from spreading, he would submit to any arrangement proposed by the Austrian Emperor. All this, however, is only by way of hearsay, and is not credited by the persons who are best informed.

THE IRISH AN AMERICAN QUESTION. — The *Sunday Courier*, in commenting on the statement made by the *Advertiser*, to the effect that residents of Massachusetts had sent, during the year 1882, $900,000 to friends in Ireland, very properly says that "the Irish question is fast becoming an American one." It may be proper to inquire what became of this sum. Was it applied to the purpose of clothing and feeding the needy population of that afflicted land? No. It went into the pockets of absentee landlords to pay rent which the soil could not earn. Our neighbor adds this information for the benefit of those who regard the Irish agitation against British misrule as an unjust and baseless movement: "If the Irish people of Massachusetts send to their poverty-stricken friends nearly a million, what an enormous sum must be sent annually from such States as New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, California, and others, where the population is much more Irish than in Massachusetts. We may safely put the sum total sent by the Irish-Americans throughout the United States to their friends in Ireland at least, the vast sum of $30,000,000 annually; and should this be the case say for a dozen years to come, as it always has been in the past, we find the net loss to the United States of hard cash to be about the amount of $500,000,000, including interest." And after this annual drain is made on the working and producing classes of the United States for the benefit of a non-producing class of English people, what does England propose? To ship the poorest and most unfortunate portion of the population to America, where they have no friends, perhaps, and where a large percentage of them will, for the first year at least, be a burden on the community where they may happen to locate. Isn't this a little too steep?

COLORED CATHOLIC CHURCH. — One of the greatest attractions for strangers who visit Washington is a colored Catholic church, one of the most costly in the city, and resting on a solid financial basis. The choir, all the singers being colored, is regarded by the best judges as equal to that of any other in any city or in the country, and enjoys a high reputation for its artistic and admirable manner of rendering the most elaborate Masses. It is the custom of visitors from all parts of the Union, when in Washington, to go to this church on Sunday evening to hear the singing of Vespers, which is said to be unsurpassed anywhere.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT GAMBETTA IN ROME. — There has been much said of the death of Gambetta, and general Catholic opinion is well expressed by the *Journal de Rome*, when it says: "M. Gambetta, triumphant at the opening of 1878, was, at the opening of 1882, a discouraged Minister, who had compromised the credit of France, both at home and abroad, and lost everything save audacity. His death completes the consequences of his Ministerial fall. He still commanded the whole compact group of 210 votes in the Chamber. He represented a relative order amid disorder. He remained the hope and idol of the degenerate Republic. The death of M. Thiers opened an era of difficulties; that of M. Gambetta an era of complete irremediable chaos. He leaves no political heirs. The people around him were only dummies, interpreters, more or less clever, of ideas not their own, poor puppets whose moving wire has been cut. They will fail, one after another, in their hollow enthusiasm and overweening self-confidence."

TWO CENTS. — On and after July 1, 1883, letters weighing half an ounce will pass through the mails to all parts of the United States, for two cents.

QUEEN VICTORIA A SPIRITUALIST. — The Empress of India, says M. Jean Raimond, the brilliant French writer, is a Spiritualist, and John Brown is a medium. Often her Majesty at a grand council of ministers will reserve her opinion. "I must first," she will say, "consult the spirit of Prince Albert." For this purpose she retires to the Prince Consort's study, where his *vêtements de nuti* are arranged upon a chair. John Brown, the faithful Scotchman, who has refused all titles of nobility except that of esquire, brings in, with great show of respect, the basin of gruel which his master was wont to take every evening. Then the chair of the Prince Consort begins to tap upon the ground, and the taps are interpreted by means of letters of the alphabet. The *Gaulois* pities those upon whose lips the faithful picture raises a smile.

MR. PATRICK EGAN, the late treasurer of the Land League, has arrived in Dublin. He has been absent from Ireland since the third of February, 1881. In the interval his firm was conducted by his partner, Mr. Rourke, who was in sympathy with the Land League movement, and was even imprisoned for some time under the Coercion Act. It is Mr. Egan's intention to devote himself to his business. His sympathies are with the new organization, but having been so long away from his own affairs he will not again take office, at the same time doing his share of the work as an ordinary member.

ENGLAND IN THE 14th CENTURY.—No friendly hand was raised to aid the people; the rich looked upon them as a locust pest that should be swept away; and swept away they were. Pity no longer held a place in the hearts of the well-to-do. This condition of affairs was to be found in every part of the kingdom. . . The abbeys and the convents which had so long succored the people in time of pestilence or famine were now dismantled; their beneficent inhabitants hunted down, and whatever remained of them were to be seen wandering along the hedges and ditches, appalling spectres from want and persecution, helpless and homeless. In 1348 the Black Death made sad havoc throughout the land. In a small Norfolk district sixteen out of twenty priests fell victims to the plague, caught in assisting the dying. Floods and hurricanes desolated the country. In Mackyn's Diary it is recorded as a portentous omen that the Thames was at so low an ebb that men might stand in the middle of the river and walk from London-Bridge to some distance below Billingsgate. A deadly feud existed between rich and poor. Highwaymen invaded the public throughfares. No nobleman or gentleman would travel without a number of armed retainers, and the corpses of the wretched peasantry were seen hanging from the trees in the neighborhood of the country seats of "the new landlords."

DAVITT ON THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.—Michael Davitt, speaking at Bermondsey, England, referring to the proposals of emigration as a cure for Irish discontent, said there was no greater error than to suppose that the starving peasantry of the West constituted the force of the national movement in Ireland. Exclude that element altogether, and there would be no diminution of the moral force behind the national movement. Emigration was not the remedy or the cure. The banishment of the people for the preservation of landlordism, was but an English political expedient. The abolition of landlordism had elevated Belgium, while its conservatism had ruined Ireland. A mixed commission of Englishmen and Irishmen could arrange the details of a scheme for the government of Ireland by its own people, which offered the only promise of content and progress. An Irish government would undertake public works of arterial drainage, which would raise the temperature 4 deg., and the natural moisture would favor silk industry so much that Macclesfields and Coventrys would spring up in Ireland. If the population of Ireland were reduced to two millions, it would still be as discontented as now with English misgovernment. Exiled Irishmen would only go to swell the new Ireland in the United States. English statesmen would soon have to consider the Irish element in America in the settlement of Irish questions. No banishment would settle the land question but that of the landlords. He said he did not preach violence or crime; he relied solely on moral dynamite, on ideas alone. There was sufficient in ideas alone to crush landlordism despite the power of the British Empire.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—The enemies of the Irish people may look with cheerless faces on their present and prospective standing in America. A hundred years ago, there were only four millions of Irish people in the world; and they were all in Ireland, disfranchised, gagged, bayonet-ruled, and miserable. There are now fully twenty millions of people of Irish birth and direct Irish extraction, and of strong Irish sympathy, in the United States and Canada alone. They are the leading race in the Argentine Republic, and are highly influential in other South American countries. The attempt of England to destroy them has been their salvation, and will ultimately be the political salvation of the strong-hearted little island from which they came.

STEERAGE PASSAGE.—The rates on passages for England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales have been reduced to twenty-one dollars. The price heretofore has been thirty dollars.

TERRIBLE.—By the burning of a hotel in Milwaukee, Wis., seventy-five lives were sacrificed, thirty of whom were Irish serving-girls.

THE *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, Wis., has been enlarged, and otherwise improved. It is an excellent Catholic paper. "Long may it wave."

THE GREAT CARDINAL MANNING has decided to hold a diocesan collection for the benefit of the Irish Distress Fund now being raised in London.

A MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.—There was dedicated in East Cambridge on Sunday, January 28th, one of the most magnificent church edifices in the archdiocese of Boston.—the Church of the Sacred Heart on Sixth Street. The ceremonies attendant upon the dedication were of a most elaborate and imposing character. In the forenoon, at 10 o'clock, a procession was formed, including the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams and the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Springfield, Hartford and Portland, fifty clergymen and several hundred children, appropriately dressed and carrying flowers, wreaths, and banners. After marching about the church, the procession entered the building, where impressive preliminary services were observed, after which solemn Pontificial Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop, assisted by a number of the visiting clergymen. A programme of appropriate musical selections was rendered under the direction of Mr. P. G McDermott, including the *Te Deum*, The morning sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, who made an eloquent allusion to the late Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick, who was the first pastor of the church.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, at Natick, Mass., has, by a unanimous vote, abolished infant baptism. None arose to propose that they abolish the infants; but the Congregationalists had long ago resolved upon that, and a motion was unnecessary.—*The Western Watchman.*

ENGLISH newspapers are beginning to realize the fact that the reports as to the distress in Ireland are well founded. One of these papers, the other day, acknowledged that there is no doubt that the cry of distress from Ireland is real, and will have to be met. In another of these journals, a statement is allowed to be published to the effect that thousands of people in Ireland are without food, and that children are dying at their exhausted mothers' breasts. Yet the only remedy offered by the Government for this shocking state of affairs is a recourse to the existing law.

"BEGGARS NOT CHOOSERS."—London *Truth* says: "I fancy Lord Spencer will have to 'climb down,' as the Yankees say, from the 'workhouse or emigration' position which he has taken up with regard to the distress in the West. It is all very well to say, as his Lordship does, 'Beggars must not be choosers,' (what a thing politeness is, to be sure!); but then there are beggars with sticks in their hands. The sticks (I mean no offence) are, in this instance, the Home Rule M. P.'s. Moreover, a good many of these 'beggars who must not be choosers' have beggared themselves in the endeavor to make up the sum required under the Arrears Act and to keep their land. The landlords have got the arrears; are the people to lose the land? Mr. Parnell does not think so. Now with regard to any Irish event, it is usually safe to back Mr. Parnell. He seldom prophesies unless he knows."

THE BUST OF DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY was recently unveiled by the Lord Mayor at the Dublin Royal Exchange. Mr. T. D. Sullivan delivered an appropriate speech on the occasion, and so did the Lord Mayor, who is himself a poet. At the municipal dinner Mr. Alexander Sullivan, being called on, proposed the memory of Denis Florence McCarthy in eloquent and poetical language, which was well received by the large audience. The marble bust, by Farrell of Dublin, is a fine work of art.

MICHAEL DAVITT and Hon. Mr Healy have received judgment at the hands of the crown prosecutors for making seditious speeches. The decree commits them to jail for six months, or at the discretion of the court, in default of securities, to a fine of £1,000 each. This sentence is regarded with the utmost indignation by everybody in Dublin except Mr. Davitt, who takes humorous views of the situation. A week is allowed the prisoners to find bail.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—Hon. John Kelly, the famous Tammany chieftain, has consented to lecture in Boston on Sunday evening, February 18, for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd. The lecture will be delivered at the Boston Theatre on the date mentioned. It is expected that Governor Butler will preside, and that the Mayor and other distinguished gentlemen will be specially invited to be present. The lecture will doubtless be that recently prepared by Mr. Kelly on Irish settlements in America.

GAMBETTA was like Robespierre, inasmuch as he protested against the roughness and the ruffianism of the Republic. He dreaded the *bourgeois* solecisms of his brother revolutionists. He liked to be invited to dinner by the King of Greece, and to be the friend of the Prince of Wales, who, as his guest, was certainly never shocked by anything approaching Republican simplicity in Paris. Gambetta was active in obtaining permission for the Empress Eugénie to come and go freely in

France after her son's death; and even when he was Pro-Consul at Tours and had much to fear from the Orleanists, he treated the Orleans princes with most Chivalrous consideration. This forbearance raised, it is said, some Royalist and Imperialist hopes as to his capacity for conversion; but all such were groundless.

LAST year the United States shipped 46,162,738 bushels of grain to foreign countries from the single port of New York.

IF any one doubts that the Germans in this country inherit their love of beer, the sales of this popular beverage in Faderland ought to convince him of the fact. It is calculated that the consumption of beer in the German Empire amounted last year to the enormous total of 830,000,000 gallons.

POTTED MEAT IN ENGLAND.—A person named White, of Birmingham, was prosecuted for having disposed of potted meat made up of diseased pork and horse-flesh. On his premises were found 352 pieces of partially decomposed horse-flesh, as well as large quantities of diseased pork and beef, all of them in various stages of "preparation" for potted meat. There were also found fifty tins of duly "prepared" meat, which proved to be totally unfit for human food. The Birmingham magistrates, instead of inflicting a fine, sentenced White to three months' imprisonment in each case.

AMONG those who assisted at the Pope's Mass on New Year's Day, and received Holy Communion from his Holiness, were Captain and Mrs. De la Hoyde, who have visited Rome on their wedding tour. Captain De la Hoyde, a native of Dublin, distinguished himself as a Zouave in the services of Pius IX.

A GHOST STORY.—A Dublin correspondent states that a statement is current in Galway, and is gaining credence among the superstitious, that the ghost of Myles Joyce, the man who declared his innocence of participation in the Maamtrasna massacre on the scaffold last month, is seen nightly around and within the prison of Galway. Two soldiers, it is said, were visited while on their guard outside the jail a few nights ago, by a tall, mysterious figure, that laid hold of their rifles.

THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT.—The Irish Supply Agency, Limited, has been successfully floated. This association has been formed for the purpose of encouraging in Liverpool the sale of the native industries of Ireland. It is intending to bring into the English market the various articles of Irish manufacture, which by a mild and silent, but still effectual system of boycotting, are crushed out. The Irish Supply Association has, therefore, a peculiar interest for Irishmen, and we assume that the manufacturers of this country, in whatever trade they are engaged, will place themselves at once in communication with the directors in Liverpool. The company was registered on 23d. December, with a capital of £2,000 in £1 shares.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.—We (*London Tablet*) have had sufficient reasons for not speaking hitherto of the possibility that the great Cathedral of Westminster may, before long, be begun. But, as other papers, Catholic as well as Protestant, have not observed the same reticence, we feel compelled to say something on the subject. The report is — we do not give it on authority — that a distinguished Englishman has conceived the generous idea of erecting the Cathedral. It is further generally believed that the model which he has selected is the splendid Votive Church which was built by public subscription at Vienna to commemorate the wonderful escape of the Emperor of Austria from assassination on the 18th of February, 1853. And, as this church is in consequence being much talked about, we have thought that our readers will be glad to have an idea of its appearance, and other details connected with it, for which we are indebted to the *Builder* newspaper. The dimensions of the Vienna church are:—Greatest length, 262 ft. Span of nave, 37 ft. 6 in. Height to ceiling of nave, 93 ft. 3 in. Height of spires 325 ft.

If this almost too good news prove to be true it will be a most remarkable favor of Providence. We had long given up all hope of seeing the new Cathedral of Westminster arise during the lifetime of the present generation, and if the dream should be so speedily realized it will be a matter for the greatest thankfulness, and an unfading glory to the name of its founder. It would seem as though remarkable unworldliness, simplicity, and detachment from riches, and a zeal for God's honor, shown in the building of so many churches, even though they were not Catholic churches, would have won for him the inestimable gift of faith and the privilege of building the greatest Catholic sanctuary in England. The site for a Cathedral already in possession of the See of Westminster is two acres and a half in extent. It cost £36,000 ($180,000), and the price, within a trifle, is already paid.

Personal.

THE Archbishop of New Orleans was seventy-nine years old on the tenth of January.

THE Right Rev. Mgr. Kirby, Bishop of Lita, and Rector of the Irish College, at Rome, celebrated his eightieth birthday on New Year's Day.

THE report that Cardinal Newman is suffering from an attack of bronchitis is, we are happy to state, incorrect. His Eminence had a slight cold, but he has completely recovered. The Cardinal officiated at High Mass at the Oratory, Birmingham, on Christmas Day. His Eminence, it may be added, appeared in excellent health, and was able to say his three Masses.

MATTHEW J. MCCAFFERTY, of Worcester, Mass., has been appointed and confirmed one of the justices of the Municipal Court in Boston. The salary is $3,000 a year. Major McCafferty is well known throughout the Commonwealth as a prominent member of the Worcester county bar, and an able speaker. He was born in Ireland, June 17, 1829, and when a mere baby came to this country with his parents, who settled in Boston for a time. In 1841 the family moved to Lowell, and Matthew, who was then but 12 years of age, went to work in one of the mills of that city, where he worked for four or five years, after which he learned the machinist trade in the Lowell machine shop. In 1852 he commenced the study of law in the office of Brown & Alger, a well-known law firm of Lowell. Two years were spent in this office, when young McCafferty found his funds getting low and went to Worcester, where he worked one year more at his trade and read law evenings in the office of Hon. Peter C. Bacon of that city, having for a fellow-student in the same office Hon. Hamilton B. Staples, at present one of the judges of the Superior Court. Having saved his earnings during the year, Mr. McCafferty intended to go to Holy Cross College for a couple of years, but having visited Lowell he expended the money he had saved in making his mother's homestead more comfortable, and was subsequently compelled to borrow the money, with which he paid his way through Holy Cross College from General Butler, who has ever since taken a kindly interest in the major. He spent three terms in college, where he was known as an apt and industrious student. At the very outbreak of the war Major McCafferty took a decided stand, and urged his countrymen with all the fervid eloquence at his command to rally in defence of the Union. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1866, 1876, 1877, and 1879, serving as chairman of the committee on probate and chancery, and as a member of the judiciary and other important committees. He was also a member of the Worcester School Board, and an alderman of the city, having been elected a year ago. In 1880 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress.

The Rev. M. P. O'Brien, of the Church in Minersville, Pa., is said to be a lineal descendant of Donald O'Brien, long ago King of Limerick, and also on the mother's side, from the same ancestry as that of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

REV. A. J. RYAN, the poet-priest, has accepted an invitation from the literary societies of the University of Virginia to deliver the oration before the joint societies at the annual Commencement in June next.

MR. LEWIS C. CASSIDY, who has been appointed Attorney-General of Pennsylvania by Governor Pattison, was born in New York in 1829. His father was an Irishman, and a type-founder by trade. He studied law with Attorney-General Brewster.

THE ELECTION OF BEN BUTLER was a bitter potion for the cultured and fastidious stomach of Massachusetts to digest. There was a pious tradition in that State that no one, unless the aureola of Plymouth Rock encircled his brow, could ever sit in the gubernatorial chair of the Bay State. Ben is not cultured. He does not speak through his nose. He drinks rum, too; and there is a vague suspicion that he sometimes swears. But what of all this? Why, the abominable fellow has just appointed an Irishman — a horrid Irishman — a Catholic Irishman — an Irishman with the shocking name of McCafferty — to a circuit judgeship in the Commonwealth. A life office, too. Now insert the "Wearing of the Green," in the New England hymn book.— *Western Watchman.*

WM. H. HUGHES, ESQ., having bought out Mr. Wm. E. Savage's interest in *The Western Home Journal*, is now the sole proprietor of that paper, which is to be known hereafter as *The Michigan Catholic.*

ONE of the best things said about M. Gambetta was said by the *Paris Figaro:*— "He made nothing: he consolidated nothing. He was a trumpet. The voice died when the instrument was broken."

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE BLIND FRIEND OF THE POOR: Reminiscences of the Life and Works of Mgr. de Ségur, by one of his Spiritual children. Translated from the French by MISS MARY MCMAHON. 16mo, cloth 40 cents,

Mrg. de Ségur has done more to enlighten not only the people of France, but the world at large than most authors. In the preface to the present work it is stated the book was written during a retreat, and intended by the author to satisfy the natural impatience of the friends and spiritual children of Mgr. de Ségur while waiting the larger life which will soon appear from an authorized pen, and of which this short sketch is to serve only as a sort of preface.

Buffalo Catholic Publication Company.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL, BY REV. LOUIS A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y., with a Preface by Rev. Patrick Cronin.

We are glad to hear that this book is having a large sale. The author, Father Lambert, is among the ablest of our reverend clergy. In the preface Father Cronin says: "Oh! that we had to-day more Father Lamberts, especially in these United States, to give us opportune pamphlets like this; and thus make short work of the blatant revilers of all revealed truth, who, like a reptile brood, hiss forth their venom against Christ and His Church." Reader, get this book, and, after reading it yourself, pass it to your neighbor. Price, bound, 50c. Paper covers, 25c.

E. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF MODERN RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM. A lecture delivered in St. John's Church, St. Louis, on Sunday evening, December 17th, 1882, by Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., Bishop of Tricomia, and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo. Price 20 cents.

WE advise every one of our subscribers to get and read this lecture attentively. It is one of the distinguished prelate's best efforts.

The above books may be had of Messrs. Noonan and Co., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1883.

Professor Joseph A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, sends us the eighth annual issue of his annual. The contents are fresh and well chosen. From the advertising department, we should judge the annual was a financial success. Price only 25 cents. Address, Prof. Lyons, Notre Dame, Indiana.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING. Containing over 5,000 valuable receipts.

To those of our readers who desire a really useful book, we recommend the PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER. Address the Henry Bill Publishing Company, Norwich, Conn.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY ALMANAC, AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1883. A full report of the various Dioceses in the United States and British America, Ireland, England and Scotland. Price, paper, $1.50 net. Price, cloth, $2.00 net.

Every family should have a copy of this useful annual.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Two new books will appear during the year from the prolific pen of Rev. A. J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South. One, a volume of poems. The other, "A Crown for the King." The reverend gentleman will also write for our MAGAZINE, one or two articles on "The Religious Effects of the Lost Cause."

WALTHAM.

MR. M. W. GUINAN is our authorized agent in Waltham. He will receives subscribers and money for the same.

Mr. Guinan is the agent for the various steamships coming and going to the old country.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELVES.—In his speech at Cork, at the Parnell banquet, Father Sheehy, referring to his recent travels through New England, said he had found it to be indeed a New Ireland, of which Mr. Healy, who accompanied him, once said:—"These are the people who will settle the Irish question; these men will ever help in advancing the cause of Ireland if the Irish people are only loyal and true to themselves."

MODERN needles first came into use in 1545.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

DEATH OF A CARDINAL.—Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, died recently at the age of 88. A native of the Loire, he was ordained in 1819, speedily became a popular preacher, was appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Nancy in 1836, and was transferred to Bordeaux the following year. In 1852 he received a Cardinal's hat, which gave him a seat in the Senate during the Empire, where he warmly defended the Pope's temporal power. He was an excellent man, who won his way to the height he attained by activity, good works, a tolerant spirit, and a natural eloquence enlarged by careful study. He was 41 years old when, in 1836, Louis Phillippe's government made him Archbishop of Bordeaux; but he became a Cardinal in 1852, when Louis Napoleon needed respectabilities to fill his Senate. Alike under the elder Bourbons, the house of Orleans, and the third Bonaparte, Donnet was popular and beloved. He also deserves some remembrance on account of a singular adventure which befell him when a young man. During an illness his body assumed all the aspects of death. He was rigid, did not breathe, and his heart ceased to beat. The medical men affirmed that the youth was dead, and according to French law, he was speedily placed in his coffin, and every preparation was made for his funeral. Yet all the time he was alive, heard what was said, knew the lay and clerical folks around him; but it was not until the very last moment, just as the lid was about to be screwed down on his narrow bed, that, by a desperate effort, he broke the spell and sat up, to the horror of all who were near. Thus was he saved from living entombment. It was in the Senate, when arguing against such rapid burial, that Cardinal Donnet related his own experience to astonished listeners. Few men have had a similar escape. How many have been literally buried alive?

RIGHT REV. RICHARD ROSKELL, D. D., formerly Bishop of Nottingham, England, is dead. Dr. Roskell was born at Gateacre, near Liverpool, in 1817. He was consecrated in the See of Nottingham in September, 1853, being then in his 37th year. After holding that Bishopric for twenty-one years, he resigned the charge in September, 1874, and was succeeded by Right Rev. Edward G. Bagshawe, who still retains the See. Dr. Roskell died in his 66th year.

DEATH OF REV. JAMES KELLY, P. P. LISSAN.—Recently, the grave closed over the remains of this venerable and esteemed priest. With one or two exceptions he was the oldest clergyman in the archdiocese of Armagh. He was born in the parish of Derrynoose (Keady) about the year 1801. Having completed his collegiate course in Carlow, he was ordained priest in the year of Emancipation (1829). He filled the position of curate successively in the parishes of Stonebridge, Moy, and Dungannon, and in 1838 was promoted to the charge of the parish of Lissan by the late Most Rev. Dr. Crolly. Here he remained till his death. His last appearance in the performance of the duties of his parish was on Friday before Christmas Day, when he sat for many hours in the confessional. On the following Sunday he was unable to say Mass, and expired on Saturday, the 30th of December.

THE funeral obsequies of the late Very Rev. Canon Levins, P.P., took place at the parish church, Ardee, in presence of the Lord Primate.

REV. FATHER THOMAS BARRY died at Rockport, Mass., early Monday morning, January 8th, at 52 years of age. He was born in Ireland, educated at Rome, where he spent some ten years of his early life, then was sent as a missionary by the College of the Propaganda to Australia, where he remained some years in active service. Having at last removed to this country, he was placed in charge of the Catholic church in Hopkinton, Mass., whence he was transferred to Rockport about twelve years ago. The remains were taken to Hopkinton for interment.

THE DEATH OF THE REV. EUGENE MAGUIRE, pastor of St. Paul's Church, N. Y., is announced. Father Maguire was born in Ireland about sixty years ago, but came to this country with his parents at an early age. He was educated at St. Joseph's Seminary, and was ordained by Bishop Hughes, May 30, 1847.

REV. JOHN ELBRIDGE, S. J., a venerable priest of Liverpool, England, died in that city early in January.

THE venerable Archdeacon O'Shea died at Ballyhale. He had been in declining health for some years, and while his death cannot come upon his friends with surprise, it will cause a feeling of deep and bitter sorrow, especially among his parishioners, for whose salvation he labored with un-

tiring zeal for nearly forty years. Like his more celebrated brother, Father Robert O'Shea, he was one of the founders of the Tenants' League in 1850. He had been an eye-witness of the harrowing scenes of a couple of years before, and his unbounded and self-sacrificing charity in those days is still remembered by many in his native county. From that time forward the poor of his district never wanted a friend, and their cause a doughty and earnest champion.

SISTERS.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Madam Josephine Delpech, Superior of the Convent of Sisters of the Christian Retreat, Clapham Road, the sad event occurring on the forty-second anniversary of her religious profession. This good religious came with a few companions to establish her Order in London under Bishop Grant, at Kennington, intending, as she said, "to impart the blessings of a religious education to the middle classes of Catholics rather than to secure emolument." By her zeal she erected two convents (one having been required for the London and Chatham line) and prudently and wisely ruled her little community for thirty years.

Sister Mary Philothea McGrath died at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Milwaukee on Saturday, January 13th. May she rest in peace!

Died, on January 7th, after a long and lingering illness of 12 or 15 months, at the Convent in Council Bluffs, Sister Mary Bernadette, aged 27 years.—*Omaha Watchman.*

LAY PEOPLE.

Death of Judge Blake.—It is with deep regret we have to record the death of District Court Judge Blake. The deceased gentleman was the oldest barrister in Queensland. He was called to the Bar in King's Inn, Dublin, in 1838, having taken the B. A. degree at Trinity College, and he for some time practised in that city. He came out to New South Wales, where he for a long time held a leading position at the Bar, during which time he was also elected member for the Hunter in the Legislative Assembly, and he was afterwards called to the Legislative Council. He was eventually appointed a District Court Judge in that colony, which position he held for a considerable time. He came to this colony and was admitted to the Bar in July, 1867.

Death of an Irish Centenarian.—Bernard Doran, janitor of Grammar School No. 30, died at his home, No. 126 Mott Street, New York, at the extraordinary age of 110 years. He was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland, on January 7th, 1773, and came to New York in 1839. He was married twice, his second wife dying in 1861. His eldest child, a daughter, is living; she is nearly ninety, and a widow. His other surviving children are two sons, who are both gray-haired. His father, it is said, lived to the age of 104 years. He never smoked or drank, and was of a very quiet temperament; he never required the assistance of a medical man until his fatal illness, which was of short duration.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzsimon, mother of the Pastor of Ashton, R. I., closed a life of piety by a peaceful and happy death. The deceased lady was a convert to Catholicity; and the name of her husband, the late Prof. A. Fitzsimon, is familiar to many clergymen in this country and in Ireland as that of a rarely gifted scholar.

Lady Catherine Petre.—Another death in the Isle of Wight, occurring under very painful circumstances, will awaken a wide sympathy among Catholics in England. We refer to Lady Catherine Petre, whose death from heart disease, accelerated by an overdose of chloral, has been the subject of an inquest. Lady Catherine, who was a daughter of the Earl of Wicklow and a convert to the Catholic Church, lost her husband, the Hon. Arthur Petre, a short time since, and had since suffered from sleeplessness. That saddest of maladies she unfortunately ought to assuage by the most dangerous sedatives, because the one most often proclaimed to be harmless, with the fatal result now known. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased died from the effects of an over-dose of chloral, taken incautiously and inadvertently."

On the 14th of January, Mrs. Eliza A. Chatard, the esteemed wife of Dr. F. E. Chatard, and mother of Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, died suddenly while seated at the dinner table at her residence, 114 Park Avenue, Baltimore. She was seventy-five years of age, and the daughter of the late Silas Marean. For some days she had been in failing health, but there was no indication of such an early dissolution.

The death of Mrs. Josephine Dunne, *nee* Warner, the beloved wife of Judge Edmund F. Dunne, now of St. Antonio Colony, Florida, is announced. It is only left us to ask our reader's prayers for her soul, and that God may temper the blow to the affectionate husband. Judge Dunne and his little family have our profoundest sympathy in their great bereavement. May the deceased rest in peace.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. BOSTON, APRIL, 1883. No. 4.

"THE mission," said O'Connell, "of the Irish Nation, is to be upon the Cross, and to suffer there for the propagation of the Gospel." The late Bishop Byrne, of Little Rock, Arkansas, uttered the same thought: "Providence keeps this faithful people in affliction, that they may leave their country, and, by their dispersion, sow the seed of Christianity among distant nations." And, in fact, a martyr people, more than all others, is destined to extend the reign of faith; for, "heaven was separated from the earth, the cross has reunited them; from the foot of the cross comes everything that leads to heaven."

*Brownson's Works.**

WE have been favored with an early copy of the first volume of the new edition of Doctor Brownson's writings, and although, of course, any attempt at close criticism by us of such a magnificent trophy of cultured genius would partake somewhat of presumption, we cannot refrain from giving expression to certain thoughts which the volume now before us almost inevitably calls forth. Before considering these, however, it is only right to offer our meed of honor to the filial spirit which has actuated the learned editor in the production of this worthy edition of his eminent relative's writings, and our tribute of praise to the great publishing firm which, by the manner in which they have sent forth these volumes, will have done so much towards securing the perpetuation of a fame which the passage of years will only render the more widespread and secure. It was a happy thought, in very truth, to secure for the orthodox writings of Doctor Orestes Brownson that circulation and diffusion which the volumes now issuing will, no doubt, procure; but we cannot help thinking that it were as well to have confined the reproduction of Doctor Brownson's writings to those which he penned when the light of faith had dawned upon his soul and mind. We should be sorry to underrate the biographical—we use the word for want of a better one—value of Doctor Brownson's earlier writings, but we can only regard their republication with the noble work of his later years as an error of judgment. Of course we

* "The Works of Orestes A. Brownson, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson; Vol. 1 containing the First Part of the Philosophical Writings. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher. 1882."

realize fully and clearly the motives which have actuated him to whom is due the reissuing of the great American philosopher's writings, and we have ourselves admitted the *biographical* value of that part of the reproduction to which we have referred, but we cannot view with entire approval the republication of essays which the editor himself tells us Doctor Brownson "expressly repudiated." All that these earlier essays tell us could have been shown the general public in a prefatory biographical sketch, interspersed with judicious extracts. So much, and so much only, we wish to say upon a point which may, perhaps, for aught we know, have been debated and decided by wiser heads than ours.

Although we have written as we have done as to the reproduction of Doctor Brownson's earlier writings, we cannot avoid, even if we would, in hearing testimony to the proof they give of the toilsome, though, in his case, never wearisome search after truth which he pursued through so many years. Starting with his essay on "Philosophy and Common-Sense," published in *The Boston Quarterly Review* for January, 1838, we find him declaring that:—

"We may subject, we ought to subject, all opinions to the most rigid investigation, not for the sake of proving others in the wrong, *but for the purpose of discovering the truth*, and quickening our love and reverence for mankind." . . . "We would have every man who enters the field of philosophy enter it with a heart at peace with mankind, and *solicitous for the truth*. Let every one guard against the trammels of a school, and the pride of system. Let him beware how he adopts a darling theory, which he shall be anxious to make prevail. Let him beware how he looks on his fellow-laborers as the disciples of another school, and, therefore, enemies to be fought and vanquished. *Let him wed himself to the truth, and give it an uncompromising support;* but let him, at the same time, expect truth in all theories, and be willing to receive it, let it come to him from what quarter it may. . . . Into all our discussions we must carry a free, lofty, and earnest spirit; we must purge our hearts of all low ambition, of all selfish aims, of all wish for personal triumph. *We must fix our eyes on the True, and aspire to the Holy.*"

That this extract, of course, contains some teaching to which it would be most unwise and undesirable to give sweeping or general application, goes without the saying, and we therefore chiefly quote it for the sake of those passages which we have italicized, and not for the sake of such as that which inculcates "reverence for mankind." It must be remembered that when Doctor Brownson published this essay he was a believer "in the progressive perfectibility of the human race," and denied "all authority except that of humanity."* He was still searching, as he wrote four years afterwards in the *Democratic Review*, in the course of a paper upon Professor Schmucker's Psychology, for "a genuine psychology, one worth the writing or the reading." In the course of the essay to which we have last alluded, the following remarkable words occur:—

"What does man live for? In relation to what should he be instructed? Is a work which throws no light, which does not even profess to throw any light on any of the great practical questions of real life, precisely the work for our young men to study,—a work that indicates no lofty social, political, moral, or religious ideal on the part of the

* Introduction to new edition of Doctor Brownson's works, by Henry F. Brownson.

author, and that demands no pure, deep, serious purpose, no high, holy, and moral aspirations on the part of the student? What, again, do we live for? Has life no purpose? Was man made merely to play at marbles? If man was made for an end more serious, high, and solemn, what is it? 'What is the chief end of man?' That end once determined, should not all instruction, all education, nay, all life, be directed to its fulfilment?"

There is the right ring in these words. Listen to the following, taken from the same essay:—

"All faith, if genuine, if deep, if earnest, if living, is, say what we will to the contrary, exclusive and intolerant. Nothing is so exclusive and intolerant as truth, which has no patience with error, but excludes the semblance even of falsehood. This excessive liberality, about which some men take it into their heads to talk, which regards all opinions with equal respect, and alike proper to be inculcated, is not liberality but indifferency, and more to be dreaded in Society, in Church, or State, than the most narrow-minded bigotry, or the most ranting fanaticism. . . . A man who is as willing to see falsehood as truth propagated, is no true man. He may be learned, polite, decorous, but God, truth, righteousness, have no greater enemy than he on earth, or under the earth. Such are the men who are always in our way."

Sometimes Brownson was fain to confess the difficulty he experienced in realizing the attainment of any actual or near fulfilment of the dream of human perfectibility. He had to acknowledge that this man-made gospel was really unproductive of genuine assurance, that there would not "always be the Infinite Unknown," and therefore "never any resting-place in the pursuit after knowledge. *Eternally* must we aspire to know, and *eternally* may we rise higher and higher, in the "scale of our knowledge, and *still see* the Infinite Unknown, rising dark and dread, and frowning above us.* This was a false philosophy, begotten of a false creed.

Ten years later, how differently Brownson could write:

"Heathen philosophy forgot the first verse of Genesis: 'In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.' It lost sight of the creative act of the Divinity, and hence it was never able to attain to sound theology, even in the natural order. The philosophers of our age lose sight of the same fact, and hence their errors. . . . We have shown that God is, and that He is the very principle of all our intelligence, the fountain of all truth, and the source of all light. As such, we are in immediate relation with Him, are, in our own minds, intimately united to Him. Let it be our study to be intimately united to Him in our hearts by a never-failing charity, which loves Him above all things for His own sake."

In his own *Quarterly Review*, in 1855, this noble-hearted and great-minded man wrote as follows:

"The age in which we live is to be pitied rather than declaimed against. It is restless and unhappy. It is seeking rest and finding none. Its heart is loving, but it has no object it can love. It is empty and desolate. Its song is the low melodious wail of sorrow, or the wild lament of despair. Can we not speak to this age a word of hope? Can we not give to these sorrowing souls the object their hearts crave? We have that word of hope. We know what their hearts need, what it is, and where it is to be found. Their sorrow has been ours, their despair we have felt, and in their unrest we have shared. We have found faith, we have found hope, we have found a sweet, ineffable repose. Why can we not aid them?"

* The italics in this quotation are ours.

The question which Dr. Brownson penned twenty-seven years ago might well be put now again to American Catholics, for never was it more needful than now, that through this great and noble and fruitful land should pass the full spirit of that glorious Catholicity which we hold dear ourselves. We see those of the American people who stand outside the radiance of that marvellous light which ever circles and illumines God's church, the prey of religious disquietude, moral wrong, and hapless, lifeless, despairing infidelity; the dupes of charlatans, knaves, and fools; hastening fast to that social disorganization which nay blast for many a century the happiness of a land and people upon which the beneficent hand of an Almighty Creator has showered countless blessings in a measure hardly vouchsafed to any other. And now, while writing upon this point, we have a word or two of sincere and well-merited praise to utter of the manner in which Mr. Henry F. Brownson has written on the same subject in his Introduction to the present collection of his father's works. We have commented upon what we deem to be an error of judgment on his part, but we confess to having been almost led to doubt the justification of our own criticism as we noted the words of sterling verity which he has prefixed to the volume now upon our desk. It has appeared strange to us if one who can write so clearly, so truly, so eloquently, can have really erred in adopting the course we have previously alluded to, and yet, seeing that the diffusion of erronous doctrine, philosophy, or writing, is not a thing — as it seems to us — to be countenanced or approved, we have felt bound to speak our mind upon the subject. Had the earlier writings of Doctor Brownson been supplemented by copious foot notes, containing full correction of all errors in the text, we should, most probably, have had no remark to make, but though we have deemed it our duty to point out what we can only consider a blemish upon a surely praiseworthy undertaking, we are not the less anxious to draw equal attention to that other work which is strictly the editor's own, and which seems to us to be truly worthy of the son of such a father. Hardly a page of Mr. Brownson's Introduction but contains some explanations, statements, or reflections, of great value and eminently worthy of deep consideration. Take the following passage for instance:—

"No government, democratic, aristocratic, or monarchial, is, or can be, a good government if divorced from religion and moving on independently of the Church. No secular order suffices for itself without the aid of the Catholic Church, or even with her aid, if Catholics adopt the false maxim that their politics have nothing to do with their religion, or in politics, act as if God had no rights and they no religion. The *Sylabus* condenses the separation of Church and State in the sense that the State is independent of the Church or spiritual authority, or that politics is not subject to the Law of God. God is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and the State, whatever its constitution, is subject to His supreme and universal law, and bound by His law, as declared by His Church, as much as is the individual himself."

Never were words more true given to the world. In their adoption will lie the best hope and security for the future of American society, by their adoption and fulfilment alone will the Catholics of America prove their right

to the mission which assuredly has been offered them. In no land more than in this one is the need of a thoroughly organized Catholic party felt, of a militant Catholic party, of one whose watchword would be "God and the Right," whose battle would be against wrong, or fraud, or abuse, let the wrong, or fraud, or abuse have its origin where it might. This is what we want, this is what we will have in every country in God's own good time, when the old party names of Liberal and Conservative, Republican and Democratic, will be dead and forgotten things, and men at last will realize that the only rightful justification of strife, is the soundly ascertained claims of Right. If this is to be so in our time, it will be because the Catholic people of America will have realized the great destiny which Doctor Brownson pictured for them when he wrote:—

"We are the people of the future and to us the scholars of all nations must ere long look. This is our high destiny. . . There is no time for us to trifle, and we have no thought to waste on what is frivolous and ephemeral. We must be great, grand, solemn. . . All augurs well and is significant of good. We are evidently preparing ourselves for the high mission which God has given us as a people, and unless we strive hard to fail, we shall ere long, be found in the front rank of the nations, our faces and our step, onward, and still onward towards the True, the Beautiful, and the Good."

These words were written ere the influence of Faith had shed its radiance upon the mind of Orestes A. Brownson, but they are, in a certain sense, understood in a certain way — as he would, we doubt not, have them understood were he alive to pen them to-day—absolutely true and we are well content to regard them as forecasts of the happy and glorious time when the Catholic laity of America will awaken to a full sense of their responsibilities as well as of their power.

WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

Religious Educational Orders.

THE zeal of the Catholic Church in the cause of popular education is notably demonstrated in the number and variety of the religious orders and congregations devoted to the mission of teaching in colleges, academies, and schools. In fact, the existence and the wide dispersion of these communities is in itself a standing and striking refutation of the calumny so often put forward that the Catholic Church encourages ignorance, and has been almost invariably an obstacle and a carrier to the spread of knowledge and the acquisition of learning.

The history of the Church from the beginning shows the utter falsity of the charge. We owe to the fostering encouragement of the Church all that we possess of ancient classic literature, the multiplication of the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of the Early Fathers, which were preserved to us and handed down through her agency by the vigilance and care of the monks of the greatly maligned "dark ages." It is to the Church we are

indebted for the foundation of nearly all the great universities of Europe, which were first established by the zeal of Catholic kings and bishops, and endowed with so lavish munificence that the fruit of their country endures to this day, though unhappily prevented in many instances from the pious and benevolent intentions of their Catholic founders.

It is, however, solely to the religious educational orders we design to refer in this sketch, in testimony of the zeal and solicitude shown by the Church to multiply schools and to foster and encourage science and learning.

These orders are to be found in every part of the known world. In the great cities of Europe, (unless driven out by the infuriate hatred of Prussian despots or French radicals), and on the distant shores of Australia. They have penetrated into the dim interior of countries once the seat of ancient civilization, as in Egypt, India and China; and they are likewise in the young cities and capitals of America everywhere demonstrating, the capacity and devotion to the work to which their members have consecrated their talents and their lives.

The names of these different religious educational orders would make a long litany and, it is scarcely possible to give an accurate list of those regularly recognized by the church and distinctively devoted to this special work.

We shall merely attempt to enumerate those best known in the United States, though the list will then be far from perfect or complete. Commencing with the venerable "Servitus," and the "Benedictines," there follows, "Dominicans," "Franciscans," "Carmalites," "Augustinians," "Redemptorists," "Sulpitians," "Capuchins," "Jesuits," "Christian Brothers," "Congregation of the Holy Cross," "Sisters of Charity," "Sisters of St. Dominic," "Sisters of Loretta," "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," "Sisters of St. Joseph," "Nuns of the Visitation," "Order of the Presentation," "Ursulines," "Sisters of the Holy Cross," "Sisters of Mercy."

A reference to the pages of the Catholic Almanac would serve to greatly extend the list, but it suffices to give an approximate idea of the resources and agencies employed by the Church in providing for the educational wants of her Catholic children. The ranks of these orders are not recruited from the ignorant and illiterate classes. On the contrary, the best educated, the most highly cultured among her children who manifest the other indispensable qualities, piety and zeal for souls, are those generally to be found consecrating their lives and talents to the service of God and their fellow creatures. The heirs to thrones, the daughters of kings not unfrequently have relinquished birth-rights, honors, rank, and dignities, giving up all for God, to spend the rest of their lives in the humble garb and conforming to the austere life and practices of one or another religious order, teaching in the schools or consecrating themselves to works of piety and charity. How many notable examples might be cited in the United States alone from amongst the sons and

daughters of the most eminent and distinguished families in the land, who voluntarily and cheerfully relinquished and gave up all the ties and allurements of honor, family, position, prospects, society, to follow the call of grace and duty.

We have sometimes been asked "what pay and salary is allotted to those learned and painstaking professors in our colleges, to those highly educated and rarely gifted ladies who teach in our schools and academies." And when the answer was given "No pay or salary at all, beyond merely their board, lodging and clothes — and a life of self-denial!" the reply would be received with a shrug of wondering amazement and incredulity. Yes! it is undoubtedly an enigma to the wondering, a mystery to the skeptic and the unbeliever, but is an enigma and mystery clear to those who divine the motive and can fathom the mystery; a motive which has GOD for its object and ETERNITY for its end!

The value and importance of the services rendered by these religious orders in training and educating the youth of the country, and the permanent influence for good effected through their teaching, can scarcely be over-estimated. That influence is invariably on the side of virtue and morality, the improvement and elevation of the individual and the permanent good of society. Some of the most thoughtful and sagacious American writers acknowledge the growing evils and dangers of our existing system of education in which God is wholly ignored and the Commandments, and the moral precepts of the Gospel altogether put out of sight.

They begin to see the disastrous tendency of a training that exposes its fruits in the growing disregard and contempt for all religious and moral restraints, and a consequent weakening and decay of public morals; in the evil and reckless spirit, now so prevalent, which mocks at things bitter to hold sacred, and threatens to throw off all restraint, and riot only in disorder.

And there are more dangerous perils, and still lower depths beyond which the present tendency sharply foreshadows. In this situation the benignant influence of the teaching orders, and the force and power of Catholic training cannot but be widely felt, though it is not in human nature as we find it to acknowledge the full measure of its indebtedness, or to adequately acknowledge the extent of the services rendered. No matter, these bodies of devoted *religious* untiringly pursue their appointed tasks, moulding the hearts of the young, directing their intelligence, influencing their wills according to the model and standard of Christian duty and perfection.

The lessons taught in college, academy and schools, the good influence exerted by moral precept, and still more by example, is carried into thousands of homes, and spreads with leavening effect through every grade and condition of society.

It is seen and felt in the duty and obedience shown by sons to their parents; in the grace and purity that shines conspicously in the convent-

trained girls who carry into every circle the piety, intelligence, sweetness and delicacy of character whlch they derive from their convent experience and education.

What a prodigious army is employed in this noble work! and what multiplied and various talent is enlisted in this service? The rewards commonly sought and generally allotted in return for the exercise of these varied gifts are seldom or never vouchsafed to those who devote their lives and talents to the service of youth in our colleges and schools.

The professors and "Sisters" look for no recognition from school-boards — they get no flattering mention in the newspapers; their very names even are generally unknown to the world; and yet what rare and precious talents and qualities are given to the service of society by these trained and accomplished teachers?

Who knows, who shall ever know on earth the extent and measure of the earthly sacrifices made by these learned *professors*, these painstaking, humble *Christian Brothers*, these devoted "*Sisters?*" Their zeal is not inspired by merely human ambitions; nor does it find its reward in *pay* or popular applause.

We owe to the self-devotion of the teaching orders some of the most precious fruits of religious zeal. Through its influence and by its aid, it has been possible to multiply Christian schools all over the land; to establish colleges and academies in the principal centres of population that are entitled to rank in point of educational excellence and renown with the most richly endowed and highly favored non-Catholic institutions.

The work will not flag, nor this zeal be permitted to diminish. The spirit that reared in other ages and in other lands the notable universities and colleges which remain to testify to the educational enthusiasm and devotion of the Catholic Church, is not dead.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

American Landlordism.

H. J. Desmond, Milwaukee, Wis.

OLD Rome drifted from its republican simplicity into the vortex of imperialism through the channel of ancient landlordism. The agrarian struggles under the leadership of the fated Gracchi were the expiring protest of the democratic spirit. "Italy was destroyed, Rome fell," says Pliny, "by reason of the great landed estates."

With millions of acres of unoccupied lands in our western domain, we have heretofore had very little fear of an American landlordism. But it is

nevertheless true that we have been enjoying a dangerous security. Our public domain is not exhaustless. The tide of immigration from Europe and the older states is rapidly lessening the extent of "government lands." At the close of the revolutionary war, the people of the United States, as a community, were the owners of 1,835,000,000 acres of land. Within the period of a century over 1,300,000,000 acres of this vast domain have passed into the hands of private parties, and with our present rate of growth every tillable acre of the remaining 500,000,000 will, within the next twenty years, undoubtedly pass into the possession of the individual owner.

While our public domain is thus rapidly slipping away from us, it is wise and proper to inquire "whither?" If into the hands of an honest and industrious people in equal lots or divisions, we can see it go with considerable satisfaction. But if it is being accumulated in great tracts by single individuals: or, if it is passing into landed estates with tenants doing the cultivation, and landlords collecting the profits, we cannot but apprehend great peril to our American social and political freedom, because, between land thus held and partitioned and the principle of equality, there is a deadly antagonism.

The first perilous circumstance to be noted is the increasing number of great farms in this country. These establishments invariably carry with them tenants and farm-laborers as necessary auxiliaries. Their growth and permanance imply the growth and permanance of a tenant-class and a farm-laboring population; doing the drudgery of American agriculture, but not owning a foot of American soil. The census of 1870 showed that the number of farms in the United States exceeding 1,000 acres each in size was 3400. By the census of 1880 the number is 28,600, an alarming growth of neary 800 per cent. The number of farms of from 500 to 1,000 acres was in 1870, nearly 15,000. There are now over 75,000 such farms, an increase of fully 500 per cent.

This result has been chiefly procured through the lavish and corrupt appropriation by Congress and by State Legislatures of vast public areas to railroad corporations. If it were expedient to help these enterprises the aid voted should have been in money regularly obtained by taxation. The lands thus voted away in whole townships and counties were intended by nature as the homes of future generations, and they should have been kept in trust by the public for that purpose. These future men and women will now have to buy back their natural inheritance at high prices from the monopolists who own them or they must enter upon them as tenants of landed corporations. There has been in this instance of blind legislation a great and irretrievable breach of trust on the part of the Present to the Future.

By the census of 1870 we are enabled to obtain some idea of the extent to which this sad injustice has been carried. The following table has to do with those states and territories where the unappropriated land-wealth of the United States is generally considered to lie:

	Acres Appropriated.	*Acres Improved.*
Colorado.	4,497,227	95,594
Utah.	5,405,127	118,735
New Mexico.	6,890,905	143,007
Washington.	3,819,184	192,016
Dakota.	6,029,108	42,645
Montana.	6,248,540	84,678
Idaho	3,124,377	26,003
Arizona.	4,050,051	14,585
Total	40,064,519	717,293

It is thus apparent that while scarcely 720,000 acres of our great west were in actual use as farming land and had gone into the possession of *bona fide* settlers, over 39,000,000 acres was held in great tracts by speculators who had no intention to settle down and cultivate their property, but who were waiting for a rise and keeping in readiness a condition of affairs, that might easily with the growth of population develop into a system of American landlordism.

It is estimated that nearly 200,000,000 acres of land have come into the possession of railroad companies since 1860. Thousands of acres of this have been sold to speculators, but enough still remains in the original grantees, to furnish a basis for a gigantic landlordism. The eleven corporations mentioned below own, between them, over 120,000,000 acres:

	Acres.
Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company	1,009,296
Oregon Central Railroad	1,200,000
North Wisconsin Railroad	1,800,000
St. Paul and Pacific Railroad	1,175,000
Pensacola and Georgia Railroad	1,568,720
Wisconsin Central Railroad	1,800,000
New Orleans B. R. and V. Railroad	3,800,000
Texas Pacific Railroad	18,000,000
Northern Pacific Railroad	47,000,000
Atlantic and Pacific Railroad	42,000,000
St. Paul and St. Vincent Extension	2,000,000

The following list of some of our American land-holders and their estates is far from being as complete as it might be made, but it is nevertheless highly suggestive of the growing peril to American equality from this quarter:

	Acres.
Sir George Reed (in Florida.)	2,000,000
H. Diston, ,, ,,	2,000,000
The late Col. D. C. Murphy,	4,100,000
Phillips, Marshall and Co., London,	1,300,000
Standard Oil Company,	1,000,000
Ex-Senator Dorsey,	500,000
Duke of Sutherland,	410,000
Earl of Dunraven (in Col.,)	60,000
Earl of Dunmore,	100,000

Here we have nearly 11,500,000 acres in the possession of nine owners; this is equal to an area of nearly 18,000 square miles. When it is recollected that Ireland contains but 32,000 square miles it will be understood how much greater an Ireland we are permitting to grow up in our midst (no account being here taken of the great Dalrympel, Glenn and Vanderbilt wheat farms, nor of the great cattle ranches of Texas).

There has been an encouraging increase of American farms since the census of 1870, the number being now over four millions; but there is a disagreeable significance in the further fact that one out of every four American farmers does not own the soil which he is tilling. The census of 1880 tells us that 1,024,000 farms in the United States are rented. There are over 1,000,000 American tenant-farmers — 200,000 more than Ireland had in the palmiest days of Irish landlordism, and the American "tenant-population" to-day, is probably twice that of Ireland.

There is but one reasonable conclusion in view of this enormous growth of American landlordism. While the public lands are still open to settlement our people must resolve to acquire domain of the soil. Grants of agricultural lands to railroad corporations must cease absolutely, and the proposition must be seriously entertained of invoking the power of eminent domain to the end of reappropriating to the uses of the state the vast tracts of land so foolishly granted away to speculating corporations.

Music as a Language.

Saint Augustine tells us that one day a famous Athenian soldier being a a banquet, was asked to play the lyre. "I cannot," replied the warrior. "Cannot!" echoed the party, "what then can you do?" "I can make a small state great," was the caustic reply. And no doubt this would be a very convenient answer for many unmusical gentlemen of the present day, if they were all as great and famous as Themistocles. But as it was, it did not screen even the Athenian hero from loss of reputation, for Cicero tells us that he lost it. "*Themistocles . . cum in epulis recusaret lyream est habitus indoctior*" (*Tusc: Disp.* 1. 2.). And we can easily understand how this was the case. For Quinctilian, Cicero, and others assure us that music was held in the very greatest repute both in Greece and Rome. Strabo declared that music was the work of God. Plutarch calls it the universal science. Quinctilian says that it is joined to the knowledge of divine things; that the wisest men were studious of music; and that it formed part of the education of youth from the days of Chiron and Achilles. The Fathers of the Church, too, are of the same opinion as the old philosophers; and whilst St. Chrysostom tells us that nothing so elevates the mind and inspires it with love of wisdom, Cassiodorus asserts that it

dispels sorrow, softens cruelty, and excites to activity. These assertions may indeed be thought exaggerated, nevertheless they are fair testimonies of the high esteem in which music was held in olden times. They clearly prove that men believed that music had a great and peculiar influence over the human heart and mind.

And now let us ask how it was, and still is, that music enjoys such esteem? What is the secret of its influence? What is it that puts music on a par with poetry and eloquence? Is music, then, a second language—a language dissimilar to speech indeed in its formation, in its directness of expression, and in the universality of its use; but similiar to it in its general media; equal to it, at least, in giving pleasure, and far superior to it in arousing our passions and emotions? Let us approach the answer *à longé* — Man is naturally delighted with regularity of measure, and variety of movement. To seek these things in sound, is the natural inclination of our constitution. Every organ finds pleasure in its own object, and the ear finds its pleasure in music. Hence Novalis said that "all enjoyment is musical." For music preeminently employs or cultivates the representation of those very measures and movements which are so agreeable to our nature. Let us add to this, that music has the power of imitation, and we see vividly a first reason for its influence. No man can listen without some pleasure, to the rippling stream, the murmuring waterfall, the warbling of birds, the regular dip and plash of oars, the martial tread of warriors, the lullaby of the evening zephyr, the mighty voices of the ocean—now vast, yet soft, now terrible and tempestuous. But all these sounds are imitated by music, and men feel and recognize the imitation. Now notice well that by the very fact of such imitation, we are necessarily, though indirectly, reminded of those very things to which such sounds, and measures, and motions are attached. Let this be the *first* step on our way to a conclusion, and now let us proceed.

If music has a pleasure for the mere sense, it has still greater for the inward feelings. No one can fairly deny this. Even Aristotle, whose writings the poet Gray describes as "tasting like chopped hay, or rather chopped logic," even Aristotle admits it, in his famous problem on the audible. Plutarch describes at length the excitement undergone by the Spartans on hearing martial airs. Every one of us has read similar accounts of Highlanders, Switzers, and others, being filled with delight on hearing music unexpectedly, and from the days when people learned good manners by listening to Orpheus, all men have felt the like experience. Yea, Job describes even the horse as rejoicing at the sound of the trumpet; and Shakespeare tells us of "youthful and unhandled colts"—

> "You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
> Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
> By the sweet power of music."

If there be any one still unconvinced, let such a man ask his friend to

play for him on the piano in succession, "Champagne Charlie," and the Dies Iræ," "Slap Bang," and the "Moonlight Sonata." But if even this will not convince him, let him give heed to the following legend :— A handsome yeoman was resting one evening three hundred years ago, in a copse in a wood. The moon was shining, of course, and the yeoman was musing; for the same was a poet. And as he mused he repeated certain lines he had lately written :—

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

As he said this half aloud, the squire came suddenly upon him. And instantly that squire, being a hasty man, decided that the poet was a poacher. Being also most intensely unmusical, he turned a deaf ear to Will's entreaties; and being a lawyer, he gave poor Shakespeare the benefit of the law. But times rolled on, and rolling on, improved. Will had gained a great name; and, as luck would have it, he one day got a chance of revenging himself on his unmusical adversary. The squire had come to the theatre, where Will was engaged. Will perceived him, and going round to the stage, he inserted the following lines in the play :—

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus :
> Let no such man be trusted."

The lawyer took it all to himself, he declared his firm belief in the power of musical language over the affections, and afterwards led a virtuous life. We will take the same for granted, and proceed with our argument. Music has an influence over the emotions of the soul. Now every one, from Aristotle to Schlegel, declares that there is a strong analogy and correspondence between our feelings and ideas. Wherefore we may conclude that, by its power over our affections, music indirectly inspires and suggests ideas to the mind. We have now but one step to the conclusion.

Every one knows the importance to an orator of a good delivery. Emphasis, accent, pace, tone, volume of voice, pitch and force, these are matters of the utmost importance to a speaker. The power of expression is half of eloquence. Now in power of expression, music is supreme. This was noticed two thousand years ago by the philosopher, who, in his own dry, sententious way asserted it, when he said that the expressive power of music was such as to represent human actions and manners. And Quinctilian was so persuaded of the same truth, that with a pardonable touch of enthusiasm he declared that without music there could be no oratory. For this reason also it is that Twining, with Harris, Beattie, and others aver that music, "even without words," can suggest ideas; and that St. Augus-

tine teaches that "the science of music is probably the science of moving well the mind."

Hence, then, it now seems only fair to conclude that music may be called a language. True there is a certain vagueness about it, and so there is about our own feelings; and as Schlegel says, "Music is the outward expression and change of the soul's emotions." Moreover this vagueness is relative. To an uneducated ear, to a mind that has no power of forming analogies, to a soul devoid of quick and delicate feelings, this vagueness may be great. But to a musician, cultivated, imaginative and sensitive, this vagueness dwindles into unnoticeable proportions.

An important conclusion results from what has now been said. If music be a language, it certainly possesses a magnificent literature. And if we think it worth our while to spend our time and energies in acquiring a foreign tongue for the sake of reading the works in that particular language, surely it is not unfair to conclude that we have equal reason to study a language whose literature is universal, and more extensive, and more delightful than the literature of any national speech spoken on the earth.

The Bible.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan, in Montreal.

Fame, name, applause, and admiration I appreciate, but a smile from God or a tear from the penitent who comes to me to confession is far dearer to me. I am to lecture on "The Bible." This is a Bible (showing it)— it is in English— God never taught English. English is the most ambiguous language on earth, because it has robbed every other language. The Bible is a poem, God is the poet, the words are those of the Holy Spirit, the refrain is Christ and His Mother Mary. It begins like a poem, it ends like a poem. More than this, it is a drama: in it thousands of characters; in it thousands good and bad, saints and sinners; girls, boys, men, and women, move along its pages, all move along towards the stable and then toward Mount Calvary. Christ is there. He is the central figure—the supreme character. It is song. From Genesis to Revelations it is a song; now the singer is deeper than his song; the speaker deeper than his words. God is not confined to this book. It cannot talk; it cannot hear. It has no heart, no eyes, no soul. It is a deep book; full of philosophy, the germs of philosophy. Yet it is not a geological nor a philosophical work; it is God's true story; it is God's memoir, full of characters of all classes. The sunshine of God moves along every line. But this book could not represent God. It cannot hear; it cannot speak; it is a book, nothing but a book. It cannot be the foundation of any true religion; that must be something that talks, and lives among living men; it must be a church, not a book. I know a great many stake their salvation on this book. I do not. God is not in this book; his words are there,

and when a man sits down to read it his mind works and he reads not what really is there, but what he wants to find there. It is God's sweet song; His drama, tragic, full of theology, philosophy, and the germs of science; but—is it not still? I wish it was the lecturer this evening; then you would hear eloquence, indeed; but, as it is, it needs an interpreter. I have written some things in my life. My poems are my children. I challenge any one to tell me my thoughts when I wrote my poems; to describe the manifold feelings—the hopes, fears, anguish they cost me. And you tell me you understand the book; you do not. I do not, and I do not wish to understand it, for then I would be equal to God and God cannot have an equal. And yet people take the book and read it, and think they understand the fulness of God: do they, even if they read it prayerfully and carefully, understand it? St. Augustine, and he was a scholar, said that were he to live a thousand years he could not understand it. The Sacred History has become a dangerous book, which, as the book itself says, the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction.

I have a mother who taught me to read this book. She made me love it, and she consecrated me to the priesthood. I would not change my black habit for the mantle of an emperor. I have that mother's picture; I kiss it, I keep it carefully; I would not like to see it thrown around making it common. Still this book is made common, it is thrown around hotels and in the cars. Now, I have seen this book in the smoking-car and have seen persons take it and jeer and sneer at it. You have made it common. A mother's picture and God's Word must be guarded, and not thrown around.

The Catholic Church was founded before the first lines of the gospel were written. The Bible is not the root of faith; it is the fruit of faith. Some seem to think they see the autograph of God in the Bible. The first copy of it ever found dated the fourth century, and that one was not an autograph at all. It commenced with words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That settled the point.

Scientists — God help us — deny that we came from God and presume to tell us we came from oysters, monkeys, etc. If those philosophers came from monkeys I leave them with their mates. Let those who will, forget God, but let them herd with animals.

The New Testament begins with Christ. He came through a stable and flung his splendor over it, and that stable remains on earth, and the stable is a temple and the manger an altar. The Blessed Mother of Christ wrote part of the new Testament, "The Magnificat," that beautiful poem which is still chanted at vesper-tide in every Catholic Church in the world. Catch the key-note of the "Magnificat"; read it, but explain how a little girl could say with such sweetness and humility: "All nations shall call me blessed."

Many men wrote the Old Testament, many wrote the New. It is the book of books in the Church, interpreted by the Church, where the Holy Spirit, the source of divine inspiration, ever dwells. But it is a dangerous book to those who take their own belief out of its pages. The Catholic Church

does not chatter when it talks. It merely listens to the chatterers all over the world; but when error attacks the Church speaks, "Believe or anathema." Can any other church do this! No: they talk; they chatter; they disagree. The Church has spoken only twenty times in as many Councils, and has said truth every time.

Faith comes by hearing, not by reading the book. St. Augustine says he would not believe in the Bible, unless the Church told him to do so. There are some who say the Catholic Church does not allow her children to read this book. I'm a Southern man, and I speak plainly: It is a lie, an infamous lie, and those who say it know it is a lie, therefore they are liars. They read the Bible, and what is the consequence! One book, One God, One Christ, One Holy Ghost! I beg your pardon — churches after churches. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, the Methodist, Baptist, &c., and these again subdivided.

The reverend gentleman then told several incidents of the late war in the South, which he had personally seen as a chaplain in one of the confederate regiments. Here is one of them: I was sent for one day by an Irish officer who was wounded in the leg. That officer was young, handsome and — ladies — he was unmarried. I heard his confession, gave him communion, and spoke with him a while. He began to speak with me on the beauty of the Catholic religion, and the consolation it gave to a person on the point of death. Now, in the South we have no stoves, but we have large hearths on which the fires are built. Another officer also wounded took a book and flung it into the fire. I asked him what he did that for. "Father Ryan," said he, "that's my Protestantism gone to hell." It was his Protestant Bible. I was sorry for the poor book, and told him he should not have destroyed it. "I want to become a Catholic," said he. I told him I would instruct him. "I do not want any instruction," said he; "I will believe on your word." I told him it would be a grand act of faith, but that he must be instructed. So I instructed and baptized him.

The formula of the Catholic Church is very simple: I believe all the Church believes. That makes me strong. I do not lean on the book; I lean on the devotion, learning, and faith of eighteen centuries. I would ask those who stake all on the Bible to show me the lives of your saints. You cannot do it. Then do not talk of the Bible, for if you cannot show its results, what good has it done?

The Rev. Father Perry, S.J., who, together with the Rev. Father Sidgreaves, S.J., and Brother Carlisle—all of Stonyhurst College—was one of the Royal astronomers appointed by the English Government to go out on the transit of Venus expedition, Madagascar being the station of observation appointed for him, has, with his confreres, just returned to England. Father Perry is now in London, and is about to report to one of the Royal Scientific Societies the result of his observations, which, we understand, have been eminently successful.

The Blind Friend of the Poor.

A VERY interesting book has recently been published by the Messrs. Benziger, being some reminiscences of the life and works of Mgr. de Ségur, who was born in France in 1820. His baptismal name was Louis Gaston Adrien. His mother always called him Gaston. The country people who were admitted into the family, recall having seen young Gaston at Nouëttes, and they speak of traits of character which even then showed him to be the generous friend of children and of the poor. The following came to our notice. He had to have a tooth drawn, an operation which children always dread; he refused to submit to it. There stood the dentist, instrument in hand. His mother coaxed him, commanded him, promised him ten francs, but the child still obstinately refused. Just then he saw a poor man in the avenue of the castle. "Doctor," said he to the dentist, "you may take out my tooth." When the operation was over he turned to his mother, saying, "Mamma, will you be good enough to give me my ten francs?" and as soon as he received them he ran to give them to the poor man for whom he had suffered.

At six years of age, he was sent to college. On their holidays, Gaston, instead of going to play with his little companions, was only happy when with his mother, who was then weak and delicate. He would seat himself at a table near her bed, or on the floor by her sofa, and neglecting the toys and books which he had at hand, he sat with his large, handsome eyes fixed on his mother, watching secretly her every movement, ready to serve her, talking all the while of his studies, his companions, of his family, of everything to divert her and to make the time pass quickly. He was always very anxious that the conversation should never flag, and whenever there was a forced silence he had recourse to two little schemes which were worth a thousand times more than the sallies of the most charming conversation: he would put his little arms around his mother's neck, and embrace her long and lovingly, kissing her tenderly, saying in his most loving tones, "Mother, I have still ten hours to remain with you; I have seven hours more, two more hours; mother, I have only one hour more." He counted the minutes; tears came as the hands of the clock advanced. The hour struck and he departed. He went away crying, but mamma did not cry till after he was gone. One day he was told that he could not go home the following Sunday. He had made a caricature of his professor swimming in a large bottle of vinegar. The first work of the future artist must have been well done, for, although well disguised, it was seized by the master, who readily recognized himself. Gaston wept bitterly, and was very sad that day. The professor, who slightly resembled Napoleon I., several of whose portraits adorned his room, had a mania for trying by his pose, gestures, and his bearing, to increase the resemblance. Sunday approached, and Gaston, who knew the weakness of the master, devised a little plan. He went to the professor's room, and kneeling, begged his pardon, promising never to do so again. He pleaded and implored, but to no avail. The master was inflexible. There he stood, with his hand on his breast, in the folds of his gown, which is his favorite attitude. Gaston, regaining his self-possession, seized the favorable moment, and pointing to the emperor's picture hanging on the wall, he exclaimed with astonishment: "Ah, professor, how much you resemble Napoleon: the same attitude, the same

expression, the same brow, and I might say almost the same features." The professor was disarmed, the favor granted, and Gaston allowed to see his mother the next holiday.

It was on Christmas eve, in 1842, while serving his confessor's mass in the chapel of "The Gesu," that Gaston de Ségur felt the signs of his vocation to the priesthood. Fearing to be misled by enthusiasm, however, he waited for a time, and, in the company of the pious and learned Abbé de Cazalès, made a pilgrimage to Loretto in the beginning of the year 1843. Here Gaston offered himself as a holocaust, and made a vow to keep "the beautiful and pure virtue." Three centuries before, Saint Francis de Sales, then a young lord and a brilliant pupil of the University of Padua, made the same vow. Thus widely separated, these two characters exhibit the same courage and the same immolation.

Gaston de Ségur left Rome, and immediately on his arrival in Paris he entered the Seminary of Saint Sulpice d'Issy, to prepare himself for the greatest act that man can perform on earth.

Gaston made while at Saint Sulpice several caricatures which his family still perserve with great care; one of these drawings shows in a special manner his joyous humor. It represents a car drawn by several seminarians, while at the back of the car one of the directors of the seminary pulls in opposite direction; the Superior coming unexpectedly to the aid of the director throws books in front of the seminarians in order to block up the road. The picture was called *The Car of Progress.*

From the day on which he was made sub-deacon, the young Levite, marching with giant strides, outstripped his companions. When the solemn moment of his ordination arrived he was fully prepared; and the Archdeacon, replying to questions of the Archbishop of Paris, did not hesitate to affirm that Gaston de Ségur was worthy of Holy Orders and the honor of the priesthood, *He was a priest at heart, even before he was ordained!* * The Abbé de Ségur was ordained priest on the 18th of December, 1847, by Mgr. Affre, on the eve of the revolution of 1848.

After his ordination the Abbé de Ségur was appointed chaplain of the military prisoners of Paris, a post which he much desired, as the field for labor was vast, and he could there devote himself to children and to the unfortunate. The young apostle soon changed the hardened, embittered hearts of the soldiers, He succeeded in making two criminals meet death with a smile, accompanying them to the place of execution at Sartory near Versailles. One was Sergeant Herbuel, an old soldier who had been thirty years in the service. He had killed a young officer who had him unjustly arrested, This aged subaltern was not a Christian, but the young chaplain so completely mastered his soul that Herbuel awaited the day of execution with love, almost with joy, and accepted his death in expiation of his crime. The Abbé de Ségur had the happiness of hearing him cry out," Lord Jesus!" just as he rendered his soul to God under the blow of the excutioner. The other was a carbineer named Guth, thirty years of age, who was condemned to be shot for killing his captain. He also was conquered by the gentleness of the zealous chaplain. He died like a saint, kneeling with his hands crossed after having received communion, His last words were: "*If it were necessary to commit a mortal sin to avoid being shot, I would not do it — I unite my death to that of my Saviour. Adieu, adieu.*" During the bloody days of June, 1848, the brave and excellent General de Brea was horribly assassinated by the insurgents. After the civil war, five of the murderers were arrested; two were condemned to

* Funeral oration on Father Bourgoing, by Bossuet.

death, and the other three to hard labor for life. The Abbé de Ségur interested himself also in these unfortunate criminals. Among the three condemned to hard labor, was a bookseller's clerk, Andrew C., who was converted and was grateful. After several years at the convict-prison of Rochefort, where the wicked influences of the place threw him back again into the abyss of evil, he was transferred to Cayenne. The great qualities, the eminent virtues, the renown and exalted position of his family attracted the attention of the French government to the chaplain of military prisons of Paris.

Monseigneur was very much loved by the French soldiers. A large number frequented his confessional, and many visited him, attracted by his simplicity, his kind heart and his joyous nature. One day three troopers came to him, one of them before entering having hidden his sword in the hall. They accosted Mgr. de Ségur with the following story: "We come from the country outside of Rome. We have had a very simple, frugal breakfast, but you know, Monseigneur, soldiers are not rich, and when we came to pay for our breakfast, among all three of us we had not enough money. One of us, you see, was obliged to leave his sword as security, and knowing your great charity we came directly to you to beg you, Monseigneur, to help us pay our debt, that our friend may escape a courtmartial. Mgr. de Ségur easily guessed, from the embarrassed manner of the troopers, that they were not speaking the truth; however, he gave them a small gold piece, saying, "Take this, my friends, and drink my health." When he thought they had gone he looked out of the window, and saw the three troopers crossing the square, each with a sword at his side. The three rogues saw him, and were so disconcerted that they never again dared invent untruthful stories. We heard this story from one of these three troopers, who is now as excellent a Tertiary and as good a Christian as he was at that time a rascal.

The bitter trial which was now to change every thing in the life of Monseigneur and cause so much pain to his family, was near at hand. The victim was ready, God was about to raise the sword, and execute the *heroic desire* of his first mass. We give place here to the words of Mgr. Mermillod, the exile of Geneva and the holy friend of Mgr. de Ségur, who gives the account at full length in the beautiful funeral oration delivered by him at Notre Dame, Paris, the 14th of July, 1881, at the service of the month's mind organized by the Society of Saint Francis de Sales:

"When nineteen years of age Gaston de Ségur felt a sensation of fatigue in his eyes for the first time, while working in the evening on a drawing, representing the life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which required great care and delicacy of touch. It was thus while serving as an artist the divine Master, the object of his love, that he contracted the germ of the cruel infirmity which increased so terribly, and for which he never ceased to thank God till the end of his life. The pain returned during his studies at the seminary of St. Sulpice; but yielded again to care and a few weeks of rest and travel. Finally at Rome it manifested itself for the third time in a sudden and terrible manner." The first of May, 1853, one of his eyes became suddenly blind. * It seemed to him that a curtain, at first half transparent, then opaque, was spread over the pupil and shut out the light. From that moment he never doubted for an instant the near approach of total loss of his sight, and he recognized in this infirmity a pledge of the goodness of God and of the protection of the Blessed Virgin. Mgr. de Conny, his intimate friend, hearing what had befallen him, went that

* He said sweetly: "The Blessed Virgin took one of my eyes and sent it in my place to Purgatory."

same day to see him, and found him calm and peaceful. Mgr. de Ségur endeavored to demonstrate that blindness was for him a great blessing: first, because all infirmities are salutary; then, because it would absolutely save him from the burden of the episcopacy, of which he had a holy fear, and that it would bring him back again to his dear souls, to his dear little working people of Paris; finally, for a confessor it is very advantageous to see only the souls, always beautiful and lovely, when confessing and lamenting their faults. Mgr. Conny, in recalling this conversation, said: 'Any one who could have heard us, would have thought it was I who had lost my sight, and that Mgr. de Ségur was consoling me.'" From that time Mgr. de Ségur prepared himself for the hard conditions of blindness. He learned to help himself with his eyes shut, and to say the mass of the Blessed Virgin by heart; he moved about his rooms with closed eyes, and shaved himself without looking in the glass. (This he did to the end of his life.) Apart from this, he continued his life in Rome with the same perfect cheerfulness. One of his greatest desires, however, was to see his family again before becoming completely blind. The Blessed Virgin obtained this favor for him.

He took leave of the Pope after the feast of St. Peter in 1854, to spend his vacation at the Castle of Nouëttes, where all his family were assembled except the Marquis de Ségur, who was detained in Paris, but who arrived the morning of the 2d of September. This seemed the moment awaited by divine Providence. The following is the account of the sad affair given by one of the brothers of the saintly blind man: "That morning the neighboring physician came to breakfast with us at the castle, and he dissected in our presence the eye of an ox, which he brought with him; by a singular and sad coincidence, the dissection of this eye was to be the last thing which Gaston was to see before he lost his sight. "After breakfast, as Gaston was walking with us in the Park, he stopped suddenly, and said: 'I am blind.' That was all. He returned to the Castle and asked us to say nothing to our mother, that she might be spared this pain a few hours longer. At dinner time he descended the stairs leaning on the arm of one of us, and took his seat at the table. Our mother still suspected nothing: he was seated in front of her, and all of a sudden she saw that one of my sisters, who sat next to him, was cutting his meat.

She gazed at him intently, her countenance changed, and she knew all. Sobs were heard for a long time. He alone did not weep, but smiled."

Some days after this scene took place, finding his sisters inconsolable, Monseigneur took them aside, and said to them almost severely: "Is it possible that girls as devote as you are, should wish that I, who have every day for several years offered on the altar the Spotless Victim, should, now that He asks my poor eyes, refuse them to Him? "From this time he loved to do some generous acts every year on the second of September, and he dated his important letters thus: "September 2, 18—, anniversary of the ever-blessed day when I became blind."

In 1855, Mgr. de Ségur sent in his resignation as *Auditeur de Rote*. He could no doubt have continued his functions, but he preferred to do good by preaching and writing. Having been appointed on the 8th of March, 1856, Canon-Bishop of the renowned Chapter of Saint Denys, he went to Rome to ask certain privileges for his chapel. Pius IX., who loved him so much, received him very affectionately. Monseigneur easily obtained a number of privileges, but when he solicited permission to keep the Blessed Sacrament in his private chapel, a right which is not allowed even to Cardinals, his Holiness positively refused. There came to the countenance of the poor blind priest, such a mute but intense expression of disappointment,

that the Pope, much moved, threw his arms around him, and embracing him affectionately, granted his request, adding, *Ab consolationem.* "For your consolation."

Monseigneur, on his return to Paris, had these two words spoken to him by Pius IX. put in relief on the tabernacle in which, after his mass, on the 13th of June, 1856, he had the happiness of keeping the consoling Blessed Sacrament. After his return from this visit to Rome, Mgr. de Ségur established himself in Paris in a modest apartment at the end of the court 39, rue de Bac, where he led the apostolic life which killed him. The following is almost an exact summary of his day's routine up to the time of his death: at six in the morning, in all seasons, came those whose confessions he heard, and who assisted at the mass which he said daily at seven o'clock. Then began the defile of those whom Monseigneur called his clients,—some to ask assistance and protection, others to seek aid and counsel. After breakfast he made visits, attended the meetings of committees, presided at the counsels of *Works*, etc., etc, At four o'clock he returned to work; then he dined at seven, and retired at ten. Two afternoons of the week Monseigneur spent at Stanislaus College, of which he was chaplain. Until towards the end of his life, he received on Wednesday from four till seven. Every year he left Paris for a month or six weeks, to rest, he said; but he remained a week here and a week there, in some of the provincial seminaries, preaching retreats, and hearing the confessions of the pupils. The little seminary of Montmorillon, near Poitiers, was one of his favorite stations; then came the little seminaries of Seez, of Versailles, of Nantes, of Beauvais, of Mayenne, of Saint-Claude, and of Sainte Anne d'Auray.

Irish Crimes and Violence.

THE only news deemed worthy of transmission from Ireland nowadays is a monotonous frequency of shootings and hangings. Many good people are seriously troubled at this aspect of affairs. It is a "new and dangerous" spirit making its insidious way into "this ancient Catholic Isle;" a "gloomy retrospect of horrible and and ghastly crime that makes one shudder," and ask if "Ireland be still the glorious land of saints and scholars?"

Now even granting that all the police gossip we are daily getting as cable news from Ireland is actual occurrence, we can still see nothing especially deplorable in this side of Irish affairs. If we have any tears to shed, or any ejaculations to make they shall be over the houseless victims of the crow-bar brigade, or over the garroted tribune of the people, and not over the murdered informer, or the tyrant slain by his frenzied tenantry.

There is nothing essentially dangerous or serious in Irish crime because it is not sympathized in by the people, nor is it in the line of their political action. The great maxim of Irish agitation remains to-day what it was fifty years ago: "Who spills a drop of his foeman's blood is his country's enemy." This truth is constantly preached by the leaders of the present Irish popular movement. Bad as the laws are, and unworthy as they are to command the nation's respect and obedience, the Irish National League everywhere insists that the people shall keep within the letter of the law.

In any other country under the social and political conditions that

exist to-day in Ireland, there would be a very deluge of anarchy. "Catholic Italy" would blaze out with an insurgent peasantry. Every pedestrian would carry a ready stiletto, and every hedge would hide a waiting assassin. Even Rome — the Eternal city — would be a hive of barricades.

Catholic as the people undoubtedly are, they are nevertheless human. Too much cannot be expected of them. Poorly fed and poorly sheltered with the evidences everywhere that landlordism is the guilty source of all their misery; lorded over and goaded by process servers, crow-bar brigades and informers, the agents of this evil system; their public meetings proscribed, and free speech punished and denied, their forbearance and self-restraint have been wonderful. How so excitable a race has managed to keep its temper under such provocation, and how crime and murder have been so steadily repressed by the people themselves is something inexplicable.

Given a social conflict under similar conditions in any other country and we would have a night of blazing manor-houses all over the country, such as preceded the French Revolution. The landlords would have to flee for their lives just as the *emigres* fled from France before the breath of the coming storm. The Irish people deserve the warmest commendation of their spiritual guides for their exemplary self-restraint and patience under such trying evils and temptations; for the unexpected freedom of the country from the blackness of crime and outrage, and especially for the irreproachable character of their political agitation which has everywhere kept itself clear of murder and conspiracy.

The Empress of Austria to the Queen of Italy.

The Empress of Austria has written Queen Margaret of Italy a touching letter, setting forth the reasons which prevented the Emperor Francis Joseph and herself from returning at Rome the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Vienna. The empress declares that neither her husband nor herself could persuade themselves to visit them in the Eternal City, and she calls the attention of the Italian Queen to the misfortunes which have fallen on all who have interferred with the rights and independence of the Pope. After having spoken of the persecution of Napoleon I. practiced on the Sovereign Pontiff in 1809, she adds, —

"The fact is, that after numerous and terrible reverses the Pope was restored to Rome and Napoleon relegated first to the Isle of Elbe and afterwards to that of St. Helena. And his son! The unfortunate King of Rome! He died in this very palace from which I write. At eight minutes past five on the 22nd of July, 1832, he died here in the very chamber of the palace of Schoenbrun that his father had occupied in the days of his triumph, in this palace where he had in his anger and haughtiness dictated the decree of the 17th of May, 1809, which despoiled the Pope of his dominions, and made himself master of the city of Rome. I cannot think of these horrible coincidences without being filled with dismay. I know well that certain public men laugh at all this, that they call it an accident, but this accident, my dear sister Margaret, has been mournfully repeated in our own days. There was, as your Manzoni would say, a third Napoleon, who, in 1856, although there had been born to him a son, began at the Congress of Paris, the war against Austria and the Pope, for Austria and the Pope have always had the same joys, the same persecutions, the same sorrows. The good Empress Eugenie, like Maria Louisa at a former time, trembled for her own child, when she saw the floodgates of persecution loosened on the Pope, and more than once expressed her fears to her husband, who, however, smiled at the fears as became a man free from prejudice Nevertheless, disasters rapidly followed each other for the Bonapartes. The father, crushed at Sedan, had to place his sword

at the feet of the King of Prussia, that very sword which he would not place at the service of the church, but even used against it. And his son, unhappy boy, went afar to perish miserably at the hands of the Zulus. The mere possibility that to these two accidents another should be added, strikes me with terror and disposes me to suffer anything rather than enter Rome, or the ancient and apostolic palace of the Quirinal.

I now suffer keenly on account of my inability to return you the affectionate visit with which you honored me, but it is not my own fault. It is the fault of those who rule according to worldly polity, while we act in accordance with our material instincts. You, who are also a mother, can understand me and can sympathize with me, while I, for my part, can understand you and sympathize with you. Without entering into political questions, which concern us not, permit me to predict for both of us a happy day, the day on which our husbands, ourselves, and our children may visit each other and embracing each other, merit at the same time the blessing of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

"I am with my whole heart, your affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

These are the words of a Catholic princess, and clearly show what is thought in Catholic circles of the present position of the Holy Father. The letter reflects honor on the Empress Elizabeth. Her sentiments, so nobly expressed, remind one of the best days of the ages of faith. With such a noble, outspoken Catholic mother, the House of Hapsburg may well hope for long years of prosperity and security. The rights of monarchs to their thrones was never so gravely injured as it was by the spoliation of Rome and the dethronement of the Pope. It can never be re-asserted in a manner so just and so emphatic as by the restoration to the Supreme Pontiff of that which is his own.

The Passion.

Rev. Father Burke, O.P.

THREE times do we read in the history of our race that the Almighty God was exceedingly angry with men, and each time He visited their sin with the heavy blows of His angry justice. First, when God looking down from Heaven saw that all flesh had sinned upon the earth, and He was angry at the sins of men, and He was sorry that he had created in man a being who was capable of being so great a sinner, and with His own hand drew back the bolts of Heaven and let the clouds rain upon the earth for 40 days and 40 nights; and He commanded the sea to burst its limits and to overflow the earth until of all the race of mankind only eight souls were saved from the universal destruction. Yet, though the sinners were destroyed, the sin was by no means abolished. The second time that God was exceedingly angry was when the iniquity of Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities of the plain rose up before Him, until at length the same hand of God once again drew back the bolts of Heaven and down from the very Throne of God in His anger came the flames of living fire that fell upon house and street and city, that fell upon man and beast, and for one terrible half-hour the bellowing and the shrieks of men and beasts were heard filling the air as they died burnt up under the wrath of God. Yet though the sinners were destroyed sin was by no means abolished.

The evening of Good Friday we look up to Heaven, and we behold Almighty God exceedingly angry. We look around for the proof of his anger, and our eyes encounter a man stretched out upon a cross, and dead; wounded from head to foot, mercilessly torn and lacerated. Behold the victim upon whom has fallen that anger that never fell before

from the hand of an angry God without destroying mankind; the bolts of heaven are withdrawn again and another deluge has come upon this earth from God, not a deluge of water as in the first great deluge, not a visitation of a rain of fire, as that which fell upon the sinners of the plain, but a deluge of the heart's blood of Jesus Christ, pouring forth from a thousand wounds, falling upon sinful and accursed outcasts, no longer to destroy sinners but to save sinners and to destroy sin. Then in this great act of atonement which we are come here to-night humbly and lovingly to contemplate, we find in the victim of our sins an all-sufficient sacrifice to appease the wrath, to disarm the justice, and to satisfy the claims of the eternal God Himself. We find an expiation offered for every sin that man ever committed; in whatever man sinned in that the Son of God on Good Friday made atonement.

There are seven great fountains of human sin, and for each of these the Son of God to-day upon Calvary makes humble confession and all sufficient reparation. Man was proud, proud even to aspire to be like God; the Son of God to-day upon the cross is humbled to be associated with the vilest criminals and dies the death of a common slave. Man was covetous, so as to try and rob even God Himself; and the Son of God, naked upon the cross, dies robbed of all things on this earth, and exclaiming that even Heaven itself has refused the resources of its consolation. Man was sensual even to lust; and in his body and its senses sinned vilely against the Lord God, who is a pure spirit; and the Son of God to-day upon the cross offers every member of His pure and sacred body to the scourge and to the torturer to make confession and to make atonement for the sensuality of man. Man was revengeful until he claimed that right of judgment which the Lord God Himself has reserved for Himself. "For justice is mine," saith the Lord; and in order to make confession and atonement for that angry and revengeful crime of man, the Son of God to-day dies, victim upon whom all the wrath of heaven, the malice of man, and the fury of hell has expended itself. Man was gluttonous until his appetite became his very god, until drunkenness and self-indulgence became the very law of his being; and the Son of God to-day upon the cross makes confession and atonement, crying out with his dying voice, "I am expiring with thirst." And there was nothing to give him but vinegar and gall. Man was envious making himself miserable through the cankering, devouring envy of his neighbor, and almost of God; but the Son of God yields Himself up into the hands of His enemies, the victim of envy of the Scribes and Pharisees — for it for it was through envy they betrayed Him. Man was slothful, until at length it came to pass that not even for the kingdom of Heaven, or for his own salvation, can he be induced to make the necessary effort. But the Son of God comes down, and, oh, to-day, toils and labors, wading through a very sea of His own blood, until by His work and toil and suffering He batters down with His dying cries upon the cross, the barrier that sin had built up between God and man. With strong blows and laborious suffering, He shatters the wall of division, throws wide open the gates of Heaven that were closed and sealed by the power and the anger of His father.

What we are about to contemplate was a great act of confession of sin, made by the sinless One in the face of all heaven, of earth, and of hell. It was a great atonement for sin through which, and by which, all sinners, even to the greatest, have received the power to become once more the sons of God. And girding Himself up to this great work, the Redeemer went forth on Thursday

eve from the supper hall where He had expended all the resources of His divine omnipotence in one mighty act of love in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, taking with Him Peter and James and John, that He might prove to us how truly He was man, and by that very craving for human friendship which is so natural to man, He turned to those three friends and said, "Will you come and pray with me and watch with me for an hour? I tell you, my friends," He said, "my soul and my heart within me are sorrowful even unto death." They went with their Divine Master, not understanding the cause nor the depth of His sorrow, and that sorrow was too sacred to be witnessed even by the eyes of the three friendly Apostles. Therefore he said to them in the entrance to the garden, "Stay ye here. I charge you to pray. Sleep not, but watch and continue to pray; an hour of great temptation is coming." Then He went away from them, relying only on the strength of His own divinity, and when He had gone away from them as far as a man could throw a stone, He knelt down under the shade of the olive trees and He began to pray. The Son of God knelt down as one unworthy to stand erect, the Son of God bent His face to the earth as one no longer worthy to lift up his eyes to heaven. And why? because in that hour of His prayer the Lord God, His Father, commanded Him to take upon Him the whole weight of human sin, of human depravity, of human vileness, and every sin that ever was committed since the sin of Adam or ever shall be committed until the last moment of time, fell down upon Jesus Christ, fell down upon Him, as of old the blasphemer used to be taken out into a desert place outside the city, and every man in the city took a large stone in his hand and they flung it upon him and crushed him to death, and piled up his funeral pile on him. Even so every devil in hell came and stood before the kneeling Saviour and hurled upon Him that very sin that dragged that demon down from the heights of heaven into the depths of hell. Every sinful son of man who ever committed a deed of shame or of darkness came and stood distinctly before the affrighted eyes of the Saviour and hurled his sin down upon the body and into the very heart and soul of Jesus Christ. Oh, my beloved, every foul word of obscenity or blasphemy that ever fell from the lips of impious men resounded in the affrighted ears of God. Every crime for the commission of which the sinner sought the darkness of the night, came out in all its deformity, and all its fearful proportions, confronted and fell upon the Lord Jesus. His hands seemed to be dripping with the blood shed unjustly through revenge and through murderous malice. His heart within Him seemed to be frozen up, and He could scarcely any longer pray, for that heart is now fastened with all the incredulity, and all the mockery, and all the wickedness that ever came forth from the heart of man. He does not know Himself, He knows and feels, and must feel that He is God, the all-holy and all-pure, yet why this sin that has fallen upon Him, why this stench of sin that is in the air He breathes and presses Him almost to death, why these horrible forms that flitter around Him, illuminated by the very glare of hell in the darkness of the night scene? Oh, why? He hates these things with the infinite hatred of God, yet He must take them upon Him as if He Himself had committed them, and do penance for them in His passion and death.

Is it any wonder that the all-pure and all-holy Saviour should find his poor human frame unequal to the mighty load that is thus piled upon Him? He falls to the earth under that mountain of sin. He falls to the earth, and from the Father's right hand comes down a stream of malediction and wrath upon the victim

head of Jesus Christ. His heart within Him is so bruised by the sight, and by the presence of this sin that after a time in the depth of His agony, scarcely able to pray, and only saying "God, God be merciful to me, the greatest sinner that ever lived, for the sins of all men are upon me, the waters of iniquity, the torrent of their anger, O Father, have entered into my soul. O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Forth from every pore of His sacred frame poured and streamed the sweat of blood. His garments are red as those of a man who treads the wine press; the ground on which He lies is red and wet, and soddened with the blood that pours forth from Him. And then, when He has in His agony thus examined in Himself the conscience of all sinners, and made His act of contrition, He rises to begin His work of reparation.

Father Burke having described in vivid and moving language, the betrayal of our Lord, His appearance before Caiphas, Pilate and Herod, the scourging at the pillar, and the crowning of thorns, proceeded. And now upon the shoulders of the poor chrushed, bleeding victim of our sins, they placed the heavy cross. Jesus rises up His hands, for the time released from their bonds, and takes the cross lovingly, and tries to move on His first step towards the hill where He is to die. He tries to move, but the heavy cross presses upon Him. Oh, upon the cross was laid the awful weight of the Son of Man and the anger of God. What wonder that the poor, bleeding, and exhausted Saviour, when He tried to move under its terrible weight, reeled and fell heavily to the ground? Three times He fell in His efforts to drag that terrible cross to Calvary. Three times he fell, and the executioners themselves, and the guards said, "He cannot do it; it is to much for Him." And they take Simon of Cyrene, a strong man, who was passing, and they compelled him to take up the cross, and, with laborious effort, the strong, hale man carried it after the Saviour. Now the procession moves on, the wild hubbub of the crowd is heard—cries, blasphemies, urging the Roman guard to hurry on—for they are afraid their victim will die on the road. Jesus moves on, and now the rugged side of Calvary is in view, and He has come along the Via Dolorosa from Jerusalem. Oh, what cry is this that falls upon His ear? Oh, what lamentable sound is this, the sob of a man's breaking heart that falls upon His ear, and causes Him to stand and to tremble. He turned, and there, almost within His reach, His eyes fall upon His Virgin Mother—the mother that bore Him, the mother that loved Him as no mother ever loved a child, as no creature ever loved God—the mother who had no one in this world but her own dear Child, Jesus — the mother to whose life His presence had been a joy and a happiness in all the sorrows and the miseries of her poverty. Oh, the mother in whose warm heart all the maternal love that ever prompted a daughter of Adam to sacrifice was collected in her child. She sees Him now so disfigured, so faint. She watches Him, as with tottering steps He goes along. She sees the horrible cross raised up by the strong man who bore it, the cross that is to bear her own Divine Child. She sees the blood upon His face; she would fain go and with her tears wash that blood away. No, the rude arm of the Roman soldier interposes. "Back," he says, "back; this Man is condemned to die; I care not if you be his mother; forward, forward to Calvary." The woman with a broken heart follows, and the Lord Jesus is not allowed to speak to His mother the word of comfort that He had given to other pious women who ventured to follow Him. And now the rugged hill is attained. What manner of place is this to which they have led the Saviour to die? It was a solitary hill just outside the

walls of Jerusalem, and it was the place where slaves and criminals were put to death; and in the very place where they were executed, their bodies were buried, were buried so carelessly that the night wolves easily tore them out of their graves, and the whole place was covered with human skeletons and bones and skulls. The very name, "Calvaria," means the place of the skulls. The stench was horrible, for the place was defiled and polluted. There it was they laid down the cross upon the ground. The Roman soldiers formed a ring around the crest of the hill and kept back the crowd. The Lord Jesus was brought into the centre of the ring, stripped of His garments, that clung to the wounds that the scourges had opened—clung to them so that in withdrawing these garments, every wound is opened again, and again flows forth the precious blood. He is commanded rudely, "Lie down upon that cross." Meekly He stretches Himself upon the cross, puts out His hands and feet; and these cruel men, with great spikes and with heavy hammers, drive the nails through the palms of His hands and through His sacred feet—drive the long, merciless nails that pierced reluctantly and slowly through the hard wood of the cross, until He is fastened securely to it. Then the cross is lifted up with the efforts of men with the aid of ropes. That cross rises slowly, swaying hither and thither in the morning air; that cross rises slowly with its living burden until at length it stands erect, falls with a dull sound into the hole in the earth that was made to receive it, is speedily fastened there, and then all men withdraw from Him who was crucified.

There, in mid-air, hanging by these three terrific nails, hanging out so that the strain on every nerve increases the agony into the breaking of His heart, there for three terrible hours hung Jesus Christ the Saviour of men. Behold Him, don't turn away your eyes; remember that though it was the Roman soldiers and executioners that nailed Him to the cross, it was your sins and mine that placed Him there. We in our sinfulness have nailed our blessed Saviour to the cross and found no better treatment for the Son of God when He came to us than to put Him to this disgraceful and ignominious death. For three hours did He remain, and now the guards relaxing somewhat their vigilance permitted the people to come in and approach the foot of the cross. Scribes and Pharisees are there delighted that they have altogether triumphed over their great enemy, and they came to the foot of the cross, and they look up into that Divine face, and into those dying eyes, and they spit upon Him, and they say, "So you were able to save others, now save yourself. You were able to raise Lazarus from the grave, come down now from that cross and we will believe in you." There were two thieves crucified with Him, and even these poor dying wretches joined with the crowd in insulting the Saviour, until with one glance of His meek Divine eyes, He converted one of them. The people came around Him. "Ah, thou blasphemer! ah, thou deceiver, why didst thou seek to destroy us, and lead us astray?" At length there fell a silence upon them all, a silence the most terrible, and it came to pass thus. In the midst of their reviling on the dying Saviour, in the midst of their insults and blasphemies, suddenly the sun in heaven refused to shine any more upon the earth, and darkness like that of midnight fell upon the city. Men looked around in terror; it was just twelve o'clock in the day when the Lord was raised upon the cross; it was a bright spring day, and there is no light in the heavens and the very stars that appear in the darkened firmament, appear as if they were trembling at beholding so terrible a sight. Far away, on the other side of Jerusalem,

the cedars of Lebanon bend before a terrific storm that sprang up. Lebanon itself, and Olivet, groaned and reeled, those great hills, and were broken by earthquakes; streets of Jerusalem were filled with crowds of people rushing from their houses; the earth was shaken beneath them; and graves around the city opened, and their dead arose in all the terrors of death and walked silently through the city, confronting the living and frightening them almost to death.

Now, who will revile, now, who will insult the Lord God, who, even in the hour of His weakness, thus asserted Himself while He was dying upon the cross. Scribe and Pharisee and foolish rabble alike are silent. Then Mary and John approach, and Magdelen comes and puts her arms around those feet that she loved so well to wash with her tears, and she is privileged once more to pour forth upon the feet of her Saviour the blessed tears of her repentance and love, for well she knows how large a share she, the sinful woman, had in the terrible work she now sees fulfilled. The Virgin comes, and puts up her cry of sympathy and sorrow, and of commiseration to her child. But from the lips of the dying man comes the word, "Oh, mother, behold John; he is my friend; let him be thy son." To John He said, "Oh, son, behold My mother; let her be thy mother; be all in all to each other." He said, "Leave me in my utter desolation to die." Friends had fled from Him, honor He was deprived of, reputation for sanctity He had lost. Everything He had in this world was gone but the mother that loved Him, and here He gave her to His dearest virgin friend, St. John. What remained to Him, that which He could not lose, His Father's love and His consoling power, and so lifting up his dying eyes from all things on earth, He sought that consolation in heaven. My God! right over the cross, right over the head of the dying Saviour, there is a cloud blacker than the midnight darkness that fell upon the earth. Through that cloud He beholds mystically the face of His eternal Father inflamed with anger and with wrath, doing justice to the very last measure of justice. No consolation. The Lord Himself shuts out from Himself the sustaining and consoling power of His divinity, and now comes a dreadful cry from the cross, "God! My God! why hast thou forsaken Me!" Oh, my beloved, behold Him. He is dying, deprived of all earthly help, of all heavenly comfort, covered with wounds, loaded with the sins of man, every power of earth and hell raging against Him, and heaven itself showering down the Father's wrath and justice upon Him, no consolation, no comfort, quivering in the agonies of death, and charged with a burning thirst, He says, "Sitio," "I have a thirst," and the only relief and refreshment he gets is to have a sponge steeped in vinegar and gall rudely thrust into His dying mouth. And thus for three hours He hangs.

The Roman soldiers leaning upon their lances guarding that cross are frightened by the darkness, by the storm, by the earthquake. The people began to ask each other, "Perhaps, after all, we have committed an awful crime; perhaps after all, He is what He said He was, the Son of God. Oh, if so, we have poured out His blood, and His curse is upon us, and we have taken His life." After three hours the dying Saviour seems to rouse Himself for an instant, He raises His drooping head; He cries out, "Now my work is accomplished, all is finished in me." His head falls upon His bosom, the soul of Jesus Christ has gone forth, the Angel of Death has smitten Him, and the human race is saved and redeemed from sin and from death. The centurion who was in command of the soldiers had watched all this with an observant eye; he saw that the Saviour was dead, some strange impulse

that he could not account for came upon him, he moved out from the dead figure of the Saviour. He put his great long lance in rest, with strong and practised hand he drove the lance right through the heart of the dead man until its point almost came out at the other side, the great cross reeled and quivered under that terrible stroke, and the Roman soldier drew back his spear, and it was followed by a stream of purest water and of ruddy blood. The blood fell upon him, the flim of infidelity fell from his eyes; he held in his right hand the lance dripping with the Saviour's blood, and he fell upon his kness. and cried out, "Oh, Thou art the Son of God." The Jews heard the cry of the first convert to Christianity, and then they began when too late, to beat their breasts and say, "Ah, we have made a great mistake, we have crucified the Saviour; He was the Son of God." They went down from the hill-side making their brief acts of contrition, under the impression of the moment. And now after another hour the body of the Lord stiff in death, is reverently taken down by loving and faithful hands from that cross, and for the first time the Queen of Sorrows is allowed to embrace her child, but no responsive beat of His heart can re-echo her love, and all she can do is tenderly, carefully, to pluck from His brow those cruel thorns, and then with the tears of the purest love and sorrow to wash the Divine face. Thus did the Son of God suffer and die for your sins and mine. Have you anything to say to Him this evening? Is there any emotion in your hearts this evening for the Man God Jesus Christ, who died for you, who spared not Himself for you, who gave all He had; His body, His soul, His life, His reputation, His honor, His very divinity was sacrificed on this terrible hill of Calvary to prove to every Christian man how dearly the great Saviour Jesus loved us. Have you anything to say to Him to-night in return? Don't leave this church until you make one act of sorrow for the sins that nailed the Virgin's Son to the cross. Don't leave this church until you make one act of faith such as the Roman soldier made — "Truly Thou art the Son of God." Ah, don't leave this church to-night until you have spoken to your dead Saviour, and said to Him — "I have crucified you by my sins; I never will lead you to that Calvary again. Oh, God, who didst die for me, let me die rather than crucify Thee by my sins again."

The Resurrection.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

The day of wintry wrath is o'er,
The whirlwind and the storm have pass'd,
The whiten'd ashes of the snow
Enwrap the ruined world no more;
Nor keenly fron the orient blow
The venomed hissings of the blast.

The frozen tear-drops of despair
Have melted from the trembling thorn;
Hope plumes unseen her radiant wing,
And lo! amid the expectant air
The trumpet of the angel Spring
Proclaims the resurrection morn.

Oh! what a wave of gladsome sound
Runs rippling round the shores of space,
As the requicken'd earth upheaves
The swelling bosom of the ground.
And Death's cold pallor, startled, leaves
The deepening roses of her face.

Up from their graves the dead arise —
The dead and buried flowers of spring; —
Up from their graves in glad amaze,
Once more to view the long-lost skies,
Resplendent with the dazzling rays
Of their great coming Lord and King.

And lo! even like that mightiest one,
In the world's last and awful hour,
Surrounded by the starry seven,
So comes God's greatest work, the sun,
Upborne upon the clouds of heaven,
In pomp and majesty and power.

The virgin snowdrop bends its head
Above its grave in grateful prayer;
The daisy lifts its radiant brow,
With a saint's glory round it shed;
The violet's worth, unhidden now,
Is wafted wide by every air.

The parent stem reclasps once more
Its long-lost severed buds and leaves;
Once more the tender tendrils twine
Around the forms they clasped of yore;
The very rain is now a sign
Great Nature's heart no longer grieves.

And now the judgment-hour arrives,
And now their final doom they know;
No dreadful doom is theirs whose birth
Was not more stainless than their lives;
'Tis Goodness calls them from the earth,
And Mercy tells them where to go.

Some of them fly with glad accord,
Obedient to the high behest,
To worship with their fragrant breath
Around the altars of the Lord;
And some, from nothingness and death,
Pass to the heaven of beauty's breast.

Oh, let the simple fancy be
Prophetic of our final doom;
Grant us, O Lord, when from the sod
Thou deign'st to call us too, that we
Pass to the bosom of our God
From the dark nothing of the tomb!

Out on the Roadside.

CHAPTER I.

Larry Murphy was considered one of the most prosperous men in the locality in which he resided. He rented a tolerably productive farm, and although he paid a stiff rent for it, yet by careful and steady management for a number of years he had been able to maintain himself and his family comfortably, and was generally supposed to have laid by something for a rainy day. His family was not a large one, consisting merely —in addition to "the old woman" and himself,—of one son aged 22, and a daughter, aged 19. The latter was a fine specimen of a country girl — tall and graceful, with an open, frank expression of countenance, which indicated a pure and honest mind; a pair of dark eyes sparkling with the light of truth; a profusion of brown hair, parted gracefully over a forehead broad and ample; and a mouth small and bewitching, and revealing when she smiled, a set of teeth of pearly whiteness. Such was Kate Murphy. But, alas! her brow had been already darkened by sorrow, and her step had begun to lose some of its lightness. Two years previous to the time I am now writing of she had been engaged to be married to a young man some few years her senior, the son of a neighboring farmer in comfortable circumstances. The marriage had been arranged to take place as soon as Kate had reached the age of eighteen; but six months before that time came a sad calamity had befallen the family of her lover. His father, Pat Lynch, was a tenant-at-will, and having in some way incurred the displeasure of the agent over the property, had been evicted from his holding, and the fruit of all his years of toil and care forcibly wrested from him. The blow came suddenly and unexpectedly, and was too heavy for the old man, who saw himself in the end of his days turned adrift from his beloved homestead and all its endearing associations. Under that blow he sank, and two months after the eviction he was laid in the old graveyard, to be followed in a short time after by his faithful wife, leaving their only son, Connor, without a home worthy of the name, and in very straitened circumstances. Connor, as we have said, had been engaged to Kate Murphy; but being unwilling to bring her into poverty he had determined

to seek his fortune in America, on the understanding that she should wait for him to return, which he promised to do in two years, "hit or miss." Kate had with reluctance given her consent to this arrangement.

"You know, Kate, dear," Connor had said to her, "it would never do for us to get married, even if your father was willing, situated as I am now. It is not very long to wait. Both of us are young; and, please God, I have every hope that I will be able to get on in America, and then I'll come home, and either bring you out with me or stay at home, as we may think best. My uncle, who is well off out in the West, has often asked me to go to him, and promised to do well for me; but while my poor father and mother lived I would not leave them. But now that they are gone, I must try to make a home for you and myself. So, Kate, let us keep up our hearts, and, with the help of God, we'll be happy after a little while.'

And so Connor took his departure. And now, in addition to her regret at the absence of her lover, and her doubt and anxiety as to his return, a new source of trouble came to her. This was nothing less than another suitor for her hand in the person of Mr. Jeremiah Henderson, son of Mr. Archy Henderson, the agent of Lord Hardcash, who owned her father's farm and all the surrounding property for miles.

The young gentleman, in addition to a physiognomy by no means prepossessing, and a stature by no means commanding, had already acquired an unenviable notoriety in the neighborhood. His ambition had, up to the present, been merely to be considered "fast" and a "man of the world;" and the methods by which he sought to establish and maintain such a reputation were quite in keeping with the ambition which prompted them.

In his strolls through the country he had encountered Kate Murphy, and been filled with a sentiment for her which he called 'a certain kind of love;" but well knowing that dishonorable courses would be of no avail, he had come to the conclusion to make a sacrifice of himself, and offer his hand and what he was pleased to call his heart. However, this intention he wisely refrained from carrying out until after the departure of Connor Lynch for America, which he considered left the course open for him, and would ensure his success, as he did not for a moment imagine that Kate would be so foolish as to reject his offer for the sake of a man who was thousands of miles away, and in all probability would never return.

So he put a bold face on the matter, and watching his opportunity for an interview with Kate — he did not care to visit her at her father's house — he encountered her one evening as she was returning from a visit to a neighbor whose child had been ill for some time. The result of the interview will be seen from the following dialogue which took place: —

"Good evening, Miss Murphy," said Master Jerry, stepping from a gateway where he had been waiting for some time, but trying to make it appear as if the meeting was accidental,— "a nice evening for walking."

"Good evening, Mr. Henderson," said Kate, without stopping on her way.

"Pardon me, Miss Murphy," said Jerry, "I see you are going home, and as my road lies for some distance in your direction I beg you to let me accompany you so far."

"With pleasure, sir," said Kate, not liking to appear rude, yet at the same time wishing the distance were shorter.

"Miss Murphy, or, will you allow me to call you Kate?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Kate is my name, and I don't want to be called any other."

"Thanks, I like it better. And now, Kate, there is something I have to say to you which I have been for some time anxious to communicate,

but have not had an opportunity till now."

"What is it about, sir?"

"It is this, Kate. I wish to tell you that — that I love you!"

Mr. Jerry paused after making this announcement, expecting no doubt that Kate would have been both pleased and surprised. But if such was his expectations, he was doomed to disappointment. Seeing she made no sign, he went on.

"Yes, Kate, I love you, and I wish to make you my wife. No dread of poverty or hardship for you then my pretty Kate,"— and he endeavored to take her hand. But she sprang from him.

"Say no more, Mr. Henderson," she said. "I don't wish to be bad friends with you; but I cannot listen to you. I am, as you know very well, promised to be married to poor Connor Lynch, who is far away, and no other man will ever put a ring on my finger. So say no more about it."

"Connor Lynch!" sneered Jerry, and his eye flashed with a villainous light. "Connor Lynch is a beggar, and, besides, he is thousands of miles away — perhaps married, for all you know; and yet you talk of him as if he was here at home, and ready to make a lady of you — which I am ready and willing to do at any moment."

"No, Mr. Henderson," said Kate, and her color came and went alternately as she spoke. "No, Mr. Henderson, Connor Lynch, is no beggar and even if he was, I know who he has to thank for doing his best to make beggars of him and his — and that's your own father. And let me tell you this—that if he was ever so much a beggar I'd marry him and beg with him rather than marry you and let you make a lady of me, as you call it. Make a lady of me, indeed! Better for you first to go and make a gentleman of yourself.

And so saying she darted like a hare across the path, and was out of sight before Jerry had time to open his mouth again. When he did so, however, he gave vent to his feeling.

"May the curse," — he began; "but never mind, my lady. I'll be revenged on you for this some of these fine days, and I'll let you see the lady you can be then."

With this indefinite threat he quickly wended his way homeward, meditating all the way on how he could best carry out his intention of taking revenge for the slight put upon him by Kate Lynch.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile how fared it with Connor Lynch? He had gone to America with the firm intention of straining every nerve to make money, and his success had been greater than ever he anticipated. An uncle of his had been in America thirty years, and during that time had visited nearly every State in the Union, turning his attention from one thing to another, until finally he had settled down in the city of Dubuque, in the State of Iowa, where he carried on an extensive business, as owner of a patent saw-mill and timber stores. The trade was remunerative; and the old man, who in all his wanderings had never married, had made up his mind to rest and be thankful. He now wished for some friend on whom he could rely to assist him in his business, which was too heavy a tax on his energies at his age. Just in the nick of time he received Connor's letter stating his intention of going out West, and gladly availed himself of the chance of taking him into the business, and and thus relieving himself of some of the weight which had lain rather heavily upon his shoulders.

So Connor went to Dubuque, and so much in earnest was he that in a very short time he had thoroughly mastered the details of the business, and been able to take the entire management of it into his own hands. The old man was rejoiced at this and resolved to take his ease and enjoy a well-earned rest in the evening of his

life. But, alas! the days that remained to him were few. He took chills and fever, and in less than a week he died, leaving his entire property to his nephew.

Connor was now, by a strange fate, in the position which he had so longed for on leaving Ireland. He was a rich man; and his first thought was of his promised wife, poor Kate whom he had left in tears on his departure. He had written regularly, but for some time he had received no letter from her, and an indefinable dread took possession of him lest something might have gone wrong at home. He therefore determined to start for Ireland as soon as he could find some trustworthy person to take charge of his business, which was just then in a most flourishing condition. He consulted two Irish gentlemen of the highest respectability in the city of Dubuque—Messrs. John Mulligan and Martin Carroll—and they soon found him the very man he wanted, a young Irishman named Ryan, who had had previous experience of the business. To him he entrusted the conducting of his establishment in his absence, and hastened to carry out his intention.

CHAPTER III.

Larry Murphy sat before the fire in his kitchen smoking his pipe. There was a cloud on his brow which the tobacco could not dispel; the lines on his face had become more deeply marked, and altogether the appearance of the man indicated that there was something wrong. Poor honest Larry Murphy, who had hitherto been always considered a "safe" man, was now almost a beggar. A succession of bad harvests, the death of his cattle, the failure of his crops—all these things had come upon him in quick succession, and to-day the last fatal blow had come. An ejectment process for non-payment of rent had been served on him by the agent, Mr. Archy Henderson, who had been urged on to this course by his hopeful son, Mr. Jeremiah. The latter gentleman longed for the day to come round when he could assist at the levelling of Murphy's house to the ground, and had openly expressed his intention not to rest satisfied till he saw poor Larry and his family, "out on the roadside."

"So you see, Mary," Larry said to his wife, "that villain has taken advantage of our misfortunes, and is now going to turn us out if I can't make up the £60 that I owe him for rent. And sure I might as well think to make up sixty thousand, for there's not a bank in the country that would advance me one pound, not to speak of £60, in my present state of poverty. Glory be to God, what will become of us?"

"Larry, dear," remarked Mrs. Murphy, "keep up your heart, and don't despair of the mercy of God. He knows what's best, and maybe He's only trying us with this affliction for our own good."

"Oh, Mary, dear," said Larry, and he burst into tears. "You know I always did my best to pay every man what I owed him. But now I can pay nobody. What will become of my poor children? And poor Kate, my heart bleeds to see her wasting away before my eyes every day, fretting at not hearing from Connor Lynch. After all his promises, it's out of sight out of mind with him like everybody else."

"No, Larry," said Mrs. Murphy; "I'll stake my life on Connor Lynch. There must be some mistake. The letters must have gone astray, for I'm sure there was no deceit in poor Connor. You'll see that."

"Oh, God grant it," said Larry, and he relapsed into silence, from which his wife was unwilling to disturb him. Indeed her own heart was heavy enough, although she tried her best to comfort her husband in his trouble. This conversation took place in the absence of Kate, who had gone into the nearest town on business, but returned shortly after her father had done speaking.

Greatly changed was poor Kate Murphy since the day when she rejected the proposal of Mr. Jeremiah Henderson. She had told her father and mother of the matter, and they had both emphatically approved of her conduct. But she had had no letter from Connor Lynch for a long time, and sad misgivings began to torment her. Added to this was her grief for her poor father and mother reduced to poverty in the end of their days, and now threatened with the doom of eviction. This fate seemed inevitable, for Mr. Jeremiah Henderson, in order to carry out his revenge, had urged his father to proceed with the business as rapidly as possible.

The ejectment process came on for trial before the County Court judge. The decree was granted and placed in the hands of the Sheriff for execution. But a few days' respite remained for Larry Murphy and his family before they would be turned adrift.

In the meantime a stranger had arrived in the neighboring town late in the evening, and after partaking of some refreshment at the hotel, had made his way on foot, and without making any inquiries, to the residence of father O'Reilly, the parish priest of the district in which Larry Murphy's farm was situated. The stranger did not return to the town that night, nor was he seen to leave the priest's house; but early next morning a message was conveyed to Larry Murphy that Father O'Reilly wanted to see him. With this message Larry at once complied, and after remaining over an hour in the priest's house departed with an air of the most profound mystery on his countenance, and proceeded as quickly as possible to his own home.

CHAPTER IV.

The day appointed for the eviction at length arrived. One of the first to arrive on the scene was Mr. Jeremiah Henderson, who was mounted on a fine horse and dressed in the latest fashion. He was somewhat changed since we last saw him, for of late he had added to his other good qualities the accomplishment of a hard drinker, and this morning he seemed to have been imbibing even more liberally than usual.

The Sheriff — who was well known to be a kind-hearted man, and having no love for such duty as that on which he was at present engaged — appeared, accompanied by a small force of the Royal Irish constabulary. It was observed that on his way to the scene he was met by the parish priest, and some animated conversation took place between them. Father O'Reilly also appeared on the scene, and there was a large attendance of the neighboring country people, anxious to express their sympathy with poor Larry Murphy in his trouble.

The Sheriff opened the proceedings by saying, "Larry Murphy, I regret that my duty compels me to execute the decree which I hold in my hand on your holding, and to eject you and your family therefrom for non-payment of a year's rent, amount £60. 12s. 4d. due to the Hon. Lord Hardcash, together with £2. 10s. costs, making in all £63. 2s. 4d.

"Glory be to God, sir," said Larry Murphy, "I know it's no fault of yours."

"No, Larry," said the Sheriff, "it is not. I am only discharging a very disagreeable duty which the law compells me to perform."

"There is no necessity for so much ceremony, Mr. Sheriff," said Jerry Henderson. "All you have to do now is to turn them out. 'Out on the Roadside,' I often said, Mr. Larry Murphy, that this day would come, and it has come."

"Not so fast, Mr. Jerry, if you please," said a strange voice, the owner of which suddenly appeared from no one knew where. "Here, Mr. Sheriff, is the amount of the decree which you hold against Larry Murphy, and for which I'll thank you to give him a receipt in full. And here," he continued, producing from

his coat pocket a roll of paper, "is a document which will give you some further information."

The Sheriff took the document from the hands of the stranger, and after casting his eye over it for a few moments, he said,—

"I see by this paper that Mr. Connor Lynch has purchased from Lord Hardcash the farm held by Larry Murphy, and that Lord Hardcash hereby renounces all right and title thereto. And now, Mr. Lynch, I will take the money in satisfaction of the decree; and I have only to say that I wish my duties on all such occasions were rendered so agreeable."

"And now, Mr. Jerry Henderson," said Connor Lynch, after handing the money into the Sheriff's hands, "I will feel obliged if you take your departure from this ground, which is mine, and which I wish to keep uncontaminated in future."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Connor Lynch," said Jerry, with a sneer. "I'll relieve you of my presence immediately; and I congratulate you on your new position as a landed proprietor."

And Jerry rode off as fast as his horse could carry him.

Connor Lynch and Kate Murphy were married a fortnight after the day of the intended eviction, and a few days after sailed for New York, thence to proceed to his home in Dubuque.

Larry Murphy, restored to his home and secure in its undisputed possession, lived a life of honest independence, and was always ready to assist a neighbor in difficulties.

Mr. Jerry Henderson, after the collapse of his cherished scheme of revenge, devoted his attention to the bottle with increased vigor. Every day it was his custom to go out either riding or shooting, and one day when he had taken out his favorite horse for a day's hunting, and had imbibed freely during the sport, the animal returned in the evening without a rider. All at once the alarm was spread that he had been "assassinated," but it turned out that such rumor was unfounded.

A search having been made, the dead body of the unfortunate man was found in a ditch. He had evidently fallen off his horse while in a state of intoxication, and having rolled into the ditch, was suffocated.

A coroner's inquest was held, and several witnesses having proved that the deceased was under the influence of drink on the day he met his sad end, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Thus by a strange fatality the doom which he had destined for others fell upon himself; and while Larry Murphy lived and prospered, Jerry Henderson died a miserable death — "Out on the Roadside."

Toads in France.

French industry and sagacity take the lead of the world in little things, if nothing more. Toad culture is a regular business there with the economic people, and the demand for toads is great and increasing. The useful little animals are employed as insect destroyers, not only in the gardens of that country, but thousands of them are packed down in baskets of damp moss and sent to other countries to be sold to gardners. The more observing horticulturists and floriculturists have long been aware of their value as insect destroyers, and have utilized them to a greater or less extent. And it is not much to the credit to American gardners and farmers that they have never recognized the service of this innocent reptile. Nature conducts her operations by reciprocal means, and if she gives us the hurtful insect to eat up our crops, she also gives us the birds, toads, etc., to eat up the insect. The farmers should keep a close eye on Nature, and seek to make her manifold operations helpful, instead of casting hindrance in the way of destroying her agents. The successful farmer has great need to be a good economic naturalist.

Episodes in Irish and American History.

THE loyalist, Galloway, stated before a committee of the House of Commons in 1870:

"Q. That part of the rebel army that enlisted in the service of the Congress — were they chiefly composed of natives of America? or were the greater part of them English, Scotch or Irish?"

"A. The names and place of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America — about one-half Irish. The other fourth were English and Scotch."

The testimony of Major-General Robertson who had served twenty-four years in America is to the same effect. These facts seem to have been better understood a hundred years ago than they are now. "You lost America through the Irish," said Lord Montjoy publicly in Parliament.

The Rev. J. J. Brennan, in his "Catechism of Irish History," has the following statement:

"The British Government hired 29,066 Hessians, and afterwards in denying the Irish their rights, it gave as a reason that 16,000 of them had fought on the side of the Americans. These were the Irish soldiers from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania." (Another name for the Pennsylvania Line was the Irish Brigade.)

There were three Irish regiments among the French auxiliaries who came to the aid of America at her earnest pleading, almost despairing cry, in the darkest hour of her fortunes. In the words of one who knew whereof he spoke, Washington's adopted son, Parke Custis:

"Of the operatives of war — I mean the soldiers — up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of 100 for one of any foreign nation whatever."

Ireland furnished officers as well as rank and file to the Revolutionary Army. Richard Montgomery, the first general of the army who fell on the field; Anthony Wayne, whose daring feats of bravery won for him a name — Mad Anthony — of dread to foes, and joy and pride to friends; John Stark; the three Sullivans; Walter Stewart; William Thompson; William Irving; Edward Hand, who became Adjutant-General of the Continental forces; Moylan and Knox, were all of Irish birth or blood, and all held high rank in the army which achieved the independence of this country.

The Irish gave their money as freely as they gave their blood for the cause of American freedom, which at one time was in greater danger of perishing for want of money than for want of men. To supply the army with food and clothing the bank of Pennsylvania was established. Ninety-three firms and individuals subscribed £300,000, and of this sum more than one-third was given by twenty-seven members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. When the Declaration of Independence was signed at the historic hall in Philadelphia, nine men, at least, who are known to have been of Irish birth or descent put their names to the document.

One thing is certain — the Irish were the most numerous on the field, and they took in council as well as on the field a leading part among those who laid the foundation of the Republic.

A Splendid Record.

A FASHIONABLE wedding took place at Washington on the 6th of February, between Maj. John J. Coppinger and Miss Alice Stenwood, daughter of ex-Senator Blaine. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. Chapelle, of St. Matthew's Church. Among the guests were the President, many of the cabinet, together with the *elite* of Washing-

ton, including General and Mrs. Sherman. The groom has a notable record. At the outbreak of the civil war, when Mr. Seward was anxious to enlist the Irish sentiment in support of Mr. Lincoln's administration, he called in the aid of his always reliable friend, Archbishop Hughes. The archbishop was a strong pillar of the administration, and, whatever he asked, he received. As a compliment to the Irish name, Mr. Lincoln, at the request of the archbishop, authorized him to appoint six young Irishmen, of influential connections, to the army. Of these, Mr. John J. Coppinger, then a junior officer in the papal guard, was the youngest and is now the only survivor. Col. Coppinger was born in Ireland. He began his career as a captain in the Roman army, and, in September, 1860, was made chevalier for the defence of La Rocca gateway. When he came to this country, at the beginning of the civil war, he was commissioned captain of the 14th United States infantry in September, 1861. He joined the army of the Potomac in July, 1862, and engaged at the battles of second Bull Run (where he was severely wounded), Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the operations at Mine Run and the battles of the Wilderness, actions of Yellow Tavern, Meadow Bridge, Hanover Crossing, Hawes' Shop, Old Church, battles of Cold Harbor, Trevillion Station and Deep Bottom, action of Newton, battle of Winchester, actions of Shepardstown and Smithfield, battle of Fisher's Hill, actions of Waynesboro, and Woodstock, battle of Cedar Creek, action of Liberty Mills, battles of Five Forks and the capitulation of Appomattox Court House, where he was again wounded. He was made colonel of the 15th New York cavalry, in January, 1865. He was made a brevet-major in the United States army for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va.; was made a brevet-lieutenant-colonel in the regular army, for zeal and energy while in command of troops operating against hostile Indians. He was afterward promoted to a brevet-colonelship in the United States army. He has seen considerably service in the West, and is now stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., on Gen. Pope's staff, as inspector-general of the department of the Missouri. His army position is major of the 10th regiment of infantry.

Two Generals.

SHORTLY before his death, General Shields visited New York and put up at the Astor House, where he was taken suddenly ill, and for some days suffered great agony, caused by the old wounds received in the Mexican War. In fact, these wounds were a constant source of suffering to him all through his latter life, even while in the field during the late war for the Union. And it is an authenticated fact that he was laboring under one of his most acute attacks when he entered the saddle to lead his troops the day of his memorable victory over Stonewall Jackson in the valley of the Shenandoah. He was often attended in these painful moments by a faithful orderly, named John Dunn, who never failed to restore the impeded circulation in the afflicted parts by gentle and continuous friction with the hands. Dunn was sent for by the old general to attend him at the Astor House. He immediately responded to the call, and soon succeeded, as in the old days, in giving him relief. The old orderly, presuming on the long friendship existing between them, seemed inclined to lecture the general for his rashness in leaving his home and family at such a time and trusting himself to the care of strangers when he knew so well that at any moment he might expect to be stricken down with his old complaint.

"I know you are right, Dunn,"

replied the general. "But I'll tell you what induced me to make this trip. It may be my last, and at best I know I can't have a great while to live. I have long been a great admirer of Ben. Butler. During my term in the United States Senate I met him often, and learned to love the man. I learned to love him for his great heart, for his pure patriotism, for his unfaltering efforts in behalf of the oppressed of every land, and, above all, for his great and unchangeable love for my own people. For this reason I want to visit Massachusetts. I want to go among my countrymen in Boston and elsewhere throughout the State, and I want to tell them what a debt they owe Ben. Butler. I want to tell them, if they ever get the chance, they must repay this debt. There is no honor too great, no place too high, no trust too sacred for Ben. Butler to reach through the support of the Irish citizens of America."

If Shields was alive to-day, it is needless to say how delighted he would be at the election of his old friend, Gen. Butler, to the governorship of Massachusetts.

Cannot be Exterminated.

Said Michael Davitt in a recent speech in London: — "When Cromwell reduced the population of Ireland to 700,000, the race was not exterminated. It was driven to Connaught, but it recrossed the Shannon and drove its enemies before it. And if the Liberal policy of Gladstone should even succeed in reducing the population to 2,000,000 there would be still sufficient Nationalists to keep Ireland as discontented with English misrule as it is at the present moment. If this winter 50,000 families have to leave Ireland, where are they going? They are going to swell the ranks of the new Ireland that is growing up beyond the seas. They are going out to be trained in Republican ideas and in the love of Republican institutions. They are going out to a country where, perhaps, their sons will be sent into Congress twenty years hence, as the sons of men sent out from Ireland after '48 sit in Congress now. From my knowledge of the new Ireland in America — and I have felt its pulse from New York to San Francisco, and from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi —I can tell Lord Derby that some English statesmen by-and-by — not very long, perhaps — will have to take into account the Irish element in America in the settlement of the Irish question.

Eternity.

Eternity is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it, and enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure-loving who tread so near its dark shores how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean! What is the eternity of God? Existence without beginning or end! Who can comprehend it? Run your thoughts back as far as the utmost stretch of imagination, even millions of ages before centuries were made — God existed and was as old as he is now, or as he will be when millions of ages more are passed away. From everlasting to everlasting he is God. What is the eternity of creatures? Existence forever and ever! No period of, or revolution of, unnumbered ages will diminish aught for the duration which will be still before us Here we have no abiding place; time is hastening us to eternity: we are forming characters for eternity. The thoughts we indulge, the feelings we cherish, the words we utter, the works we do, are all drawing features of our moral likeness. How short and uncertain is the period of our probation!

Present Position and Prospects of the Holy See.

CARDINAL MANNING, in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, where the feast and octave of the Epiphany have been marked by special services. His Eminence took for his text St. Luke's words "Of his kingdom there shall be no end," and said:—

THIS great festival is the festival of the Royalties of Jesus Christ. He was king of the Jews, king of the gentiles, king of all mankind, king having all power both in heaven and upon earth, and the kings of earth came to adore him; and the gentiles walked in the brightness of his light. And this was a prophecy of the Christian world in which all royal powers and all crowned heads once bowed in baptism, were subject to the King of kings and Lord of lords, Jesus our Redeemer at the right hand of His Father. And so once it was; but so it is not any longer. There are times when on such a festival as this I would rather speak to you of truths that are eternal. But there are times also when it is necessary for us to speak of truths that belong to the turbulent times of this world; and such I believe to be the present moment. There was a time when the kings of the earth acknowledged the vicar of Jesus Christ. There was a time when the kings of the earth bowed their heads in obedience to the Christian law. We have come to a time in which the crowned heads of this world have turned their faces away from the Vicar of Jesus Christ just as men did from his Master before him. And many will sometimes think that of his kingdom there is an end. Not so. The prophet has said: "His kingdom shall not be delivered to another people." And again: "Of his kingdom there shall be no end. He shall reign forever." How are we to understand these things? Our Divine Lord on the night before he was betrayed said these words to His Apostles: "I dispose — that is, I give unto you as my father hath given unto me, a kingdom." He therefore declared himself to be a king. He declared that they were the heirs of His kingdom; and to one of them above all he said: "To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven; whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." Thus He gave him a two-fold power, power in this world, and power that shall be ratified in the world unseen. And when He was going away He said: "All power in heaven and earth is given unto me. Go, ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations." In these words we see by revelation the present state and condition of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We see him at this hour a prisoner I select the word because it has been for these ten or twelve years past the term which has excited the most contradiction. People say "A prisoner?" He might go out to-morrow from the gates of his palace if he would. Where are the bonds upon his hands? Has he hot a law of guarntees which declares him a sovereign person? Is there not a law which would punish any attempt against him or against his sovereign dignity?" Fine words of a musical sound in the ears of the world; worthless, unmeaning, and mocking when weighed in the scales of truth.

The Vicar of our Lord is at this moment in durance and constraint, not physical but moral. You may ask me to justify this. I will do it by taking a parallel case. Let me suppose that some sovereign with a superior might and military power should occupy this land, the city of London. Let me suppose that he had declared Her Most Gracious Majesty a Sovereign person, and enacted that any attempt against her person or dignity should be treated

like an attack upon himself; nevertheless that he should establish himself in the ancient Palace of St. James's, and permit the enjoyment of Buckingham Palace to Her Majesty the Queen, and then say, "You are at perfect liberty; you may go through the streets of London; you may show yourself freely among your subjects." Is there a man among you that would not rise and resent the refinement of that insult, the refinement of that hypocrisy? Would not the answer be, "When I see you over the sea, when you have laid down that which by violence you have unjustly taken, when I am once more free in the midst of my people, then, and not till then, shall I set foot outside my palace." Such is the simple case with the Vicar of our Lord in Rome. And more than this; out of wisdom and out of charity, as well as out of dignity, he could not do it. If his person were seen in the streets of Rome, one of two things would be inevitable, he would be hailed with acclamations of joy, which would be seized as a sign of sedition and rebellion; or he would be the object of the execration of the anti-Christian revolution, which would peril his life. No: Englishman as I am, I acknowledge I am impatient with Englishmen when I hear them say, "A prisoner! That is a word without meaning. He is free to leave his palace, and he could go freely through the streets if he would." Men who say these things do not think. My purpose to-night is to draw out the principles which justify what I have said. I have begun by quoting the words in which our Divine Master committed to the Apostles, and especially to the head of the Apostles, the power which he had received from His Father. That power is twofold; it is a spiritual power and it is a temporal power. At this day the world professes itself in conflict only with the temporal power. It professes great respect for the spiritual power in which it does not believe. It would be placing the argument at a disadvantage in the eyes of the world if the assault were upon the spiritual power; and, therefore, it is upon the first line of the intrenchment, the temporal power of the Vicar of our Lord. The spiritual authority which was given to the Vicar of our Lord consisted in this — the authority of truth, the authority of discipline. Now, no Christian man who hears me will doubt that our Lord did give to his Church the authority to teach in His name the Christian law. Here we must be all agreed. This supreme spiritual power, therefore, contains in itself the power of legislation or of making laws for Christian men, and a judicial power to judge the actions of Christian men according to that law.

If, then, the Church and its Head, who is the Vicar of our Lord, has this supreme power of legislation and this judicial power over the individual mind and conscience, so that the unfaithful and the immoral may be excommunicated, has he not the same power over families of men and households? and if over families and households, over nations? For what are nations but the aggregate of families and household? and what are the peoples of the world but the aggregate of the family and collective life of individuals? Therefore the spiritual authority binds not only individuals one by one; it binds the masses of men. And if this is so, and if it binds the poor man and the peasant, does it not bind the rich man and the prince? Are not all men equal before the law of God? Were not all alike born into the world? Will not all die and stand before the same tribunal hereafter? And if the Church of God and the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ its Head have this supreme power to judge the actions of men not only individually, but in masses, and to correct the princes and rulers and law-givers of the world in so far as their legislation and judgment are

discordant with the law of God, then there is a supreme power upon this earth to which the highest authorities of this world should all bow. I will take one example. What is Christian marriage? The indissoluble bond of one pair. What are the nations of the world doing now? Introducing the law of divorce. I read only the other day that in a State in America, there was a case in which five successive divorces were given one woman. Is there no power on the face of the earth—no supreme authority—to condemn this violation of the law of God? If there be, who is it? If there be not, then we are already in the times of the Lawless One! If it be so, the Vicar of our Lord possesses two powers — one, which is doctrinal, the supreme spiritual power to teach the truth; another, the supreme power to expound the law of God and to judge of men, whether peasant or princes, according to their conformity to that law. The latter is called temporal power. But besides this temporal power—which is personal and general —by which the supreme spiritual authority may be used in matters of a spiritual sort for the spiritual good of Christain people, there is another, which is a local temporal power; that is, the possession of a territory or patrimony—that is, an inheritance; the possession of the city or state in which the Vicar of Christ, and he alone is sovereign, even in the things of this world. Some who hear me may have greater difficulty in accepting this than what I have said about the spiritual supremacy of Jesus Christ. Let me draw it out. If history can prove anything, history has abundantly proved that Peter, the Vicar of our Lord, was martyred in Rome, and that being martyred in Rome he was there as the Bishop of Rome, and as Bishop of Rome received his martyr's crown. Never from that day has the line of the successors of Peter been broken in that city. Nor from that day have the successors of Peter ever lost or forfeited their hold upon the city of Rome. For three hundred years in the beginning, they were martyred one after another, and martyred within the walls of Rome. Of thirty successive Pontiffs twenty-nine received the martyr's crown within the walls of Rome, but they held with such tenacity the city which the Divine Will and Providence had given them, that they laid down their lives rather than forsake it. An army which remains on the field of battle, however much it may have suffered, is victor. The Pontiffs laid down their lives for three hundred years, but they held their position — they retained possession of the city of Rome. The world was then Pagan; it became Christian. What followed? When Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, in two great battles—one in the East, and one in the West—had conquered the Pagan armies of Rome, he departed from Rome, and established himself at Byzantium or Constantinople, to which he gave his name, leaving the Bishop of Rome the sole and only authority; and never, from that hour to this, has there been emperor or king residing within those walls and claiming sovereignty over the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The empire translated its seat and left that city, which had been consecrated by the blood of so many Pontiffs for three hundred years, in possession of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. After that, hordes of barbarians—the fierce nations of the North—came down in succession, and besieged that city. Twice St. Leo saved it by going out personally and turning back the invader. Twice over Pope Zachary saved the city when it was threatened by military power. The Greek armies came again and again to harass Italy and Rome itself, and it was always protected by the authority of the Pontiffs. There grew up in those ages the beginning of the temporal power of the Vicar of Our Lord — informal and inchoate at first; but

in the time of Gregory the Great — to whom we owe our Christianity — it became a formal, patriarchal, and princely authority over all that existed of civilization in Europe. What was then called the patrimonies of the Church — for there were three-and-twenty of them, extending over Italy, Sicily, the South of France, the North of Africa, both sides of the Adriatic — were the first germ of the civilization of Europe. Here slavery was first abolished, there the bondsmen were released, there began that civilization which afterwards became European. St. Gregory was truly a sovereign and legislator, though as yet there was no recognition of his sovereignty according to the exact definition of our law. Two hundred years more — and in the time of S. Leo III.—the sovereignty of the Vicar of our Lord became formal and complete. It was in the years 800 that S. Leo III. created European civilization. He consecrated the Emperor Charlemagne, and thereby created the Empire of the West. Our modern Europe is, therefore, nothing more than the civilization which sprang from that Empire of the West, so that it may be said with truth that Christian and civilized Europe, of which we form a part, began on that Christmas Day when S. Leo III. consecrated the first Christian Emperor of the West. From that day, down to 1870—a thousand years—the Vicars of our Lord, and successors of St. Peter, had held the city of Rome by a right, consecrated, first, by Divine Providence; secondly, in the beginning by the free consent of the peoples; and, thirdly, by an unbroken prescription reaching farther back than that of any monarchy in existence. There is not in existence a monarchy so consecrated by right, so deeply rooted in law, Divine and human, as the sovereignty of the Vicar of our Lord. And what has been the history of that sovereignty? I will tell you; it does not militate against my argument, but supports it. For three hundred years the Pontiffs were martyred, and men say, "Where was your temporal power then?" I answer by asking, Where was your Christian world then? For three hundred years the world was Pagan, and the Vicar of our Lord did not claim, or attempt to exercise, temporal sovereignty over Pagan Rome. But when the world became Christian, which of the crowned heads ventured to claim the Vicar of our Divine Lord as a subject? If not a subject, he must have been a sovereign, for between subjection and sovereignty there is nothing intermediate. The very Law of Guarantees, of which I spoke, begins by declaring that he is a sovereign — "Because the Catholic world is interested in his independence." After the persecution by the Pagan sword had ceased, there came the persecution of the Arian Lombards and heretical Greek emperors. The Pontiffs were continually persecuted. Nevertheless, with the same tenacity with which they had before held the city of Rome by martyrdom, they now held the city of Rome by patience.

Do not imagine that sovereignty in Rome was a tranquil sovereignty, like the sovereignty of England It was the sovereignty of the church militant, and of the head and captain of that Church, upon whom, first of all, the assaults of the concentrated hostility of the world fell in all their force and vigor. You will see the result of this argument. Rome has been usurped nine times, and now a tenth—usurped by Greeks, Lombards, Counts of the Marches, by the French Revolution, and now by another revolution. We do not wonder at this. Next, five-and-forty of the Pontiffs have either never set their foot in Rome or been driven out of it. Nevertheless, they held on with the same tenacity. Their right was imperishable, and they never ceded it. Once more, Rome has been burned, wrecked and destroyed

over and over again. Do you believe the Rome of this day to be the Rome of the Cæsars? Some men do; but some men do not read history, and if they do, they do not understand it. Do you believe the Rome of to-day is the Rome of the early Christians, of the early Pontiffs? No; it is the third or fourth Rome—Rome piled upon Rome. Over and over again Rome has been sacked, destroyed, burned down to the foundations, so that at one time there was not heard a human voice within the walls of Rome, and the bark of the foxes was heard on the Aventine Hill. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Clement VII., when the Lutherin heresy had rent the Western World, the world believed that the authority of the Vicar of our Lord was destroyed. Rome was sacked and wrecked for a month together, with atrocities against persons consecrated to God that exceed in sacrilegious and refined barbarity anything recorded in history. No doubt the world at that moment thought it had come to an end. Three hundred years of more resplendent and acknowledged sovereignty followed; and, therefore, do not think for a moment that I forget what the world has done against the kingdom which shall have no end. From this I draw two consequences. The first is this: that the sovereignity of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, which has been often assailed, often trampled to the earth, has been restored as often as it has been struck down, that there has been a law of restoration as well as a law of destruction. Secondly, I draw from it this most certain conviction: that what we see now is only one more of these swelling waves of turbulence which for a moment have submerged the city God gave as the imperishable inheritance of the Church upon earth. When Pius VI. died in exile people thought the end was come. When Pius VII. was seven years in bondage, they were certain the end was come. When Pius IX. flew to Gaeta they said, "All is over now." When the walls were breached in 1870, and the newspapers and politicians and statesmen united together — I will not say in sending gifts to each other — but in declaring their conviction that the temporal power of the Pope was over and gone, they believed, as a great statesman had said, that when the temporal power was gone the spiritual power would soon follow. So truly did a chancellor of a foreign power once say, "Thou knowest not, my son, with what little wisdom the kingdoms of this world are governed." Little wisdom, indeed! when men so judge of that imperishable kingdom which God has set up. From this I desire to draw one lesson. We cannot lift a hand. God alone can bring to pass the consummation we desire. But we can pray — we can affirm true principles — we can stand steadfast by the right.

Twelve years have passed, and men's minds have become acclimatized to this state of things, and accustomed themselves to think, "It is all over now; what is lost will never come back again." And some there are, it may be, who say, "Well, perhaps it is better so." With faintness of heart and diffidence of faith they forget the prophecy and the promise, "His kingdom shall not be delivered to another people;" and "Of his kingdom there shall be no end." The restoration may not be in our lifetime. When it will be I know not; but though "Heaven and earth shall pass away, the word of God shall not pass away." And of this we are firmly and immutably convinced — that so long as there is a Christian world, so long the Vicar of Our Lord will never lose his right to Rome. If it were possible for that right to come to an end, it would be when the Master shall come to take account of all mankind. Another word I would say, and it is this. Look at the political world; look at the kings and sovereigns

and princes, who turned their faces away, and never lifted their hand nor opened their lips in protest against this great wrong. There is not one of them who has not been scourged within his own territories; there is not one of them whose life has not been attempted; there is not one of them whose power has not been undermined by revolution. If there be an exception to this national anarchy it is our own country, wonderfully favored beyond all its deserts. I must say that of late — in this last generation — England has not lifted its hand against the Vicar of Our Lord; and it may be that it is to this we owe our privelege. The powers of Government have been growing less, and the tumultuous will of the people has been growing stronger and stronger. Look at France! Look at Germany, with its massive military power which nothing can resist! Look at Russia, trembling literally in presence of an invisible conspiracy! Look at Italy — to which with all my heart I wish well, with its beautiful land and graceful Catholic people — its traditions threatened and its simple faith imperilled; for there is a transient dominion of the power which has set itself against the faith and against the Vicar of Jesus Christ. There can be no peace or safety so long as these things last, for the only true stability in the world is to be found in that which created the Christian world. What created the Christian world? Christianity. What diffused Christianity? The Church. Who guided the Church in the diffusion of Christianity and the Christian law? The head of the Church upon earth — the line of Pontiffs. That is the principle which created the Christian world; and it is a scientific truth that things are preserved by the principle from which they spring. No other principle can preserve that which another principle has created. Be wise ye, therefore, that rule the world. Make peace with the Son of God at the right hand of His Father. This would be the counsel that I would give the crowned heads of the world were that my mission. And for our Holy Father, in the majesty of his immutable authority, he speaks to the world. He invites the civil powers of the world to come and renew their relations with him, and bind themselves once more by those laws which can alone give stability to the civil order of the world. Nothing of his authority can perish. The antagonists who have raised themselves against the See in which he sits, have passed away like fleeting shadows and are no more. The revolutions have beaten themselves against the Rock and gone by forever. The empires which once were mighty and surrounded him with threats have passed away, and their names are hardly written in history. The emperors of Constantinople, and of Germany in the Middle Ages, and the kings of Rome — and there have been two or three kings of Rome, nominal and titular — where are they now? Gone, like the shriek of a tempest, like the storm that in a moment passes over the earth; but he sits there still in his immutable strength and imperishable right, watching the turbulence of the world, in the full confidence that of his kingdom there shall be no end.

"WELL" said a Yankee, proudly, to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that!" "Like that," quoth the latter: "there's a far mair wonderful concern nae twa miles frae whar I was born." "Indeed!" says Jonathan; "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

A YANKEE writes to a friend for four dollars, "because he is terrible short," and gets in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do — stand upon a chair."

Better Prospects Ahead.

Dublin.

Mr. Dawson M. P., is a second time Lord Mayor, and all who have rated at its true value, his activity in promoting useful works in the city during the past year, must feel more than satisfied at his reelection. In his speech yesterday he alluded to many new improvments to be carried out in Dublin in the coming year. New and important streets are to be built in the centre of the city, connecting its two extremities by thoroughfares more desirable than some of those already existing. Baths and public wash-houses on a large scale are to be erected. The Lord Mayor pointed out the marked advance we had made in a short time in the matter of street cleanliness. The new paving of Dublin cost £100-000 in the last twelve months, and certainly we are all sensible every day we take a walk of the happy change effected. Nine miles of new houses have been built in a year, houses more suited to small incomes than the tall, many-windowed dwellings in some of the old-fashioned streets, built for wealthy inhabitants in the days when Ireland had a Parliament and an aristocracy. These tall, dingy, once highly-respectable streets, from which the dwellers have fled, either into more fashionable neighborhoods, or to smaller, easier, and cheaper quarters, give a melancholy look to certain parts of Dublin. It is a pity they could not be swept away like the era that required them, despite the handsome old ceilings and chimney-pieces which some of them contain, for they seem to have no future before them save that of becoming tenement-dens for the wretchedly poor. The new homes for people with a very few hundreds a year are cheerful, moderate in size, and possess modern improvements which many of the gaunt old houses lack. Though the rents are not by any means low, the houses are taken as fast as they are built. Mr. Dawson, in speaking of improvements in the city, gave householders a wholesome hint as to the more frequent cleaning of their windows and the floral decorations of their window-sills and balconies. Certainly window-gardening is an art very much neglected; but with a little more general prosperity, much beauty as well as comfort will, it is to be hoped, one day be added to our lives.

New Infirmary.

The new hospital in Jervis Street, or, to use its original title, "The Charitable Infirmary, Jervis Street," is about the most interesting of the many new buildings in course of erection throughout the city, this institution being the most ancient medical charity in Ireland. An old stone tablet, carefully preserved when the old building was lately taken down to make way for the new one, bears the following inscription:—"This charitable infirmary, the first of the kind in this kingdom, was erected on the Iuns' Quay, Anno Domini 1728, and rebuilt on the present site by public subscription, Anno Domini 1803." Another mural tablet tells us that "This operation theatre was erected from the munificent contributions of the late benevolent Richard Cave, Esq., of this city, and his humane sister, Anne Cave." During one hundred and fifty years the hospital has received the sick and hurt of Dublin, of all creeds, without favor or distinction, and since 1854 the institution has been under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who act as nurses and control the general management, faithfully observing the rule which provides free access for patients of

every religious denomination, and empowers them to send without question for any clergyman the sufferer may desire to see. The new building will present a massive and commanding appearance, though hidden in a roughly-paved, narrow, pent-up thoroughfare in the heart of the city. A dreary old burial ground which it overlooks, is to be planted with shrubs and flowers, to form a pleasant resting-place for the eyes of the convalescent; and it is proposed to make a promenade and garden on the roof, from which can be seen a wide and beautiful view of the city, Kingstown Harbor, and the mountains beyond. A hydraulic lift, and also a staircase, will be provided to conduct the patient able to leave his bed up to this airy pleasure-ground above the smuts and smoke. The roof-cornice is of limestone, surmounted by a parapet six and half feet high. The foundations are sunk ten feet below the level of the pavement, and the superstructure shows a frontage of one hundred and sixty-eight feet. The Sisters of Mercy who so generally devote their lives to the sick and maimed of this institution, live behind the infirmary in a delapidated old building, formerly used as a coach factory.

Cork.

THE Cork people are very much alive about their Exhibition, which is expected to open in June. All the wealth and strength of the city seem to have been put in a mass to form the committee, and the first difficulties of the enterprise have been got rid of. A substantial fund has been subscribed, and the preliminary arrangements are made. The plan of the enterprise seems to be much the same as that of our own late Exhibition in Dublin, and the people are promised concerts and promenades, besides horse-shows, cattle-shows, bee, poultry, and flower-shows, as well as races, regattas and athletic sports; though these last, we may venture to assume, are not to be held within the building. They may, however — even the regattas — be at its very doors; for Cork is nothing if not upon the river.

Laws of Health.

THE principal laws of health, the observance of which will render life cheerful and happy with the prospect of good old age may be summed up as follows:

1st. Temperance and sobriety in eating and drinking, taking only those things that we know to agree with us, and in moderate quantity.

2d. To breathe as pure an atmosphere as possible by living in well-ventilated houses, and by exercise in the open air several hours daily.

3d. To maintain a free state of all the pores of the skin by ablution and friction.

4th. To promote the healthy action of the brain and nerves by actual mental employment giving to the mind by alternate rest and proper exercise of all our faculties, mental and moral. power to keep in subordination the emotions, the passions, and the propensities.

5th. Regularity of habits as to the hours for working, eating and sleeping, avoiding particularly late hours.

Premature Deaths.

THE human frame was intended to withstand external influence and internal decay for seventy or eighty years, and as we know that a very small minority attains that age, we shall find on close investigation that the cause arises in a great measure

from a neglect of the laws of health applicable to the prevention of disease. What, then, are the principal causes of premature deaths, by which we mean all deaths except from old age? That hereditary influence constitute an important and conspicuous factor in fostering premature deaths is well proven. The children of consumptive, scrofulous, syphilitic and intemperate parents generally die young, or should they attain the age of maturity, have implanted in their system a weakness or "vulnerability" by which they are less able to withstand the assaults of disease. Could a law be enforced preventing the consummation of such mariages, what a boom it would be to the physical well being of future generations? But young people whose love laughs at bars and locksmiths pay little attention to the laws of heredity, and married they will be, without considering that the generation to come has some rights which they are bound to respect. Insanity, criminality and nervous diseases are to a great extent transmissable. The mortality from the several diseases falls with different force at different periods of life. There is a wide difference between the incidence of the several causes of death in infancy, in childhood, in manhood, in mature years, and in the decline of life. In infancy diseases of the brain and nervous system rank first among the causes of death. In childhood and early youth the infectious diseases (scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, etc.) are the chief causes of mortality. In early manhood and maturity, from 25 to 50, consumption maintains the first rank; and in the decline of life and old age diseases of local origin, as the natural consequences of decay terminate life, and death then becomes a physiological, not a pathological fact, not as the premature close of a life cut short by disease. Nine-tenths of all deaths are premature, and consumption causes one-fourth of the whole number. The predominance of consumption during the more actively occupied working age of life is significant of the influence of industrial occupations upon its prevalence, and its occurrence is notably allied to sedentary labors pursued in ill-ventilated rooms with fouled atmosphere. Living in well-ventilated houses, eating good food properly cooked, indulging freely in out-door exercise, and avoiding all kinds of dissipation will do much toward prolonging the lives of those predisposed to consumption.

Heroes on Both Sides.

Col. James A. Mulligan—Union Army.

In July, 1864, Col. Mulligan received his death-wound while leading his famous "Irish Brigade" on the disastrous field of Winchester, in the valley of the Shenandoah. "He fell," says a contemporary account, "while rallying his men.

"When we fell back from our position he was sitting erect in his saddle, and with hat off was inspiring to deeds of valor those brave troops who loved him so dearly, and who recognized in him the attributes which constitute the heroic soldier.

"A minie ball passed through his thigh, and he fell from his horse. His staff gathered around him, and, assisted by the brave men of his command, endeavored to bring him off the field. It was almost certain death to every man who approached him, and yet the gallant men of the Irish brigade, with their colors planted close to his body, rallied around him determined, if possible, to bear him off from the ground.

The enemy perceiving their intention, concentrated their whole fire on them for a moment, and every second a dozen men would drop dead around their chief.

"Lieutenant Nugent, Mulligan's brother-in-law, and an officer on his staff, was wounded in the leg, and at the same moment his horse was killed.

"Turning to the color sergeant of the Twenty-Third Illinois, he took the colors from him and desired him to assist in carrying the colonel off the field.

"Limping along he had not proceeded many steps before he received a second wound and fell, exclaiming: 'Colonel, I am shot.' Mulligan then turned to the men around him and told them to save the flag. 'Boys don't lose the colors of the Irish Brigade.' This was the last remark he made, after telling the men to save themselves, as it was useless to try and save him." Let me add to this another touching reminiscence of the dead hero.

When thus left fatally wounded on the field the dying soldier's thoughts turned to home, to the devoted wife and darling children whom he loved with tender devotion; and there, as he lay with the life's blood streaming from his wounds, he strove to pencil in the little diary which he always carried in his breast, a last message of love and affection to the dear ones who, alas! were never more to see him in life.

That little, precious book, its pages stained with blood, was, after his death, with other tender mementos, delicately given into the hands of those for whose eyes alone the loving words of fidelity and *adieu* were intended.

It was, indeed, a true heart's last message sealed with a life's best blood!

It is a consolation to know that in his last hours, Colonel Mulligan had the happiness to receive all the blessed rites and ministrations of the Holy Church — a grace won for him by his noble and exemplary Catholic life. A chaplain attached to the Confederate army was fortunately near, and gave every religious solace to the dying soldier; nor was anything wanting on the part of "the enemy," into whose hands he had fallen, to contribute to the comforts and to soothe the last hours of a foe they had long learned to respect on account of his chivalry and well-known humanity.

And so passed away James A. Mulligan. A nobler spirit, a purer character, a tenderer heart, did not perish in that cruel war.

A Catholic, by the priceless inheritance of faith, he was always loyal to his principles, and illustrated in his daily life, with unswerving fidelity, the beauty and benignity of its teaching.

No one ever heard him employ, even under so-called "provocation," a profane, far less an impure word; and in his habits he was from principle a total abstainer. It is said that even during the physical pain attending his last hours, the colonel heroically refused the offer of brandy tendered by the surgeon, remarking that he had "resolved never to taste it," and "would not break his resolution."

Mulligan would have risen to distinction in civil life, even without the prestige of a military career. Indeed, at the outbreak of the war he was already a man of mark in the community in which he lived. In 1854 he edited with marked ability a Catholic weekly, the *Western Tablet*, then recently established. He had previously studied and graduated with distinguished honors at the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago. Devoted to literature, he became a ready, versatile and brilliant writer. As an orator he was possessed of a rich, brilliant and exuberant imagination, a ready and felicitous flow of language, and a graceful and persuasive manner

which won and carried captive listening audiences.

His zeal and energy in the early days was largely given to congenial works of Catholic interest, especially to the building up in Chicago of a creditable Catholic public library, and grouping around it an earnest, active body of Catholic young men. And when away from the city, how his thoughts turned to his favorite hobby; what glowing, stirring appeals came from his fascinating pen urging others to labor for it!

Turning over a file of old letters (which, indeed, first suggested this random article), my eye catches this pithy sentence about the library: "Be not weary in pushing your project. It is the one, the true, and the beautiful. In the library the institute will have marrow; shelve it about and you will have girded it with the unfailing charm. In its rekindled existence will be the warmth and vivacity of true life. Then be not weary-hearted." How such words cheered and encouraged! With voice and pen he pleads the cause of every charity; and every generous work found in him a friend and an advocate. And Ireland! Mulligan was born in the United States (Utica, N. Y.) but as is so often the case, he was more Irish than those to "the manner born" — *ipsis Hibernior*, etc.

He studied its history with ardor, and to the end he was enthusiastic in the cause of Ireland. How his cheeks glowed and his eyes glistened as he talked about it; and how eloquently he could publicly discourse on Irish subjects is still a memory among the living.

His was no clap-trap devotion, no simulated patriotism, born of sordid motive or merely personal ambition; it had its prompting and inspiration in a more solid and generous foundation. It was based upon an earnest, intelligent love for the land of his fathers; a loyal attachment to principle, a sincere love for liberty, a chivalrous spirit that would aim to achieve by means such as brave men employ, the ends which humanity pleads for and religion may justify and bless.

He proved himself to be in deed and in truth an Irish soldier — a Catholic gentleman. His life is a precious memory to his family, to his friends, to those who knew and loved him. It is more; it is an example.

In these, shall I say evil days, there is unhappily too little of sturdy, loyal, Catholic principle illustrated in the public life and character of Catholics, and too much of a disposition everywhere shown to put out of sight or put under the feet every semblance of attachment to the things that ought to be most precious and most dear.

James A. Mulligan was a type of the true-hearted, faithful, Catholic gentleman; one of whom I may say, without qualification, he was a model for the Catholic young men of our time. This is high praise.

A companion of his studies at college, a friend of his manhood, now an honored bishop of a western diocese, in the funeral oration which it fell to his melancholy duty to preach over the remains of his former comrade, and on a subsequent occasion, in a paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, fully and amply anticipated every word of eulogy here written.

More than eighteen years have passed since that fateful day when the life blood of that gallant soldier ebbed away on the bloody field. His remains were carried back to the city which honored him living and mourned him in death. All that mortal honor and affection's tribute could then bestow, was showered upon his coffin and festooned over his grave. These have long since withered and perished; but there survives over all these perishable things a memory which time does not tarnish nor dust decay — the memory of a stainless character, a noble Catholic life, a heroic and Christian death. W. J. O.

Gen. Patrick Cleburne, Confederate Army.

It was the 30th of November, 1864. At four o'clock in the afternoon the line of battle was formed, Stewart on the right, Cheatham on the left, their right and left flanks interlocked like Parthian shields, composing the centre. Gen. Stephen D. Lee's corps was held in reserve. Cleburne's position was in the centre; his division formed in three battle lines and he at its head. Thus arranged Hood's line was nearly two miles long, advancing, curved like a mussulman's scimitar, with the blade to the foe. But let us follow Cleburne. Bugles were blowing, drums beating and bands playing. A courier dashed up to Cleburne's presence and soon the word "Attention!" was given, then "Forward, march!" and the column passed over a hill and through a little skirt of woods. Soon they emerged into an open field and steadily they pressed on with "proper cadence" toward the rampart of blood and death. The Federal batteries began to open. First came solid shot bounding over the earth and tearing and crashing through the ranks; then the shrieking shells flew through the air on the wings of destruction, bursting under and above and around the men, and at every explosion unbinding more evils than ever flew from Pandora's box. Twilight was coming on. "Forward, men!" was repeated all along the line. A living sheet of fire was poured into their ranks. But the men pressed forward until the terrific roar ran from centre to flank, from wing to wing.

Night came and the two armies fought like two blind giants in despair. Cleburne's old war cry rang out above the din of arms: "Follow me, boys!" Once again, and again, and again, seven times, Cleburne's division, and, indeed, all of Hood's army, charged the breastworks. And once again, and again, and again, seven times, they were repulsed. Every time they formed and reformed under a most galling fire. At one time, just before dusk, Cleburne captured a portion of the works and turned the guns of a Federal battery on their former owners; but it was only for a few moments — a little silver rift in the battle clouds that enveloped him in the darkness. It was the hottest fire Cleburne had ever met. It was one stream of blazing hell. Confederates were on one side of the breastworks and Federals on the other. Men fell flat on their faces and fired from behind the bodies of their dead comrades. Dead soldiers filled the intrenchments. Blood made the earth as slippery as an ice pond. Thus the firing was kept up until after midnight, and gradually died out. But both armies held their own. The Confederates passed the night where they were, just outside the breastworks. The Federals, only a few feet off, held their cover until near daybreak, when they quietly marched away and retreated back to Nashville.

How Cleburne Died.

But when the morrow's sun began to light up the sky the surviving soldiers looked out upon a sad battlefield. The dead were piled one on top of the other in awful heaps and wounded seemed thicker than the uncounted stars. Horses like men had died game upon the defences. Cleburne's body lay there on top of the breastworks, ghastly in the sleep of death, pierced with 46 bullets through and through. His mare had her forefeet on the top of the works, dead in that position.

Not far from where Cleburne lay was seen the dead body of Gen. Adams. His horse had his forefeet on one side of the works and his hindfeet on the other, dead. The general seems to have been caught so that he was held to the horse's back, sitting bolt upright in his saddle, as if living, riddled and torn with balls. Gen. Stahl lay by the roadside and his horse by his side, both dead, and

all his staff. Gen. Gist from South Carolina, was lying with his sword, reaching across the breastwork, still grasped in his hand. He, too, was dead. Gen. Cranberry, of Texas, and his horse was seen, horse and rider, right on top of the breastworks, dead. All dead! Four thousand five hundred soldiers all lying side by side in death. Thirteen Confederate generals were killed and wounded. Six brothers, members of a Mississippi regiment, were all dead. "This was the bloodiest picture in the book of time!"

The route over which Cleburne's command had marched the day previous to the battle of Franklin lay through some of the richest and loveliest country in all the South. The roads from Mount Pleasant to Columbia ran through a farming district, fertile as the famous Blue-grass region of Kentucky, and in the highest state of improvement. Six miles from Columbia is what is known as the "Polk and Pillow Settlement," or, as it is now called, Ashwood. Here the distinguished and wealthy families bearing those names lived in a style of elegance and ease but few baronial estates of Europe could afford. General Leonidas Polk, the bishop was born here; so, too, was ex-president James K. Polk, Gen. Lucius Polk, Col. William Polk, Col. George Polk, Col. Andrew J. Polk, Gen. Gideon S. Pillow, Col. Jerome Pillow, and other prominent and famous persons. Nearly all of these gentlemen owned large plantations in Arkansas, Mississippi or Louisiana, and had princely incomes from their cotton and sugar crops, but here at Ashwood, they had their superb homesteads, mansions each with a manor, and their surroundings were in keeping with everything refined taste could suggest and almost unlimited purses could purchase.

Cleburne's Romantic Grave.

Being zealous church people these gentlemen had built a beautiful little Protestant Episcopal chapel, and hard by was the family burying ground. It was a very romantic place and the neighborhood quite typical of the flush days of our sunny Southland. The chapel was in the purest Gothic style, and its walls and sharp-pointed roof were quite concealed by clambering ivy, while the flowers and the shrubbery looked fresh and green even on this bleak November day. As Cleburne, with his staff, rode by, the General reined up his horse and lingered for a moment to admire a spot of such singular beauty. To him, however, it was the beauty of sadness. The flowers that bloomed there seemed ready to fade and wither on the breast of death; the evergreen was waiting to lay upon his coffin-lid, and frost glittered on the fairest rose like jeweled mockery. Cleburne had a presentiment of the nearness of death. Turning to one of his staff officers he said with a sigh: "If I fall in the coming fight, bury me here at Ashwood." Two days after his mangled form was placed beneath the sod at Ashwood. The service of the Episcopal Church was said by Bishop Quintard, and then the soldier slept in the grave he had chosen.

A Tribute To His Memory.

Some years after the war — before Cleburne's remains were removed to Helena, Arkansas, and a monument placed over them by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association — the writer was riding one day along the Ashwood road and paused for a moment to pay respects to Cleburne's memory. A rude head-board of cedar, with Cleburne's name in black letters, nearly obliterated by the weather, stood over a little mound the rank grass and weeds had nearly covered. Tearing away the weeds I wrote from memory on the board one stanza of a little poem that first appeared in a Dublin paper "Dedicated to the memory of Patrick Cleburne." It was thus:

Ye brave, en masse, who fall and pass
To the leaden halls of death;
There are palms for the few, but alas! for you
Not a leaf from the victor's wreath.
He was the festive toast, the soldier's boast,
The type of a martial age;
The foe of wrong, the soul of song,
And the light of a future page.

Cleburne's Personal Appearance.

In appearance Cleburne did not bear out his reputation — was weak and rather wan, a slight man, with iron-gray hair cut close to his head, delicate moustache and imperial, small gray eyes and sallow complexion. He dressed always neatly but with plainness, and had little taste for general society. His friends were few; his tastes was simple; his manners shrinking in the extreme. He had a plodding ambition, a high sense of the merits of others, an obstinate though undemonstrative temper, and a shy but loving heart. To those whom he liked he was tenderly affectionate. To his antipathies he was silent and austere. His fancies were mainly prosaic; his turn of thought altogether literary. But in his own, ever unobtrusive way, he was tenacious of his principles and his purpose, incorrigible in the execution of his plans and fastidiously true to his duties, personal and official. He had traveled extensively. In early life he had served as a cornet of the British Light Dragoons in India, and later passed three or four years in Paris as a student of belles lettres. He might have been mistaken for a seaman, and looked like a Greek. His bearing was cosmopolitan; his speech peculiar to himself,— a cross between a stammer and an accent. He was reckless of his person, but not from vain glory. He seemed to be unconscious either of exposure or display, governed by the impulse or desire of the moment. His men loved him dearly; but few of his officers were familiar with him. Hardee was his nearest friend, though he dearly loved young Lucius Polk.

His Bold and Original Opinions.

Cleburne was very bold and original in his opinions. His proposition, two years before the close of the war, to declare all the negroes free and conscript the males, evinces his force of intellect and sagacity. "I would meet the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln," said he, "with a better one. I would give the negroes not only their freedom, but a bounty of land for meritorious service." On one occasion he was heard to declare: "If England and France permit the overthrow of the Confederacy, I shall be in favor of restoring the Union and cleaning out Canada and Mexico." Had he lived he would have returned to Arkansas, married the lady to whom he was betrothed, resumed the practice of law and eschewed Fenianism. "I am sick of fighting," he was heard to say months before his death, "but we must see it to the end."

A Courageous Woman.

We cull the following from the pages of a most interesting book, —"English Women of Letters:" "Lady Edgeworth (an ancestress of the authoress of this name) was a woman of much courage, and, though she had an Irish fear of fairies, knew how to face danger. A sudden alarm sent her up to the garret in Filsard Castle for gun-powder that was kept in a barrel. The servant girl who went with her carried a bit of candle in her fingers. Lady Edgeworth was half way down, saw that the candle was gone, and asked what had become of it; the girl answered that she had left it stuck in the *barrel of black salt!* Her ladyship returned to the garret, found the lighted candle stuck in the gunpowder, put her hand carefully underneath it, took it out safely, and at the bottom of the stairs went on her knees and thanked God for her escape.

Protest Against the Banishment of the Irish.

On Thursday, Feb. 8th, a mass meeting was held in Boston Music Hall, presided over by Hon. Albert Palmer, Mayor of the city, "to protest against the cruel and inhuman scheme of the British government to depopulate Ireland by the wholesale exportation of young men and young women, instead of furnishing them employment at home by public works, which would reclaim waste land and develop the resources of the country, and thereby avert threatened famine, and supply the wants of those who ask for work and not for charity."

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Charitable Irish Society, one of the oldest organizations in Boston, having an unbroken existence since the year 1737, an honorable record of 146 years.

The protest uttered by leading men of various professions and creeds, was an indignant one against the scheme of "assisted emigration" from Ireland of young men and women, and the refusal of the British Goverment to assist the starving people by opening public works in Ireland, which are much needed.

It was a reproof from America for the proposition stated lately by the Earl of Derby: "England must take advantage of the coming distress to emigrate the Irish by wholesale. We ought to spend millions for emigration, but not one farthing for work in Ireland."

The hall was completely filled, even to the upper galleries. There were a great many ladies present, and in the audience and on the platform large numbers of Catholic priests. The platform was crowded with representative men. Never was there seen in Boston a more impressive or dignified meeting.

The meeting was addressed by Thomas Riley, Esq., Mayor Palmer, Judge Joseph D. Fallon, John Boyle O'Rielly, Rev. Dr. Miner (non-Catholic), Rev. Dr. Cordner (non-Catholic), Rev. J. P. Bodfish, Chancellor of the Cathedral, and Hon. P. A. Collins, M. C. The following resolutions were adopted by acclamation:—

Whreas, The British government in Ireland realizing the utter failure of its unwavering and systematic policy of coersion, and the prospective termination of its enforced domination in that unfortunate country, now proposes to depopulate the land, and thereby prevent the autonomy of the nation; and with that object in view, offers through its accredited statesmen millions for emigration, but not one pound for home industry, and threatens to send to this country large numbers of emigrants without any adequate provision for their settlement.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Charitable Irish Society, of Boston, deeply imbude with the conviction that Ireland, under a just and proper form of government, would become the happy home of a united and prosperous and contented people, solemnly denounce this scheme of wholesale emigration as cruel and wicked and inhuman.

Resolved, That while the resources of this country are unbounded, and its reception of the "oppressed of all nations" generous and hospitable, the wholesale introduction of indigent people, without friends to welcome and assist them, and without means to provide for their immediate necessities' would at this time add nothing to the material prosperity of the American people, and would cause untold evils to the emigrants themselves.

Resolved, That a wise statesmanship would discover and apply as the proper remedy for the present distress and discontent in Ireland, not emigration, but the development of the natural resources of the country, such as the reclamation and and cultivation of waste lands, the utilization of its numerous waste-powers for manufacturing purposes, the encouragement of commerce and fisheries, and such an adjustment of the land question as would secure the expenditure at home of the price of Irish produce and Irish enterprise.

Short Articles of Interest.

Ireland's Brave Answer.

SPEAKING of Mr. O'Brien, the Nationalists' victory over the Government's candidate in the recent Mallow election, the Dublin *Freeman* says: "Never was popular verdict handed down from the jury of public opinion more opportunely, more clearly or more decisively than that delivered by the electors of Mallow. Question could not be put straighter — issue could not be made plainer. Mr. Johnson, said Mr. O'Brien, appeals to you from the steps of the Judicial Bench to give his seat in Parliament to the Solicitor General. I appeal to you from the threshold of a prison to bestow it upon me. The electors have answered almost by acclamation — We reject the Government nominee — we cast out the Solicitor General. We will have the Nationalist. And so at the very time when the Queen's Bench, of which Mr. Johnson is a judge, in Dublin, was sentencing Messrs. Healy, M. P., Davitt and Quinn to find heavy bail for their "good behavior," or go to jail for six months, the voters of the constituency on the Blackwater were sending the candidate "on the threshold of a prison" as their representative to Parliament. The more one examines the chances of the combatants, the more vivid must be the appreciation of the reeling blow received by the Government. Mallow has been remarkable in the elections almost of the century for its unfailing fidelity to the Whig or Liberal Party — nay, has been long marked on the Castle books as a safe and secure place for the Castle candidate, in point of fact, up to this election Mallow always smiled on a law officer of the Liberals or a budding judge. Yesterday's was one of the largest polls ever recorded in the place. And where was the Solicitor General? Seventy-two behind the Nationalist candidate, in an exhaustive poll of 250. These reflections add striking significance to Mr. O'Brien's victory and to Mr. Nash's defeat. Mr O'Brien is a native of Mallow, a brilliant Pressman, an ardent patriot, a man who has proven his devotion in the crucible of suffering, and one who will make a worthy member of the Irish Party in the House of Commons. The National triumph is simply a registration by Mallow of the general feeling of Ireland against a system of Government which imprisons the Press and subjects the writers of the public thought to the punishment and company of public malefactors; which suppresses meetings without a reason; and which hangs over the heads of the people the threat of suspension of even the shreds or semblance of trial by jury left to them. Mallow could not help but take fire when all the country is ablaze with indignation at the spectacle of respectable gentlemen marched through the streets of their native towns in prison dress, and the men best trusted by the people called to give enormous bail for their conduct, or go to jail for six months."

How Our Lord was Fastened to the Cross.

IT is commonly supposed that our Lord's feet were separately nailed to the cross, and not placed one over the other and fastened by a single nail, as is the tradition in the Greek Church. Pope Benedict XIV., commenting on this point, pertinently remarks that it would be almost impossible to avoid breaking some of the bones of the feet if one rested on the other and a nail driven through both. There would be danger in that case of making void the scriptural saying to the effect that not a bone of our Saviour was to be broken.

Before the twelfth century the

paintings representing the Crucifixion always exhibited our Lord's feet nailed separately, and, therefore, four nails instead of three were the entire number that nailed Him to the cross.

St. Gregory of Tours and Durandus speak of four nails, but the latter writer also alludes to three without saying which number he inclines to ("*Rationale Divinorum*," *p.* 537). From time immemorial the Latin Church has kept up the tradition that four nails were employed, and not three, and she represents our Lord as thus crucified.

It is commonly believed that one of the nails of the crucifixion is kept in the Church of the Holy Cross at Rome, and that the cathedrals at Paris, Treves, and Toul have the others. When St. Helena first discovered them it is said she attached one to the helmet of her son, Constantine the Great, and another to the bridle of his horse. Tradition has it that she threw a third into the Adriatic to appease a storm. The crown of Italy contains a portion of one of these nails, and filings from them are kept as precious relics in many Churches of Europe.— *Father O'Brien's* "*History of the Mass.*"

Brain Stimulation.

THE anatomist is familiar with the fact that there are two large nerves of sensation known as the "fifth pair," which are distributed to the top of the head and face, and to the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose and eyes. These nerves are closely connected with the nerves which control the action of the heart and of the blood-vessels. By their stimulations the heart's action may be increased. This explains the fact that application of cold water or cold air to the face is one of the best means of reviving a person who has fallen in syncope. It is a curious fact that people of all nations are accustomed, when in any difficulty, to stimulate one or another branch of the fifth nerve, and quicken their mental processes. Thus some persons, when puzzled, scratch their heads, others rub their forehead, and others stroke or pull their beards, thus stimulating the occipital, frontal or mental branches, of these nerves. Many Germans, when thinking, have a habit of striking their fingers against their noses, and thus stimulating the nasal cutaneous branches, while in other branches some people stimulate the branches distributed to the mucous membrane of the nose by taking snuff. The late Lord Derby, when translating Homer, was accustomed to eat brandied cherries. One man will eat figs while composing a leading article; another will suck chocolate creams; others will smoke cigarettes, and others sip brandy and water. By these means they stimulate the lingual and buccal branches of the nerve, and thus reflexly excite their brains. Alcohol appears to excite circulation through the brain reflexly from the mouth, and to stimulate the heart reflexly from the stomach, even before it is absorbed into blood. Shortly after it has been swallowed, however, it is absorbed from the stomach, and passes with the blood to the heart, to the brain, and to the other parts of the nervous system, upon which it begins to act directly.

What a Priest Can Do.

CURIOUS signs of the times are to be seen in and about a certain town only twenty-six miles from Dublin. Three years ago the Catholics there were afraid to hold up their heads. Among eighty magistrates in the county only four are Catholics. The people were completely in the hands of Protestants, and at their mercy, and they bore the mark of this in their appearance and demeanor, and in their utter want of any spirit of progress. It is only three years since they had the good fortune to get among them as parish priest, a man of high culture and refinement as well

as determined energy, who set to work to try if he could not rouse his parishioners from their state of apathy. In this he was assisted by an enterprising schoolmaster from the north, who had come to settle in the town, and who quite took away the breath of the Catholic inhabitants by the independent attitude he assumed towards the Protestants. At the same time the late rekindlings of the national flame all over Ireland warmed these poor Catholics into new life and hope, and they rose to a man to cast off their timidity and to assert their manhood. At present they have a literary club and reading room (where a thoughtful lecture on Henry Grattan was given them the other day by their devoted and accomplished priest), a newspaper of their own, a Catholic doctor and attorney, and two Catholic poor law guardians! Once aroused they are now brimful of pride and energy, and discuss many enterprising plans for the future, among which is a scheme for starting a woollen factory. Not far from this town were people living in a most wretched state in hovels, their only school a hovel, to which the children came in rags, and with unwashed and unhealthy faces. Now these poor creatures have got a church of their own, a fine, airy school, decent dwellings to live in, and present a clean, bright, respectable appearance. It is noteworthy that, though great efforts have been made for them by their prudent and zealous priest, the mainspring of the great changes wrought in their condition is to be found in what a poor old man called the other day *the terrible state of the politics*. The spirit of hope is abroad, and has entered into them.

The people of this district were particularly active in '98, and suffered wofully in consequence, and their quite recent state of abjection is the direct result of the troubles of that time, just as their improvement now is due to the lawful agitation of the present day.

St. Peter's Chair.

THE festival of one of the treasures of Rome — the Chair of Peter — was celebrated on the 18th of January, with great solemnity, in the Vatican Basilica. Cardinal Howard, the Archpriest, pontificated at the solemn High Mass, the regretably modern music of which was composed and directed by the Cav. Meluzzi, and sung by a double choir, the number of strangers at both the morning and afternoon services being very great. The Catacombs known as the "Cimitero Ostriano," outside the Porta Pia, where the rough rude chair of St. Peter was found were richly illuminated, and opened to the public. Among the many prelates and priests who said Masses in these famous sanctuaries was Cardinal Parocchi. And now a word about the relic, the original chair, which is enclosed in a large bronze one upheld by the four showy statues of the Doctors of the Church over the altar at the extreme end of St. Peter's. This altar was designed in a dreadfully tawdry style by Bernini, and was first dedicated, 10th July, 1666, then again by Benedict XIII. the 28th December 1726, and lastly by Pius IX. the 16th January 1856, when he confirmed the Indulgences of fifty years to every one who should visit it on the feast. The chair is only shown every 100 years, the last time being the centenary of St. Peter, 1867; formerly this relic was kept in the sacristy and in the chapel of the baptistry. In 1627 the Canon Torrigio took the measurements of the chair, which have been preserved in the Vatican Archives, and are as follows: — In front 4 palms wide, 3½ palms in height, at the sides a little more than 2½ palms wide, at the back five palms high. It is made of wood, inlaid with bronze and ivory, and has been mended with iron bands. The sacred chair is supposed to have belonged to the Senator Pudens, in whose house St. Peter lived and exercised his Pontificial office. The chair was buried with St.

Peter, as was the custom at that time; but when the body of the Saint was reinterred the chair was retained for public veneration.

House-Keeping Schools.

THE Kingdom of Würtemburg possesses two "House-keeping Schools" (*Haushaltungsschulen*), which well deserve attention. One is in the village of Stubersheim, on the Swabian Alp, and the other at Ehrbach, near the city of Ulm. No girl is admited to them until she has passed through the ordinary schools, so that they have something of the character of a secondary school or college. The youngest student is seventeen and the oldest twenty-five years of age. The general aim of the course of lectures and of the practical work at these institutions is the cultivation of "cleanliness, order, punctuality, and efficiency in house work and farm work." The girls are mostly daughters of the peasant farmers. All the work of the house is done by the pupils during the day hours. The evening is devoted to lectures on various subjects, singing, and drawing. The teaching body in Elrbach consists of three school sisters, and in Stubersheim of a house mother, work teacher, and school teacher. In both institutions the programme is divided into three branches of instruction — housekeeping, woman's work, and continuation of the teaching acquired in the primary school. The first of these branches includes cooking, bread-making, washing, ironing, clothes-making, gardening, the management of all articles of ordinary food, such as milk, fruit, meat. Under the second branch, we find the use of the sewing-machine, embroidery, and even cobbling, with instruction in the manufacture and character of the various stuffs and materials, such as wool, silk, cotton, and lace. The third division embraces mental arithmetic ("head reckoning" as the Germans call it), dictation, book-keeping, singing, and lessons on health. There are two terms in each year, occupying between five and six months, during which the complete course of instruction is carried through from beginning to end. The expense is very slight. From eighty pfennige to one mark (ninepence to a shilling) is charged for daily board and lodging, and the fee for the *kursus*, or entire plan of instruction, is only twenty-six marks a term. The success has been so marked that a multiplication of similar institutions is certain.

The Population of Ireland,

EXCLUDING foreigners, is, at present, about five millions. Of these, of persons between the age of 30 and 65, the number is about 1,500,000, and if we take the half of these as males they would amount to 750,000. There are 20,000,000 acres of land, including mountain, bogs and waste. If, therefore, this land were equally divided among all the male inhabitants between 30 and 65 years of age, each would have nearly 27 statute acres. However, if we set off the waste and irreclaimable land against that portion of the population which through choice or necessity would not adopt an agricultural life, we might allow 27 acres of good land to each male between the above-mentioned ages willing to cultivate it. Under these circumstances we might be sure that either from want of capital or other causes one-fourth of these would part with their farms to others and work as laborers, so that each of the farmers would have between 33 and 34 acres of good land, the laborers comparatively few, fully employed, and well paid, and tilling would be much more prevalent than at present. Can anyone maintain after this that Ireland could not support her present population in comfort and even plenty by agriculture alone. The only thing to prevent this is evidently the monopoly of large tracts of land by

individuals. Of course, what we mean to convey is, that the 33 acres would be the average. There is nothing to prevent instances of 300 acres or of 12 acres, and yet with the coexistance of a comfortable or even affluent agricultured population, provided the farmers own their own farms.

A Letter of Condemnation,

From the Right Reverend John J. Kain, bishop of Wheeling, against the Knights of St. John, a German Catholic society, was read in all the Catholic Churches of that city on Sunday last. He orders all Catholics to withdraw from the society before March 1st, under pain of excommunication.

Last September the diocesan synod at a meeting in that city passed a statute forbidding round dances and the sale of beer at entertainments given by Catholic societies, and a pastoral letter was issued ordering all Catholic societies to enroll themselves as such and submit a constitution for approval by Jan. 1. All not doing so were denied the privileges accorded to regular Catholic societies. The Knights of St. John did not obey the order, and on last Tuesday night gave a ball, at which beer was sold and round dancing indulged in, to test the matter, as much excitement had been created among the German Catholics. The reading of the letter last Sunday was the result.

The Irish Government.

In undertaking an examination of the several departments of the Irish Administration we may as well begin with the Dublin Castle. Our readers will remember that our object in probing the internal arrangements of the Irish Administration is to show that in its several branches that Administration is a practical denial of the theory pretty generally held in England, that Ireland has a constitutional government, by which phrase is meant a government amenable to, and influenced by, the wishes of the governed. Dublin Castle is the centre of the Irish Administration. The expression, "The Castle," is used by Irishmen not to describe the walls within which the work is carried on, but as signifying the embodiment of the system which controls the general government of Ireland. At its head stands the Lord Lieutenant, under him the Chief Secretary, below him the Under Secretary, under him come two Assistant Under Secretaries, and then a succession of clerks. Let us see who are the persons filling these posts, and controlling Irish Government. The Lord Lieutenant is Lord Spencer, an Englishman; the Chief Secretary is Mr. Trevelyan, an Englishman; the Under Secretary is Mr. Hamilton, a Scotchman; the Assistant Under Secretaries are, one Mr. Jenkinson an Englishman, and the other Mr. Kaye, an Irishman, whose political views may be gathered from the fact that at an election in Armagh he was defeated because he was considered a more extreme Tory than Mr. Beresford, his opponent, who now sits for the borough, and who obeys the Tory whip with exemplary alacrity. This is the every-day executive of Ireland. Three Englishmen, a Scotchman, and an ultramarine Irish Tory — all, no doubt, anxious to promote the peace and prosperity of Ireland, but all eminently unlikely to know anything of the country whose affairs they administer with conscientious doggedness.

Name of St. Patrick.

The baptismal name of Ireland's patron saint was Succoth. When he was ordained by St. Germain it was changed to Magonis. When Pope Celestine commissioned him to go on his great and successful missionary tour in Ireland, wishing to add civil dignity, if that was possible, to his person, he conferred upon him the Roman title of "patrioii." This was an order that had been established by Con-

stantine the Great, the first Christian emperor of Rome. Citizens bearing the title of "Patricii" were next in power to the king. It was the highest honor which temporal or spiritual authorities could confer. From this title, bestowed upon Ireland's patron saint, sprang the name Patrick. In time many of Erin's children were christened Patrick, the fond and Christian parents hoping that their infants would follow in the footsteps of their holy namesake, making him a patron in their walk through life. Little do the mass of mankind realize, when they are calling the children of Erin Pat, or Paddy, what are the derivations of these words. In the seventh and eighth centuries the nobles of Europe were proud to wear the title of the Patricii. Charlmagne and other kings considered themselves highly honored to be allowed to be initiated into this Order of the Patricii. Ireland's saint retained the title of Patricius until his death, a title alone by which posterity recognizes him.

Good Friday—Its Meaning.

THE day is called Good Friday, on account of the benefits believed by all Christians to have been conferred on humanity by the crucifixion of Jesus. The Saxons named it Long Friday, from the protracted religious services formerly held on this day, and the Germans term it Still Friday, from the solemn silence observed in the churches. During the first two or three centuries of Christianity it was called the Pasch, because the Paschal Lamb, represented by Jesus, was put to death. The day has been kept, it is said, from a very early period as a day of mourning and special prayer. It was one of the two paschal days celebrated by the Christian Church, and in memory of the crucifixion, was named by the Greeks, the Pasch of the Cross. When Christianity was established in the Roman Empire, Constantine forbade, we are told, the holding of law courts, markets, and all public proceedings on this day. The Roman Catholics have to this day, instead of the ordinary mass, what they term the Mass of the Presanctified, the Host not being consecrated, but reserved from the preceding day. The priests and attendants are robed in black as a sign of mourning; the altar is denuded of its ornaments; the kiss of peace is omitted, in consequence of Judas's kiss; the priest recites a long series of prayers for all classes of the Church, and also for heretics, schismatic, pagans and Jews. The most striking ceremony is what is called the Adoration of the Cross. A large crucifix is usually placed upon the altar, and the entire congregation, the priests first, the laity afterward, approach it with extreme reverence, and bended knees, kiss the figure, which symbolizes JESUS. The "Tenebrae," held to-day, and on the two preceding days, consists of the matins and lauds of the office of Holy Saturday. At the close of the ceremony, all the lights in the church are put, except one, which, as symbolical of JESUS' death and burial, is hidden for a while under the altar.

The Episcopalians also celebrate the day with much parade and solemnity. In England and Ireland, it is a *dies non* in law, and all business is suspended. The Protestant sects, save the Episcopalians, do not observe Good Friday, holding that the day of the crucifixion is not known. It is a little singular that the superstition about Friday as an unlucky day should have arisen from Good Friday, which, with Christians, should be accounted very lucky, since the salvation of man was possible, they hold, only through the crucifixion of JESUS.

Switzerland and the Vatican.

IT is said that the Vatican will send a prelate to Berne, to negotiate an agreement between the Pope and the Government of Switzerland.

The Irish Famine of 1880.

Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT sound is this upon the wind affrights the Western ear?
Is it the moan of ocean storm, filling the world with fear?
Is it the distant thunder's roar? The cataract's awful call?
Or the rumble of the earthquake, as marts and mansions fall?
Is it the groan of a far-off land, that Famine stalks upon,
While Plenty, rosy, plump, and gay, laughs beneath every sun?
Aye, aye, that voice is human that rises on the gale—
The agonizing cry we hear is a starving nation's wail!

Serenely on the ocean sits an island in the sheen
Of silver skies and purple hills and pastures ever green.
The corn is waving gladsomely, her white flocks bleat with glee;
And tawny herds shake silken sides in valley, glen, and lea;
Fish frolic in the rivers, birds carol in the trees,
White sails gleam in the harbors, ships throng her busy quays:—
It was not thence that groan came forth?—again it swells on high:
In Ireland's bread and meat enough—not *her's* a famine cry?

O miracle of miracles! O wondrous cause of wonder!
Proclaim the story to mankind with trumpet of the thunder!
A fertile, generous, joyous land, forbid to feed its people
By laws enacted 'neath the shade of consecrated steeple!
Starvation made by statute—famine a legal code
For subjects of a Government with an "established" God!
Look not into their genial soil for hunger's helpless cause—
The Irish people famish—to obey their English laws!

They plow and plant, they sow and reap, they win and spin all day,
The English fleet is at their wharves to bear it all away!
Their fathers' land the alien owns; the landlords own their labor;
Their mortgaged lives have been foreclosed to glut their English neighbor!

So this is Irish famine and this is English law?
And this the saddest sight on earth that Sorrow ever saw.
Nature's heart is touched with pity, Nature's eyes with tears are filled,
While the people die of hunger in the fields that they have tilled!
From the pastures low the cattle, "For the stranger is our flesh;"
Moans the wind into the harvest, "For the stranger you must thresh;"
And the sheep bleat sadly seaward from green gorges in the rocks:
"The stranger wears our wool and the stranger eats our flocks;"
And the horses paw in fury, as they neigh from out the manger:
"Oh, we would fight for Ireland—but our backs are for the stranger!"

In this band of homeless outcasts limps a cripple whose deep scars
Tell of service as a soldier, perhaps in foreign wars;
An arm is gone; he totters; in youth his hair is white;
Is it hunger makes you tremble who shrank not in the fight?

The coat he wears is tattered—why, the color! yes, 'tis blue!
"Were you ever in America? pale friend, oh, tell me true!"
The ashen lips grow livid, the face becomes less wan—
"Aye, was I," proudly answers he, "I fought with Sheridan!"

"Before the war was over, here my aged father died;
The only daughter, fair and young, lies buried at his side;
The dear old mother lingered still,—to shelter her from harm
I came across the water, and worked the little farm;
'Twas taken from us yesterday"— "And she?"— "She died last night—
Of hunger, hunger—oh, great God! that son should see such sight!
In battle I ne'er trembled—in the whir of shot and shell
I rushed with demon recklessness within the living hell!
To-day I shake with palsy, unmanned by hunger's pangs;
I feel about my breaking heart a slimy creature's fangs;
And all are gone who loved me, the last one of my kin;
O Patrick! you but drove the serpents out to let English reptiles in!"

Lo, here a mother hurries, in her fleshless arms a child,
Her limbs begin to fail her, her face is white and wild;
Full forty miles she walked to-day to reach a poor-house door,
And keep the feeble flickering light in eyes that ope no more!
Dead the babe upon her bosom! Oh, mother's mighty sorrow,
Bewail in vain your journey's length! Bewail your awful morrow!
"Dear turf," she faintly murmurs, "take the life I could not save!
Oh, land that dare not give her bread, give my sweet child a grave!"
She falls—she dies—but not until her voice has stirred the tombs:
"Victoria, with my milkless breasts, I curse your English wombs!"

Philanthropist and missioner lives on St. George's Channel—
Sending Bibles to the Pope of Rome, and to the tropics—flannel!
Prays godly prayers for *foreign* sin before her holy altar,
The while her hands twist at her back for Ireland's neck a halter!
In *foreign* lands protects the weak, with treaties—or with cannon!
And turns the dagger in the heart of her sister on the Shannon!
So generous to her foreign foes they praise her to the sky—
And leaves her Irish subjects *one* privilege—to die!
Come, nations of both continents, behold a Land of Graves!
Come, Russia, with Siberia! France, bring your galley slaves!
Come, leering Turk, with dripping knife, refreshed in Christian gore!
Bashi-bazouk, hold up your head! Be ye ashamed no more!
O empires of a humane world! behold this Christian nation,
That *makes* her people paupers and grants them then—starvation!

INHERITED WEALTH.—The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that "it is the title-deed to sloth." The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes into possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled purse, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

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PREFACE.

"THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG" can hardly be called a work of the imagination, because every one of the main facts has had a real existence. The fever epidemic of '48 is only a memory of old people, now, and a page of history for the young. In contemplating the pictures drawn in "The D'Altons of Crag," many of the present generation might be inclined to doubt the sufferings and sorrows of those days of trial and agony; and that is one reason why these few words are indited to assure the reader, that, of every single scene, the author was a witness, and in every one of them an actor. One of the objects of writing the story, was to leave an authenticated record of times, when all classes were dreadfully tried, and when honest enthusiasm, that could not bear to see the sum of human suffering, ventured everything to lessen or to remove it. We have encountered many gloomy days, since the times which we have endeavored to describe; but, nothing comparable to the helplessness and hopelessness of '48 and '49.

The reader who may have been contemporary with the period will easily recognize most of the characters presented in this story, and all of them have had originals. Even Father Aylmer and Father Ned Power guided and blest their generation, and were the very loving, disinterested, and self-sacrificing pair which doubtless will arrest attention, and, may we not hope, give edification to those who study their lives. Indeed, the author has encountered many characters and associations as interesting, and even as romantic, as the Tipperary priests, and he may be allowed to say that the clergy in general—the Irish priests—for the qualities of exalted sentiment and devotedness are, and have been, worthy of the martyrs' and confessors' blood which they have inherited. A younger man might not speak in such terms of the members of his own profession; but when a man has gone down into the deep shadows of years, he speaks up from them, as though he no longer belonged to the world of which he writes. Thus the author speaks to-day.

Many illustrations are given of the beautiful and devoted love that bound, and, thank God, binds the priests and the people of Ireland. May God preserve that blessing to Ireland. No melioration of which the wildest theorist ever dreamt would counterbalance the evil of a separation between the clergy and the people of our country. The love of the priesthood is a light to faith and a security to morality, and, that light once extinguished, faith, fame, and hope die in our land forever. The cause that will succeed in Ireland, as poor THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER said, when he was leaving his country, "must be baptized in the holy well."

James the Pilgrim's character and career seem startling, but they are another illustration of the saying, that "truth is stronger than fiction." The writer assures the reader that he knew "James the Pilgrim" well, and heard from his own lips the wonderful history of his expatriation and his restoration to liberty. He will add, that he was also personally cognizant of the scenes and characters of CASTLE FULLERTON

—indeed MR. FULLERTON, the very type of a chivalrous patriotism, and who suffered a long imprisonment in '48, was the author's most devoted friend. Dennan, the artillery-man's history (Chapter XIV.), is literally true —not an iota is added by the author.

The author may say here, although he says as much in the text, that the *supernatural facts* recorded in this story, are, like the scenes of cholera and fever, of which he speaks, not given on the evidence of hearsay. The author "saw them with his own eyes, and touched them with his own hands," and gainsayers can examine some of them, even now, if they incline to be sceptical.

In a last word, then, "The D'Alton's of Crag" is, very nearly, a history, and the history of a country that MUST HAVE A FUTURE.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CRAG AND SOME OF THEIR DOINGS.

SOME thirty years ago, there existed in the lap of Slieve-na-Mon, and a little towards its slope, a crag of great boldness of outline, and at the foot of which, and along its outline for two or three miles, ran "the Glen." "The Glen" was deep and gloomy, and the low hum of a narrow stream flowing on through its centre made the solemnity of the place more solemn. No more fitting place could be imagined for the location of witches and fairy caves; and, indeed, we remember, some sixty years ago, to have stood, not over courageously, at the "Pookah's Hole," where everyone knew, that lively quadruped buried himself, in the intervals of his night rambles around Europe, in the special service of people who belong to the school of occult science.

On the top of the crag before mentioned there stood a mansion of some pretensions. It consisted of three large stories, and was crowned by a massive battlement of stone pillars that made the mansion look somewhat regal. The dwelling was perfectly white; and by some singularity of taste the proprietor had planted, not only the declivity, but also every foot of space up to the hall-door. This made the mansion look like something in a cage, and may be, taking all things into account, the word would be no great misnomer.

Yet the position was very beautiful. Behind stretching out its widening arms in blue background, was Slieve-na-Mon. Before it the hills of Waterford, and, nearly at its feet, the beautiful town of Carrick, while the Suir, as it flowed on to the sea, almost mirrored the house in passing.

This dwelling place is the property of Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and to honor the respectable proprietor of the place, it is christened "D'Alton's of Crag."

Well, in the Summer of 1874, and, sooth to say, at midnight, three men were making their way, from the flat country, up through the Glen, and conversing with great earnestness. They were followed by two others, who were sufficiently near to hear their conversation; and, when they thought fit, to advance and take part in it. Three of the men were very stalwart, and the two others, though not of the dimensions of their companions, were evidently men able to "account for" any two others at all events — out of Tipperary.

They arrived under D'Alton's of Crag, and there was a pause.

"There, above," answered one of the tall men, "is sleeping now the worst man that ever owned the Crag."

"Faith," answered one of the small men — or rather medium men, "they say he don't *sleep* a wink at all; an', that he goes through his locks an' kays every hour of the twenty-four."

"He has the widows' means an' the orphans' meals; an' he has the curse of the counthry-side," replied the first speaker.

"What of Figaralt?" asked one of

the medium men. "Is id rale thrue that he stagged?"

"*Gan dhouth air dhown — gan dhouth*," emphatically answered the man interrogated. We presume the learned reader will find out that "*gan dhouth*" means, "We are no longer to question the fact."

"And thin?" demanded the first speaker of all.

"An' thin he broke his oath, and seven good men are in his power. The likes of Figaralt lost the counthry —so they did."

"We must get shut of him, somehow," sententiously declared the smaller man of the company.

"How?"

"Oh, be quiet, Sheamus," answered the sententious man. "Nine of us ought to be able to manage Figaralt an' ould D'Alton, afther—an' whin we all meet at the 'long dance' you'll get the why an' wherefore. *Succuir! succuir! a bouchil!*" Which as the reader knows is sound philosophy, for it counsels quietness and patience.

"I don't like that Meldon at Kilsheelan," remarked same one.

"Figaralt is always with him, they say," added another.

"He's awful about law an' order," sneered a third. "An' as regular at everything as a clock."

"Who is he?"

"Who knows?" some one answers, and he continued: "Only he's so friendly wud Father Ned Power I'd think he was a spy.

"At any rate he has plenty of money," one of the five said, one who had not yet spoken—"he has plenty of money—an',—I tell you what —the poor of Kilsheelan loves the ground he walks on. An', more than that," warming, the speaker said, "more than that, he's a fine shot."

The poor loved Mr. Meldon of Kilsheelan, and he was "a fine shot!" that did not end the matter; but it seemed to change the current of thought.

"'Pon my sowl," some one remarked, "I'm not half as much afeared of him as I am of the *Cricawn*. That fellow is everywhere, an' he knows everything, an' he's as sthrong as a bulldog, though hardly five feet in his brogues."

"He's given up life an' sowl to Mr. Meldon," remarked another, "though wance I thought *Crichawn* would be like a rigiment to us."

"Look afther him," another said, "an' above all, take care to-morrow night he isn't within a mile o'ye. If *Crichawn* isn't outside Slieve-na-Mon to-morrow night he'll know what ye sed, an' the turn of your mouth in sayin' it."

'We'll mind *Crichawn*," became a chorus.

We must now make the aquaintance of The Crag, and allow the vindicators of liberty and lovers of other men's means to pursue the process of legislation, or rather of judicial awards. Mr. Giffiard D'Alton was just sixty-seven, about the middle height, muscular, and handsome for his years. He had accumulated money by economy more than by rental; and, he added to his economy an exactness which the farmers who happened to be his tenants felt and feared to a degree. His tenantry were not many; and as things were, so much the less suffering and hatred; but, though few, they should be ready, to the day and even to the hour; and no "hanging gale" lessened the interest of Giffard D'Alton's investments, and no allowances were ever even thought of by his tenants. It was "pay down, or quit."

And Mr. Giffard D'Alton was as wise in his domestic administration as in the government of his estate. He daily measured the coals in ths coal-hole, and the turf in the rick. He was a man who knew the weight and measure of consumption; and, wisely watched the fires made down in the kitchen; and saw no reason for fires in a parlor at all. He had a never-ending supply of clothes of the make of George the Third's time—and tens

of thousands of old buttons, newspapers and et cæteras too numerous to be mentioned. Mr. Giffard D'Alton gave every one to understand that he "was not going to die in the workhouse." And when a bill was to be paid, or money expended for any purpose civic or domestic, every living thing flew from the presence of Mr. D'Alton's declamation—which was generally weighted with maledictions upon all vagabonds and robbers and villains—a class of the population comprised entirely of those who asked money from him.

And yet, by a singular contradiction, he was almost extravagant when family distinction was to be derived from outlay, or when the members of his family required what public opinion forces as necessary to the gentry. His son and his daughter, and a nephew whom he had adopted after the son's death at the age of thirty, all were sent to the best places of education — primary, intermediate, and collegiate; and they had their horses — vehicles and habiliments — anything but money. If they dared to seek for pocket-money — money for travel or for charity — then heaven help them and their weakness! He (Mr. Giffard D'Alton) would like to know where money was to be got, or how he could stand their rapacity in such times. And, if, unfortunately, any one argued that his rents were paid up, and he did not feel the pressure, then the injured man declared he was "called a liar — a liar!" and then came a hundred oaths in a breath, while the honest man's eyes rolled with indignation, and with raised hands he appealed to Heaven and earth as the man most injured in the universe! "Quite clear — quite clear!— you want to see me in the churchyard! — quite clear!" the poor man cried aloud; and all the world flew from him at last.

We have spoken of Mr. D'Alton's daughter. It would be hard to find a greater contrast to her father. She was just as mild as he was passionate; and where she could, she was as liberal as he was niggardly; and she partook of the beauty and talents of her mother's side. Her mother's name was Barron, a name known for its respectability in the county of Waterford — and Amy D'Alton had the aristocratic mien, bearing, and looks of her mother's family. Mrs. D'Alton was a good Roman Catholic. Mr. Giffard D'Alton at one time had become a Catholic; but he found the Church of Rome conflicting so much with his will, and with certain saving ways which he called "principles," that he finally turned to searching the house through and reading newspapers, on Sunday, and to declaring "all churches equally disagreeable." But returning to Miss D'Alton — to Amy — we must say, that her sweetest employment was to save for the poor, and even to work for them; and the poor people around watched for her coming, as one looks for the approach of a beloved friend.

"Ah, then, God bless you, Miss Amy, you're your mother's daughter; and the love of the poor will be a shield in the hand of your guardian angel."

"Ah! I'm sorry I can do so little, Norry."

"'So little,' shure 'tis the world's wondher how you make it out, Miss Amy; an' I'll go bail ye hav'nt much clothes in the box. We know very well where the little dhrops for the chapel an' the station an' the First Communion comes from. Ah the Lord — *she ghlac she sheliv in dho chree so!*"

"What is that, Norry? Something good I'm sure?"

Norry dropt a tear. "I'll tell you then, *acushla* — them words is, 'the Lord has med a home in your heart,' agra; on'y 'tis nicest in your sweet Irish tongue. Isn't it?"

"Well, I do, indeed, think so," the sweet young lady would reply.

"Your coming gives more joy to the poor woman's heart, than all your father's goold, Miss Amy; because

I'll tell you, Miss Amy, it makes the poor heart feel thrue-love, like the pure love of our guardian angel; an' 'tis a sermon-like for our children an' ourselves! God bless you, Miss Amy." Thus the poor and Amy lived their life at The Crag.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's nephew, the only son of a deceased sister, whose husband had disappeared within a year of his marriage, and had never been heard of, was named Charles Baring. He was at the time of the events we chronicle, just five and twenty years of age — just five years Amy's senior. It was not surprising that the gentle Amy and Amy's fortune in the Three per Cents very often crossed the mind of Mr. Baring. Indeed they did, and if the large credit in the bank came before his imagination even oftener than the amiable young lady, his cousin, there was reason for the pre-occupation of Mr. Baring.

"Money, honestly, if you can — but money, anyhow!" is sometimes an axiom as practical among Christians as the Roman poet declared in the time of Cæsar Augustus; and Mr. Baring had stronger impulses to that kind of philosophy than almost any young man in Munster — or may be in the land,

Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have been saying, allowed horses and a drag, and even a carriage, and paid tailors' bills, and supplied daily fare. But money! Mr. Giffard D'Alton saw no use of money — no prudent use that his nephew could have of money. His nephew had enough to eat and drink, and he was dressed like a gentleman; "I'll tell you what, sir, if you want money, go and earn it. I and my daughter are not going to die in the workhouse for you! No ——." Mr. Giffard D'Alton, like all accomplished orators, kept the strongest appeal for the last — the appeal in our blank, on which we fear Sterne's angel has not been mercifully employing himself.

Mr. Baring's ways and means had much of the mysterious about them; and as he rode across the fields or along the road, great numbers of old women were inspired with prophecies that did not burthen Mr. Baring's future career with "much good," as the good dames termed it. And yet the young man appeared to be a sober man, and in address and manners he was easy — indeed, free to *nonchalance*. He was "straight as a whip," they said, and no man bagged more game, or more daringly defied nine-bar gates or twenty-foot rivers. Above the middle height, dark hair, large grey eyes, lips thick but firm, he was an imposing man, but, with ever-varying impulses, which he took great care to obey. The wonder was that he had not long and long ago flitted from the eminence called The Crag, or had not been politely or otherwise sent to seek his fortune.

The facts is, Mr. Baring remained at The Crag, in the process of seeking, not one fortune, but two of them. He expected to inherit the propety, a thing not to be expected if he ran away, and he expected to marry his cousin, and, as we have unkindly intimated, he meant to get Amy's fabulous Three per Cent — some thirty thousand pounds. But, after all, how was the young man to live? That was "the question." Just as much as Hamlet's "To be or not to be."

It was plain that Mr. Baring somehow got the cash. In truth, he gambled a great deal; and, as in most such cases, he lost more than he won. And he kept, at a prudent distance from The Crag, a couple of racers, and had his dog kennel, and hunted with "the leaders in the land." He even flung a five-pound note to a poor fellow now and then as alms, and gave a gold sovereign to the servant who held his horse when he went to make a visit; and taken or found in any mood, he was precisely the creature of the feeling then uppermost; and calculation or caution or real kindness never had a place in his nature.

We are not to suppose that Mr. Barring had not his moments of reflection and bitter memory — he had both. Sometimes he was in despair, and accused himself of all manners of absurdities and misdemeanors. Sometimes he used to think even of becoming pious; and on such occasions his resolutions were numerous and vehement. Nay, we must go the length of revealing that he swore his book-oath he would "gamble no more;" he "would give up racing;" he would attend no more expensive "evening reunions;" in fact, he was now a "changed man;" he had "sense at last."

Gentle Amy often pondered on the present and prospective condition of The Crag, and it must be said that the reflections were not very pleasant. She did not share her cousin's feelings, or in anyway respond to his views. She had often counselled him — after she had reached an age to give and value advice — and although he at first smiled at her wisdom, he frequently listened, and even promised. But his promises were forgotten soon after they were made, and Amy was aware, by some means or another that The Crag would be hard tested in a few years, if The Crag were answerable for all Mr. Baring's responsibilities.

Mr. Baring should have money, and Mr. Baring got it from a friend, whose name was Timothy Cunneen.

Mr. Cunneen was as saving a man as Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and, indeed, very much admired that gentleman, and admired his "place." Indeed, he would have admired the heiress, too, only he had married, unfortunately, long ago, and had even "given hostages to the State" that seemed to inherit the father's many virtues.

Timothy Cunneen sits in his office in a by-street of the neighboring town, and it is marvellous to see in what a small room he fits and what little light is necessary to his operations in his profession. Mr. Cunneen wears a very old grey coat—in better days it had been his wife's mantle; but Mr. Cunneen always held that women's cloaks were "as good as new" when they were flung of. But Mr. Cunneen had a respectable cotton-velvet collar put on the neck of the cloak, and the garment was decorated by fine brass buttons, almost new. Over his table he was a picture. Black hair — black as jet — clustered in uncombed curls around his low yellow forehead, and shot over the coat-collar and from the back of the head. His eyes were black, small, and unsteady, and his mouth had the curl of contempt and the thinness of cruelty. The cheeks were cadaverous and long, and the nose would do honor to an Israelite.

That is Mr. Baring's friend. He has lent Mr. Baring many hundred pounds, and is not disinclined to lend him more; nor is Mr. Baring disinclined to borrow it.

Mr. Cunneen, or, "Tim the Devil," as he is most wickedly called, has a fine forecasting mind. The heir of The Crag must, of course, come to the end of his tether — when it would be unwise to entrust him further; but until then it is only business and prudence to give him his own way. Twenty per cent. at first; then forty per cent; and, then, as many per cent. as two hundred swelled the debit side of the amount against the Crag. But as the account rose higher and higher, Mr. Cunneen's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his thin hands in ecstacy, and he thought on the happy days when Giffard D'Alton should have gone to his rest and the law of the land would hand The Crag to Mr. Cunneen, in repayment of the money he had so honestly lent.

The day before the "long dance," or the day at which our history commenced, or is commencing, was a day of deep importance to Mr. Tim Cunneen and Mr. Charles Baring. On that very day Mr. Baring presented himself at the "office" of the money-lender; and his countenance looked

like large profit to the bank. His brow was bent and his lips tightly closed, and he coughed that half hard cough of passionate resolution that so often precedes an evil to two parties or to more.

Mr. Baring entered abruptly and sat down on a board-bottom chair which seemed to know him. His head fell down on his chest and his hand closed rigidly, and he gave a groan.

"Mr. Charles," said the money-lender, in as soft voice as ever he had —and that is not saying much, indeed, "Mr. Charles, you are sick?"

"You lie, I'm not! Don't dare say I'm sick."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You're not in good humor, I see."

"Why, again, I say, you are a liar! How dare you speak to me in your d——ble hang-dog style; I'm not sick. I'm not out of humor. Ah, well, Cunneen, don't mind! I am in a fix. I am worse off than ever I have been, and I want your help more than I have ever wanted help before."

"Ah!" answered Mr. Cunneen, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I have lost all I had! I had diabolical luck at play. Lord Thinvawn emptied me out; and the bet won from me by Commerford must be met this week — the day after to-morrow. Confound that mare. I never crossed an animal that has so deceived and disgraced me. To be beaten in a steeplechase by a man like him! like Commerford! . . . But, look here, you must stand by me, and even in *more* — aye, in *more!*"

"Well, Mr. Charles, money is scarce, and I fear I may not be able to go much further. You owe nearly a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand pounds!"

"Why, yes. When prepared to pay, you can have all your vouchers in your hands."

"My vouchers!"

"Yes, Mr. Charles, your vouchers!"

"Yes, I remember quite well the sums. They amount to six hundred."

"Quite true,— and the moderate interest which I charged you makes up the thousand."

"Moderate interest! Why — seventy-five per cent.— seventy-five! Never call highway robbery dishonest again. Oh, you"—

"Mr. Charles Baring," Cunneen answered very slowly, "if the dealing does not answer you, we can close our accounts whenever you please. I placed in your hands much of the fruit of my honest industry — and, I do not think you are very grateful."

"Honest industry! Gratitude to a Jew — a cheat! — a —"

"Well, well," Tim the Devil replied, "we needn't argufy and call names. You will will find some one more honest and more able to lend you money. Good day, sir." The wicked thief said, "Good day," and he made a show of moving through a back door of the "office."

"Stop! stop, Cunneen! Oh! stop! Cunneen! Cunneen, I beg your pardon. You must forgive me! You must help me! or I'm undone!"

The time played for by Cunneen and expected had come.

"Well, sir," demanded the money-lender.

"Well, Cunneen, I must have a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds! a thousand pounds! Where is the security?"

"Why, you know the property to which I have sure claim is worth, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds."

"But the times are so uncertain, and your uncle may change his mind."

"You know he can't. The property is entailed to male heirs."

"Ah, yes but,—"

"Why, Cunneen, Cunneen!"

By sundown the bargain was settled, and Mr. Cunneen had a mortgage on the reversion of the Crag, and the sum he gained by his industry was only six thousand four hundred and sixteen pounds.

Was not that an important day for Mr. Charles Baring and Mr. Timothy Cunneen?

To be Continued

A Monk-Emperor of Germany.

A Beautiful story is told of St. Henry, the second Emperor of that name, of Germany, away back in olden Catholic times, — the eleventh century. Being a most holy man, and becoming desirous to lead a more perfect life than he conceived was possible in the distractions of a Court, he resolved, like many another Catholic King and some Sovereign Pontiffs, to leave his throne and bury himself in a monastery. Repairing secretly to the religious house of St. Vannes in Verdun, he begged admission as a postulant. Abbot Richard solemnly assembled all his monks in Chapter, and calling the royal applicant before him, demanded in a tone of authority, "Are you ready to obey even until death?" — "I am;" answered Henry. "And I hereby receive you," answered the abbot, "into the number of my religious. I will answer for the salvation of your soul if you promise to fulfil all I enjoin upon you — "

"I swear obedience," interrupted the king.

"Then," rejoined the abbot, "it is my will that you resume the government of the German Empire!" We know the sequel of this story.

St. Henry, however, is not the only royal monk or religious man put at the head of the Christian Kingdoms in the ages of faith in every land. Most of the present kingdoms of Europe were at one time or other, offered as fief to the grand suzerain of Christendom, the Pope of Rome, kings thinking it an honor to be counted among the vassals of the Father of Christians and Vicar of God.

A Legend of the Flight into Egypt.

"Arise, and take the Child and his mother into Egypt." St. Joseph promptly obeyed the mandate of the angel; and we see the Divine One and the blessed two fleeing through the solomn darkness of the night. The holy young Mother is seated upon an ass, with her little Babe tenderly folded to her breast; whilst the gentle Foster-father, the kind Protector, carefully guides the way.

What rapture must have filled Mary's heart, despite its weight of fears, as she clasped her Child in her arms! How she must have thrilled at the touch of the tiny hands upon her throat and face! And how joyously her heart must have throbbed as she gazed into the grave, sweet Eyes!

And Joseph, too: what must have been his joy when the sacred privilege was his, sometimes during the journey, to carry the Divine Babe, and with reverent tenderness fold it in his arms!

Father Faber beautifully proposes this Egyptward flight of the Infant Saviour as a type of the visits of our good priests (God bless them!), to the sick and dying.

In this wearisome journey of the Holy Family, they came upon a man sowing wheat. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travellers. From the countenance of the Virgin Mother, or from the earnest eyes of the Child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them and permitted them to cross his field, and the young Mother, folding her Babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by ene-

mies. "And if they come this way," said the sweet, low voice, "and ask if you have seen us — "

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption.

"Nay," said the Blessed Mother, with gentle dignity, "that would be falsehood and a sin. You must only speak the truth. Say: 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travellers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said the sower. "They passed along here whilst I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling assured that the persons to whom the sower referred were not the Holy Family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown several months previously.

Thus the holy Fugitives arrived safely in Egypt; and when the wicked king died miserably in his magnificent palace, the angel again appeared to St. Joseph, bidding him bring Mary and her Babe to Nazareth, their home.

Church Music.

The February number of *Lyra Ecclesiastica*, the monthly bulletin of the Irish Society of St. Cecilia, has a brightly written article headed "Are we too German?" "Let us at once boldly make the assertion," says the writer, "that the Cecilians of Ireland, of America, of Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and, above all, of *Germany*, are by no means German in their leanings. We are Italians, we are Spanish, we are French, Dutch, Flemish, we are early English! We are all that is æsthetic in the art of religious music; we are of the country of Palestrina, of Vittorio, of Orlando di Lasso, of Arcadelt, of Magnon — of Tallis, Tye and Bird." It is shown that it is rather the school opposed to Cecilianism that is "too German," seeing that from it comes the exaltation of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn as church composers. From the same journal we learn that great progress in church music is being made in the diocese of Cashel and Emly. "The first week of 1883 saw a cathedral and a parish church inaugurated by Cecilian choirs, and the first note of song which rung within their aisles was the Gregorian chant!" When we found the vice-President of the Diocesan College at Thurles devoting all his energy to the work amongst the students, and offering to supply church music gratis to any church in the diocese, we may be sure that such zeal will meet with a fitting reward.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epicetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out a reproach.

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER I.

MUMPS OR DUMPS?

SOMETHING was the matter with Bunko!

The whole nursery was in a state of excitement about it, and nobody could tell what was wrong with the boy.

The nursery where the Hazel children live is one of the pleasantest in London. Little Bopeep is driving her sheep all up the walls. There are nice deep seats in the window where the children can make plays, and the dolls can sit and look out while the children are away having their walk. And there is a pretty fire-place with bright pictures, and a large press full of toys.

And yet in spite of all these nice things around him, Bunko had turned suddenly cross.

He would presist in standing on his head in the corner all the afternoon, and when Nurse Green said he should *stay* in the corner for disobedient conduct, he wanted directly to come out.

Now Bunko was five years old on Christmas Eve last, and he ought to have known better than to behave like this. But he got worse and worse all the evening; pinched Rosie, who was a year younger than himself, spilled Nana's tea, and threw his shoe across the floor when he found he was to be put in bed half an hour earlier than the other children. Nana, who was the nurse-maid, did not know what to do with him.

"How is he getting on now?" asked Nurse when Nana came back to the nursery, looking quite hot, and as if she had been in a tussle.

"Something quite awful has got into him," said Nana, smoothing her apron and her ruffled hair. "I've left him with his face down on the middle of the bed, and his feet walking up the wall."

"Oh, dear!" cried the other children, "do let us go and look at him, Nursie."

"No, my dears, I can't allow it," said Nurse Green. "That would only make him worse and worse."

A few minutes afterwards she peeped into the bedroom herself, and there was Bunko fast asleep, his heels on the pillow, his fat little face down at the foot of the bed, and all the blankets on the floor.

"Poor lamb!" said Nurse, taking him up in her kind arms and putting him straight, as a little boy ought to lie, with his head on the pillow and his heels below: and then she covered him up lightly and walked on tip-toe out of the room.

"He is very hot," she said to Nana.

"Only for waking him I should give him a pink powder."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Kitty to Jock, "I never knew people to get powders for naughtiness."

The next morning Bunko bit the soap when he was getting his bath, and then roared because he did not like the taste of it. At breakfast-time he looked very sulky, and sat with his head on one side, looking unusually fat and heavy. His eyes were like boiled gooseberries, and his cheeks were extremely red.

"Bunko's in the dumps," whispered Jock. "I'll go and stick a pin into him."

"You mustn't," said Kitty, who was eight, a year older than Jock.

"Were you never in the dumps yourself?"

"I don't think it is dumps," said Nurse; "I believe it's mumps."

"Mumps! What are mumps?" cried Jock.

"Oh, lumps!" said Nurse,—"swelling that gets into your throat and makes you sick."

"Lumps and mumps and dumps!" cried Jock. "Oh, what fun!"

"I'm not sick," shouted Bunko in a voice that sounded as if he was swallowing a large potato.

"You don't eat your breakfast, my dear," said Nurse.

"Because everything tastes nasty," said Bunko.

"Show me your tongue," said Nurse.

"It's my own tongue, and I won't show it to anybody," said Bunko.

"Nana, you had better go down and knock at his mamma's door, and tell her that Bunko is not quite well."

"I *am* well!" roared Bunko; and then he slipped down off his chair, and lay in a round ball on the floor.

Mrs. Hazel was in the nursery in a few minures, and gathered up fat Bunko in her arms. She was a very pretty lady, and the dearest, kindest mamma in the world.

"What is the matter with my darling boy?" she said tenderly.

"Everybody is cross," growled Bunko.

"No, no, my Bunko."

"And my throat is crooked, and my breakfast couldn't get down. And I am quite well, only Nurse wants me to be sick."

The other three children stood by and laughed. None of them had ever been ill, and they could not think what had happened to Bunko, who had always been a merry little fellow until now.

The door opened and in walked the doctor, who lived quite near, and had been sent for by Mrs. Hazel before she came up to the nursery.

Now whenever the children saw the doctor they ranged themselves all in a row and put out their tongues together. Dr. Goodhart was a great favorite with them all, and up to this time they had given him very little trouble.

"Bunko has got the mumps," said the doctor, "and he must have his jaws tied up in hot poultices, and sit near the fire wrapped up in a blanket. He may eat oranges—"

"Oh! *mayn't* I have the mumps too?" cried Kitty.

"And I?"

"And I?" cried the other children.

"Me mumpie too!" shouted Ba, the youngest of the family, who had been holding her mouth wider open than all the rest.

"Not one of you has got a mump but Bunko," said the doctor.

Jock drew in his tongue, shut his mouth, and felt his jaws all round, but could not find any mumps. He was thinking longingly of the oranges which mamma would presently send up to the nursery for Bunko.

"Keep him very warm, and I will send him some medicine," said Dr. Goodhart to Nurse Green, and then, having patted them all on the head, he left the nursery with Mrs. Hazel.

Bunko now felt himself the hero of the day, and sat wrapped up in his blanket before the nursery fire. All his naughtiness was over, for his head had begun to ache, and he was very glad to be quiet.

Kitty made a play for him and called him "King Mumpo," and all the children kept bringing him their broken toys for presents.

At last came Nurse with a large poultice, which she tied round Bunko's jaws, and the children watched it going on with wide open eyes.

"What is it like, Bunko?" they asked eagerly, as he sat up with it on, looking more and more a child that was being made very much of.

"Awfully jolly!" gobbled Bunko in a voice like a turkey-cock's. And he looked redder and fatter than ever.

And then in came a basket of oranges and a new picture story-book, both of them presents from grandmamma.

"Oh, Bunko, *do* give me the mumps!" cried Kitty. "I *want* a new story-book, and I *am* so fond of oranges!"

But Bunko did not deign to answer her; only smiled on his elder sister with a sort pitying and superior smile.

"Me mumpie too!" shrieked Ba again, snatching at the oranges. And then Nurse gave each of the children half one on condition that they would all go away and get ready for their walk, and leave Bunko in peace with his mumps, to read his story-book and munch his oranges, as well as a little boy tied up in poultices could manage, with some trouble, to do.

CHAPTER II.

AN IMPUDENT MOUSE.

Before I go any further I must tell you what the Hazel children are like, so that if you ever meet them you may know them at once.

Kitty, the eldest, eight years old, is small and slight for her age, as light and quick as a fairy, with dark-blue eyes and fair, silky hair. She has a saucy tongue, and often gets into trouble on account of it, but she has a kind little heart, and is very fond of fun.

Jock is also straight and thin, as tall as Kitty, though a year younger, with short, straight, flaxen hair, light-blue eyes, and an exceedingly impudent nose. He is so swift and active in his movements that his papa sometimes calls him the young acrobat. He, too, is very good-natured if you can only get him to think; but he is more obstinate than Kitty, and even more fond of having everything all his own way.

Bunko is a round, rosy little man, as I think I have told you before, with big, black eyes and a laughing face. Rosie is more like Bunko than the others; has a little plump pink face with great dark eyes, and a sweet, easy, generous disposition.

Ba is simply Ba. She has another name, of course, but mamma is keeping it for her till she is quite grown up; like the locket that her godmother gave her on her birthday. She is a dear little dumpling, with eyes like forget-me-nots, and though she can scarcely say a word that any one can understand, she is the greatest chatterbox in the house, and is considered the wit of the nursery.

Well, I was going to tell you about how Jock got into a scrape, all through Bunko having taken the mumps.

Jock and Bunko had a room with two nice little cribs in it all to themselves; but when the mumps appeared Nurse Green took Bunko to herself, and Jock was left alone in his glory.

"It is a splendid thing to have a room all one's own!" thought Jock as he tucked himself up in bed and saw the moon winking at him from behind a chimney-pot outside above the roofs. But still he was not sorry when Nurse Green left the door open between his little room and her own.

"A fellow does not want to feel lonely," thought Jock, "though, of course, there is nothing to be afraid of. If anything really happened I should be more of a man than Nurse Green, ha, ha! I wonder why the moon can't keep steady in the sky on a fine night like this,—no storm at all to blow her about. Wo! Moon; steady, old girl! There, she's gone down the chimney."

And the next moment Jock was fast asleep.

What was it that awakened him? Something had done it, for there he sat bolt upright in his little bed staring around him. It could not have been Nurse Green's gentle snores from the next room, for Jock was accustomed to hear these friendly sounds through the wall at night, and he liked them, because they gave him a feeling that somebody else besides himself was alive in the house. Yes, there was certainly a sort of protection in Nurse's snoring, and Jock, even at seven years old, felt it; just as the little yellow chickens not long out of the shell like to hear the gentle clucking of the hen who has let them wander from under her wings.

"There must have been some noise," thought Jock, "but it's gone now," and he dropped down on his pillow again and was almost asleep when once more something moved in the room, and there was Jock as before sitting on his bed, with his hair on end like a clothes-brush.

The moon was high now in the sky, but Jock was so excited that he did not even wonder how she had got up the chimney again. Her light made the room as bright as day, and Jock could see nothing more dreadful than his own knickerbockers hanging across the back of a chair in the most friendly manner imaginable.

But stay, what was that? A little black thing scuttled across the floor as fast as lightning and disappeared into a dark corner.

"I have it," said Jock. "It is a mouse."

Jock was wide awake and had not the least desire to go to sleep again. Now that he found he had a live companion and playfellow in the room he had no notion of being so stupid as not to have a little fun.

He waited anxiously for some moments, and then he saw at last the little mouse coming more slowly and cautiously than before across the carpet. It made a little short race and stopped, and then another little race and stopped again. I am sure you must have seen a little mouse doing just the same.

It was the smallest mouse and the fattest Jock had ever seen, and he took quite a fancy to it at once.

"What is the little chap up to?" thought Jock as it stopped at the foot of the chair on which Jock's clothes had been nicely laid by Nana when he went to bed. They were all folded and smooth except the knickerbockers that dangled across the back of the chair.

And what do you think the little mouse had come out of his hole to do? Jock told me exactly what he saw, and I am going to tell you.

He began to walk up the leg of the chair just as the bear in the Zoological Gardens will walk up his pole. Up he got on the seat of the chair and sat down to rest upon Jock's little snow-white shirt.

Jock was going to laugh out loud when he remembered how easily a mouse is frightened away by noise, and so he stuffed his pillow into his mouth just in time.

It was quite funny to see how long that mouse took to rest himself.

"Perhaps he lives down in the pantries," said Jock to himself, "and he has had to come up a kind of private staircase belonging to the mice. Let me see. It must go up through the walls and ceilings and be a good bit of climbing for a tiny fellow like that. No wonder he wants to rest on my shirt. It feels nice and soft after such squeezing and bruising as his poor little sides must have got."

Jock waited for him a very good time, and then he began to wonder how long it would really be before that lazy mouse would set out on his travels again.

"I do think he's gone to sleep there," said Jock to himself, "and I'm not going to stand that, I can tell him. I've no objection to his taking a rest, but I'm not going to have him making a bed of my shirt. But perhaps he is not there at all now. Perhaps he has got away!" and Jock put one long, thin, little leg out of his crib, intending to creep over to the chair and see.

Just at that very moment what do you think he saw?

One of the legs of Jock's knicker-bockers was dangling at the side of the chair-back, and hanging down low, and the other was lifted up higher in the air as if it was going to jump off, but couldn't, because the other leg would not let it. Both legs were puffed out open as if they fancied Jock's knees were still inside of them, and all this the mouse had perceived where it sat on the shirt.

Being quite rested at last it began

to amuse itself, and what Jock saw when he had just put his leg out of bed was that impertinent mouse frisking round the open knee of the knickerbocker leg that was hanging lowest down from the back of the chair!

Jock drew his own leg into bed again, and, choking with laughter, sat there enjoying the fun.

When the mouse had done running round the knickerbocker knee it ran up the leg and disappeared, and presently it came out at the top and capered along the band, then ran right up the other leg and dropped down on the floor.

"Bravo!" cried Jock, "bravo!" and flung his billow at the chair. And then he was very sorry for having so foolishly given way to his excitement, for when he looked again the mouse was gone, and had been too much frightened to think of coming back again that night.

At the same time he heard Nurse Green stop snoring and get out of bed to cover up Bunko and give him a drink. She thought it was Bunko who had wakened her, and knew nothing about Jock and the mouse.

When she had settled to sleep again Jock got up very softly and picked up his pillow and crept into bed, where he lay laughing quietly about the mouse till he fell asleep.

"If it had been a large, fat old mouse," thought he, "I shouldn't have wondered at its being so knowing, but a baby mouse like that! I hope it will come back to-morrow night. I will watch."

But now he was asleep again.

To be Continued.

A SONG OF EASTER.

Sing, children, sing!
  And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that
Death no more is king.
Sing the happy tumult of the
  Slowly brightening Spring;
Sing, little children, sing!
Sing children, sing!
  Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tiding till the frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling;
  And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run;
  And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the Spring;
  Sing, little children sing!

Sing, children, sing!
  The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming;
  And as the earth her shoud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal Spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
  So may we find our childhood's calm delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
  Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
  That death is life, and God is good, and and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
  In warmth and light and peace,—
That Winter yields to Spring,—
  Sing, little children, sing!

GIVE TOOLS TO THE BOYS.

To youths with a taste for mechanics an assortment of tools and a convenient place in which to practice their use are valuable possessions, and provide the means of agreeable relaxation from study when out-of-door recreations are either impracticable or undesirable. Working in wood or in metal is a fascinating occupation for those whose predilections lie in that direction, and parents would do well to encourage it. The lives of not a few of the greatest engineers and inventors the world has ever seen show that their peculiar genius was first aroused to activity by their having access in boyhood to tools and workshops. Of course, it is necessary before entrusting hammer, hatchets, and chisels to boys, to consider whether they are likely to use them for purposes of con-

struction or of destruction. If the former, let them have them by all means; but, if the latter, withhold them. In the one case the youth will seek pieces of wood and endeavor to convert them to some useful purpose; in the other, he will be found disfiguring the furniture, or driving nails into doors and windows everywhere.

DECKING THE CROSS.

In Naples on an Easter morn,
A priest the cross was dressing
With open buds, and flowers new-born,
When all her sins confessing,
A beggar girl drew softly near,
And on the cross she dropped a tear.

"Ah!" said the priest, "my flowers are sweet,
But, child, thine eyes have given
This blessed cross an offering meet
To the dear King of heaven;
For I can place no garland here
So sweet as thy repentant tear!"

A BABY REUNITED A FAMILY.

Once upon a time, and not long ago at that, a young man fell in love with a charming girl. This happens every day, and as also happens, the girl fell in love with the young man. Somehow or other the parents of the girl frowned upon the union of these two hearts that beat as one, and they continued to frown until the young people, thrown upon their own resources, eloped, as young people will do, and the parental frown alluded to, instead of becoming a smile and a benediction in the presence of the inevitable, widened and deepened into bitter disapprobation. The father and mother set great store by their daughter, and were overwhelmed with grief when they discovered that for the first time in her life she had disobeyed them. They did not seek her out for the purpose of bestowing their forgiveness.

In the course of time a little baby was born to the young couple — a marvelously beautiful child, we are told — and it grew to be as cunning as it was beautiful. One day recently a lady acquainted with the facts, and intimate with the families, called upon the young mother, but found nobody at home but baby and nurse. An idea struck her, and she lost no time in carrying it out. She seized the baby and bore it off in triumph to its grandmother. When she rang the door-bell at grandmother's house, the lady was in a tremor, but the baby was as cool and unconcerned as a cucumber. Perhaps we ought not to say unconcerned, for when the grandmother opened the door the baby laughed and crowed in her face and was as pert and as saucy as you please. And wouldn't she come in and rest herself.

Well, the lady didn't know; she was just passing and she thought she would ring and see how all were getting along; but in she went, and presently grandmother was admiring baby as it sat perched, bright and bouyant, upon the lap of the lady. At this juncture the baby displayed the most exquisite diplomacy. It boldly held out its dimpled little arms to its grandmother, and was soon nestling against her motherly bosom. It laughed and crowed and cuddled, and when somebody made a pretence of taking it, it cuddled the closer. What wonderful bright eyes it had, to be sure! What a cunning little curl half hidden behind its little pink ear! What tempting little toes! What dainty little hands! Oh, a wonderful little baby altogether, the grandmother thought and said.

At this critical moment the grandfather made his appearance, and the remarkable baby seemed to understand its business thoroughly. It cooed and crowed at its grandfather, found a place in his strong arms, and hid its little face in his coat collar. The grandfather was captivated. He tossed and dandled the baby, and fondled it in a way altogether unusual.

Then the lady was asked whose baby it was. Her position was embarrassing. She had no idea of the result, but she made bold to tell the two old people that it was their daughter's child. With this grandmother

fell to weeping and clasped this wonderful baby to her breast, and the grandfather walked nervously around wiping his eyes and wondering why he was so foolishly happy.

Nothing would do these old people but their daughter must be sent for, and such another reunion and revival as was held over that baby has never before been seen. That we'll say and stick to.

A carriage passed in front of our office recently, and in it were seated all the members of the reunited family. The baby had a front seat, and it [illegible] nd crowing and looking [illegible]te as a fox.

originally brought from the East, and had not yet found their way to this secluded place. The people had not even heard of such "strange birds." This troubled the kind Duchess, who well knew the great help they are in housekeeping, and she determined that the women who had been so kind to her should no longer be without them.

Accordingly the next time she sent forth her faithful old servant to try and gather news of his master and of the progress of the war, she commissioned him to bring back with him a coop full of fowls. This he did, to the great surprise of the simple natives, and the village children were greatly excited a few weeks later at [illegible]arance of a brood of young [illegible] They were so pretty and [illegible]ere covered with such a soft [illegible]re so opened-eyed, and could [illegible]t after their mother to pick [illegible] the very first day, and were [illegible]r such a contrast to the blind, [illegible]fledged, helpless, ugly little [illegible]y sometimes saw in nests in [illegible]ges, that they could not find [illegible]nough to express their admir-

[illegible]ood lady now saved up eggs for [illegible]ne, then invited all the house- [illegible]f the village to a feast, when [illegible]before them eggs cooked in a [illegible]of ways. She then taught [illegible]w to prepare them for them- [illegible]and, distribiting a number of [illegible]mong them, sent the dames [illegible]ateful and happy.

Easter approached she was [illegible] to arrange some pleasure for [illegible]ge children, but had nothing [illegible]" not even an apple or a nut," [illegible]me eggs; but that, she con- [illegible] was, after all, an appropriate [illegible], "as an egg is the first gift [illegible] reviving spring." And then [illegible]rred to her to boil them in [illegible] and roots that would give [illegible] variety of brilliant colors, "as [illegible]th," said she, "has just laid [illegible]er white mantle, and decorated [illegible] with many colors; for the dear

God makes the fruit and berries not only good to eat, but also pleasant to look upon," and the children's pleasure would be all the greater.

Accordingly, on Easter Sunday, after the church service, all the little ones at about the age of her own met together in a garden; and, when their kind hostess had talked to them a while, she led them into a small neighboring wood. There she told them to make nests of moss, and advised each to mark well his or her own. All then returned to the garden, where a feast of milk-soup with eggs and egg-cakes had been prepared. Afterward they went back to the wood, and found, to their great joy, in each nest, five beautiful colored eggs, and on one of these a short rhyme was writ

The surprise and delight o tle ones when they discovere of the gayly-colored treasu very great, and one of t claimed:

"How wonderful the hens that can lay such pretty egg I should like to see them!"

"Oh! no hens could la beautiful eggs," answered a li "I think it must have been t hare that sprung out of the bush when I wanted to build there!"

Then all the children laug gether, and said, "The hares colored eggs. Yes, yes! the tle hares lay the beautiful eggs they repeated it till they begar lieve it.

Not long afterward the war and Duke Arno Von Lindenbu his wife and children back to t palace; but, before leaving, th ess set apart a sum of money t pended in giving the village c every Easter a feast of eggs. stituted the custom also in h duchy, and by degrees it spre the whole country, the eggs bei sidered a symbol of redemption liverance from sin.

To this day children living country go to the woods just Easter, and return with their arms full of twigs and moss, out of which they build nests and houses, each child carefully marking his own with his name. They are then hidden behind stones and bushes in the garden, or, if the weather be cold, in corners or under furniture in the house. And on Easter morning what an excitement there is to see what the good little hare has brought! Not only real eggs boiled and colored, but sugar ones, too, and often wooden ones that open like boxes, disclosing, perhaps, a pair of new gloves, or a bright ribbon. He even sometimes brings hoops a ropes, and gen don

Useful Knowledge.

How to Split a Sheet of Paper.—It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News* thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate-glass, and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation, pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water, and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing-ink is somewhat duller; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original, if again brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers gratuitously.

Good Advice.—The *Dublin Freemen's Journal* gives this counsel to young women: The accomplishments of milking a cow, making up linen, making butter, spinning linen and woollen yarn, knitting, cooking plain dishes, making jams, jellies, preserves, herb teas, and homemade wines, quilting, and caring for poultry, should form part of the accomplishments of every farmer's daughter. It does not matter whether their fathers are "strong" or small farmers, these acquirements are highly useful, and in many cases necessary. After these things, but only in a secondary place, and with the condition of time and means for acquiring them, come such accomplishments as singing, piano-playing, dancing, and other ornamental attainments, good in their way, but not quite so necessary as the former. We should like to see all our farmers' daughters combining the useful with the ornamental, but they ought to take a pride in the first instance in the acquirements we mentioned at the head of this note. With these acquirements, wherever they go, they will not be at a loss whether in the Old or the New World.

Advice about Marriage.—Marry in your own religion. Marry in a family which you have long known. Never both be angry at once. Never taunt with a past mistake. Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke. Never allow a request to be repeated. Let self-abnegation be the habit of both. "I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse. If you must criticize, let it be done lovingly. Never make a remark at the expense of one another. Never talk at another, either at home or in company. Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another. Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire. Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last. Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never trust wholly again. Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed. Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's taste, habit, or preferences. A hesitating or grim yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart. Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation, or sphere of the other. Make your home a universe, where there would be harmony if there were no exterior world. Let the head of the household be a centre of gravity, from which when his power is naught but a "silent voice," other systems shall have derived their existence, and give obedience to his laws.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—An excellent medium for utilizing stale pieces of bread is the bread griddle cake. Soak over night, in an earthen dish or pan, a pound of stale bread in sufficient milk to completely saturate it; in the morning mash fine, add three well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour sufficient to make a batter, and cook like ordinary griddle cakes.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The Humorist.

A PHILADELPHIA man who went west to grow up with the country has returned with some stories illustrating how it was that he failed to keep up. He says that night overtook him while he was hunting in the mountains, and he went to sleep in a tree to keep out of reach of the wolves Early on the next, he avers, some workmen told him to come down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn the tree into a flag-pole for the hotel across the way.

A YOUNG Austin lawyer was appointed to defend a negro who was too poor to hire counsel of his own. After the jury was in the box the young lawyer challenged several jurymen whom his client said had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss, de jury am all right, but now I want to challenge the jedge. I has been convicted under him several times already, and maybe he is beginning to take prejudice agin me."

IN a Bloomington journal, whose editor has apparently been afflicted with a long succession of indifferent servants, we find the following: — "Wanted. — Cook, good or bad, with or without recommendations, to remain for life or only a few moments. The further inducement is offered to such a cook that the highest wages will be paid in advance, and that the family will be docile and obedient."

"ONLY one mother," read Jimmy Tuffboy, as he glanced at the headline in a newspaper. "I should think that was enough. How a feller would catch it if he had two mothers. Two lickings where I get one now, both ears pulled at the same time, go without my supper twice in one day, sent on two errands in two different directions at the same time. Well, I can't be too thankful dad ain't a Mormon."

IT is a time-honored custom in Quincy, for to salute a newly-married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind them that the battle of life has fairly begun.

THERE have been many definitions of a gentleman; the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

LADIES' high-heeled boots produce hysteria. We have seen a man's square-toed boot, number 14½, properly applied, give a strong, healthy map-pedlar about the worst fit of hysterics that ever afflicted mortal man.

A WRITER on style says; "It is the fashion in France for ladies to take their tea in bonnets and gloves." One objection to this is that some of the new bonnets do not hold much more than a lump of sugar.

DINING with Pitt at Downing street one day in 1791, Burke strove to alarm him on the aggressive nature of French principles, and the propagandism of revolution. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said, in colloquial phrases, "This country and Constitution were safe to the day of judgment." "Yes," Burke quickly retorted, "but 'tis the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of."

A NEW ORLEANS man broke two legs with one kick. One belonged to a chair, and the other was part of his own anatomy. During his convalescence his amiable wife placed the smashed chair where he could easily see it.

DO NOT write to the newspapers unless you have something to write about. Then, having written a real good piece, insure its publication by starting a paper of your own and printing it therein. This will tickle other editors.

IT was evening. Three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat, and a third jammed a pistol into the cat's ear and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood and that ill-feeling was being engendered.

"How do I look, doctor?" asked a painted young lady of the family physician. "I can't tell, madam, till you uncover your face." was the reply.

BOY (meeting his companions)— "Hurrah, boys. Father's broke his leg; only one boot to clean. Hurrah.

THE mistress had reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," said the servant "I sleep very slowly and it takes much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE VINDICATION OF THE LAND LEAGUE.—That class of Irishmen who seem always to expect the worst of their countrymen, were dreadfully exercised over the testimony of the cut-throat, Carey, and his impression that assassins were in the pay of the Land League. Contrary to all legal precedent and rule, Carey's impressions as to the source whence the money came, were permitted to be given to the jury, published in the reports, and, of course, telegraphed over the world. The Anglo-American press at once accepted the scoundrel's surmise as sworn evidence, and attacked the Land League in a most shameful and unjust manner. Few thoughtful men would accept Carey's statements, even on oath ; but, to give the devil his due, the man did not positively state that he knew that the Land League furnished the assassination fund. He simply gave it as his idea, his thought, his impression—doubtless under the influence of the British authorities,—and, very likely, as one of the conditions upon which his miserable existence was made to depend.

We had supposed that every one in America is aware of the existence and pecuniary resources of certain skirmishing funds, which their managers scarcely conceal, are devoted to such extermination as the Phœnix Park murder evidences. Such funds, however, have not the help or the sanction of the Irish people at large, and have been repeatedly denounced by the best elements in Irish leadership. A heaven-wide difference exists between such funds and the Land League's resources, which have been applied to open and honorable warfare upon the political field, or to the relief of distress.

But when did England ever scruple to use any weapon against Ireland ? Every effort was made to identify the assassins with the League ; and every effort failed. Carried away by the very insanity of fear and hatred, the Government assailed the leader of the League in the chief hall of British legislation ; but that leader, cool and collected, as becomes his responsible position, waited until his antagonist had exhausted his sweltered venom, and then crushed his head with one stamp. Mr. Parnell in a speech, the strength of which, designed telegraphy failed to conceal, proved that the League was absolutely free from the least taint of suspicion, and this from the testimony of the unfortunate criminals themselves.

Taken all in all, that miserable murder was a fearful blow to Ireland's prospects, and its malign consequences have reached to the present day. The only hope for Irishmen is to keep clear of secret societies, which have never effected the least permanent good for any nation, as history abundantly proves.

The Irish who are exposed to the danger of joining these societies are generally from a class that are unaware of the genuine efforts which are in action for the relief of the Country's political misfortunes. Men living on the coast, or in unaccessable mountains, unacquainted with the English

language, and out of reach of the great currents of information, feel and see that they are shamefully wronged, and they are told by agents of secret societies, that the only chance of bettering their condition is to band together for purposes of self-defense and revenge. But it were falsehood to say that the majority, or even any large proportion of the people of Ireland either belong to, or sanction such societies as the Dublin trials have brought to light.

THE FAILURE OF CHURCH FINANCIERING.—The time has undoubtedly come for all Catholics, clerical and lay, to put a quietus upon ecclesiastical financiering. It is at once our glory and our peril that we are one body, one faith, one church, whose members are affected by a supreme law of sympathy born of this unity. In self-protection, which means the protection of our church herself, we must take a decided stand against a system of money-taking, which has been repeatedly discountenanced by Rome, and only not condemned under severe penalties, because not fully represented to the Apostolic See.

The positive moral harm done to the church in the West by the Cincinnati failure, is simply incalculable, and will last, at least, for a generation. The very possibility of a repetition of such fiascos in different parts of the country, is absolutely appalling; for in a business community, like the United States, our priests who figure as financial failures must accept the designation of either rogues or fools; and we do not wish the sacred ministry to be exposed to any danger of such characterization.

It is a high crime, all the more unpardonable because of the betrayal of a trust in the priesthood, akin to the Catholic faith, to take the money of poor Catholic men and women, with even the ordinary business risk of not being absolutely certain of returning it.

Thank God, most of our priests — the vast majority, are reluctant to take charge of even a few dollars for one of their flocks, much less to run a bank. It is not the fault of the priests. It is the fault, the error of the people, who force their money upon ecclesiastical banking institutions. Let us start, with the help of the priests themselves, a good Catholic opinion, which will result in obliging such institutions to wind up their affairs, and remove this feeling of anxiety which torments the church throughout the country.

BISHOP KANE of Richmond, in his Lenten pastoral calls the attention of parents to the need of good Catholic periodicals for their children and themselves to read. The good Bishop knows very well that the young folks care little for Irish news and politics, however grateful they may to the older folks; and so we think our MAGAZINE must be the very one he had in his mind's eye.

The greatest obstacle which we find is that Catholics do not compare our MAGAZINE with those having a great name, and noticed at great length in the journals. It is a well-known fact that frequently there is only one good readable article in a monthly; but we vary our contents to give something to all. Then, how little solid memorable matter there is in the so-called popular magazines? What is the *Century* or *Lippincott's* but mere picture books? And as for Reviews, is it not notorious that they rarely average more than one first-class article? Then look at their prices!

If Catholics would only make these comparisons, they would more fully appreciate our MAGAZINE. Its betterment, its enlargement, its continued improvements depend simply upon its greater encouragement. We shall go as far as any publisher in the country and further, in improving the MAGAZINE, proportionately to its increased circulation.

As permanency is a quality in a publication, which can only be secured by time, and yet which is of inestimable value, Catholics should make our little magazine a permanent institution. It will not take much in the year. Who can say that here, in this great centre of American life, and, at least, claimed intellectual activity, we may not be laying the foundation of a great magazine, which may guide and influence the Catholic opinion of the continent? The greatest enterprises have had the

humblest beginnings. The immeasurable harvests of the Gospel itself sprang from a grain, to use our Lord's own comparison.

If our readers would take a little interest in our success, they would, undoubtedly, deserve a reward, no slight one either, to judge by Bishop Kane's estimate of the decided good brought by the best reading. It is the periodical, the magazine, which really teaches the people, and Catholics who would weary of a long treatise on the spiritual life, would peruse with pleasure the short articles in a magazine.

Is the Bible Inspired? — It is probable that the Bible is more talked about than read or practised by the excited New York preachers who have been discoursing on "inspiration." The old lady who opened her Bible when the minister was making a visit, rejoiced to find between the leaves the pair of spectacles which she had lost fifteen years before; though she doubtless would pity the ignorant Catholics whose priests would not allow them to read the precious Book. One can scarcely make out what the ministers mean by "inspiration," though that is probably because we are Catholics.

The simple fact is, that the Bible no where defines what inspiration is, and this, to use an inelegant comparison, is just "the nigger in the woodpile." It enrages Protestantism to find that the Book about which such a pother is made, makes no claim itself to the extraordinary and extravagant qualities which Protestants pretend to find in it. The Bible is simply a collection of books, the divine authority of which, of course, cannot be proved by themselves, for that would be a begging of the question, but which imperatively demands an outside and independent authority, which, horror of horrors! can be nothing existing, except the Church of Rome. If you throw over the Church of Rome which actually decided what books in the Bible are canonical, you are logically bound to throw the Bible over too; for we receive it upon the authority and witness of the Church of Rome.

Now the Church takes the only sensible view of inspiration — in fact, the only defensible opinion, — and the one which all men can accept with pleasure and satisfaction. The Church says: "This Book *contains* the Word of God, and it is my privilege and power to tell you what it is, and where it is." The Church has never defined that everything in the Bible is the result of the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Indeed, the Bible is not the word of God for us at all, unless we are assured that we understand the meaning and true interpretation of the word; in other terms, unless we are under the guidance of the infallibility of the Church, which is above and independent of the written word, inasmuch as this was subjected to her exposition as the teacher of all nations, and of whatever Christ taught and commanded.

So we need not bother our heads whether the world was made in six or in sixty days, or whether Jerusha spelt her name right or wrong. Let parsons Talmage and Newton wrestle over Moses, and much good may it do them.

The 12th of February was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who was assassinated by Booth. His (Lincoln's) unwavering devotion to right and duty was well illustrated when, being urged by the politicians not to issue his call for 500,000 more men for the army, he said: "Our brave men in the field are falling for want of support. The country needs the men, our imperilled cause needs them, and I shall issue my proclamation for the men, whether I go up or down. If I go down in consequence, I will go down like the ill-fated Cumberland, with my colors flying."

Gladstone Speaks. — Mr. Gladstone recently said, in speaking of the Irish situation, that Ireland's curse was centralization. He hoped and desired to decentralize the administrative authority, and make the humblest Irishman realize that he is a governing agency.

Some of the Irish-American papers of New York are opposed to a parade on the 17th of March.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Cathoiic Total Abstinence Archdiocesan Union, held Sunday, Feb. 11th, it was decided, in view of the suffering in Ireland, that the expense of a parade on St. Patrick's Day should not be incurred.

Ireland was once an undoubtedly thickly-wooded country. Witness the peculiar Irish names of now barren districts, signifying "black wood," "great wood," "oak wood," &c., and the huge trunks and roots found in bogs, some yew trees, measuring thirty inches in diameter. These bog woods used for fuel and torches (a substitute for candles used in the peasant's cabin) often emit in burning an aroma equal to the finest balsams. The idea of reafforesting Ireland, now being ventilated, is not a new one. Under William III. it was enacted that 26,000 timber trees should be planted yearly for thirty-one years throughout the kingdom by particular appointment in each county. This, however, had no manner of effect. Later, the Dublin Society offered a prize of £50 in plate to the planter of the greatest number of trees between the 1st of September, 1741, and the 15th of December, 1742, which produced the planting of 367,819 trees in one year, by seven persons only.

Golden Jubilee.—The founder of the order of Sisters of Mercy in the United States, Rev. Mother Frances Warde Xavier, who has for twenty-two years been superior of Mount St. Mary's Convent at Manchester, N. H., took the white veil in 1832, and made the holy vows of profession in 1833 in Dublin. The fiftieth anniversary of this event was celebrated in Manchester a few days ago. It was the Rev. Mother's "golden" jubilee, and many gifts of gold came to her from her pupils and old friends in different parts of the country. Rev. Mother Xavier was herself the first Sister of Mercy professed under the original founder of the order, Mother Catherine McCauley, of Dublin.

"Wolf, wolf!" as an old fable tells us, may be cried once too often. The story of the intended murder of Mr. Forster is, the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks, rapidly attaining the proportions of a myth. There are now four well-authenticated frustrated intentians to kill him, all of which were upset by the merest accident, and there is such a family likeness between the accidents that they seem, like the legends of comparative mythology, to come from some common source. Far be it from any one's mind to deprive Mr. Forster of the proud privilege of having been four times an intended victim, and four times favored by fortune to such an extent; but still human nature has long advanced beyond the stage of implicit belief, and is apt to get sceptical when it finds that the signal was not given by A, who wanted to use his handkerchief, or by B, whose light went out just as Mr. Forster passed. If the alleged attempts had occurred once, one might have swallowed one; but when they are being piled one on top of another, at this rate, the sceptic jeers not unnaturally, and ultimately there is danger that he will refuse to believe that Mr. Forster ever was in danger at all.—*London Universe.*

The Homeless Boy.—An illustrated juvenile paper devoted to Catholic children in the West, has been enlarged and much improved. It contains eight large pages; is well printed and published for 75 cents a year. Address, B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. It is a monthly.

Among the curiosities of the recently-published "Indian Census" are the statements that in Oudo and the North-West Provinces there are 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 33 gamblers, 97 snake charmers, 10,000 dancers, 4 story-tellers, 4 poets, and 7 thieves.

Killed By an Elephant.—If we have not quite forgotten Jumbo by this time—which is more than probable—we may derive considerable consolation for his loss from the tragic story that reaches us from Berlin. On Sunday forenoon the head-keeper of the elephants in the Zoological Gardens of that city, by name Brauer, went into the elephant-house with an assistant named Krüger, in order to clean the place out. Having fulfilled the task and put the daily ration of hay near to the wall, the two officials were about to leave the cage, when they noticed a little dirt still remaining at the back of the room. Krüger returned to clear it away, and in doing so passed between one of the elephants and the wall. The beast suddenly turned upon him in a fury, seized the unfortunate man with his trunk, and struck him so violently with his tusk that he fell lifeless to the ground. Brauer with great bravery returned and drove off the furious beast, but his assistant was already dead. The elephant in question is one that, like Jumbo, used to carry the children up and down the gardens on his back.

The Wheat Crop.—It is stated by a reliable authority that the prospect of the wheat crops in these islands is a very gloomy one—in fact has never been worse The acreage laid down under wheat this

season is far below the average, and on account of the unsettled state of the weather there has been a great disinclination to sow this cereal, with the exception of the spring varieties, and these are only sown in particular districts. The seed which had been sown early in the season was rotted by the heavy rains which completely saturated the ground, and whatever escaped this devouring element was finished by the slugs. Gradually, and principally owing to the humidity of the climate, the sowing of wheat in these countries is not much persevered in; the farmers are quietly holding aloof from supplying the home market with this commodity.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Will notice that their department of our Magazine is particularly interesting this month. A story by Miss Rosa Mulholland, is announced and will go through several issues. To any of our young friends sending us a new subscriber we will send a dollar book.

FOR THE ACQUSITION OF IRELAND.—In the House of Representatives at Washington, Robinson of New York, has introduced a bill "For the relief of England, the benefit of Ireland, and the glory of the United States. The preamble which is very long, sets forth the situation in Ireland as seen from an Irish stand-point, and requests the President to open negotations with Great Britain for the acquisition of Ireland by purchase, as in the case of Louisinia and Alaska. The bill was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

IN the inquest held in New York over the victims of the school disaster, one of the Sisters in charge of the school testified that the cause of the railing giving away, was the pressure against it of the citizens who rushed into the hallway and blocked the stairs. Had it not been for this no lives would have been lost.

SALVATIONISTS ABROAD.—The friends of the Salvationists are not doing well on the Continent. Miss Booth, the daughter of the "General," and her companion, a young lady of sixteen, have been expelled from the Canton, according to reports from Geneva, at six hours' notice. The reason assigned for Miss Booth's expulsion is that she was unable to produce an account of a collection made at a Salvation meeting in December. Miss Booth's friend has been expelled because she was not furnished with a written authority of her parents to reside in the Canton. Her paternal relatives did not know she was out.

REV. FATHER WRIGHT, of Galloway, Scot., will deliver a lecture in Horticultural Hall on Sunday evening, March 18, on "The Catholic Religion in Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Father Wright has been deputed by the bishop of Galloway to collect funds for the erection of schools and orphanages in that place, and the proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to that purpose.

FAST? Governor Butler, "in accordance with the invariable usage" of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, the 5th of April, as "a day of public humiliation, fasting, and prayer." In concluding his proclamation the Governor says: — "And it is recommended that all unnecesary labor and recreation be suspended upon that day; and I do specially exhort the ministers of the gospel on that day to feed their flocks with the divine word, and not discourse upon political and other secular topics, which may divert the serious thoughts of the people from humble worship of the Father."

SWAYNE'S PILLS—COMFORTING TO THE SICK.—Thousands die from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Diseases, Dropsy, and Rheumatism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail for 25 cents, box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, $1 (in stamps). Address, Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists.

DISTRESS IN DONEGAL. — A correspondent of a London contemporary, writing from Glencolumbkille, relates an incident which reveals the intensity of the distress prevalent in that part of Donegal. Dr. Woodhouse has been staying in Glencolumbkille at intervals for the last few weeks. At first he was *incognito*, and occupied himself in visiting the poor throughout the extensive district. When it became known that he was a Government Poor Law Inspector, the people, impelled by hunger, flocked round his hotel clamouring for assistance. One morning about two thousand starving men surrounded the hotel, and in no measured terms demanded remunerative employment in order to save themselves and their families from death. Unable to cope with the importunities of this immense and angry multitude, the inspector sought the assistance of the Rev. F. W. Gallagher, who returned with him to his hotel. Father Gallagher's presence at once restored order.

MANITOBA.—There are eleven religious societies in the new and lively city of Winnepeg; and it is said that their aggregate wealth is estimated at the immense sum of $11,300,000. In the early history of the country the Hudson's Bay Company made grants of land to the various churches—Protestant and Catholic. They gave no deed, however, and simply made an entry of the gift of the lands in the company's book. This was considered all that was necessary at the time. The lands were practically valueless then. And the company's promise then was considered much preferable, and in most cases it has been made good. The Roman Catholic Church has been the most fortunate, having a title to lands now valued at $10,000,000. On a very small portion of the Roman Catholic possessions the Archbishop is assessed $300,000, and for a block valued at $3,000,000 the Archbishop has recently refused $5,000,000.

IN the town of Passaic, New Jersey, less than 7000 people, support eighty-eight liquor saloons.

MME. ALBANI, to whom such a hearty reception was tendered in her native city of Albany, gave a check for $250 to the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, for the poor in that city. It may not be generally known that this great singer's vocal powers were first developed in the choir of St. Joseph's, and that it is to Bishop Conroy that she is indebted for the means wherewith her wonderful voice received its European training.

"THE truth is," exclaims the London *Daily News*, "that Ireland has been governed in accordance neither with English, nor with Irish, but with Russian ideas."

A WARNING.—The *Dublin Freeman* of Feb. 10, has this warning to intending emigrants: "Every now and then a letter appears in some one of the agricultural papers purporting to be written from Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Manitoba, British Columbia, New Zealand, or some other far off place, giving glowing descriptions of the country and offering the most tempting inducements to settlers to come out and take land there. Some time after some indignant correspondent writes to the paper to expose what he declares to be a sham got up by land-jobbers, and giving a terrible account of the miserable and unhealthy climate, barren soil and dismal surroundings of the district, praised up by the former writer. Which are we to believe? It seems that starvation and wretchedness are just as common in New York as in Connomara or Loughrea. If people are to die of starvation, they may as well die at home as in an outlandish country. We therefore warn our farmers against too readily closing with the offers of emigration agents, and consider well before they decide on leaving the homes of their fathers.

PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—We learn from the *Catholic Review*, that the Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of New York, His Eminence Cardinal MCCLOSKEY, has formally summoned his Coadjutor, Most Rev. Archbishop CORRIGAN, his suffragans, the Bishops of the Province, the heads of the greater theological seminaries, and all others who, by right or custom, are entitled to sit in the Synod, to assemble on June 3, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, to take due part in a Provincial Council. More important news, of singular moment, to the Catholics of the Province, it has seldom been the privilege of *The Catholic Review* to make known, as it alone does now. This Council will mark a new epoch in the history of the Church in New York, and with inevitable consequence, in all the American Provinces of the Church, that look up to the example and lead of New York.

"We must admit the Irish," says the London *Dispatch*, a weekly journal having a large circulation among the working classes, "to all the rights enjoyed by Englishmen."

MR. PARNELL has requested that no funds be collected in America for the purpose of paying off his debts, as under no circumstances could he accept such assistance. He says he can satisfactorily adjust his affairs without any help of that kind. Bravo, Mr. Parnell!

THE Rev. Fr. Scully, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Cambridgeport, has issued the annual report concerning the affairs of that church, from which it appears there are 1,300 children in the parish school and 40 boys in St. Thomas Aquinas' College. Thirty-nine couples were married at mass and received the nuptial blessing. There were no mixed marriages during the year. The debt of the parish was reduced $1,000, and there yet remains $15,000. The parish raises all money by voluntary contributions, and no fairs, picnics, coffee parties, raffles, or the like, are permitted. The receipts the past year from sittings have been $9416.44, and the parish collection $3,369; voluntary offerings, $2,165.38; total receipts from all sources, $19,991.62. The salaries of the three clergymen, $1,700; teach-

ers. $5,875; engineer, organist and janitor, $1,500; $795.21 were spent for coal; $471.54 for gas; $1,919 for books and religious goods; $657 for statues, banners, etc. The expenditures were balanced by the receipts.

Rev. Fr. O'Brien, of Cambridge, to whose labor is mostly due the erection of the magnificent edifice of which he is pastor, the Church of the Sacred Heart, is one of the most popular priests in New England, and has the respect of not only the members of his own denomination but of the Protestant clergy also. His parish numbers nearly 7,000 and the Sunday School has a membership of 1,600.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mr. Labouchere continues to belittle the exploits of Sir Garnet Wolseley and his troops in Egypt. With this view he tells the following funny story: "Tell me really about the Egyptian resistance at Tel-el-Kebir," I said to an officer who had been one of the first to get inside of the defences. "Well," he replied, "the white men ran like sheep, discharging their muskets in the air; the only regiment that stood was a black one, and the negroes remained helplessly grinning, so that I thought myself in the presence of a lot of Ethiopian serenaders, and felt quite ashamed to assault such funny fellows."

The Chicago *Tribune* pays a high and well-deserved compliment to Mr. Quinn, of Peoria, for the zeal and ability he has displayed in advocacy of the bill providing that wife beaters be punished by being publicly whipped. The bill will probably pass.

Young Gladstone (son of the premier), spoke the truth when he said "the form of government in Ireland is as bad as it can be. In my opinion it is one of the worst forms of government to be found in Europe."

Messrs. Davitt, Healy and Quinn were lodged in Kilmainham jail, Feb. 8, having refused to give bail. The term of their imprisonment is six months. Mr. Healy before entering Kilmainham jail, formulated a demand that Ireland be allowed to elect county boards of management to control the appointment of magistrates and the distribution of rates, and proposed that these boards should send delegates to a central council, one of which should be held in each of the four provinces, and exercise therein the power of legislating private bills which is now usurped by the English Parliament. This is evidently the preliminary demand of that home rule which cannot much longer be denied the Irish people.

The largest owner of land in the British cabinet is the Earl of Derby, who holds 63,000 acres, from which he draws a rental of £170,000 ($850,000) a year. Next to him comes Earl Spencer, with an average of 24,000 acres, and a rent roll of £42,000 ($210,000) a year, and the Marquis of Hartington 6,000 acres, with a rental of £6,257. Hartington, when his father dies, may have as many acres as Spencer. They are the persons from whom the Irish, and, for that matter the British millions expect reform of the existing land tenure system.

The New York *Herald* says: "What Ireland needs is entire change of air. *She needs to be withdrawn from the blight of an alien rule. She needs to have her interests guarded by men of her own race, men who are concerned to see that her miseries shall not be a constant reproach to the civilization of our time.* Until that course is followed, parliament may legislate, philanthropists may babble, agitators may rave all in vain.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, at present secretary to the English treasury, delivered a remarkable speech Monday last. He said: "Nothing has been done in the way of justice to Ireland, simply because justice demanded it. The successive steps towards justice, which have been taken one after another, have been taken because we could not longer resist."

Irish Turf is on the way to find a market which may shortly absorb all the redundant supply of that material. An English firm have discovered that they can profitably convert it into paper, felt, papier-mache, mill-board, card-board and sail-cloth. It can be substituted in the manufacture of all those articles for esparto-grass, wood-pulp and rags, which are at present imported at great expense and in vast quantities. The peat-litter which is used by the London Omnibus Company, and which comes from Germany, could be advantageously replaced by litter made from Irish peat if the necessary factories were once started. Here then is an excellent opportunity for investing some of the Irish capital, which at present mostly finds employment in foreign enterprises, that are of no kind of benefit to the nation.

The Saloon License Question is occasioning considerable excitement in Iowa. Council Bluffs proposes to exact

a fee of $500, Waterloo is wavering between $300 and $500, Ottumwa and Charlton have already fixed upon $1,000, Fort Dodge charges $500, and the number of saloons has been cut down from twenty-three to five; Humbolt has a few saloons at $500 each; Jefferson has only two, and charges them $1,000 each; Creston has eight, with the highest fee of all, $1,500; and Boone expects to limit her saloons to five.

POPE PIO NONO'S REMAINS.—On the 21st of Febuary, the heart and other vital parts of the body of the late Pope Pius IX. were removed with solemn ceremonies from the crypt where they had been deposited since his death, and placed permanently in a marble urn near the tomb of the Stuarts.

THE ENGLISH PAPERS contain a statement that the Land Courts have considerably reduced the rents on Mr. Parnell's estates. There is not a word of truth in the story. In 1880 Mr. Parnell reduced his rents to Griffith's valuation, thus anticipating the Land Act, and, by forgiving all arrears then due, shut himself out from the benefits of the Arrears Act.

A STAUNCH TORY ORGAN.—The London *Globe* outbids the most advanced English Liberal papers in its proposals of reform for Ireland. "The Irish Land Question," it says, "will never be settled until the land is own by the men who till it."

WASHINGTON when President, had a full-length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed, saying to a future Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, D.D., "I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother."

"I HAVE always observed," writes Count Stalberg, a convert to the Catholic Church, "that the worst Catholics become very easily the best Protestants, and even parsons; but it is my every-day's experience that a good Protestant, such as I was, finds it a very hard work to become even a passable Catholic."

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—The German Catholic School, in East Fourth street, New York, was on the afternoon of the 20th of February, the scene of a terrible calamity, which was caused by the stampede of about 300 children, and ended only when sixteen of the little ones had been trampled to death by their companions, and about twelve others had been seriously injured. The cause of the panic among the children was smoke from a slight fire, which started in an accountable manner in a small closet, under one of the stairways on the second floor.

SLIPPERY SIDEWALKS.—The most dangerous slippery pavements in its cities generally surround the churches. The sextons probably believe it an act of Christian charity to break a man's leg, as when he is laid up in bed he has time to think of saving his soul.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—England has for some time been suffering from foot-and-mouth disease among her stock, but until the other day Ireland has been for a long time totally free from it. However, a short-horn bull was recently purchased in England for Lord Carbury, and brought over to Ireland by special permission from the Lord Lieutenant. It had not long been in Dublin when it was discovered that it had foot-and-mouth disease. Great alarm was thereby occasioned, for there is no disease of stock more infectious; but every precaution was taken in isolating the animal to prevent the spread of the infection.

IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES when a funeral passes, every man raises his hat to salute it. The deceased person may have been a child, a pauper, or a beggar—it is no matter—the cortége is saluted by every man, whether he be prince, millionaire, or mendicant. It is a good and lovely custom.

WET WEATHER IN IRELAND.—The weather continues very wet, and the soil throughout Ireland is so sodden with moisture that nearly all tillage is at a standstill. Many large extents of country are covered with shallow ponds of water, the bogs are in a semi-fluid condition, the Shannon, Barrow, and other rivers have overflowed their banks; the general aspect of the country is wet and cheerless in the extreme. Ireland is always a wet country, especially in winter, but this season it is more so than usual.

JEWS WORSE THAN CARPET-BAGGERS. — A correspondent of the *New York Sun* who has been writing on the Southern States for that paper, states that the Jewish money-lenders, who are now to be found everywhere along the banks of the Mississippi river, and in the interior towns of the states that border on it, are a greater curse to the people than ever were the Northern

carpet-baggers. The Hebrew brokers take advantage of the ignorance of the negroes and the financial embarrassments of the cotton planters to drive sharp bargains, which generally result in making the Jews owners of everything upon which they succeed in fastening a mortgage.

CAUSE AND EFFECT OF FLOODS.—The New York *Sun* in alarm at the terrible floods in the West says: This great disaster ought to enforce a vivid and fruitful lesson upon the minds of the people of this State, especially as the reason for this calamity in the Ohio valley is chiefly to be found in the destruction of the forests on the hills of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania, and Western Virginia where the head waters of the Ohio are fed. That vast extent of hill country has been denuded of its trees, and the consequence is, that the heavy snows of the winter are lying unprotected under the action of the sun and rain this season. Instead of being very gradually melted as they would have been had the forest been left standing, they are melted all at once and rush down into the valley of the Ohio in an overwhelming mass. This mighty and destructive flood of the early spring will likely be followed during the heat of the summer by a corresponding drought and scarcity of water under whose effects the Ohio will become a shallow, sluggish stream of very little use for purposes of navigation or any other purpose. The same cause may soon produce similar results in this State. As soon as the woods of our Adirondack region are destroyed we shall have in the spring terrible and destructive floods in the Hudson as well as in the Mohawk.

IT HAS BEEN decided to have a parade and the public meeting in New York the same as last year, the proceeds to be sent to Ireland.

A LEADING PROTESTANT MINISTER of New York recently made this remarkable confession to his congregration: — "There are three things true in honor of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been a wall of brass against scientific infidelity a protesting power against all forms of Socialism and Communism; and it has set its face resolutely against frequency of divorce, which has especially disgraced Protestant New England, Indiana, and Illinois."

HON. JOHN KELLY, of New York, lectured in the Boston Theatre Sunday evening, Feb. 18, to a rousing house for the benefit of the House of the good Shepherd. Gov. Butler presided. Mr. Kelly's subject was "The Early Irish Settlers in America," which was listened to with pleasure by an immense audience. It concluded with this fine illustration: — "Of more than 50,000,000 of population to-day the experts in these matters tell us that nearly 40,000,000 are attributable to the emigrant since the close of the Revolutionary war. Had there been no emigration during the past century, the census of 1880 would not have shown an aggregate of more than 14,000,000, even under the most favorable conditions of increase. When we consider that more than four-fifths of us did not first see the light of American soil, it must be conceded that our national motto, *E. Pluribus Unum*, is felicitous in a double sense. For not only do many separate commonwealths combine under a single flag, but we spring from many dissimilar races, all amalgamated into one grand nationality. Most school boys have witnessed the simple yet beautiful experiment in which a ray of sunlight, directed through a prism, is dissolved into seven separate colored rays. Carry the rays through a convex lens and these three rays blend again into a single shaft of pure white radiance. That admirably illustrates the social and political experiment in progress among ourselves. We are as diverse as the hues of the rainbow, and are being amalgamated into one harmonious whole; and if we imitate the virtues of those who inaugurated the work we to shall transmit a noble heritage to the coming ages.

THERE are seven born Irishmen and fourteen of direct Irish descent in the Wisconsin legislature.

THE HOLY SEE AND RUSSIA.—According to the recent agreement between the Vatican and the Government of the Czar, the first episcopal appointment has been made in the person of Mgr. Gintowt, who has been appointed coadjutor *cum jure successionis* of Mgr. Fialkowski, Archbishop of Mohilew and Metropolitan of Russia. The new Bishop is an experienced missionary; and his evangelic sweetness and patience has already produced fruit in the conversion of several of members of the Russo-Greek Church to Catholicism.

NARROW ESCAPE. — During a recent freshet which a copious rain and a sudden thaw caused on the Blue Mountains, Rev. Father Lambert Conrardi, of the Umatilla Indian reservation in Oregon, was in the camp of Young Chief, instructing some of the Umatilla Indians who have not yet been baptized. The water came thundering down the canyon, and the Umatilla river assumed the proportions of a mighty,

irresistible stream. Homely's people saved themselves by climbing on trees. A few miles above Homely's, a tent, with its occupants, six Indian women, was carried away by the torrent. It was about six o'clock in the evening, when those squaws saw themselves and their light habitation suddenly floating and carried down at full speed. Three of them caught hold of a small pine tree and held on to it, while the water and the drift wood, rushing past them tore their calico dresses; the other three were carried down farther and separated, and each of them managed to grasp the branches of trees, liable to give way any moment. They remained in that condition, in ice-cold water, from 6 P.M till 10 A.M. of the following day, when the Catechumens of Father Conrardi, attracted by their heart-rending cries, succeeded in rescuing them from their perilous position.

No parade in Philadelphia on St. Patrick's Day.

ABSTINENCE ON FRIDAYS.—A Catholic priest was once invited to a public dinner on Friday which for prudential reasons he could not decline. He refused meat, and some one said, "Why do you not eat meat? It is as good on Friday as on any other day." "I grant you that," said the priest, "but our Saviour died on Friday, and to keep his death before our minds the Church commands us to abstain from the use of meat on Friday." A Protestant minister setting near him, who had been helped to meat, had it taken away, and joined the priest in a dinner without meat. How important it is to know what to say when asked about anything concerning our Faith and the practices of Holy Church.

A DRESSMAKER in the Corso, who persisted in putting out of her window a paper against the Holy Mass, has been condemned to pay 52 lire and expenses — in all, 405 lire — or else to go to prison for having insulted the national religion. The woman affirms, however, that she will not pay a penny, and will continue the war "until the Mass is put down."

THE "N. Y. World's" cable dispatch gives the assurance that American readers may safely reject all that the organs of the ministry may say about the restoration of order in the sister island. The temper of the Irish people is more implacable than ever. Davitt and Healy have gone to prison rather than find sureties to keep the peace, and they represent faithfully the uncompromising tone of Irish feeling, and opinion. Not an important member of the government dares to go about without a body-guard. A detective sleeps in Sir William Vernon Harcourt's house, Mr. Trevelyan is followed about everywhere by two policemen, the Marquis of Hartington is guarded night and day, Earl Spencer requires a special force for his protection, and Mr. Gladstone is surrounded as if he were the Emperor of Russia.

WIFE-BEATING IN ENGLAND. — It cannot be too often or too strongly impressed upon "intending" women-beaters that if they wish to carry on their pastime without discomfort to themselves the women selected for their operations must be near relations. A mother is no doubt best, but failing her, our friends may pretty safely fall back on a wife. A remarkable confirmation of this "counsel of prudence" is given by a couple of cases at the Thames Police-court on Saturday. In one of them a man was walking along the Commercial Road when the fancy struck him to give a woman a beating; and, instead of waiting till he got home, he fell on the first woman he met in the street and "punished" her severely. For this offence he was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. The other member of the fancy, although drunk at the time, had his wits sufficiently about him to reserve his exuberant spirits for the domestic circle, and ultimately enjoyed some capital practice with the buckle-end of a heavy belt. After getting his wife a second time well within reach by promising to "make it up," he seized a large table-knife and inflicted a clean-cut wound about half an inch in depth in her left shoulder. For this "domestic pastime," as an evening paper calls it, the man was only bound over to keep the peace for three months!

THE Archbishop of Paris has ordered Christian burial to be refused to persons killed in a duel. He has thus struck a severe blow to that relic of barbarism.

THE accounts of the distress in Donegal are most harrowing. Money is most urgently needed to save the people of that part of Ireland from absolute starvation, and it is understood that the government refuses to give any help.

THE MALLOW ELECTION ended in the return of Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, by a majority of 72 votes. Mr. Naish, the Solicitor-General, received 89 votes, and Mr. O'Brien 161 votes. Commenting on this Nationalist victory the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: — If in a couple of years we have a clean sweep of Liberals and Moderate

Home Rulers like Mr. Shaw, the two Blennerbassets, and the rest, we shall at last find ourselves face to face for the first time with a Nationalist majority from Ireland. Then, indeed, Lord Hartington will be able to say that the Government of the five million people who live in Ireland presents problems by the side of which all our other problems together sink into insignificance. It would be easy enough, as everybody knows, to govern Ireland in a fashion if she sent no representatives to Parliament and if our rule were non-constitutional. But, as it is, the principles of the English political system, to say nothing of the exigencies of our parties, make it certain that Irish opinion and Irish members will be considered, and that attempts of all kinds and degrees will be made from time to time to conciliate them."

A CULTIVATED LADY living in New York, said: "I was brought up in a Roman Catholic State where the young ladies never read novels. My father said to me, 'Daughter, I wish to select the books you read until you are thirty — after that you can select for yourself.'" "What a sensible, wise father," remarks *The Catholic Review.*

A QUIET CITY TO LIVE IN.—The oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, Florida. It is, also, a Catholic city, although there is a Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal church. It is certainly a model city. Sundays a person cannot buy a cent's worth of anything, not even a newspaper or cigar. There is one place where liquor is sold, and he pays a license of $600 per year, and then cannot keep open on Sunday. I overheard the mayor tell a policeman last Saturday night to watch the hotels, and if they sold any cigars to arrest them. Not even boatmen can take parties out on the bay Sundays.

THE Queen, at the opening of Parliament, said of Irish affairs: "An improvement has taken place in Ireland, and Agrarian crime has sensibly diminished, and law has been everywhere upheld. Measures ures will be submitted for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal for preventing corrupt practices and for perpetuating and amending the ballot act. A proposal will also be submitted to more effeetually secure to tenants in England and Scotland compensation for agricultural improvements. The speech reters to the time devoted in recent years by parliament for most urgent needs of Ireland, and says the claims of general legislation and of other parts of the Kingdom now demand just regard. She trusts, however, that parliament will be able to deal with some of the legislative wants of Ireland, for which provision has not yet been made, but the wants are not specified"

Mr. Parnell moved an amendment to the address, and bitterly denounced the administration of the coercion act, said that the land act had completely broken down, and that the arrears act had been a failure. The speech from the throne, he said, was not much of a disappointment to the Irish members. It furnished one more proof of the incapacity of Englishmen to deal with Irish affairs, and promised that the Irish members would insist on calling the attention of parliament to Irish wants.

IT is related that Prince Jerome, who is now the hero of the hour in France, once importuned Napoleon Third for money, and being refused angrily exclaimed, "You have no generosity. This is not Napoleonic. You have nothing of your uncle about you." "Oh, yes, I have!" retorted Napoleon; "I have his family."

PLOUGHING MR. PARNELL'S LAND.—Mr. Parnell's Avondale estate was the scene of a very remarkable demonstration one day last week. Large numbers of farmers for miles round, from all the four neighbo ing counties, attended with their ploughs —one hundred and eighty in all—and ploughed a large tract of land, as a practical way of showing their respect for the owner. The horses were decorated with green ribbons, the ploughs had been newly painted for the occasion, and all the people wore national colors. There were three bands present, which played a succession of national airs. There were also present four members of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

ESCAPING NUNS.—The papers of the country have been reveling for a fortnight in the details of two withdrawals from religious communities, and the subsequent marriage of the blacksliding religious. Such withdrawals are so rare that the non-Catholic world took it for granted that some terrible scandal had been enacted, and a million tongues began to wag vigorously. With the exception of Nuns of the Visitation, and the Nuns of the Order of Carmelties, all Sisters in this country can obtain permission to return to the world. If they become discontented with their convent life, they can procure a dispensation of their vows and return to society. Many do return to the world every year. A convent is not a prison, and no habeas corpus proceedings are necessary to make convent gates open outwards. In the case of this sister in Yanktown, there was only an indecent haste in her nuptials. If she wished to marry she should have

withdrawn from the convent long enough to permit the public to conclude that she had done none of her courting within the convent walls. When sisters obtain permission to return to the world they are released from their vows. They are no longer subject to their religious superiors; they can acquire and possess property and can contract matrimony. In many communities the sisters make vows only from year to year, and at the expiration of each votive term, they can return to the world without leave or licence. Some of the Catholic papers, which have been discussing this question, evince as much ignorance of the law as the secular press. The sister-bride of Yankton had been a Sister of Mercy. The sister-bride of Baltimore had been a Sister of Charity. In both these religious societies the members took neither solemn nor perpetual obligations. Then there was absolutely nothing in either event to occasion the inditing of a local paragraph.—*The Western Watchman.*

WILLIAM E. WALCOTT, the man who recently ate sixty quail in thirty days on a wager, was arraigned at the tombs in New York, having been found drunk on the street. He explained that the quail diet had disagreed with him, and was discharged with a reprimand and a caution against excessive quail eating.

WHEN Michael Davitt was asked before his arrest last week whether he would give bail for his good behavior, he answered: "No; to give bail for good behavior towards Irish landlords is impossible."

EVER since Queen Isabel was turned away from the throne of Spain — that is to say, for well nigh fifteen years — the Protestant societies of England and Germany have labored as hard as they could to foist Protestantism on the native land of its worst enemy, St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Order. An official statement of the "rise and progress" of Protestantism in Spain has lately been made public. If the figures it exhibits are really calculated to "gladden the heart" of every lover of Christ, as the complier expresses, all we can say is that the hearts of the like of him are easily gladdened and that he shows himself thankful for very small mercies indeed. At this day, there are altogether 32 Protestant churches and chapels in Spain, and the congregations number in all 28,000 souls. Considering that the Catholics of Spain number 18,000,000, and their churches and chapels somewhere about 40,000, it requires the heart of an optimist like Pastor Fliedner to be so readily gladdened. Certain it is that the progress of the Catholic Missions in the Cannibal Islands has been very much more rapid than that of Protestantism in Spain.—*London Universe.*

MANUFACTURING AT THE SOUTH.—Statistics just published, show that South Carolina now has 27 flourishing cotton mills, with 4,120 looms and 180,721 spindles, and that the business yields an average net profit of twelve per cent. In 1880 there were in the State 18 mills, with 1,933 looms and 95,938 spindles. These figures show an extraordinary progress in this important industry, and the fact that nine new mills were chartered at the recent session of the Legislature, indicates a striking growth of the business in the future. In undertaking to manufacture its great staple instead of sending it to English and New England mills, the South has entered a field of industrial activity, which promises to prove a most important source of prosperity. Nearness of its mills to its cotton fields, is an advantage which, in time, must tell strongly in favor of the South in the competition with its distant competitors.

THE article in our last issue, on the Decline of Protestantism, originally appeared in the *North American Review*, from which magazine we copied it.

THE annual meeting of the New York Catholic Protectory, which took place last Friday week, showed the receipts of the institution in the male department for the year ending September, 1882 were $172,640.85, and the expenditures, $174,038.71. In the female department for the same period the receipts were $102,941.33, and the expenditures, $96,479.18. Of the inmates received during the year, 643 were boys, and 172, girls; of those discharged, 657 were boys and 191, girls.

THE CORK EXPOSITION.—A number of blank applications for space in the exhibition of arts, products and manufactures, to be held in Cork, Ireland, during July, August and September next, have been received for distribution at the Chamber of Commerce, New York. The blanks are accompanied by circulars pointing out that the exhibition will afford a favorable opening for the introduction of American produce and manufactures in Ireland, and an opportunity for bringing the merchants and manufacturers of Ireland and America into direct communication. No charge will be made to exhibitors for space. The White Star and the Cunard lines have each promised to carry 100 tons of exhibits across th Atlantic free of charge.

Personal.

THE Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, Va., contemplates a visit to Europe early in April. He will go to Rome, whence he will make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, returning by way of Lourdes.

REV. A. J. RYAN, the poet-priest, has accepted an invitation from the literary societies of the University of Virginia to deliver the oration before the joint societies at the annual Commencement in June next.

THE Fourth Centenary of Raphael, the great painter, occurs on the 28th of March, and is to be celebrated with great pomp in Urbino, his native city, and in Rome by the Academies of St. Luca and Sta. Basilica.

THE following *bon mot* is attributed to to the Very Rev. Canon O'Sullivan. He was present not long ago at a dinner-party at Solihull, England, one of the guests being the Protestant Rector, the Rev. Canon Evans. Said the Rector: "I suppose you know, Canon O'Sullivan, that we are going to restore the parish church?" "Glad to hear it," was the happy reply of the Canon; "we shall be glad to get it back again."

OUR Holy Father has written to the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York, thanking him and the American Bishops and people for the liberal offering of Peter Pence (over 91,000 lire) sent through the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda. Mgr. Spalding, of Peoria, has left Rome for the Holy Land, but before leaving had an audience of the Holy Father.

Rt. Rev. Henry Joseph Richter, D. D., has been appointed to the new Episcopal see of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The new Bishop is a native of Germany, having been born in Neuenkirche, near Damme, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, April 9, 1838. He is a man of great personal worth and learning.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Hendricken of Providence, has returned home from Havana, Cuba. The Bishop returns in improved health, which it is hoped he will continue to enjoy.

THE *N. W. Chronicle* of St. Paul, Minn., says: Our readers will peruse with interest the account of the marriage of ex-senator Blaine's daughter to Col. Coffinger. To many residents of St. Paul, Mrs. Blaine, the Senator's mother, was well known. She died in this city, a Catholic, fortified by all the sacraments of the Holy Church.

THE newly-appointed Bishop of Grand Rapids Mich., observes the *Catholic Union and Times*, Rev. Dr. Joseph Ritcher of Cincinnati, received his academic education at the seminary of Mount St. Mary's of Cincinnati, and soon attracted attention by his remarkable proficiency. He went to Rome, where he pursued a rigid course in theology, and so impressed his Superiors by his brilliancy of mind and force of character, that he was soon after his ordination honored by the popaganda with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, though barely out of his teens. He is about 36 years old. He is vice-president of Mount St. Mary's, and pastor of St. Lawrence Church in Cincinnati.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN, of Halifax, has appointed Very Rev. Mgr. Power Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, and the Rev. E. F. Murphy, secretary.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, on the evening of the 2nd of February, after an absence of several months in Europe, during which time he visited the Pope and spent several weeks in Ireland. The Bishop was greeted at the Union depot by an immense concourse of people, and the arrival of the train was announced by the firing of cannon. A procession, composed of the various Catholic societies and citizens, escorted the Bishop through the streets to the Cathedral, where an address of welcome was delivered. A Te Deum was afterward sung by the Cathedral choir. Bishop Gilmour looks improved in health and spirits, and says he had a very pleasant trip.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has almost entirely regained the strength lost in his recent illness. His eminence preached at the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday morning, and takes a prominent part in the special services in that church during Lent.

IT is stated the Marquis of Ripon will be offered a Dukedom at the expiration of his term of office in India. This step in the Peerage will mark the government's high appreciation of the Vicerory's administration; and it will also be supposed to sooth the feelings of those Catholic supporters of the Ministry who are sensitive about the drifting away of the Duke of Norfolk from the Liberal ranks.

RT. Rev. Henry Pinckney Northrop, Titular Bishop of Rosalia, is the present Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, and was consecrated in the Baltimore Cathedral, Jan. 8th, 1882.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER, What he Should be, and What he Should Do. Together with a Collection of Prayers Suitable to his Condition. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer, by Rev. L. A. Lambert, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, N. Y. With an Introduction, by Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. Price 65 cents.

Fathers of families buy and study the teachings of this book. It is by the same author as the "Christian Mother." The author "draws a life-like portrait of the true Christian father, shows the sublimity of his calling, explains his duties and obligations, the difficulties and dangers to which he is exposed, the graces which he needs for the sanctification of himself and his household, and the means which he must employ in order to secure those needed graces."

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.

VIA CRUCIS; or, The Holy Way of the Cross. After the Italian of Mgr. Alessandro Cantoli. Arranged by a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. With five formulas for making The Holy Way of the Cross, including those of St. Alphonsis Ligouri, and Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice. Price 10 cents.

Just the book not only for Lent, but for all seasons of the year.

T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

ALICE RIORDAN. *The Blind Man's Daughter.* By Mrs. J. Sadlier. Price 50 cents.

WRECKED AND SAVED: By Mrs. Parsons. And FERNANDO, by Lady Herbert. Price 50 cents.

THE old readers of *The Pilot* will remember the first of these books, as it appeared in 1854 in the columns of that paper. It succeeded Mrs. Sadlier's other story, Willie Burke, perhaps the best of that talented lady's productions. Both are among the earliest productions of her gifted pen.

The other book comprises two stories, the authors of which are familiar to the readers of light Catholic literature.

The books are very tastefully gotten up, and are the first of a series of books under the title of "Catholic Boys' and Girls' Library," which the publishers propose to publish in the interests of the rising generation.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY ALMANAC AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1883. Price, paper, $1.50; bound, $2.00.

THE Directory contains reports from one hundred and sixty five dioceses, vicariates, and prefectures. The gradual increase year by year makes the task of collecting the material in season more difficult. From a mere pamphlet in 1833, when the reports were all included in little more than a hundred pages, the Almanac, now in its fifty-first issue, contains nearly 900 pages of close matter, involving immense detail, and several thousand names, absolute accuracy in all of which is well nigh impossible, in view of changes constantly taking place.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIR Charles Gavan Duffy's new work entitled "Four Years of Irish History, 1845-49"—a sequel to "Young Ireland"—will be published next month.

A NEW edition of the poems of James Clarence Mangan, the most poetic of Irish poets will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Duffy & Sons, of Dublin. The volume will be edited by the veteran literature, the patriotic priest, thé friend and benefactor of Mangan, Father C. P. Meehan author of several other Irish works of superior merit. Father Meehan will also contribute a biographical sketch. The promised volume will contain all the poems of Mangan, several of which have not been hitherto published. The price, it is understood, will be popular.

We are likely to have soon a refreshing remembrance of the labours of that illustrious historian and masterly writer of pure English, Dr. Lingard. Canon Walker, of Lancaster, is is said to be preparing for publication a valuable collection of his letters, and it is more than probable that he will add a biographical sketch of Dr. Lingard.

THE Spanish Cabinet has resolved, at the recommendation of the Colonial Minister, to emancipate 40,000 Cuban slaves not included in the 1870 census, their owners having failed to enter them in the returns.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE. REV. RICHARD O'CONNOR, pastor of St. Bridget's Catholic Church, Falls of Schuylkill, died Jan. 31, of apoplexy, in the sixty-second year of his age, having been a priest for nearly forty years. Father O'Connor was born in Cork, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age, settling in Mobile. He there studied law, and later came to Philadelphia and pursued his theological education at St. Charles' Seminary. At different times he was stationed at Chambersburg, St. John's St. Philip's, St. James', Philadelphia, Kellyville, Pottsville and Tamaqua, and finally at St. Bridget's.

FATHER ST. CYE, the first priest who celebrated Mass in Chicago, died recently at St. Louis, in his 89th year. He built a church in 1831. For many years he has been unable to perform any priestly function, total blindness being one of his many maladies.

THE remains of Rev. Peter Corrilum, a Catholic priest, who disappeared some ten years ago, were found lately near La Piedra Ranch in Hidalgo County, Tex. Near the remains were the Father's crucifix and altar, $18 in money and a saddle. It has always been supposed that he was murdered.

REV. M. FRENCH, O. S. A. — On the 26th of January this promising young ecclesiastic passed away at St. Augustine's, Cork. He was a young man — scarcely thirty years of age — but of rare promise in the Order, and a most kindly, amiable disposition.

REV. C. J. CROTTY, O. C. C.— On the 23d of January there passed away to a better life one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the Carmelite Order in Ireland — the Rev. Cornelius Joseph Crotty. His loss will be greatly mourned, not only by his religious brethern and the numerous friends he has made during a long and valuable career, but also, and chiefly, by the very poor and humble classes amongst whom, like a true apostle, his life and labors were for more than a quarter of a century devotedly spent.

THE REV. P. J. COLWELL, pastor of SS. Philip and James', Myersdale, Somerset county, this Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., died at the pastoral residence on Friday, February 16th, 1883.

DIED, at Kittanning, Pa., on Friday, February 16, Rev. Thomas Howley, Pastor of St. Mary's church, in the 30th year of his age.

SISTER.

DIED, at the Convent of Mercy, Providence, R. I., Feb. 14th, Sister Mary Aloysius, in the world, Miss Margaret Cleary, of Mountmellick, Ireland. Deceased was in the 35th year of her age and fourteenth of her profession.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE death is announced at Blackheath, a residential suburb of London, of Ellen, the eldest daughter of the "Liberator," Daniel O'Connell, whom she has survived thirty-six years. She was the widow of Christopher Fitzsimon, an Irish barrister, once an M. P. for Dublin. Mrs. Fitzsimon inherited no small share of the ability of her famous father. Her literary tastes were of the highest order, and had the lady herself so desired it, might have secured her a distinguished position in the world of letters. The merit of the few items which did find their way from her pen to publicity, left no doubt of the ability and skill of the authoress. It is possible, however, that had Mrs. Fitzsimon been spared some time longer, she would have left a more enduring and important memorial of her capacity as a writer. She was engaged in collecting the material for a life of Daniel O'Connell, and had succeeded in amassing a comprehensive and valuable store of original matter. The fact that she succeeded so far is, in itself, full of interest for Irish readers; but it is to be regretted that one so well qualified to put them together was called away just when she had collated her biographical details. But apart from this, the death of Mrs. Fitzsimon will be learned with sorrow, — a sorrow with which the announcement of the death of any and every member of the great Liberator's family must be accompanied.

JOHN HICKS, fifty-three years of age, of West Paterson, N. J., died at the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital, and according to the statement made by the deceased prior to his demise, his death was due to violence at the hands of some person at present unknown. The deceased was born in Kildare county, Ireland, in 1820. He was celebrated throughout Ireland and America as a bag-piper, a flute player and a violinist. He came here in 1849, and earned his living as a musician. There has not been a public Irish festival of any note for the past twenty years in New York or suburbs at which John Hicks was not present.

PATRICK GILL, founder and editor of the Staten Island *Leader*, died at Stapleton. Mr. Gill was in his forty-fourth year and was born in Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland. At the age of fourteen he became attached to the staff of the Tipperary *Advocate*, of which his eldest brother, the celebrated Peter Gill, was proprietor. He came to this country in 1866 and settled down in Staten Island, N. Y., where he established the journal of which he remained in charge till his death. He was of a retiring, genial disposition, and news of his unexpected demise will be read with deep regret by thousands of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Gill leaves a wife and children.

DIED at Charlestown, on Friday, Feb. 9, Mary E. Reade, daughter of Capt. John Reade. Miss Reade was prominently identified with the Young Ladies' Sodality, Rosary and Scapular Society, the Sacred Heart Society of St. Mary's parish, and the Ladies' Land League. The remains were in charge of her uncle, Lawrence Reade, of Woburn, and the funeral took place on Monday, the 12th inst., from St. Mary's Church. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated, Rev. J. Mahon celebrant, Rev. Richard Neagle, Deacon, Rev. W. J. Millerick, Sub-Deacon. The remains were taken to Calvary Cemetery, Woburn.

DR. J. J. MCCARTHY, for many years a resident of the Charlestown District, died at his home, 112 Main Street, Sunday Morning, Feb. 25, of phthisis. He was about thirty-five years of age, and was the son of Major Charles J. McCarthy, a well-known lawyer of Boston. He was a graduate from the Harvard Medical School in 1870, since which time he has practiced in the Charlestown District. Dr. McCarthy was respected and beloved by all who knew him. He was a most successful physician, a good son, and a courteous and accomplished gentleman. His afflicted family have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends.

IN Portland, Maine, on the 27th of January, Francis Doherty (Father of Rev. C. W. Doherty), aged 70 years. The funeral took place from his late residence on Merrion Street, and proceeded to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, where Solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for his soul. At the close of the Mass Rt. Rev. Bishop James A. Healy pronounced the Absolution, after which he made very appropriate remarks on the devout and exemplary life of the deceased, taking for his text, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for their works follow them." The deceased leaves behind him, besides the Rev. Father Doherty, four daughters, one of whom is a religious in a convent in Paris, France. May his soul rest in peace.

MAJOR TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, a native of New York, but for many years a resident of Richmond, Va., died there recently of consumption, aged forty-five years. He served gallantly as a cavalry officer in the federal army during the late war. He was a warm friend of Governor Tilden, and was one of the Virginia delegates to the National Democratic Convention in St. Louis, in 1876, which nominated Governor Tilden for President. Before going to Richmond Major O'Brien was a member of the Tammany Association.

ONE of the most charitable and benevolent ladies in the United States died lately, in Philadelphia, in the person of Mrs. E. B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, Esq., one of the members of a well-known banking firm doing business in Philadelphia and New York. It would be futile for us to attempt to give here any thing like a detailed statement of Mrs. Drexel's acts of kind charity. It is said that she thus expended over twenty thousand dollars annually, — paying rents, and supplying coal, provisions and clothing. A woman was constantly employed by her to watch that her gifts were properly distributed and to find out whether any persons were receiving them under false pretences. Our public institutions she also liberally benefitted, notably the Convent of the Good Shepherd. Indeed, it is stated that no case of need deserving aid was ever made known to her in vain. May she rest in peace.

MR. JAMES BONFIELD, M. P. P., died at his residence, Eganville, Ontario, on January the 29th, after an illness of some days. The death of Mr. Bonfield removes a well-known form from the chamber of the Legislative Assembly, of which body he had been a member for the past eight years. He was a native of Ireland, having been born in 1825, at Gartmore, in Tipperary. Coming to Canada to push his fortune, he went into the lumber business in the Ottawa Valley, and was always regarded as a deservedly successful operator in a calling which, more than most others, requires the exercise of intelligence and discretion. Few men were better known or more popular in the great lumber district than the "King of the Bonnechere."

DEATH OF ALD. QUINN, LIMERICK. — Alderman John Quinn, Deputy Lieutenant for Limerick, died lately at his residence, George Street, after a lingering illness. The deceased, who had attained to an advanced age, was one of the wealthiest of our Irish merchants, having amassed a colossal fortune in the wine, spirit, and grocery wholesale and retail trade. He was a great benefactor to the local charities, particularly Catholic, ones, and was rather inclined to Conservatism in politics.

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"ALL the great empires of antiquity had a work to do, and as long as they did their duty, they stood; but when they failed in it, they broke down and were destroyed. Our empire of the three races had one-fifth of the human race — three hundred millions of souls — to answer for. And if this great Empire did not spread the light of salvation among its heathen dependencies, it would be weighed in the balance and found wanting; there are two hundred millions in India who never heard of the name of Jesus Christ."— *Cardinal Manning.*

The Present Condition of Catholics in England.

IT is a curious fact that the two Protestant states in the world are distinguished amongst nations for the liberty which they allow to their Catholic subjects. We allude to England and to the United States. Of the latter, we cannot speak, but as to England we can partially explain her apparently generous policy. After being trampled in the dust for three centuries, we are allowed to rise as best we may, and enjoy what existence we have managed to keep in our body. The State leaves us perfect freedom to practice the Catholic religion, but will it tolerate our growing fat? Would it shut its eyes not merely to the conversion of a Cabinet Minister or an Anglican Bishop, but to the formation of a compact body of English Catholics in its centre of thought and action? Slowly and firmly we are once more taking root in English soil; the work, however, is so gradual that no official susceptibilities are aroused, whilst in concrete cases, there is a very world of persecution connected with a conversion to the Faith.

From the reign of Henry VIII. until Catholic Emancipation, our history is a heart-rending one. The Faith was just kept alive in our island; the lamp was so faint and dim that it hardly showed its beacon, and if the comparison be a legitimate one, it was like a ghostly lantern dimly lighting a royal vault. Strong, indeed, must the grasp of things unseen have been in men who were content to live amongst corpses waiting for the dawn of Judgment Day, yet when to say Mass or to hear it was a crime of high treason; this was the position of our forefathers, whilst Leckie, a Protestant, has graphically described the sufferings of Ireland during the 17th century, sufferings mainly inflicted out of hatred to the Catholic religion. Martyr after martyr

went to Tyburn, and in their case the Wise Man's words have a special pertinence. In the sight of the unwise they seemed, indeed, to die. The early Christians were wont to gather up the precious remains of their champions, but in England there were no catacombs. The bloody head of the martyr was lifted up on high, exposed to the jeering contempt of the passers-by and left to rot. And though we are now gathering in the harvest of those deaths full of fortitude, a breath of the past agony, so seemingly hopeless, passes over us as we read of them. Years are as nothing to God but they overwhelm human thought with their long shadows when the unrighteous are allowed to triumph and the faithful to lie under a bloody interdict through weary centuries.

The reason of that complete up-rooting is not hard to find: the martyrs were the few, the apostates the many, for immorality and time-servingness in the clergy, at the time of the Reformation, were not proof against that terrible trial. Maintained, as the faith was, during three centuries in England, by tiny sparks of individual heroism scattered all over the land, there came at last a reaction, and the blood of the martyrs bore its fruit. The grain of mustard-seed had been carefully put into the ground, and through several centuries was nourished and fortified by the sun and the rain in due season. Yet if the faith in those, who had thus borne the burden of the day and the heat was robust, all other advantages had been taken away from them. Socially, politically, intellectually, they carried no weight, and if the penal laws against the Papists have been repealed, it was because the Protestant State well knew that it had knocked three parts of life out of this portion of the King's subjects, and that it could afford to be generous to victims in a condition of bare existence.

At the time of Catholic Emancipation, in 1829, the last remains were withdrawn of an outlawing under which we had been living for ten generations. Supposing the case of a man who is suddenly released from the bondage of a dungeon where he has spent some years of his life, it may be for the cause of justice. He can scarcely bear the light of day; he is uncombed, unkempt, half civilized to the world as he now finds it, for he knows things as he left them when he was imprisoned. Neither mind nor body at first enjoy the sudden transition. He has grown so used to his privations that he hardly noticed them, and now he is called upon to become a social and political being. When he looks back upon that weary term of years in his dungeon, he finds only one thing which was not, and is not, a blank,—his faith. How with that single weapon is he to wage a dreary battle with this material world? An apostle might try to convert elegant people; but if his clothes were covered with dirt and mud, his face unshaved and if he dropped his hs, or did the equivalent in languages which have none, would they listen to him? They would turn away from him and draw back not to come in contact with his dirt. Thus uncombed, uncouth, dirty, poor, and contemptible, did Catholics emerge from their dungeon on Catholic Emancipation. Their homes and sanctuaries knew them no more, for strangers sat in them, and refused to make restitution. They

said, "Build huts for yourselves, we mean to stay in your palaces. And you may go and beg, if you like, for if we allow you to live, that is as much as can be expected of us."

Everything had to be done, for how could a disfigured and mutilated form of Christianity, give any notion of that blessed Faith of Rome, which St. Augustine had preached in our island?

The French emigration had possibly and probably been a factor in Emancipation. In face of the exiles for conscience sake, the Protestant Englishman had set aside his prejudices, and treated on equal terms with the *exitiatis superstitio* as Tacitus called Christianity. Thus, although the work of the *émigrer* may have been, and we believe was, much confined to their own nationality, their indirect influence on English homes and firesides was very great. Another factor in Catholic revival and a more important one far than the French emigration, because it is at work to-day, was Ireland, or rather the large Irish population in most of our great centres. The proportion of Irish to English Catholics is even now nine out of ten, and what we have gained from their numerical assistance can scarcely be told. Their pence and their members have helped to build many a sanctuary for the living God, and have rendered possible the foundation of countless missions which would never have existed without them. It was, however, English spontaneity and energy which began to wipe off some of the dungeon dirt, and to put on some of the garments of social and intellectual civilization. Since the re-establishment of the Hierarchy our greatest struggle has been connected with the cause of primary and higher education. The principal Catholic organ for the diffusion of knowledge amongst the lower classes is the Poor School Committee. It was called into existence in 1853 after the establishment of the Hierarchy, and began its work by awarding building and support grants to struggling schools. Owing to our poverty the school has become an almost intolerable burden to the priest of the mission. The school-master or mistress' salary which he has to find, and the efficiency of his school which is upon his conscience, are both very serious anxieties, and yet the alternative is still worse. If he shuts up his school and ceases to be a supervising grammar master, the children are sent to the Protestant schools of the place, and he feels himself responsible for the loss of their souls. There are now three Catholic Training Colleges in the United Kingdom, that of Notre Dame, Liverpool, and the Sacred Heart, Wandsworth, for girls, and St. Mary's, Hammersmith, for the education of masters. The only thing to be said against these excellent institutions, is the regret that they cannot provide as many schools as they do efficient teachers. The same lack of numerical weight was lately illustrated in the attempt at setting up a Catholic University; the number of professors, if we mistake not, was greater than that of the students. We cannot yet stand upon our own legs; we need the support of the whole world of traditions which are centred in a university, for, speaking generally, we are neither a thinking nor a reading body. The prison mire is hanging on our clothes, and what many Catholics

virtually say is, "We have fought the fight; we have kept the Faith. What need we more?" And we must not be hard upon them, for they have nobly done their work. But in days when the government standard of even primary education is exceedingly high, and when knowledge is so generaly diffused, it is highly important that Catholics should hold their own in science and intellect, contradicting by their lives the common reproach of non-Catholics, viz., that believers in what is contrary to reason must necessarily renounce all claims to be heard as rational beings.

The great educational leveller and birch rod is an university. It is in the social what the Church is in the religious order, for it is not only a trainer of mind, but what is the next in pertinence, a trainer of manners. Its place is in the early years of manhood when the wax is still capable of easy impress. Except upon very dangerous conditions, these great centres of learning are closed to us whose forefathers gave that learning birth. It is one of the privations which most tells against our intellectual growth; yet what are culture and refinement compared to the inestimable boon of faith? If the choice lie between faith and culture, as the Catholic Episcopate declares that it does in this university question, we must be proud to go on for a while bearing still a mark of our noble exclusion. In the meantime Catholic Colleges are conscientiously founding their traditions. We are convinced that at a future time the names of Ushaw, Oscott, Downside, Stonyhurst, Beaumont, and Edgbaston will be cherished as we now cherish the memories of those who began the work of Catholic revival. The very fact that an university has not found a *locus standi* amongst English Catholics reveals a circumstance to which we wish to call attention. It is that the movement has, as yet, scarcely touched the university class, and one of the sorest trials of converted Anglican clergymen, is the dearth of that pleasant kind of society, which is at home in the rectories and parsonages of the Established Church, those choice nursing-grounds of English ladies and gentlemen. Beyond the old Catholic families and a sprinkling of converts, who leave the flesh-pots of Egypt for a wilderness, as far as this world is concerned, the gentry are as yet scarcely represented in the Church. We once heard our body described as "Tops and Bottoms," and nothing is truer. We have a few great names, many converts of eminence, but sons to send to universities may be counted. The shop-keeping heart of England is also nearly untouched. A few years ago the phrase "there's nothing like our Bible, and there's nobody so wicked as the Pope," might have described this and the laboring class, and their religion might have been summed up in "Curse the Pope, and keep the Sabbath;" but now it is to be feared that a state of comparative indifference has set in. Much of the religious yearning of England is giving way to the passion for money-making, and nowhere does this tell more than in trade. Poor Ireland, with its lack of trades and manufactures escapes some of this evil which is a serious drawback to the one thing necessary. The number of those who care about religion was always small; but unless we are mistaken, it is diminishing every day, and

the tradesman who used to go to church of a Sunday, will now sit and read his pennyworth of news in the happy consciousness that he has done a good week's work, and may perfectly well dispense with spiritual ministrations of which he has never seen the use. When it is given to the Church to kindle a little ardor in this money-loving, money-grubbing class, and to draw it into her garner, then shall we be nearer the day when we may hope to assist at High Mass in St. Edward's Abbey.

From what we have said, it will be seen why the dungeon dirt clings to the old Catholic families. They labor under very great educational disadvantages. The mind and manner press through which they ought to pass their sons does not exist, and we think the small number of Catholic Peers who open their mouths in Parliament may be traced to this circumstance. The university will make the best of a man of ordinary abilities: it will develop the slightest germ; but if a man has never measured himself with others of his own standing, he will scarcely know what he can do and what he cannot do. This is fatal to the utility of his life, for, as a rule, people do not work their own mines unaided. Where it tells upon us is in the Upper and Lower House. An English Catholic orator would do immense service to the Church, and we all know, that as he is not born, he has to be made. He emphatically requires a training.

But, if an university is the urgent need of old Catholics and the rising generation, that of the English converts and of the ex-clergyman in particular, is more material. His whole existence in this country is a constant struggle against worldliness. He is forever being brought before the altar of the idol. On the one side are gold and frankincense, the good things of this world, society, luxuries, foreign travel, the right to look to comfortable marriage; on the other is reserved the myrrh by itself, the almost naked cross, for educated poverty is fuller of suffering in some of its aspects, than abject station with uncultivated mind. Take the instance of a beneficed convert clergyman. At middle age, perhaps, he is up-rooted. His old friends know him no more, and the making of new ones is practically impossible. The class to which he belongs does not exist in the Catholic body, and it is only now being formed. He is lost between the Tops and Bottoms. The Tops disdain him; and he does not like the Bottoms. Noblemen have their caste, and in this material world the bonds of faith are not strong enough to establish habits of intimate intercourse between the peer and the man who, though a gentleman, has nothing whatever to contribute to society's feast but good abilities. The Anglican clergyman, in his smiling rectory, occupies a position than which there can be none happier as concerns some outward advantages. If, by the grace of God, he renounces these advantages, it is to become an abject in God's house, and it must be a proof of great fortitude for a man not to be soured and not to repine as he fights the combat of faith with a world which is saying all around him, "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Two great characteristics distinguish English Catholics. If we com-

pare them with Catholics of other European countries there is a striking absence of human respect and there is a marked respect for, and devotion to, the Blessed Sacrament. In perhaps no other land is the Holy Eucharist so widely loved, for though France gives particular instances of adoration towards it, they cannot be taken as signifying an universal bent. A French lay-man, or even a French lay-woman, hardly ventures to genuflect. The outward irreverence of foreign churches jars upon the English Catholic, accustomed as he is to an atmosphere of warm and recollected piety wherever the Perpetual Lamp speaks of the Holy Presence, and he may search in vain, except perhaps in Austria, for those sweet week-day Benedictions, which soften his toil and familiarize the multitude with the one whose delight it is to dwell in the midst of the sons of men.

Before we come to statistics, account must be taken of the value and importance of the Oxford Movement. It has brought into the Church many eminent men of various departments, who have considerably strengthened the Catholic body in this country. Although in most instances they have had great sacrifices to make, and have not consequently any human influence, their moral and intellectual weight is indubitable, though they themselves may be unconscious of the fact, and their life may come before them as a wearisome, uphill toil. This is always the case when people are working for the next generation, and that is what every Catholic of mind in England is doing. They have not only to write books which are not now read, they have even to build the market-place and to pinch themselves to gather up the pennies. The consolation is, that a day will come when these books will preach the faith, even though the writer may long have slept in his tomb, and that there will be monuments in the English language which shall proclaim Catholic truths.

It was reserved to Leo XIII. to restore the Hierarchy in Scotland. In 1879 the historical Sees of St. Andrews and Glasgow were revived. The former has an archbishop with five suffragans. Scotland from its geographical position and Presbyterian prejudices offers greater obstacles to the propagation of the faith than England, whose state establishment familiarizes English minds with the notion of a church. But when the Scotch turn themselves heartily to the Catholic religion, they do not deal in half measures. They are what they are, and verify the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum." As the country becomes more thickly dotted with Catholic centres, so will bitter prejudices vanish; and surely and silently the Church will regain her old footing in Scottish hearts.

As for England, the progress recorded in the Catholic Directory for 1882, is solid, though not brilliant, as the result of twenty-nine years from the time of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. It records for England and Wales one archbishop with eleven suffragans, 2,036 priests, and 1,190 churches, chapels and stations. To realize what has been gained, it would be necessary to go back to the beginning of this century, where the Faith could be practised only at domestic chapels, and in London at those of the different

Catholic embassies. And all this has been been done by men barely issuing from a condition of penal servitude, for, as we said before, the State had reduced us to so great an extremity of poverty and abjectness, that it could afford to restore us to our liberty.

The future of Catholicity in England, is the future of faith itself, or rather the question is not whether fifty years hence England will be Anglican or Catholic, but whether it will be Christian at all. The English Church shows more signs of decay than of life, in spite of the vigorous movement of certain individuals in her bosom. Ritualism is, after all, only a drop in her sea of neutral tint. It is a fact not generally admitted in our conservative England that we are tending to non-belief; yet it is no less true, for there are two ways to infidelity, the one which we see prevalent on the continent, which is the fault of the individual, that of moral corruption with belief in the truth; the other the fault of the system, a rejection of Christianity when it is presented in a maimed and even distorted shape by a false teacher who cannot satisfy the reasonable cravings of rational minds. England is falling a prey to this latter kind of unbelief which is far slower in its results than the first. Even a false system takes more time to bring about destruction than human corruption, and although the English Church is entirely adulterous, still the idea of motherhood is there, and for minds not too enquiring, the broken-down fence which serves her as a pale suffices. When an Anglican begins seriously to realize the existence of a visible Church on earth, he does not remain in this condition of passive contentment. He does one of two things, either becomes a Catholic, or gives up dogma. In the latter case the false system has wrecked his belief, and that there are many cases of similar shipwreck we cannot for an instant doubt. There is, indeed, the Broad Church party, who never get to the idea of a church at all, and on the whole they are far the truest representatives of the State Establishment, stumbling-blocks as they may be to its Catholic element. Shall a kingdom so divided against itself stand? It has already borne the burden of wellnigh three centuries and a half of existence, but to all appearances it could not now take a hundred years' lease. Sooner or later the dis-establishment must come, and it will be a day of terrible dissolution for England. It is our strong impression that the Pope will by no means then win back his own again. The question will be an individual one between conscience and conscience: Church and State are likely enough to part company for an indeterminate period, and if in future time, St. Augustine and St. Thomas are to have legitimate successors at Canterbury, they will be archbishops without revenues, and pastors without royal favors. These are only surmises; but as the Head, so the Body. For the present, the Temporal Power has gone: possibly Divine Providence may have thereby meant to signify to Catholics throughout the world that they should no longer look for dominion or riches or the smiles of princes, or any victory save that of truth over error, pure charity suffering, and so triumphing in a corrupt world. If, then, our times see England's conversion, they will not, we think, witness

the Catholic Church again allied to the State as it was before the Reformation; it will not be the religion as "by law established." The truth will triumph not in the fiery cross on high, but in the secret of individual heart and conscience. The night is far spent, yet there are signs only of distant dawn, and as we look through the long years to come we may feel that though much has been effected, there is far more still to be done. The proportion of Irish to English Catholics proves that the heart of our nation is still Protestant. Whether England becomes Catholic in a body depends upon us, upon the Anglican Church, and upon the good sense of Englishmen under the action of Divine grace. As long as the Anglican Church preaches a form of Christianity and Anglicans agree to listen to her, that is better than pure infidelity; but should the Establishment cease to raise what feeble voice it has in favor of revelation, then there is reason to fear that the ordinary Englishman will lose the power and habit of believing. He will have taken Mammon as his god, and worldly success as his virtue, before the lingering ghost of Protestanism can be driven out of Westminster Abbey, and though the Gospel of the Kingdom may be again preached to the many, only the few will accept it. Once more it will be true of the Son of God, that, coming unto His own, His own received Him not. MARY H. A. ALLIES.

The Mass: Its Benefits for the Living and Dead.

WE witness a solemn Mass of Requiem. What an impressive spectacle! The sable vestments of the officiating clergymen, the sombre drapery of the coffin, the bare altar, denuded of its usual ornaments, all betoken something sorrowful. What has happened? A fellow-man, a fellow-Christian has been called by the master to render an account of his stewardship. He has been summoned by the Angel of Death to appear before the tribunal of the Eternal Judge. As a man in a boat by the sea-shore, drifts out with the receding tide, while his friends witness his fate, but are unable to help him, so too has the person for whom the Requiem Mass is offered, gone past the reach of his fellow-men for good or ill. Yes, according to nature his fellow-men are powerless to aid him, but according to grace he is still united to his brethren. Love, charity, is stronger than death. The deceased has only exchanged one state of existence for another, and, perhaps, a brighter and a happier one, as the homely caterpillar becomes transformed into the beautiful butterfly. What is probably the fate of the deceased? Well, he was a sincere, faithful Catholic, a man who, on the whole, tried at least to do his duty. It is, nevertheless, likely that the pure gold of his affections, which alone will be received in heaven, was mingled with some of the dross of the world. He needs to be purified in the furnace of purgatory before he will be admitted into the kingdom of heaven. In purgatory he himself is utterly

unable to shorten the period of his incarceration; but the prayers of the faithful on earth can mitigate his torments and shorten their duration. Are the prayers of each and every one of those whom I see kneeling so reverently before the altar, equal in efficacy? By no means. As those prayers are but personal supplications they are efficacious in proportion as the supplicant is the friend of God. It is is clear that no man in his senses would send an enemy of a human prince to solicit a favor for him from that prince. The prayer of the saint outweighs fifty prayers of one less holy, and the prayer of the good man will be hearkened to when that of the sinner would go unheeded. There is, however, in the Catholic Church something that goes far to equalize the efforts of the saint and the sinner in behalf of their departed friends; and that is, the sacrifice of the Mass. Does not the sun when he shines forth on two rival lamps pale both by his dazzling lustre? Well, in a far greater, infinitely more glorious manner does the Mass transcend the prayers of the holiest saints.

The Mass! The Holy Mass! Would that the seraph of God would touch my tongue, like the prophets of old, with living fire, that I might be able to speak of it in a way corresponding to its sublime character! Look around you! The earth on which you tread is but a mere speck in the vast universe. The sun, that mighty luminary, that sheds its genial warmth on countless millions of creaures, is but an atom when regarded in the immeasurable expanse of creation. Look up, then, through nature to nature's God, to that infinitely great, wise and beneficient Being who, by his mere *fiat*, created all things, without effort or labor, out of the plenitude of His almighty power. This globe of ours he formed as a suitable habitation for man. Man's primeval abode was a paradise of delights. Far different is the earth now. Like its master, man, the earth has been marred by sin. It is true that metaphorically speaking,—

> "Some flowers of Eden we still inherit;
> But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

But man's transgression could not destroy God's benevolence. The Blessed Trinity, one God, would give man individually, the opportunity which had been neglected by Adam, the head and representative of the human race. The reparation was accomplished in a manner eminently befitting God. The second Person of the Blessed Trinity, God the Son, equal to His Father and the Holy Ghost, assumed human nature, and by His Passion and death paid the ransom of mankind, who had been sold under sin and made slaves to Satan. In order to put the matter in a clearer light, we will take as an illustration the trial of Abraham's faith. God had promised Abraham that he should be the father of a numerous people, and yet God commands him to take his only son, the staff of his old age, and the hope of his family to the top of a mountain and offer him in sacrifice. Abraham's faith was sound and firm. He unhesitatingly obeyed God's command. He knew God would be faithful to his word, and that he could do all things. Isaac ascended the mountain, bearing the wood on his shoulders. Not knowing

that he himself was to be the victim, he remarked to his father, "Here is the wood and the fire, but where is the victim?" Abraham, smothering his paternal feelings, replied, "My son, God will provide the victim." The holy patriarch then laid his son upon the altar, bound him, and raised the sword to slay him; but an angel stayed his hand, assured him that God was satisfied with his fate, and pointed out a victim instead of Isaac. The conduct both of Abraham and Isaac on this occasion cannot be too highly extolled. The unwavering faith of the father, and the child-like obedience of the son, challenge our highest admiration. But what, then, should be our admiration of the Eternal Father and Son! The son of God, Jesus Christ, expiated the sins of mankind. Like Isaac he bore a cross, the wood of his sacrifice to the top of a mountain; but, unlike Isaac, he suffered as an actual victim.

Those present in the church at a Requiem Mass are engaged in an act of divine worship. They are offering sacrifice to God. This is the sacrifice which according to the prophet Malachy is to be offered from the rising to the setting of the sun. This is the sacrifice according to Melchisedech, and not according to Aaron. It is not the fatted calf, nor the yearling lamb. No! it is no less than the sacrifice of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God. On the altar the priest consecrates separately the body and blood of the Lord, thus showing the Lamb of God appearing *as if slain*, as is mentioned by St. John in the Apocalypse. That separate consecration of the body and blood of Jesus Christ is a mystical representation of the actual separation of his body and blood which took place on Mount Calvary. That event was the turning-point in the history of mankind. Adam by his sin had forfeited all right to heaven. He had incurred a debt to God's infinite justice which it was impossible for him to discharge. In those melancholy circumstances, the mercy of God flashes a ray of cheering light athwart the darkness. The injured Creator comes to the rescue of his ungrateful and disobedient creature. The son of God, the second Person of the Adorable Trinity, will liquidate man's debt to the Triune God. God will ascend from heaven, so to say, will take on Himself the nature of man, and will, as God-Man, make superabundant satisfaction for all the sins of all men. On Good Friday he dies on the cross, while the sun veils his bright face in horror, the earth totters 'neath the crime of Deicide, and the shock to moral and material creation rouses the dead in their silent sepulchres. The son of God expires in agony on Mount Calvary, while His ever-blessed Mother stands beside his cross and co-operates as far as she can, in the work of man's redemption. By his Passion and death our divine Lord, Jesus Christ, has purchased the bond of our indebtedness to God's justice. He is now our creditor. Through Him and Him alone, can we hope for salvation. We may, and ought, to invoke the assistance of the Blessed Mother of God, of the angels, the saints, and even our fellow-creatures on earth and in purgatory, but their prayers derive their efficacy from the merits of our divine Redeemer. Think of His great good-

ness towards us! Although we have not the happiness to live at the period consecrated by the sacrifice of Calvary we have the Holy Mass the continuation of that sacrifice. The Mass is the same sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ. It is, like the sacrifice of Calvary, of infinite efficacy. Think, then, what a glorious opportunity is afforded Catholics in the Mass. There the son of God interposes between the offended majesty of God and the wretched sinner. The son of God appears before His Eternal Father and pointing to his torn heart, his lacerated flesh, and his bleeding brow, he demands mercy for the miserable culprit. Suffice to say that Jesus Christ, who is offered in the Mass, is the true and living and Almighty God. It is because he is so that we kneel and prostrate ourselves before His altar in profound and affectionate adoration.

The merits of our Lord are applied in the Mass according to God's good pleasure. The full benefit of one Mass being infinite would be sufficient to wipe out all the sins of the world. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." We should, therefore, pray for those who have gone before us with the sign of faith, but we must remember that the holy souls in purgatory will derive more advantage from one single Mass than from all the prayers we could recite in a lifetime; and not we alone, but all the good men and women on earth, together with the whole court of heaven, the Blessed Virgin Mary herself included. Such being the case, need I urge you to have Masses offered for your deceased friends, and not merely at their funerals when you comply with the claims of custom rather than of affection or charity; but whenever you can do so. Have you forgotten that, when your friends were dying, when the bright eyes, through which the affectionate soul looked, were growing dim with the dimness of death, have you forgotten that there you knelt by the bed-side and besought God to spare them to you, and you would readily sacrifice in return your time, your labor, your money, nay, even your very life? If your love was true, if it were not a mere ebullition, cherish their memory. Remember that they are probably in purgatory, and that the Holy Mass is the great means to release them from that terrible prison. To you they hold up their hands, those holy souls, your father, your mother, your wife, your child, your near and dear friends. And will you not have Masses said for their souls? Will you cruelly disregard their never-ceasing cry, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me?"

But whilst you aid your friends in purgatory do not forget yourselves. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," as the proverb has it. You are fighting your way to heaven against the world, the flesh, and the devil. You are in continual danger, you have the glorious privilege of hearing Mass. Avail yourselves of that privilege, for it is a blessed and a beneficial one. If you want God's blessing to descend upon you if you wish your business prosperous, your health restored, your children affectionate, your friends faithful, your soul tranquil, your conscience clear, if you seek, in fine your happiness on earth and in heaven, have Masses offered frequently for your pious

intentions, and countless blessings will come to you from the Holy Mass where Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour perpetuates the sacrifice of Calvary where He gave his life to save us from sin and the slavery of the devil.

OXFORD, N. J. A. P. TREACY.

Give God His Place.

Concluding Article.

MAN is a teachable being. The child, just born, knows no more than an animal. It manifests only instincts. After a while it laughs. No animal laughs. After another while it tries to speak, though not understandingly. Comes a time when words have meanings, vague and dim at first; but, by-and-by, language has clear, definite meanings. At four or five years of age children (and girls more early than boys) begin to distinguish objects and their relations. Then education begins. The father and mother are not only the child's parents, they are the child's first teachers; they begin its education.

Blessed they, and happy their child, if their teaching, first by word, and then by example, be what it ought to be — true, good, and thoroughly Christian.

Education begins with prayer. Father or mother teaches the pure lips of the child prayer to God. At first it is a very vague thing in the child's mind, though the lips are trained to lisp the prayers clearly, and word by word. Education begins in memory. First lesson — a little prayer. Second lesson — that prayer said to God.

God help the parents who neglect those lessons.

The dawn of the sun is the beginning of the bright life of the day. The name of God, dawning through prayer, is the fitting beginning of the day of human life.

But a time comes when parents must transfer their child to other teachers, and that is an hour of solemn responsibility. Home, the birthplace, is the first school known. What will the second be? For the teacher becomes, in a sense, the father or the mother of the thoughts of the pupil, and, therefore, matures the mind of the child. Everything depends upon the kind of nourishment given. The pupil receives it, mentally and morally, is affected by it, lives on it; and as is the teacher, so will be the pupil. Fathers and mothers have the right to teach. When they transfer to others the right of teaching, if they have not the right to select their child's teachers in person, they have at least the right (and it is their duty) to delegate their parental power over the mind of their child to such only as will not contradict the home teachings, but will carry them out in the spirit in which they were begun. Episcopalian parents — and in the experience of the writer of this article, they are often more particular than many Catholic parents — begin

the education of their children with prayer, and God, and love for their particular Church. They are certainly right. The Jews do the same. All sects — I mean those parents in each sect who have belief and conscience — do the same. Catholics, of course, do the same; and are bound to the duty under pain of mortal sin.

Mark you, then, this fact. In all Churches good parents begin the education of their children in the self-same way. Its first element is religious; its first object, God; its first lesson, prayer.

The transfer of the education of the little ones — the lambs of each flock (would that there were but one flock) — takes place. Now if each flock had schools of its own, the education of the little ones would go on, naturally and normally, in unison with the home education. In the which, there is both consistency and common sense.

In the Catholic Church we have a Catholic system of education. For the well-to-do we have colleges and convents, to which children are transferred by their parents to develop and perfect the home education. The transition is natural. Priests or Christian Brothers, Sisters, and Nuns, receive their children as boarders, and the college and convent become their second home. In both, God the supreme object, and religion the principle, sanctifying all learning. The Episcopalians and others have similar institutions for the children of the better-conditioned of their respective flocks. But none of them have free parochial schools. Public schools are opened for all without distinction of creed, because they have been built and are supported by general taxation. We do not pause to discuss the justice or injustice of the law. Let that pass.

But if each denomination had its own separate schools,— maintained by, and directed by, its own members — it would save the State very much each year.

Why do they not try the plan? Because they know the trial would be a failure. And this is the real reason why for years all the denominations (a voice protesting vainly now and then) have lauded, praised and patronized the public school system.

Certainly they have full liberty to do so. But just as certainly they are not consistent in this, that they know that in the public schools all creeds meet — creeds contradictory — and now, if they each believe in their own sect, their belief must be very weak if they allow their own children to be taught faith other than their own,— if religion be taught at all,— and if not, their faith is no faith at all, to permit their children to receive an education religionless, beliefless, Godless.

In the Catholic Communion we have not only higher select schools, convents and colleges with charges, but all over the land we have free schools for Catholic children, supported by Catholics themselves, who, therefore, (and unjustly) bear the double burden of supporting their own schools, and of paying taxes to support schools, to which they cannot, with safe conscience, send their children. And in this free Catholic school system,

as in colleges and convents, the soul has precedence of the mind. God has first place, and, having first place, holds prominence all along the line of education down to the hour of its completion. The Catholics, then, having free schools for their own children, have a right to oppose the public school system, as far as their children are concerned, and to object to supporting a system in which no religion is taught, or if any, Protestantism.

Some years ago, somewhere in Iowa, at some kind of a motley gathering, Gen. Grant, who far from being a scholar, knows just enough to be a bigot, railed at the Catholic Church for her opposition to the public school system. Railing proves nothing. He himself was educated at West Point, on the charity of the country,— at the expense of the Government,— and he never paid a cent for the acquiring of the little education he has,—which, perhaps, might have been one of the reasons of his very foolish utterances. His words created a sort of flutter in the country. But, strange to say, they stimulated (perhaps he spoke them when he was stimulated in *his* way) the zeal of Catholics all over the land, and since then, hundreds of fine parochial free schools have been built. Bishops and priests in all the dioceses vie with one another in the good work.

In Bishops' pastorals and priests' sermons, Christian education is the constant refrain in their utterances. For they know — do they not see and hear and feel it?— that infidelity is creeping like a serpent and leaving its filthy slime all over the land. And their cry is: "Save the young generation from the dangers that are and the dangers that are to be."

And in the doing of this work,—a conservative and Christian work,—they toil and spend themselves,— the while, the very country which is to be benefitted by their labors, looks thanklessly and sometimes scornfully on. But they who work for God heed not the ingratitudes or sneers of man.

Strange to say, however, in more places than one, the efforts of the clergy for Catholic education are sometimes thwarted by the indifference, or directly opposed by the conduct of Catholics themselves. Thank God they are as small in numbers, as they are weak in practical faith.

Why this indifference or opposition?

Because everywhere there is the common school system, free,— having a sort of prestige; the favorite institution of the country,— having certainly fine, smart, intelligent teachers for secular branches, and giving cordial welcome to every child that comes to the gates, seeking to be taught.

We are not of them who exaggerate the Catholic system (for there never has been a perfect system of education), nor are we of those who blame the public school system for all the ills of the country, because no more than human nature, is that system clothed with total depravity.

Exaggeration always weakens argument.

Let us enter any public school in the land with the scholars in the morning. Thither come boys and girls, young and fresh and fair, of all creeds and classes; children of infidels, of Protestants, of Jews, of Catholics. Five or six or seven hours every school-day for eight or nine months, they are trans-

ferred from their home and the care of their parents, to the charge of teachers. School opens. What first? No prayer — that is ominous. It is a bad beginning.

Some prayer — what kind of a prayer.

In that school-room are the young children of Protestants, Jews, Infidels and Catholics. Is there anywhere any prayer so suiting these four varieties,— no, not varieties, these four contradictions, — the saying of which will please all and offend none?— No, you know there is not. Therefore, if you have no prayer, God is put aside at the very opening of school. If you have a prayer, which cannot, according to their parents' conscience, be said by one or more of the little ones, you interfere with their religious rights, just when and while they have not the consciousness of being so interfered with, or, if they have, they are afraid to assert their rights, or make objection. Would you do so with men and women? Oh, no! Why, the very helplessness and innocence of the children should be to a heart, with honor in it, a shield against such an interference. So to interfere is to take a mean advantage of the little ones. Certainly that act is not honorable, and if you call it American, then the word American has become in meaning very much degraded.

Or, do you read the Bible? Well, what Bible? The Baptists have their own, the Episcopalians their own, and the Catholics their own, and the Jews have only the first volume of Sacred Scriptures.

Apart from the nonsense of reading the deepest book ever written, to little children, without explaining it (and that you have no right to do), we would put a question or two. What Bible will you read? What part of the Bible? You have your choice (or have you?) Baptist, Episcopal, or Catholic Bible. Read out of either, it is an offence to the religion of the others. Read the New Testament it is an offence to the little Hebrew boy and girl. So the reading of the Bible, like the saying of the prayer, is an interference with the settled beliefs of the fathers of their children and with the dim beginnings of the childrens' faith. Poor little children! they know very little about it at all. And you take advantage of their ignorance, and of the silence of their parents, or when they may and do object, their objection passes for naught, and you go on in the same dishonorable way as ever; because, forsooth, the system and its methods are American institutions. Or the Bible is not read at all. Then, first God's name is put aside. Then secondly, God's word. Any way you put it, the system is self-condemned. Now for the text-books. Let us take history. Who wrote that history — a Protestant, or a Catholic, or an Infidel? Which of the three? Certainly no history written by a Catholic is studied. Then by Protestant or Infidel, surely the history that is studied, has been written. Very well; in reading and studying such history, the Catholic child finds his or her church calumniated and its religion misinterpreted. Is that fair? Is it American in the true sense of the word? No, and you who teach so, know or ought to know it.

Who are the teachers? Their names amount to nothing — but what are their beliefs? How many of them believe nothing? And such teach Christian children! It is unnatural. Hence the consequences of such teaching will be and must be evil.

No positive religion is, or can be taught. This is the law. Law, therefore, banishes from the Public-School system religion, therefore God. Then, the education is logically and practically Godless, and necessarily produces that class of people who, in the words of St. Paul, "are without God in this world." This is and must be the effect of such an education. Why, only, that under God's providence there never can be a fatal necessity of absolute evil in the working out of even the worst of systems, children so educated would become Godless men and women.

Providence prevents much, but working as it does through second causes, does not prevent all. Some years ago in a report of the condition of the public schools in Chicago, there were fearful revelations of immorality between the children, boys and girls, and some details which the writer of this article would not pollute his pen by describing them. So, some time ago, of the schools in New York City.

Yet no sensible man will attribute to the public school system all the moral evils of this country.

It would not be fair, because it is not true. There are hundreds of other causes of demoralization besides the school system.

But mark how truth gradually gains ground. The Jews, the Lutherans, and in some parts of the country, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians; and in the South, — which the writer of this article, knows best of all — even the Methodists are expressing opinions (and in some quarters are carrying them out), hostile to the much-vaunted common-school system.

Certainly God, with his royal rights, has not his plan in the public school-house. That is sufficient to condemn the system. And judged by its fruits, that is, by its pupils, the public schools in producing good, true, upright, Christian men and women,— save exceptionally,— is a failure. Smart and shrewd they are,— yes.

But it is the conscience that is the standard of moral character, the true, upright conscience, not the mere intelligence. Where God is not taught, there cannot be found the true Christian conscience.

But He is not taught in the public schools, therefore, draw yourselves the necessary conclusion. A. J. R.

Boston College.

This ends the subject, "Give God His place." The writer intends to begin a series of articles on the "Spiritual gains of the 'Lost Cause.'" Nothing political however. He will write from a religious stand-point.

D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING WHAT PEOPLE WENT TO THE "LONG DANCE," AND HOW MR. MELDON CROWNED THE "QUEEN OF MAY;" AND, FURTHERMORE, REVEALING THE APPARITION AT THE POOKAH'S HOLE.

We have many "Glins" in Ireland, and they are all very handsome places; but the "Glin" which decorates the toe of Slieve-na-Mon has a combination of beauties which no other appears to possess. "Glin" by the Shannon is snugged away above the Shannon's banks, it can boast of its great old castle and its knight's abode, but the Shannon is so lordly, that "Glin" is dwarfed by its majesty, and seems to hide from its strength. The "Glin" by the Suir makes its own of the calm, gentle river; and with Slieve-na-Mon's protecting shadow behind, and the glowing waters before, and the numberless beautiful dwellings peeping out through wood and brake, and leaning against the green hills, almost all the way along the eastern bank, from Clonmel to Carrick, there is a harmony produced such as might be expected if all the enchanting aggregate had been planned and executed for effect. One would not know how to remove a tree, or a field, or a house away, without injuring the unity of a grand picture.

Well, the "Glin" has an annual fair; and, in the time of which we write, the "Glin" had an annual fight. The "Carravats" and "Shannavests" were in their strength, though not in their youth, and that strength was proved by many a skull smashed irretrievably, and even by families left fatherless or childless by the Crag.

We can well inform our readers what "Shanavest" means, and what "Carravat" means, in the English language. The former means an "old vest," and the latter means a "cravat." There are surmises of antiquarians as to the reasons which bestowed the names of these two garments upon such fiery factions as fought at the "Glin;" but we do not think our readers care to hear them; and, besides, they would delay us too long from the history of the D'Altons of Crag.

Coming along the road from Carrick to-day, is a goodly number of pedestrians of both sexes, and all gaily attired,— the men generally well-draped — some in broad-cloth, and others in bright, clean frieze. The women were very gay, and the ribbons played about their faces — looking as happy and gay as the wearers. Occasionally, a drag, well appointed, or a horseman, well-mounted, cantered or trotted on; and even a carriage or two swept by, in the glory of silver harness, bearing ladies in rich driving costumes, who hurried on to something, or some place, that attracted an expectant and jubilant crowd. As the day grew nearer to noon, the numbers increased; and, in fact, more than one small crowd had at its head a fiddler or piper, who endeavored to raise popular sensation to the level of the occasion, by playing the "Humours of Glin." He must have been a humorous fellow who lighted upon such a name and such music. The "humours" were various, indeed and ever-changing. The song in the tent, and the "trick-o'-the-loop," and the last great speech of some great patriot; knocking down the "pins;" and then the hurra, doubled, trebled, quadrupled! And then the grand row, where many fell by the oak stick, and not a few by good-fellowship! — all these are not all the "Humours of Glin;" and he must have been a courageous composer, who dared the task of embodying them in a tune.

The day was charming. The trees

were golden, and the fields of green were spread to make the golden trees look beautiful. The crowds are passing to the extensive park where, so many times, have been enacted the before-mentioned "Humors of Glin."

There is a sudden pause, and a hundred voices cry out, "They come! they come!"

And sure enough, absolutely flashing with the gayest of white and ribbons, sixty or seventy young maidens are seen in a long line, with their fine-looking partners, tripping on, in rapid pace, in the "needle" run so cheering and so graceful. The leading couple lift up their hands and arms high — to make the eye of the needle. The last of the line, who is generally of the stronger sex, turns the line at the end, and runs along towards "the eye" formed to receive him; and the whole line follows, gradually shortening the graceful curve, as they pass through the gate or eye, and all voices joyously cry; "Thread! thread! thread! thread!" We fear there are few "high gates" played in this year, 1878; and that the simple, hearty, invigorating games and dances died with our fathers and grandfathers, leaving to this generation "the world," and two other things which we will not write.

The hundreds have wound their way into the great park. The "Pickle Herrings" clear the way before the dancers; the merry pipes send forth their peculiar melody and harmony; the "long dance" stretches from end to end of the field; and the crowd politely opens a long, long space, to give the dancers perfect freedom. The joy and excitement seem to have transformed the souls of the crowd as well as of the exhibitors. Cheer after cheer rose as the evolutions of the dance revealed the symmetry of the various figures of men and women, as well as those of the dance itself.

A drag gallops into the field by the gate.

"Magnificent!" some one looking at the horse and ca "Who is he?" the same man of a countryman hard by.

"Who is he? Why, that is M ter Charles, from The Crag."

"Oh! Mr. D'Alton's nephew?"

"The very same. See, there's a pause in the dance, an' he is making his way to the Queen of the May."

"Yes, I see her! How beautifully attired, and what a sweet simplicity of look and motion! Will you please say who she may be?"

"She, sir? She is Alice Hayes — she is called the Angel of Slieve-na-Mon. Arrah, look at Master Charley Baring goin' up to speak to her!"

What was the "Queen of the May" like? The "Queen of the May" was about twenty, lithe, fresh and draped in white. Her hair was fair and her eyes hazel, and there was music in every motion of the "Queen."

Mr. Charles Baring's designs at the Crag, did not interfere with any amount of attentions and professions elsewhere. In affairs of the kind, he was, as in all other affairs, the man of the moment; and, really, characters of that stamp are far more weak than deliberately false. Let people avoid such characters when they become known and not turn upon fate when they have spoiled their own future.

A great cheer, again and again repeated, broke from the gathering! Again and again and again it rose, as the name of some new arrival rent the air. The name was "Meldon! Meldon! A thousand cheers for Meldon."

The fact was that Mr. Meldon had arrived. He drove a handsome pony phaeton, and behind him rode a servant — not in livery. He bowed courteously and modestly as he proceeded along the edge of the assemblage, and he, too seemed making way towards the "Queen of the May."

Very popular gentleman," re-ked the person who sought infor-tion a while ago.

"Very popular! — troth you may ay that, an' very good reason. That's he man that has means, only to share 'em; and betther than the money he gives is the heart he gives the poor."

"*What politics* has he?"

"Politics is it? His politics is to love the people, an' make the childher go to school, an' take a neighbor out of a hoult, an' advise people to look about 'em before they thrust strangers, an' not take id, that every thing good an' just can be got, an' no manes o' getting them. That's Mr. Meldon's politics."

"Is he English or Irish?"

"Well, you see, I think he is English myself, but no wan cares to ax him. Isn't he a fine man?" the respondent continued, a little proudly, as he looked at Mr. Meldon.

"Do you see that sarvint behind him?"

"Yes, an awkward-looking fellow, by the by. Why, he is as broad as he is long."

"Well, I tell you there is the strongest man in Tipperary. I seen him throw a man of fourteen stone over a five-foot hedge! — an' he'd kill a fly a mile off, if you only give him a good rifle."

"He is fond of his master?"

"You may say so! good right he has. Would you ever guess that that sarvint is uncle to the 'Queen of the May?' Deed, then he is. An' more betoken, you'll see Mr. Charles give Mr. Meldon and 'Crichawn' (that's the sarvint's name) a wide birth as they call it. 'Crichawn' would make chayney of two ov 'em."

"Pray what is the meaning of 'Crichawn?'"

"The meaning of 'Crichawn?' The meaning of 'Crichawn' is a small pyatee — a useless thing, unless for the pigs — it's so small. Troth, thin, the name does not fit Tom Hayes one morsel."

Five men passed the speakers in a knot. The strange man started.

"Good by, my good fellow," he said; and he moved off and joined the new-comers. "I thank you for all the useful information you have given me," were his last words. "These are friends of mine."

The scene was wonderful all day. The dancers had their "country dances," and their "moneen jigs," and their "hornpipes," and their "reels," and their laugh and joke, the rockets of all merry-making; and two milk-white tents up in a corner had their occupants, and within, as well as without, all was merry, and no one was drunk. The gentlemen and ladies, in the intervals of the dances, came and mingled with the peasantry; and, among them all, no one was more attentive and kind than Mr. Meldon, who had a good word for all and singular, but particularly for the "Queen of the May."

Mr. Meldon was a man of grand physique, though clearly he had reached a few years over the time given to the perfection of widows. He stood full six feet, muscular, graceful, and well dressed. He had a profusion of black hair, and so far as his eyes assimilated him, you might imagine him the father of the "Queen of the May." He wore a ring worth a fortune, and dark spectacles which he rarely removed. He was very correct in his address, and in manners, dignified and easy. He had arrived at Kilsheelan only eighteen months before, and had purchased a small property on which he lived in great seclusion. He had made himself acquainted with every one, but no one had acquired much knowledge of him. The idea of his being English seems to have had its origin in the fact, that all his letters came from London or from Leeds, and that from time to time he had one or two visitors who evidently came from the sister kingdom. What he was himself, however, "no man cared to ax 'im."

Now, a moment of culminating

interest seems to have arrived. The scattered crowd is concentrating. The "long dance" formed a large and beautiful circle — quite a Tipperary diadem! The "Queen of the May" is standing in the midst, surrounded by seven maidens attired like herself, and singularly attractive. The circle breaks for a moment, and four young men, glowing with healthy excitement, enter, bearing a small mahogany table, on which stood a magnificent crown of flowers of the richest dyes, woven in a circle of golden and thread. As soon as the table has been laid on the grass, led in by two fine Tipperary boys — and looking just the man he was, we behold Mr. Meldon. All the neighbors round had asked him to crown the "Queen of the May," and he came, that day, to lay the glittering prize on the head of Alice Hayes, his nearest neighbor. Such a scene! such cheers and congratulations and good wishes were never heard before by the banks of the Suir — in the midst of which they crowned queen the "Angel of Slieve-na-Mon," who gracefully curtesyed to Mr. Meldon, and as gracefully made her acknowledgments to the people.

There was one among the crowd who scowled and bit his lips, and seemed at one time going to become dangerous. That was Mr. Charles Baring. In fact, he had placed his hand on his breast somewhat suspiciously and convulsively; but he heaved a sigh, and drew his hand forth again and tried to look indifferent.

The "Crichawn" had tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed out to him seven or eight men, standing apparently in expectation near the hedge; and Mr. Charles Baring turned away to look for his drag, and, perhaps, seek the companions whom the "Crichawn" indicated as awaiting him.

* * * * *

Going home in the evening Mr. Meldon, asked the "Crichawn," whether he saw the men ne cried, hedge. riage.

"Faith, yis, and heard 'em." asked

"You know them?"

"Well." Mas-

"What are they?"

"Honest as the sun some of 'em, but going asthray. I saw a sthranger with 'em to-day."

"So did I," Mr. Meldon said; "that stranger is a *policeman*."

"Murther!" cried the "Crichawn;" "an' two of them are widows' children an' the on'y help of the cabin!"

The setting sun made the evening golden and the "long dance" glow, like itself. The trees were lit up with joy, and the river flowing by shared the ecstacy. The crowd came away from the Glin peacefully and happy, and the "needle" was "threaded" brilliantly towards the direction whence the greater number had come. The "Queen" had an ovation as far as her dwelling; and. nearly at the last, Mr. Meldon and his man took their departure from the place. Three miles or four distant from the Glin, the shadows began to deepen, and by the time of Mr. Meldon's arrival, darkness had fairly set in.

Half an hour afterwards, "Crichawn" was mounted on a strong colt, and making his way along the road towards Clonmel; but, somewhere more than midway, he made a sharp turn into a by-road, narrow, rough, and uneven, and leading in the opposite direction from the road he had been travelling. After being some minutes on this road, the malformed creature showed marvels of horsemanship. He turned the animal towards a high and broad hedge, clearing it easily. He then galloped right into the shadow of "Kilivalla," a wood nearly on the breast of the mountain — dashed down again in a mad gallop — cleared a small river at a bound — and then made for a lonely cabin a good distance off. Arrived here, he dismounted, and raised the latch;

interest seems to have arrived. The scattered crowd is concentrating. The "long dance" formed a large and beautiful circle — quite a Tipperary diadem! The "Queen of the May" is standing in the midst, surrounded by seven maidens attired like herself, and singularly attractive. The circle breaks for a moment, and four young men, glowing with healthy excitement, enter, bearing a small mahogany table, on which stood a magnificent crown of flowers of the richest dyes, woven in a circle of golden and thread. As soon as the table has been laid on the grass, led in by two fine Tipperary boys — and looking just the man he was, we behold Mr. Meldon. All the neighbors round had asked him to crown the "Queen of the May," and he came, that day, to lay the glittering prize on the head of Alice Hayes, his nearest neighbor. Such a scene! such cheers and congratulations and good wishes were never heard before by the banks of the Suir — in the midst of which they crowned queen the "Angel of Slieve-na-Mon," who gracefully curtesyed to Mr. Meldon, and as gracefully made her acknowledgments to the people.

There was one among the crowd who scowled and bit his lips, and seemed at one time going to become dangerous. That was Mr. Charles Baring. In fact, he had placed his hand on his breast somewhat suspiciously and convulsively; but he heaved a sigh, and drew his hand forth again and tried to look indifferent.

The "Crichawn" had tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed out to him seven or eight men, standing apparently in expectation near the hedge; and Mr. Charles Baring turned away to look for his drag, and, perhaps, seek the companions whom the "Crichawn" indicated as awaiting him.

* * * * *

Going home in the evening Mr. Meldon, asked the "Crichawn," whether he saw the men ne[illegible] the hedge.

"Faith, yis, and heard 'em." [illegible] asked

"You know them?"

"Well." Mas-

"What are they?"

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when the door yielded and the voice of an old woman cried, "Failthe, failthe," which is our Irish welcome.

"Crichawn," however, made little delay. He simply led the horse right into the cabin, gave him his corner, for the horse was accustomed to the place, and then he re-appeared in the darkness and began to resume his journey.

After two or three hours, during which the feats for which he was celebrated came into requisition very frequently, he arrived at the very spot described in the opening lines of this history, and had the awful temerity of going right into the "Pookah's hole." But not only did the rash fellow enter into the Pookah's hole, but he went so far into the same, that one would imagine he could never come out again. He knew every corner and crevice, and the hole had corners and crevices enough; and, at length, having satisfied himself with so much of his exploit, he deliberately sat down.

He had not been long in this place when hushed voices and echoes of soft footsteps announced that he was not alone.

"Crichawn" thrust his left hand into his breast and drew out a finely-mounted revolver, which he carefully examined.

"Now!" he muttered, "now!" and he examined the instrument, by careful touching, round and round, for, darkness made any other examination impossible.

The new-comers came into the hole — but no great distance. There was little fear of disturbance, at that hour, in that place; and, besides, it must be supposed that one had been left on the watch.

"Crichawn" cautiously approched the visitors, but was perfectly secure from observation. The men sat down in a circle, and, as "Crichawn" had anticipated, they were the same whom he had seen by the hedge in the Glin Park, and who finally were joined by the policeman. This gentleman, had, however, left them; and, singularly enough, the first few words spoken by the conspirators showed they knew who their companion was, and declared their boundless confidence in his love of "the cause."

The most guileless, devoted and honest people in the world are our poor countrymen; and those qualities give wonderful strength to their trust. They will not calculate difficulties, where they think they see "right," and they will not suspect dishonesty when they hear a kind and generous companion make professions of devotion. They have been bought and sold many a time; but they grow in manly knowledge and self-respect. Hope has infancy and maturity; and its objects are not to be anticipated, but patiently waited for. The "hope" of Ireland will, in its own time, be realized, for it lives on a principle which is immortal.

"With all his ears open," as "Crichawn" expressed it, he heard the conversation.

"The masther mentioned all the houses that has arms."

"Yes," was answered.

"He mentioned Dillon's?"

Three answered in the affirmative.

"And Collins's?"

Again an affirmative reply.

"He mentioned," another of the party observed — "he mentioned Meldon's too."

"Oh, yes, I was coming to that. We are on dangerous ground there; "'Crichawn' is the devil an' nothin' else. He'd discover us, or faith he'd do somethin' worse may be."

"Howld your tongue!" said a sharp, strong voice. "Don't spake to men that way."

"Well, to be sure, how *courageous* we are!"

"See, now, let wan another pass. You're always sparrin'. We've plenty bisness to mind without you're making us a share."

"We want a great dale of arms," remarked a new voice.

"Ah, hundreds an' thousands; the hour is passing."

"The masther will give five hundred himself."

"Will he?" some one asked.

"Yes," answered the former speaker, "an' money to buy a thousand more."

"How?"

The man who gave the list of houses to be visited for arms then addressed them.

"If ev'ry penny in old Giffard's purse could be got at, the money belongs to the country.

"*Gan dhouth!*" was the general reply.

"We must get the counthry's money," the speaker continued.

"Very well," was the answer.

"But," some one remarked, "we never have took money."

"An' *we arn't takin'* id now. Does'nt it all belong to the Captain—isn't id to him 'tis all comin', every penny; an' isn't id he will leave the door open, an' give the key of the ould thief's room, an' hasn't he towld us where the goold an' the notes is in heaps there! The owner of id is givin' id *himself*, and givin' all for his country."

"Agreed! Agreed!" all cried together.

"*Sha asthone!*" in his corner, murmured the "Crichawn," which is an ironical manner our countrymen have of saying, "*To be sure; why not!*"

"Next Monday night," said the leading man.

"All right."

"Will the masther, the Captain, be there?" some one asked.

"Oh, no," the leading man replied. "He'll be out o' the way, 'cause you know he should be doing something again' us or he'd be suspected an' ruined, an' without him what could we do now, because"—

"Hush!" the man of the shrill voice cried; "did ye hear anything?"

"Nonsense, Paudheen."

"By ——" sang out the courageous man, "the ——!"

Awful to relate, from the back of the cave a volume of fire and brimstone rolled out, half choking the conspirators, and blinding them like lightning

"Murdher, murdher! the Pookah," cried Paudheen.

Another volume of fire and brimstone.

The pause outside the opening, when another volume, and another, and another, burning, blinding and suffocating, struck them, this time absolutely blinding the leading man. In the pitch-darkness succeeding, five of the men got sudden blows which knocked them over like ninepins, and one of them had his jaw nearly broken in the fall. People that had no belief in the Pookah—and some to their cost—found that the Pookah's hole, was no place to hold Parliamentary sittings to make laws for the country.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW MR MELDON BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE QUEEN OF THE MAY—AND ALSO ABOUT THE HAYSES IN THE FAMINE TIME.

WHILE "Crichawn" pursued the *uneven* "tenor of his way" down the mountain side, he indulged in sundry inward chuckles regarding the manifestations of the Pookah's wrath, and the unceremonious dispersion of the midnight council. He kept a sharp look-out all round him, however, as he thought it probable some few of the conspirators might follow his track, if not already ahead of him; but as he pressed steadily forward with the confident air of one who knew every step and turn of the pathless "Glin," he gradually lost any little anxiety he might have had respecting their appearance, and having gained comparatively clear and level ground, his thoughts took a more serious and collected form. From time to time, as the waning moonlight played upon his dark, rugged features, the poor fellow seemed to follow a weary line of sad and bitter memories.

"Traitors all!" he murmured between his set teeth. "Traitors,

black traitors, every one! Oh, 'Mavourneen!'" he continued, "how is it that the few who are true to *you*," — emphasizing the pronoun by an angry stamp of his foot on the green sod,—"have been always sould to shame and sorrow and death and the black villains, who betray you, get full and plinty! How is it, too, that those who ought to know them best, fall the easiest into their snares! There's Baring," he continued, "that divil's breed! och," and he looked like ejecting a nauseous object from his mouth, and signed himself with the sign of the Cross, as if to ward off the evil spirit conjured by the very name, "that mean coward gets honest boys to follow his lead, and brave hearts to fall into his murderous net! Ah! Master Charles, Master Charles," went on "Crichawn," "'twas a lucky day I met you in Great Patrick street, so it was, with the help of God and holy Mary," he added; "dear Mother Mary, who always watches over her own — many a one will be saved by it!"

By this time "Crichawn" had reached a long level plateau, just at the first bend of the great mountain's base, where it declines in a series of gradual and graceful curves till it seems, in a loving clasp, to meet the surface of the verdant valley, nestling in cosy contentment at its feet. Above him towered the mighty crest of Slieve-na-Mon, wreathed in fantastic drapery of silvery mist — now lifting fold after fold, until the snowy veil wore golden fringe and crimson lining in roseate rays of the rising sun. Before him, at his very feet — far and far away, on left and right, stretched out the fair valley of the Suir, sleeping quietly in the great silence of the Summer dawn. Only the birds were astir and the little silvery streams, that made a glistening gleam of light along the hoary mountain's side; and both bird and stream made sweet concert in the morning hymn of nature unto God — forever and forever unending and unexchanging — from the first dawn even to the last twilight of gloom. "All ye works of the Lord, praise the Lord!" is the command of inspiration; and all his works obey and fulfil, save one, and that alone the one of all most perfect!

With the growing light came a greater stir, and the low of cattle, and the curls of blue smoke from many a white chimney, proclaimed that the work of life had begun, and another day had come, to bear its message of fate, and leave its mark of weal or woe, upon the lives and hearts of men.

Something of the subtle and always mysterious charm of the dawn seemed to attract and subdue the rough, wild, untutored, and yet highly sensitive and poetic sympathies of the poor cripple whom we know as "Crichawn." To all his neighbors far and wide he was known as a great athlete. With a hand as ready to strike as to give, a little queer they say — just "eerie-like" — as all malformed creatures are — 'twasn't safe "to cross him, you know; and sure everywan knows that whin the 'good people' (God save us), took wan's stringth from a man they always gev 'im another." 'Twas so they explained the otherwise extraordinary contrast between "Crichawn's" stunted, misshapen figure and his well-known gigantic powers. Few ventured to provoke him, and none cared to dispute with one, to whose natural agility, tradition had added the unconquerable arm of a fairy spell. "He came of a good ould stock — none better in all the country side — and he was always good to the poor, so he was — but ——" Why is there a *but* to most people's commendations of their neighbors' perfections?

"Biddy Martin," the old crones said, "was in a trimble the night 'Crichawn' was born — his mother, God rest her soul, was so bad entirely — and the 'Crichawn' himself hadn't a kick in him, and Biddy swears she

baptized him straight and right — as ould Father Murphy taught her many a long day; and so whin he was tuk to the priest to be christened, his reverence tould 'em he couldn't repate a holy sacrament — as far as the water wint — but my word to you" — and here the narrator would shake her head, and point her finger at you in awful warning — "my word to you, the water never touched his head at all, at all— no, not even a dawny-drop, *acushla;* and that's the reason why he's the 'Crichawn,' the only one of the Hayses that was ever a cripple. The same night, *agra* — the good people," here the old crone sank her voice to a timorous whisper, and felt in the depths of her long side pockets for her beads, and made the holy sign three times, "that very same night, whin they found the priest didn't christen him — the 'good people' took him clear and clane out of the cradle, *alanna*, and left a 'Crichawn' in the fine straight baby's place! Many a one axed his poor mother — God rest her sowl — to throw him on the red fire; and that, when the fairy child was burned to a cinder, her own fine boy would be in the cradle agin. But she wouldn't hear to it, *agra.* Mary Hayes — God rest her sowl, was a double first cousin to ould Father Murray; and by the same token she could spake like a book; and as for prayers, people said she always kept the chapel key in her pocket; always at her duty, strict and regular. With a gintle way she had, no wan would like to argufy with her for long,— she spoke so low, an' soft, and still, for all, in a keen kind of way, that was like an augur boring into one's heart; and so, my dear, when Moll Naughtin, the 'fairy woman,' God save us — wanted to put her charms over the little 'Crichawn,' Mary Hayes got blazin' mad, and tould big Moll how t'was a mother's duty to know that her child was christen'd, and that what she wanted her to do was a black sin, and tould her to begone and never to darken Pat Hayes's door agin. There was great talk at the time, and ould Father Murphy threatened to call 'em from the althar, who'd talk to Moll Naughtin, or take any of her charms, or say that the fairies (God protect us) could do anyone harm; and by degrees the neighbors forgot the whole story. But," — and here the emphasis pointed out the moral which the village historian clearly wanted to enforce,— "but that never before or since, was seen one of the Hayeses like 'Crichawn.'"

Long years had passed away since "ould Father Murray's time," and Moll Naughtin was as great a tradition as themselves. There were silver locks in the dark clusters of poor "Crichawn's" hair, and the baby boy had passed the line of middle age; still the aroma of the mystery hung about him, and gave him, as we have said, an influence which had lately grown up into a very powerful authority. We are bound, too, in justice, to add that "Crichawn" never exercised his power unduly or unjustly.

But to return to "Crichawn."

The poor wayfarer stood on the slope of Slieve-na-Mon, drinking into his eager, thirsting soul full draughts of the glad beauty borne upon every sight and sound of the glorious summer dawn. "Crichawn" was endowed with a sense more potent than ever was fairy spell, and he thrilled with a sympathy quite as incomprehensible to himself as to the simple people, who loved him, even while they feared. He did not know why the flowers spoke to him as he passed, every petal ringing the silver bell of a sweet, sad melody. He could not explain why the river sang to him in the drowsy noontime, and the great ocean heaved with the grand music of an unending psalm! He hardly realized how many divine pictures he wove out of the glittering moonbeams; and he often wondered why the sighing of the great trees made him start and shiver, as if they

cried to him for help and pity. He was half ashamed of the tenderness that made him weep at the sounds of the dear old melodies; and people say the fairies were "talkin' to him," while he lay for hours in the long grass, on a summer's day, and watched the light and shade glint and glide over the sides of Slieve-na-Mon! He nursed little children so gently, and kept looking into their clear, bright eyes, in such a strange, cheery fashion, and made way for the *colleens* at fair or wake, or at the altar rail, with a quaint, stiff reverence that touched the maidens' hearts more than many compliments would have done — if any; and he could never have told you, because he never stayed to analyze his emotions, what was the spring and essence of his faith and his patriotism, that made all the supernatural for him a bright and living reality — ay, and gave to his love of country, a daring and devotion happily not rare amongst Irishmen; but we can solve the mystery; and while the poor "Crichawn" kneels down in the ecstacy of the higher life that for a short while possesses his soul, — we know full well that deep in his dreamy soul there is a ray, — dim, it is true, to earthly sight, but still serene and unchanging — it is the light of genius! In feeling, sentiment, and all but the outward signs, "Crichawn" is a POET.

While "Crichawn" rests in the holy peace of his morning oblation, it may be useful for the better understanding of our history that we should take the reader into the past, and see something of a period fraught with events of the deepest importance to almost every one of those who have kept us company so far. And to do this is no easy task; for even the highest courage must quail, and the most facile pen hesitate, before the awful memory of Ireland in the famine year — that year of woe and unspeakable desolation which has been so aptly named "The Black '47." Most people know something of its horrors, and many people shrink from even a slight recollection of these days of doom when famine and pestilence stalked naked through the land; and in the homes of plenty and luxury where hunger dare not enter, the red typhus laughed in ghastly triumph, and swept its hundreds of victims to the grave.

It was in the very carnival time of death — in the Midsummer of '47 — that the clouds of woe lay as a loathsome-winding sheet around the fair valley of the Suir. Home after home grew desolate; and the churchyard, the workhouse, or the emigrant ship had already stilled forever or borne far, far away, some of the truest hearts and strongest arms, and stolen many of its fairest and purest blossoms from the side of Slieve-na-Mon. But as yet things had not come to the bitter end with the Hayeses.

Pat Hayes still held on some little show of home comfort under the old roof-tree; and "Crichawn's" strong arm had been mercifully spared to do the farm work, and force out of the parched and blackened soil a little even for poor, little pining Ally and her dear saintly mother, and also for the poor who now more than ever, migrated from place to place, in strange and stricken groups, with skeleton arms, outstretched in mute supplication, and staring eyeballs, — and parched lips drawn tightly over the hungry teeth — the very wild beast of the famished animal eclipsing in a horrid mockery the image of the soul within.

Many a time the wandering outcast sat down by the hospitable hearth of the Hayses in these sad times; and one of these while kissing the hand that gave him food, left the deadly fever taint behind him. They had gone through the Spring and the early Summer, having had many a struggle, and some trials, but they had faith, patience, and industry. Pat Hayes was a teetotaller, and his wife a thrifty housekeeper; and where such a combination exists, much may be

faced, all can be endured. But there are calamities as unforeseen as gigantic, and the hour of such a calamity had already arrived. The shadow of want and misfortune had, in the June of '47, not only darkened the threshold, but had made a dreary havoc in the once happy home of the Hayses. First the crops grew black in the ground, and the once generous meal of fine, flowery potatoes had ceased to be forthcoming for men and animals; and then it made sad inroads on the already lightened purse to have to buy meal and flour, and the unsatisfying Indian corn, for daily bread. Then the cows grew sick, as if infected by the subtle malady in the air, and, so the milk disappeared, and the firkins could not be filled, and the Cork merchants' advance was no longer available. One by one the pigs were sold at half-price for the want of buyers, and then the young stock, and what was left of the once fine bacon. And then came the pawn-tickets, accumulating in sad numbers within the old cracked teapot on the kitchen dresser — and the rest. The fine patchwork quilt, the pride of Mary Hayes's girlhood, with tambour-work in the centre-piece and corners, kept as an heirloom for her little Ally, was yielded to necessity and many scalding tears; and then followed the fine, blue cloth cloak — Paddy's wedding present — for in these days women were not yet ashamed of wearing a good garment as long as it would hold, and spent their little savings in fine linen, and quaint china, and, it may be, a bit of fair old silver plate, to make home comfortable, and to treasure as a wedding gift for son and daughter.

All this time, however, the work of ruin went on slowly but surely. The dress followed the cloak, and the feather-beds, every one; and — but we shall not pursue the "o'er true tale" further. Most people know how poverty creeps upon the doomed family, and many people, even among our readers, may have felt how bitter is its sting. There is no need to excite the one with vague fears, or harrow the other with fearful memories. Suffice it to say, that want, gaunt and horrid want, stared Paddy Hayes in the face. Everything available had been pawned and sold, and more than all, and worse than anything that had yet befallen the unfortunate man — the summer gale was due; and as we know, Mr. Gifford D'Alton was the landlord, and one of his vital principles was to allow "no arrears." Poor Paddy Hayes! No wonder his heart sank and his knees trembled, until he was fain to throw himself down under the old hawthorn tree for very weakness.

Yet we would wrong him to call this fear, for, in truth, it was hunger. For two days he had been fasting, and no wonder the once strong frame of the old man quivered in the throes of that awful and double agony of body and soul. It was not for himself that the heavy heart quailed, or the hot tears coursed rapidly down his sunken cheeks. It was for those whom he loved better far than life! All honor to our Irish race, and rare honor and sovereign glory it is, that we can boldly challenge the whole history of the most terrible famine with which it has pleased the Almighty ever to afflict a people — and from end to end the record glows red, indeed, with the blood of a martyred people, yet without the black stain of ungrateful or unnatural crime!

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING POOR PADDY HAYES'S JOURNEY AND HIS VISION BY THE WAY; HOW HE FARED WITH HIS LANDLORD.

While Paddy Hayes writhed in the agony of suspense and hunger under the old hawthorn tree, where he had spent so many peaceful hours, there gradually came out of the very intenseness of the struggle a strange calmness — not quite the apathy of despair, but that which quietly ac-

cepts the most terrible crisis as an inevitable necessity, and stares horror in the face with a soul too numbed to recognize its danger. For a while, Paddy found himself nerved by the extremity of his position; he found himself also repeating the old saying that "when things come to the worst they often mend;" and in the fullness of his faith, he grew to realize a new hope in his entire submission to the Divine will. Then, saying, "God's holy will be done!" he roused himself to his feet, and started up hill towards the "Crag" with a strength born of excitement and undefined expectations. "Who knows after all," he thought, "what the ould master may do. The devil isn't always as black as he's painted, — and, besides, 'tis my first application for an indulgence. He can't help seeing how bad the times are," the poor fellow continued; "and for sake of the ould friendship he can't be hard upon me for a while."

Alas! Paddy did not know how hard is the grip of gold upon the human heart. Only experience can teach one how gradually, but how surely, the demon of avarice, like to the locusts' plague, eats up all green and gentle things, and destroys every blossom of even natural affection in the soul.

As the famine-stricken father toiled up the steep mountain path, he forgot half his weariness in the contemplation of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as he should be, and lost himself, even as the thirst-maddened travellers pursue the mocking mirage of the Eastern desert.

It had been a hot day, and was now towards twilight; for poor Paddy felt a certain shrinking from facing the great house in the full glare of daylight, when all the people would be about and full of speculation as to his probable necessities. Paddy, though not proud in the worst sense of the word, was keenly sensitive; and he shrank at any exposure of his wants, even to his nearest neighbors and best-tried friends; and so he made up his mind to seek Mr. Giffard D'Alton in the quiet evening time.

Already the white vapors wreathed the crest of Slieve-na-Mon, and a dull, stifling atmosphere attested the scorching heat of the noontide. Not a leaf stirred; not even a tiny blade of grass trembled; the very birds were silent in the sultry gloom, and the clouds gathered themselves in low-lying yellow packs—as if too lazy to float in the golden mellowness of the sun. Yet there was a strange gloom in the sky, and there was a faint, subtle and most deadly oppression. Some people called it an odor of death in the air. It could not be named, and it was too fitful for analysis; but it hovered like a malignant breath all over the land in that Black '47. Many said it was the infection of the blackened potato stalks, and others that it was spread by the garments of the fever stricken; but one felt it in the saloons of the rich and in fair, wide city squares — far away from the blight and the squalor — irrepressible and almost insensible, but yet ever active. It seemed the visible expression of a curse; and it haunts us still with a strange and oppressive memory! Borne onward and upwards with the thick mist from the valley, it entered into poor Paddy Hayes's very heart, and poisoned the life-strength that had been left to him after long days of hunger. His step became slower and then uncertain; his chest heaved painfully; a cold sweat burst out upon his forehead; and murmuring "Mother of God, assist me!" he staggered and fell, fortunately against the soft, green pillow of the ditch side.

For a long time — he did not know how long — he was quite insensible. Then, gradually, the cooler air of the night revived him, and he recovered a kind of dreamy consciousness. We say dreamy, for it is difficult to account for his further experiences on

that most eventful night, otherwise than as the highly-wrought fancies of famine-bred delirium. Paddy declared that, when he came to his senses, he saw, above and below and about him, a number of night fires, glowing like so many gems in the pearly gloom of the moonshine; and then, remembering what, in his great sorrow, he had forgotten — that it was St. John's Eve — he took out his rosary and commenced to say his beads. Having come to the Fifth Glorious Mystery, he says he found himself all at once in a glow of radiant light — brighter and clearer than ever he had known before; and he found himself in a mighty space — immeasurable; and he was surrounded by a multitude of every age — men, women and children, all clad in white garments, and wearing golden crowns, and all alike bearing green palms in the right hand. Around this palm in every case was twined a rosary, sparkling as so many diamond dewdrops in the great glory of the unearthly light! Paddy seeing the eyes of all turned upwards with a look of unspeakable peace and joy, sought for the object which seemed so to entrance them; and far and far above — away and yet from the dazzling splendor which surrounded her, near by the very reflection of her glory—he saw a lady, standing lightly on the crescent moon, a crown of twelve gleaming stars upon her head, and in her clasped hands a golden rosary! Suddenly, a low, sweet strain fell upon Paddy's ravished ears, and in an ecstacy, all that mighty multitude fell upon their faces, and with one voice repeated: "Hail Mary, full of grace!" The Queen of Heaven then inclined towards them, and Paddy, gaining some courage, began to recognize many of his old neighbors in the great crowd, many little children, whom he had known, and numbers, young and old, who had died since the bad times came, all smiling upon him, and some beckoning him to enter their ranks. As the poor fellow still wondered and felt a strange sweet sleep steal upon him, he saw a fair angel at his side, who repeated in tones of ringing music, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant enter into the joy of thy Lord." And then while Paddy remembered, with a great joy, how constant he had been in the recital of his evening rosary, the angel held a golden cup to his lips and bade him drink! The very elixir of life the draught seemed to be. Then a great darkness fell upon him, and he was once more alone upon the lonely mountain path.

He was not alone, however, and, for the latter part of his dream, there was a very substantial reality. Leaning over him at that critical moment was a ministering angel, in the shape of him known to our readers as Mr. Meldon. He held a silver flask to Paddy's unconscious lips; and as the rare old Madeira reached the poor fluttering heart, the generous stimulant brought back sense and partial strength to the sufferer. Mr. Meldon felt rewarded for his charity when he saw how rapidly Paddy recovered, and how sincere, though silent was his gratitude.

A few words were sufficient to explain Mr. Meldon's appearance; — his dog-cart was at hand; he had been returning from a late visit in the neighborhood, his horse started violently, and refused to move further, as he reached the spot where Paddy lay, all unconscious in the shadow, and it was while examining into the cause of the animal's sudden terror, that he had found one he had esteemed much as an honest man and a kindly neighbor.

"Going to Mr. D'Alton's, you say?" resumed Mr. Meldon, when he had succeeded in setting poor Paddy comcomfortably in the dog-cart and made "Rois" understand that his late rapid movements were to be moderated for sake of the new-comer. "Well, it is on my way home, and I can quite easily drop you at the gate, as I pass by. We are strangers —

Mr. D'Alton and I," continued Mr. Meldon; and for a moment his full deep voice sounded strange and harsh, and something of nervous twitching about his lips was remarkable from the usual self-possession of his manner. "Strangers," he repeated in a lighter tone, "or I should go with you to the 'Crag' and bring you home again. You are not able to walk, and another faintness may be fatal."

"God bless you, Mr. Meldon," murmured Paddy, "and He will. Oh! sir, if Mr. D'Alton were only like you, what an easy time of it I'd have this night."

"Like me!" repeated Mr. Meldon; and the same strange constraint — now mixed with a shade of irony — gave evidence of some hidden feeling. "And why like me, Paddy? How could his resemblance to my poor dignity be of any possible service to you?"

"The greatest, sir, for you have the heart to feel, and the hand to give, and the nature in you that will never injure the poor. Sure, we all know of your doings, sir! Far and near the people are talkin' of how God sint you to them, these bad times; and many's the one says that, if you were at the 'Crag' in place of ould D'Alton, 'tis different stories the tenants would have to tell.

Mr. Meldon laughed a low, quaint laugh, and then he sighed heavily, and for some moments seemed to be lost in thought.

"I must really cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance, Paddy, if only for your sake. Who knows after all he may be better than you think?"

"He may do something good, sir, if he was left to himself and Miss Amy — darling Miss Amy," answered Paddy; "but what between Baring and Cunneen, the divil has a double grip of him."

"Baring and Cunneen," repeated Mr. Meldon in a tone of astonishment.

"'Tis the truth I'm telling you, sir! 'Tis all Baring's doings. I never call him Mr. Baring, or much less Master Charles — 'twould break my heart. There's only one Master for me and he's far, far away — may be dead in a foreign land. Oh, Master Henry — Master Henry — little trouble I'd be in if you had your own!" And poor Paddy, overcome by a rush of memories, sobbed violently.

Mr. Meldon started as if in sudden pain, and then forgetful of his restraint upon Rois, a short time before, urged the much-surprised animal to his full speed. A few moments, and the lodge gates of the Crag were reached.

"Now, then!" cried Mr. Meldon; and his voice seemed to tremble with emotion, which struck Paddy Hayes pleasurably as a sign of sympathy for himself, "here we are, Paddy; you go in and make your case. I wish you God-speed and good-night! Trust in God, my man, and fear nothing!" And, waving his hand in adieu, Mr. Meldon disappeared rapidly round the turn of the ever-winding road.

With a trembling step and an anxious heart, Paddy Hayes made his way up the avenue, now dark in the night gloom, deepened by the arching lime trees. He prayed as he went; and too fearful to pass in by the front entrance, he made his way round to the servants' quarters where, as he had been hoping, he met with Nellie, the nurse. Poor fellow! Even that piece of good luck seemed to him a good omen, and it was with some little show of cheerfulness he asked the good Nelly to announce his arrival to the master.

"He was going on about you all day," said Nelly — "the rint!"

"God help me, Nelly," he replied, "for a brass fardin of it isn't in my pocket for him! And what's worse than all — no manes of getting it."

"God help you, Paddy," said Nelly, in a soft, soothing tone of intense pity. "Tim Delane was here yesterday and Bill Connors and John McGrath."

"Well?" asked Paddy, with eager

eyes, for her manner had almost deprived him of speech.

"Yerra, what could you expect?" answered the old nurse, while the big tears welled up into her clear bright eyes; "what could you expect from the man who turned out his own flesh and blood? 'Tisn't much 'twill cost him to turn out of house and home the whole country side," she continued; "but I'll ax him for you, Paddy *achree;* and I'll make Miss Amy, the angel, pray for you; and I'll say a round of my bades for you down on my bended knees while you are in with him;" and the faithful creature hurried off to keep her word.

A few minutes after, and the dining-room door banged to violently; a heavy, rapid step, a volley of imprecations, and Mr. Giffard D'Alton stood face to face with his victim.

"Nothing but the rent would bring you here at this hour, Hayes," he commenced. "You are always punctual, though some days behind hand this gale," he continued, ignoring the mute agony of the face that met his hard, unpitying stare.

"God help me, sir," answered Paddy. "Don't press me, Mr. D'Alton," the poor fellow went on to say with passionate earnestness; "only give me time, and I'll pay you all."

"Pay me all! I'd like to see you *not*," sneered Mr. D'Alton. "You'll pay me all; and, what's more, you'll pay me now — or by ——— the baliffs will be at your door before a week."

"Then may God have mercy on me, and forgive you!" murmured the unfortunate man; "my last hope is gone!"

As he staggered towards the door, he left Mr. Giffard D'Alton in a state of rage, uttering a torrent of imprecations too dreadful to be described, and calling down unmentionable anathemas upon the lazy, good-for-nothing swindlers who would try to take an honest man's property, and send him to die in a workhouse.

It was all over for poor Paddy Hayes. The fiat had gone forth! As poor Hayes thought of his relentless landlord, and the dear ones in the old home, prayerfully awaiting his return, all the agony of the morning time, — and with tenfold its intensity, — seized upon his soul.

Outside the door, staggering and swaying like a drunken man, he was met by Amy D'Alton and her faithful attendent. One glance at the white horror in his face told them his story; and with an infinite grace, born of her deep sympathy, gentle Amy laid one small white hand upon his trembling arm.

"Oh! I am so sorry for you, Patrick!" she cried — "so sorry that I cannot help you — that I dare not plead for you;" and the large tears fell upon the toil-worn hand she clasped fervently within her own.

There might have been — in truth we know there was — at that very moment, a fierce struggle going on in the breast of Paddy Hayes. It was a golden moment for the Tempter, and he did not let it pass idly by. "Curse God and die!" was the suggestion of the evil one to holy Job in the days of old. "Have revenge! Curse him and his, in the bitterness of your heart; lay the blood of the homeless at his door, and wither the gold within his grasp!" whispered the Angel of Malice in the ear of the frenzied man! One moment of irresolution, and in his weakness and overwrought condition, the sin might have been accomplished, and the fearful words of doom registered against him, if, like the good angel she truly resembled, Amy's soft, sweet voice had not exorcised the evil spirit as did David's harp of old; and all the chivalry and tenderness of his nature triumphed at once and for ever within the sorely tried heart of Paddy Hayes.

"Thank you, Miss Amy," he whispered, "and oh! God bless you; and,"— he hesitated for a second, as if what he was about to say struggled for utterance with an invisible power; and then by an heroic effect of charity,

faith triumphed, and his voice was clear though tremulous, as he added, "and your father and all! Pray for me, Miss D'Alton; and if you never see me again, be sure that I will never forget your kindness to me this night."

In vain, Amy pressed him to come into her own little room and partake of the supper provided for him. In vain, Nelly, who saw the famine glare in his unnaturally large, bright eyes, implored of him not to refuse her young mistress. He did not rage or curse, and he conquered his biting passion, to the extent of even blessing the hand that had crushed him; but his heart was too full, and his soul too agonized, to taste the bread of the man who had just trampled on his life. With a sad, wan smile of thanks upon his wasted face, he vanished from Amy's sight and was soon lost to view in the deep shadows of the avenue.

Once again in the open air, the cool night breeze refreshed him, and knowing the worst, as he did, at least, the agony of suspense was over. He thought of his fast-sinking wife and his little crippled daughter pining for the nourishment he could no longer provide; and a strange sense of relief seemed to come upon him as he thought of how near the end might be to them all, and how soon they might be beyond all earthly trouble! He remembered his dream, too — his Vision as he called it; and he began to think it had come as warning of the glory to come! "A little pain here," he murmured: "and then the white robe, and the golden crown, and the martyr's palm;— all martyrs!" he continued, "for all could have kept their homes and lives if they only sould the Cross for soup. God protect me!" he prayed, making the sign of the Cross as the very idea brought the cravings of his own hunger fresh and furious upon him. "God protect me and mine! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Lastly, he thought of "Crichawn," — the good, true brother, who had never failed or faltered, and who, he knew, often fasted himself, that he might feed those he loved better than life. Brave "Crichawn" had gone, only a week before, to another country where there was some prospect of work, in order that he might at once relieve the poor householder of even his nominal support, and provide some little fund for his sustenance.

"Oh! for 'Crichawn's' strong arm, now!" the old man moaned, as he passed outside the lodge gates; and the long, weary way down the hill-side — without strength and without hope — lay blankly before him. And for a moment he leaned heavily against the massive cut-stone pillars of the entrance gate. He was in the deep, dim shadow of the lime trees; and the honeyed branches bent low, and swayed gently to and fro above him, and the balmy sweetness sheda soothing, and, as it seemed, a quite sensibly-felt sympathy that comforted him — he hardly knew why. Out beyond the trees there was a clear way where the moonlight shone full and bright, revealing every object with distinctness; and in the space he could see a vehicle slowly driving up and down the level road, and instinct and hope whispered to him it was Mr. Meldon, awaiting the result of his visit to Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and Mr. Meldon it was.

The very sight of so true a friend, and such an unexpected help, gave Paddy Hayes for the moment renewed strength; and in a few, rapid strides, he had reached Mr. Meldon, almost unobserved. So deep were that gentlemen's meditations, as he lay back in the seat of his well-appointed phaeton, leaving the reins loose to Rois, who — entering, it seemed, into his master's humour — strolled leisurely along, and sniffed at the young green meadows, now breathing out only the richness of the midsummer night. The horse pricked his ears and gave a premonitory

shake; and Mr. Meldon, aroused by the noise, turned his head to where Paddy stood, straight, stiff, and silent — a grim shadow in the silvery light.

"Well?" he said, after a slight pause, during which he waited with much anxiety for a word from Paddy.

"God's will be done, sir!" answered the poor man; "'tis all over for me! He wouldn't listen to anything — prayer or promise — Mr. Meldon. Nothing but 'the rint or the baliff,' he said. Sure 'twas only yesterday, ould Nelly told me, he refused three or four more. What could I expect?"

"Ay, what indeed," replied Mr. Meldon; and his voice was a curious mingling of sorrow and bitterness. "What, indeed!" he repeated more softly. "After all, Paddy, it was well you were some way prepared. Come, my poor fellow, better luck next time. Jump in, or Rois will lose all patience, and take the law and the road into his own discretion."

Mr Meldon spoke lightly, and even laughed, as if to dispel the tension of his own thoughts, or divert somewhat the grief of his companion; but he was startled out of his assumed composure very suddenly.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he saw the poor man raise his hand to his throat, as though trying to tear away some obstacle which seemed to prevent his speaking. Then, after swaying for a moment to an fro, he threw up his arms wildly above his head; and with a dull, heavy thud he fell a lifeless heap upon the narrow mountain way.

An instant, and Mr Meldon was kneeling once more by his side, supporting the poor grey head upon his breast, even with a son's tenderness. But this time the silver flask was produced in vain, and the needful stimulant could not pass through the firmly clenched teeth. A slight foam gathered upon the dry lips, and the limbs quivered once or twice, only to contract again more rigidly. Mr. Meldon put one hand over the heart. It beat — and there might be hope. It hung on a mere thread, however. Many days of cruel hunger had weakened that once powerful frame, and the last few hours of fiery ordeal and crushing disaster had completed the wreck.

"Too late!" moaned Mr. Meldon as not without painful effort, he raised the stiff, insensible form on to the soft cushions of his phaeton. "Too late!" he murmured, as driving rapidly on, he reached the silent home of the Hayes's, in the chill grey of the dawn, and entering softly in, laid down his burden on the little settle in the kitchen, and drove away — furiously this time — to bring priest and doctor and all needful help, as he thanked God for the impulse that had bade him wait the return of Paddy Hayes; but he more often, and very sadly, repeated the answer to some hidden thought, "Too late, too late!"

To be Continued.

Vegetarianism.

Professor Gubler, in his recent researches as to the cause of cretaceous degeneration of the arteries, has made the very interesting discovery that a principle cause lies in a vegetable diet, and thus the frequency of cretaceous arteries among the French rural population at the early age of forty. This is the more important, because it is well understood that "a man is as old as his arteries," and that chalky degeneration of the arteries, is the most fatal kind of premature age-ing. Further proof he finds in the fact that the Trappists, who live exclusively on vegetable food, very soon show arterial degeneration. In districts where chalky soils load the drinking-water with earthy salts a vegetable diet acts more rapidly in affecting the arteries than in regions of silicious formation.

The Work of the Lowliest of God's Creatures.

Worms.

THE careful study of the ways and habits of simple earth-worms, will be found full of interest, as they afford a striking illustration of the fact that the commonest and humblest objects in Nature, when attentively examined, are capable of yielding rich material for observation and reflection, and that in the great economy of the material world, the most important and valuable results are often brought about by the lowliest agents.

If we merely observe the number of worm-casts, on a common field or lawn, each consisting of from a quarter to half an ounce of fine, black earth, we find that a very considerable disturbance of the under-soil is ever going on. And that these little mounds when swept away are replaced in a single night, so that even if only an ounce of subsoil is thus daily brought up over a square yard from the depth of many inches, the quantity so brought to the surface in a year and spread by wind, rain, and the tread of cattle, over an acre of ground, must amount to several tons in weight. Professor Darwin estimates the outspread of fresh earth, where worms are plentiful, at more than ten tons for every acre of land, which is a far greater quantity than the farmers spread over the fields in the form of manure; and worm-casts are manure composed of finely mixed and triturated mould, and containing acids derived from the digested vegetable matter in the passages through the intestines of the worms.

Worms not only *eat* earth but quantities of decaying vegetable matter, for they are very voracious creatures. A great part of the leaves which fall in autumn are pulled into their holes and devoured. Who has not seen fields and lawns bristling with leaves generally grouped in little bunches with the stalk upwards, and very soon there is nothing left of them but the fibrous skeletons of midribs and stalks that have been drawn by these little creatures into the mouths of their burrows. The earth-worms are dispersed among the roots and rootleaves of grasses and low growing plants, which grow through and out of them, and thus in the course of time, the whole surface of the ground consists of a layer of rich black worm-earth. The earth-worm eats its way in bringing up the earth constantly from a depth of two or three feet which nourishes the roots of grass: thus the surface earth is being continually renewed to supply new vegetation with food as the old dies and is eaten up.

If these worm-casts are dissolved in water, a quantity of sand or chalk, according to the nature of the subsoil, may be found together with small pellets of half-digested fibres and minutest particles of cinder, lime or stone. When the soil is loose, the worm easily pushes aside the earth; but when it is hard, it bores away like a gimlet and passes all the earth it removes through its body. The turf-clad ant-hills with which commons are sometimes covered, are formed in the same way, by vegetation constantly rising above the level of the crumbled earth scouped out of the nests of the ants. Animals, in grazing, swallow an enormous amount of earth, indeed they can hardly help eating it, because the worm-casts, standing up erect, must be eaten along with the grass, and then this earth undergoes another change by being spread out in the form of dung from the larger animals. It is a fact that most animals enjoy eating earth, and a horse fed on hay licks the earth greedily with his tongue, in fact, they may sometimes be seen stirring up the water of a pond with their foot in order to make it muddy before

drinking! As a certain proportion of earth is necessary to the digestion of the grass-eating animals, it is supplied to them by the worm-casts and that which adheres to the roots pulled up in grazing.

Another of the functions of worms, is the germination of seeds which they draw into their burrows, and there they take root and the worms feed on the rootlets. To test this, some canary seeds were sprinkled round several worm-holes in a garden, and the next morning, more than half had been dragged down the holes, and, though to prevent birds from taking any of them, the seeds had been untouched during the day, by the following morning every seed was gone, and reeds were seen sticking out through the burrows. A worm in a flower-pot will never be seen on the surface, for they seldom come out except at night, but having no dead leaves to feed on, it will nibble the rootlets of the plant which languishes and dies unless the enemy is removed. On turning the pot down the lobworm will be found coiling itself among the roots.

The intelligence shown by worms is truly remarkable. They plug up their holes with leaves and bits of string, stick or feathers, not stored as food only, but to keep out the wet and extremes of cold or heat, also to exclude ants, beetles, centipedes and other noxious insects; the leaves however are partly used as food, for, when carefully drawn out of the burrows it will be seen that they have been nibbled or sucked away. If a piece of string is laid on the ground near a worm-hole it will probably be found the next morning forming a plug to the entrance. They often pile up tiny pebbles or bits of cinder, and if these are raked away they are almost sure to be replaced the next night. We are told by Professor Darwin — who has for fifty years carefully studied the habits of worms — that the worm-holes are lined smoothly with the excrementitious matter, a part of which may often be seen newly ejected in a pasty state; the worm smooths the winding-passage by the slime exuded from his body, which enables it to escape more easily from its enemies. The holes are like rabbit-burrows, and the worm pushes up its body with either end as often projecting by backing as it were, as by going forward into any side opening. It is difficult to catch those little creatures at work, for they are so timid that they withdraw instantly on feeling the vibration of an approaching step. At midnight they may easily be seen outside their burrows crawling about the grass. In this way vast numbers are seized by the birds in early morning, the lightness of their tread giving the worm no indication of their proximate approach. Though quick to perceive vibration they have no sense of hearing, and they are totally blind yet extremely sensitive to light. When some of them were kept in a flowerpot in Mr. Darwin's studio it was observed that they withdrew hastily down below the surface when a candle was suddenly brought near them. They have a singular habit of making their holes either at the side of a gravel walk in a garden or on the very margin of the grass which overhangs it; and it is chiefly by this means that the grass in time encroaches on the path. It is extraordinary that worms should find nutriment from swallowing earth, though they feed on leaves to such a degree that they may be called autumnal scavengers, and as such are actually essential to our health. Indeed it may be doubted whether the earth does not pass through them rather as a scourer to get rid of the quantity of vegetable matter, leaves, roots, mosses, etc., consumed by them. The worm has a mouth and something corresponding to the proboscis of so many insects, but it has neither jaws or teeth and breathes through the skin. It has a gizzard and grinds its food by the aid of little pebbles which are sometimes ejected in the

worm-casts. During the heat of summer and the extreme cold of winter they bury themselves in the earth at some distance below the surface and rest from their work. Mr. Darwin plainly shows that what is called vegetable mould is in fact animal mould or rather a mixture of both — a mixture of digested matter finely blended with earth that has been well pounded, pulverized and mixed in the stomachs of countless worms; and that each English earthworm passes on an average twenty ounces of earth through its body in the course of a year, and deposits it on the surface in a very different form from that in which it existed before it passed into the worm. If two flower pots are filled, one with worm-casts and the other with virgin earth, a pea or bean planted in each, the difference between the growth of the two may be easily seen, for the worm earth will certainly prove the richer and more nutritive soil.

Mr. Darwin gives ample evidence that the whole of the superficial layer of the soil of England has been passed many times, and continues to be passed through the bodies of worms. The amount of work accomplished by these humble creatures is enormous; it is calculated that no less than from twenty to thirty thousand of them are at work on every arable acre of British soil — that is about two millions of acres. And as more than ten tons of earth pass through the bodies of these worms on every one of such acres in the course of a year, no less than three hundred and twenty million tons of earth are brought by them to the surface in our island alone in one year!

Truly as Mr. Darwin says, "Worms have played a more important part in the history of the world than most persons would at first suppose."

The Irish Peasantry.

Justin McCarthy, M.P.

Lord Henry Sydney, in "Coningsby," objects strongly to the fashion of describing the peasantry of England as the "laboring class." When a petition on some agricultural question was to be drawn up in his county, Lord Henry framed it as the petition of the "nobility, gentry, yeomanry, and peasantry," of the place; and would you believe it," he says, "they struck out 'peasantry' as a word no longer used, and inserted 'laborers.'"

I fully share Lord Henry's preference for the word peasantry as compared with the somewhat unmeaning phrase,— the "laboring class." My preference for the word peasantry when speaking of the agricultural laborers of Ireland is more especially distinct. The condition of Ireland is such that it would be scarcely possible to draw a hard and fast line between the yeomanry and laborers. There is still a sort of yeomanry among the Irish rural population. I need hardly say that in using the word yeomanry I am not employing it in the military sense. The yeomanry of Ireland, according to the good old acceptation of the phrase, are represented by the better class of farmers and farmers' sons; the men who ride to tenant-right meetings on their good, stout horses, and some of the more fortunate of whom contrive to be landowners themselves in a small way. But men of this class are not numerous and are not increasing; and as you descend in the social

scale you find the line of distinction between the farmer and the laborer becoming more and more often effaced. The effacement, too, is effected, unfortunately, by the process of levelling down and not of levelling up. The farmer sinks into the laborer; the laborer does not rise to be the farmer. In many districts there is but little work for the mere hired laborer. There is hardly any need of his services. The small farmer works his little bit of land for himself, or with the assistance of his wife and his sons and daughters. He is an agricultural laborer in the strictest and hardest sense, even though he may have a lease of his little holding and is not working for hire. Very hard work he does, poor fellow,—up early and late, among the stony ridges of a mountain side or in the perpetual ooze and moisture of a black, boggy swamp. Still he has a bit of land, small and of little value as it may be, and he clings to the ownership with a passionate devotion. Byron spoke in bitter sarcasm of George the Prince Regent's affection for "the land which he loved like his bride." In a very different sense we may say of the Irish occupier that he loves the land almost as a bride.

The Irish agricultural laborer is not much of a whiskey drinker, all things considered; nor is he much given to amusement. Amusements are very scanty and simple in the country places and the small towns in Ireland. The "faction fight," happily, is a thing of the past; the game of "hurling," which used to be immensely popular in Ireland in my younger days, and which was a sort of rule or elementary cricket — a fine manly sport too, full of heroic and Homeric incidents, — does not seem to me to be practised much in Ireland to-day. The peasant class have to look to the occasional races, the hunt meetings, and the "coursings," as their principal sources of amusement. In some of the more prosperous of the smaller towns, as well as in the cities, athletic sports have lately been got habitually, and appear to be popular; but I fancy they are shared in more by the young men of the towns than by the peasantry, and afford the latter little more than the chance of looking on at something interesting now and again. In some of the smaller towns also, as well as in the greater, free libraries and reading-rooms are opened, and are kept up by local subscription. In some places, at least, they are attended by many men who belong strictly to the laboring class; but, of course, there are miles and miles of country over which the laborer has to toil, and where there is no town, no village, no cluster of houses even; and there are likewise many rather considerable villages which seem to be provided with no manner of amusement or pastime whatever. Some of these villages would, it appears to me, have no chance of amusement all through the year if an occasional fiddler, or, still more rarely, an occasional piper, did not happen to wander that way. Of course, it is not always an evidence of poverty when we find a village without any visible means of amusing itself. I dare say some of my readers may have spent days, as I have done, in substantial inland hamlets of some of the more thriving American States, where one was forced to conclude that the majority of the inhabitants must have gone to bed immediately after business hours in the week days, and after divine service on Sunday, from the sheer absence of any existing sources of amusement. But the Irish peasant is, or used to be, a very different sort of being from the native American inhabitant of a New England or Pennsylvania village. Even still the Irish laborer in America brightens the severe and sombre business-life of the towns, just as the German does, with his feasts and his processions and his sports. But I think

he is growing a less joyous person at home than he used to be. In some parts of the country, indeed, the Irish laborer has not a much better chance of being gregarious in his amusements than Robinson Crusoe. As to the laborer who does not live or lodge in or near town, I can only say that I know of hardly any man on the face of the earth who has fewer enjoyments. He works from dawn to dusk, when the working season is on; and he hangs about his hovel aimlessly in his time of idleness. At fair, or market, or on a race-day, perhaps, he meets a few friends and has a talk with them, and a glass or two of porter, which, as a cheap and comfortable drink, is very popular in Ireland. He goes to Mass regularly every Sunday, whatever the distance he has to walk to reach the church; and he follows the worship faithfully and reverently. He is, in general, contented with, or resigned to, his lot. I often think there was much truth in Lady Morgan's dogma — and Lady Morgan had some common sense with all her flippancy — that the Irish peasantry would never be better off until they had made up their minds that they could not eat potatoes without bacon. I have heard stories of the resignation and the pious contentment of some of these poor people, which would to most persons appear marvellous, and yet which are strictly true. A friend, who is the adviser, the protector, and sometimes the rough admonisher, of all the poor people of his district, — who scolds them with as much energy as he pleads for them, — has often told me that even he, familiar as he is with all their ways, was many times surprised to find such hard toil and cruel penury borne with such entire resignation. "Ah, sure, sir, what would I complain for?" some old man or woman would say, whose whole life, to the ordinary observer, would seem to have been one of mere misery; "hasn't the Lord been good to me always?" I am not saying that every Irish peasant is like this. I do not pretend to believe that there are not discontent and repining and unjust complaint, and passion and evil to be found among the Irish peasantry; but I do say that I have not seen or heard of any class of persons among whom, taken as a whole, there is the same amount of patient and unrepining resignation to what they regard as the will of heaven. I speak now of the Irishmen and women in Ireland. I should not like to say quite as much of Irishmen and women in England or in America. Among the energetic surroundings of his existence in these countries the emigrated Irish laborer learns easily enough to grumble like his neighbors. The Irishman shows his finest qualities of courage and energy and perseverance in other countries; but his amiability, his gentleness, his simple, natural piety, come out best, I think, in his own land.

The Irish peasant is an intelligent man. Of late years he has become a great politician and an eager reader of the newspapers. When I speak of him as a reader of the newspapers, I fear I may be conveying a wrong idea or indulging in too wide a generalization, for it is unfortunately true that in many cases, even now, the Irish laborer cannot read. But he is a student of the newspaper all the same; for, in the evenings, or at least in some evening of every week, when the papers come down from Dublin, there is a gathering at the house of some one who has a rather better room than his neighbors; and the political contents of a newspaper are read aloud and made the subject of keen and earnest comment. Many a laborer will go on to a second house the same night, to hear the contents of the same paper read out again. Downright barbarian ignorance there never was among even the poorest of the Irish laboring class. The too true stories which used to be told some years ago by the late Mr. Clay, chaplain of the Preston jail, and

by many other men, touching the brutal ignorance of masses of the English rural and mining population, never could have been told of Ireland. We used to hear them of men who never knew what the word "God" meant, and only used it as an expletive of emphatic adjuration; had never heard of London, and did not know that England was an island. Not merely was there no such class of men in Ireland; there was no such man. Even among the scattered and remote populations of the West, even in those wild regions of Connemara and Mayo, where few speak anything but Irish, I am told that the laborers still contrive to get the contents of a newspaper interpreted to them, and are never entirely ignorant of what is going on in the world around them.

Strange and vague, indeed, that world must seem to some of those lonely men, drudging on the mountain side in Connemara or in Donegal. I have in my mind many pictures of cabins high up on some stony ascent, miles and miles away from all resorts of men, where the laborer, in the seasons when he is not working for a regular employer, passes his days in trying to extract a few vegetables for his family out of a bit of ground which seems to the curious stranger about as capable of bearing fruit as some of the petrified gorges of the hills around Jerusalem. In that hovel the laborer's family drag through their lives and die,—the one great interruption to the cruel monotony of their existence being the tramp to the chapel on Sunday. Never in any country have I been impressed with so grim and absolute a sense of loneliness as by the sight of some of those Western and North-western cabins, squatted rather than perched — the word "perched" carries with it a wholly unsuitable suggestion of airiness and lightness — on the bleak surface of a marsh or the slope of a stony upland, The man, I have often thought, who can under such conditions, keep up any feeling of interest in the world outside him,— the world which he never sees, never is to see,— has an active intelligence which is worthy of a better place.

Such a man is common in Ireland: a man who does somehow, contrive to keep up a certain understanding of the outer, active world, and is not wholly ignorant. It pleases him to learn what people are doing in far away places which he can never see. He has his opinions about Mr. Gladstone, and about the French, and about the Germans. America is naturally a very living reality to him, for has he not friends and relatives scattered all over the States? Is not his first cousin "Jerry" out somewhere in Nevada? — and may not his second cousin, "Molly Carew," be even at that very moment enlivening the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, with the energetic rustle of her broom, accompanied by her rendering of "The Wearing of the Green?"

At one time the Irish laborer had, and to a certain extent he still has companionship, close and constant, which belonged to a world more distant and dim than that New World which lies beyond the Atlantic. The Irish peasant used to be a firm believer in ghosts and fairies and phantom horses and "fetches," or "doppelgangers" and banshees." Every valley, every wood, every lane, was peopled for him, of evenings and nights, by the awe inspiring and yet not wholly objectionable company. He spoke of the fairies as the "good people," employing that graceful turn of phrase in exactly the same spirit as the Hellene who endeavored to propitiate the "Furies" by calling them the *Eumenides*. Good right, too, the Irish peasants had to endeavor to soothe and please the fairies; for was it not in their power to blight all his efforts at raising a crop, to spoil his potatoes, to throw his children into fits, to mystify him as he drudged home at night, and cause him to lose his way among the most familiar

mountain paths? I have found that of late years the belief in ghosts and fairies, in "leprechauns" and "cluricauns" has been fading away amongst the peasantry. It still exists to a degree which would probably much surprise an ordinary Englishman; but it is not the lively, unquestioning faith of my earliest years in Ireland. Even the "banshee" is beginning to fade from popular memory. Whom, indeed, has the "banshee" now to cry for? The heads of all the old houses, of the famous septs are gone; and what Irish peasant could believe in the possibility of a "banshee" condescending to trouble herself about the death of some modern head of a household, who may, indeed, own Irish land, but who bears an English or a Scottish name? It is not, perhaps, so much that the peasantry have lost faith in the "banshee," as that the occupation of the "banshee" is gone. Thomas Moore makes her wail over an Englishman; but then the Englishman was Fox, who was, in his time, the idol of the Irish people; and, moreover, Moore had lived long in England, and his song had lost much of its local color. I confess that I am not glad — at least not altogether glad — to find that the Irish peasant is losing his faith in the world of ghosts and fairies. In the hard, prosaic rigor of his life and labor he seems to me to have been the better for some such picturesque, poetic, even if awful, companionship.

A Missed Destiny.

When the siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May, 1799, by General Napoleon Bonaparte, the exclamation of the future Emperor was — "I have missed my destiny!" His meaning in saying this he explained years afterwards at St. Helena. Through the journal of Count Las Cases the student of history may read at a glance what was in the mind of the Conqueror and Law giver. He tells his companion in exile that if only he had taken St. Jean d'Acre he would have effected in the East a complete revolution. Advancing from Jean d'Acre upon Damascus and Aleppo, he would have appeared at once upon the banks of the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria and Armenia would have joined his standard with enormous reinforcements. He would have seized Constantinople, and would have marched upon India. The whole of the then existing condition of the world would have been completely transformed. Instead of that Oriental day-dream, however, being realized, the victorious march of Napoleon, till then uninterrupted, was turned back by the resolute stand made at St. Jean d'Acre by Sir Sidney Smith and his gallant tars. Instead of moulding in any way, as he had hoped, the destinies of Asia, the Conquerer recrossed the Mediterranean, and for fifteen years together ruled the destinies of Europe as Lord Paramount. Transformation as startling as those effected by the wand of harlequin in a Christmas pantomime were again and again accomplished by his sword among the kingdoms and empires of the most civilized of all the four quarters of the globe. Himself Emperor of France, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and mediator of Switzerland, he made his brother Joseph first King of Naples and afterwards King of Spain; his brother Louis, King of Holland; his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia; his brother-in-law Murat, successively Grand Duke of Cleves and King of Naples. He made one of

the European electors King of Bavaria, another King of Saxony, another King of Wurtemberg. As satraps of his vast empire he placed the young Duke of Parma over the Kingdom of Etruria, FOUCHE as Governor over the Kingdom of Illyria, SOULT as Governor over the Kingdom of Dalmatia, JUNOT as Governor over the Kingdoms of Portugal, Algarves, and Estramadura. One of his marshals he permitted to ascend the double throne of Sweden and Norway. He bestowed the *bâton* of a Marshal upon eighteen of his principal generals. He created ten of his chief statesmen and soldiers Princes. He advanced five-and-thirty of the Paladins clustered about the steps of his throne to Dukedoms. He gave laws through the Code Napoléon (which is still in force) to nearly the whole of the European Continent. And yet, after having wielded power for twenty years together with sword and sceptre through all the varying phases of his marvellous career, he still echoed towards the close of his six years' exile at St. Helena the words he had first uttered on raising the siege of Jean d'Acre — "I have missed my destiny!"

A document of a very extraordinary kind, one which has never before been published, has just come into our hands, which shows, however, that nearly fourteen years previously, in a far loftier sense than any he had dreamt of, on the 20th of May, 1799, NAPOLEON had already — to adopt his own phrase — missed his destiny. The document we are alluding to is a letter written by his elder brother, JOSEPH BONAPARTE, on the 26th of August, 1785, to Monsieur ISOARD, in Aix-en-Provence. We give it here for the first time in print, word for word, exactly as it appears in the original holograph manuscript. And before doing so we prefix to it, as a most distinct attestation of its authenticity, the note attached to it by the responsible hand of the copyist, who, as a younger son of the late Sir THOMAS WYSE and the Princess LETIZIA *née* BONAPARTE, is one of the grand-nephews of the Great NAPOLEON. The document itself will show that the destiny missed by NAPOLEON THE GREAT when he was sixteen years of age was the highest destiny of all, that of the priesthood. Here, however, is the prefixed note authenticating this document under the hands of the copyist: —

[L'original est aux archives de la famille d'Isoard-Vanvenargues, Aix-en-Provence, ou je l'ai copie, *verbatim et literatim*, Mai 19, 1875, William Charles Bonaparte Wyse.]

Subjoined is a true copy of this historical document —

LETTER FROM JOSEPH BONAPARTE (*apropos* OF HIS BROTHER NAPOLEON ENTERING THE CHURCH) TO MONSIEUR ISOARD, OF AIX-EN-PROVENCE, AUG. 26, 1785.

Monsieur et cher Ami,—

Je profite de l'occasion que m'offre un de mes compatriotes pour avoir l'honneur de vous donner de mes nouvelles que en effect sont telles, que je désire que soient celles de toute votre charmante famille.

Au mois de Novembre j'espère avoir l'honneur de vous revoir à Aix ou je fairai (*sic*) mon droit. Je vous prie de présenter mes respects à Mdme. votre mére, Messieurs vos fréres, et tous ceux de ma connoissance.

Je m'imagine qu'un de mes fréres sera arrivé à Aix ou du moins y arrivera bientôt C'est un Echappé de l'Ecole Militairé de Brienne qui ne se sentant aucune disposition pour le service de notre bon Roi, se réfugie au petit Seminaire d'Aix ou à l'ombre de l'autel il puisse en liberté suivre son inclination et augumenter (*sic*) le *Béat Escadron.*

Je vous prie de lui temoigner le 4 des bontés que vous avez eu pour moi et il aura lieu de vous remercier infiniment.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec le plus sincère attachement. — Monsieur et cher ami, votre tres humble et tres affectionné serviteur et ami, BUORNAPARTE.

26 *Août*, 1785.

At sixteen years of age, therefore, as will be seen from this remarkable letter under the hand of his elder brother JOSEPH BONAPARTE, NAPOLEON upon the completion of his studies as a military student at Brienne had not only a disinclination to enter the army, but as it then appeared a distinct vocation to the priesthood.

The White Spectre.

London Tablet.

For twelve years the Republic has endured, and there has been peace in the land, and yet, because a man, whose own claim has long ago been hailed by laughter, chooses to write his opinions on the walls instead of in a news-sheet, all Paris is given over to terror. The hard-won progress of years is undone in an hour, and France is again given up to that sense of uncertainty and insecurity, that willingness to expect the worst, which makes men ready to give up the thought of freedom, and care only for the saving sword. The suggestion that a popular Republic should submit its claims to the test of a plebiscite would seem harmless enough, or, at any rate, sufficiently atoned for by the instant imprisonment of its author; but the guardians of the Republic distrust its strength, and the freak of the *farceur* has found consequence in the cry, "the Princes to the frontier." The good-natured indifference with which a strong Government would have watched the small doings of Prince Napoleon has been replaced by the blind panic that refuses to distinguish between the Princes of Orleans and the House of Bonaparte, and declares that the safety of the Republic requires the expulsion even of the women and children whose blood chances to be royal. No stronger witness could be had to the little faith of the people in the stability of their rulers than the eager, wholesale way in which, without shadow of evidence, or asking for it, they swallowed groundless and proofless rumours of Royalist and Catholic risings — risings that were to demand a reckoning for infidel legislation in the past. In the general fear, doubtless, such rumors grew circumstantial, and good citizens whispered of six hundred horses concealed among the *chateaux* of the Breton *noblesse*, of a stand of arms mysteriously bought in Finisterre, and thirty thousand drilled peasants provided with crosses at their button-holes, while over all was the shadow of the sword of Gallifet. But it is worth while to enquire whence comes this national dread and the credulity it was born of.

If ever there was a time when the Republic might count itself secure, it would seem to be the present. When the young hope of the Bonapartists fell before the assegai of a savage, the chances of the party were extinguished for a generation, for, even if Prince Jerome had the moral fibre to live down the piled-up ridicule that has been his lot, he would still labor beneath the suspicion which of all others the soldier has most need to dread, and so would be an impossible leader. The Count of Chambord still shrinks from the uneasy burden of a crown, and would yet demand that surrender of the tricolour at the mention of which the "French chasepots would go off of themselves." The Princes of Orleans are bound by their own self-denying ordinance and so self-disarmed. The Republic has no enemy to cope with, and yet calls for proscriptions because home truths have been told in a placard. It is significant that the conspiracy, or rather the armed rising, which men have believed in without asking or caring for evidence, was spoken of as a Catholic Alliance. The national conscience is answerable for the national cowardice, and it is the guilty memory of past persecution, of wrong done to the deepest feelings of Catholic France, that now makes the dominant party fearful of its own shadow and credulous of old wives' tales. Unseemly as it has been, this panic may yet do good if it keep alive the belief that Catholic patience may come to an end, and that those

who have recognized the sacred duty of obedience may come to remember that there may be a still more sacred duty of rebellion. The sacrifice of all dignity and repose, and even all sense of proportion, on the part of the Government, will have been well bought, if it bring with it a new tolerance, or come as an effective reminder that infidel tendencies may be pushed too far. In any case the pitiful scare that Paris has suffered from is as a national recognition that there is cause for Catholic resentment, and that those who drove the Sisters of Charity from the Republic, and broke the crucifixs in the law courts, are not loved of the people.

Unhappily the direct consequences of the panic are likely to be lasting, and it is difficult to help feeling that that cry for proscription is re-opening one of the saddest chapters in the history of France. After all there is no cruelty like the cruelty that is born of fear, and there is no knowing what excess may be committed, in the name of that terrible plea "the safety of the people." This time the dominant faction may be content with driving the Princes into exile, but the precedent is too likely to be followed, and then improved upon. If citizens who have never offended in word or deed against the Republic can, without the need for accusation, or testimony, or trial, be deprived of their commands and sent across the frontier because their presence makes the Ministers uneasy, it is difficult to see how widely the principle may be applied. Already the Radical papers are pointing out that the work is incomplete, that the Princes, retaining their wealth may still be dangerous, or, at least, disquieting, to the Republic, and that thoroughness demands they should not only be exiles but paupers. But proscription is a weapon that can be turned against many, and Radical logic has discovered that the same measure ought to be meted out to men who, like M. DE FOURTOU, strove to strangle the Republic, or, like General GALLIFET, shot down the poor patriots of Paris. And so we come back to the old-world conditions under which MARIUS and SULLA alternately slaughtered and triumphed in the days of Republican Rome.

Blessing Animals.

ON the 17th of January, the Festival of St. Antony Abbot, Patriarch of monks, who died in 356, aged 105 years, the customary blessing of horses and other domestic animals took place at the little Church of St. Vito, near Sta. Maria Magorie, Rome as also at the Church of St. Eligio *dei Ferrari* (blacksmiths). This ceremony was formerly carried out before the church dedicated in honor of St. Antony the Great, built on the Esquiline to the left of the Liberian Basilica. The site was anciently occupied by a temple of Juno Lucina, some authors say of Diana, upon the ruins of which Pope St. Simplicius I. erected in 467, a church known as St. Andrea *in Cata Barbara*, some remnants whereof are still visible in the adjoining monastery. The present Church of St. Antonio Abate owes its origin to Cardinal Pietro Capocci, who, dying in 1259, left by will the funds requisite to build there a hospital for those afflicted with the malady styled "St. Antony's Fire," so prevalent throughout Italy and Europe in the eleventh century. The church and hospital were confined to the care of the French monks of St. Antony Abbot, founded in Vienne, and approved by Urban II., 1095, at the Council of Clermont; but, the institute

fusing with the Order of the Knights of Malta, 1778, Pius VI. conceded the church (rebuilt in 1841, and frescoed by Pomarancio) and the adjoining monastry, to the Camaldolese Nuns, who retained possession until expropriated and driven thence by the Piedmontese Government in 1872, who established therein a military hospital; the church itself has since been seized and closed to public worship. Annually, on the Feast of St. Antony Abbot, January 17, it was customary to bring thither horses and other quadrupeds to be blessed as preservatives against the "Sacred Fire." The ceremony was performed by a priest vested in stole and cotta, who sprinkled each animal with Holy Water, pronouncing the formula: "Per intercessionem beati Antonii Abbatis, haec animalia liberantur a malis in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." The function was continued throughout the Octave.

On the Sunday within the Octave, all the post horses in and around Rome were sent to receive the blessing, mounted by the postilions in their gala liveries, the animals themselves adorned in the gayest trappings, some covered with scarlet cloth and tinsel, with red roses at each ear, and plumes of bright feathers nodding at their heads. Every horse, mule, donkey, &c., &c., bore on its forehead a medal of St. Antony. At 2 P.M. of the same day, the white mules, horses, and equipages of the Pontifical stables came thither, followed by the stately black horses and scarlet carriages of the Cardinals, after them appeared those of the Church dignitaries and of the Roman Princes. All remember the celebrated Gaetano, "Prince of Coachmen," in the service of Prince Piombino, driving the magnificent team of fourteen horses from his seat on an open car, and the easy skill wherewith he swept round into the great square of Sta. Maria Maggiore, also the coachmen of Duke Grazioli, driving twelve horses harnessed, two and two, to a break. No other church enjoyed the privilege of conferring this benediction save that of St. Eligio *dei-Ferrari*, above named: according to Valesius, this exception had its origin in the action of the Imperial Ambassador who, in 1702, from unwillingness to send his horses to be blessed by the French Fathers at St. Antonio Abate, arranged the celebration of the feast of that Saint in the chapel of St. Eligio *dei-Ferrari*, where a priest blessed the animals belonging to the Embassy and those of the Austrian colony. The annual mandate, issued by the Roman Vicariate, specially restricts this right to the church aforesaid, and at that only within the ancient specific limits. Proprietors of animals generally made a small offering in money or in wax for the use of the monastery. By reason of the protection over horses attributed to St. Antony, it was customary at the close of the Carnival, had any irregularity occurred, in the daily horse race, or did some uncertainty exist as to the winner therein, to present to the Church of S. Antonio Abate the pallium, or piece of cloth, the destined prize of the victory of the day.

A curious custom formerly prevailed throughout Umbria; the Confraternity of Tailors in each city purchased a little black pig, its tail was clipped as a means of recognition, and it was left to wander about the city at will. This black vagabond lived by alms and fattened thereon. On January 17 it was duly blessed, and then *sicut agnus innocens*, runs the legend, yielded to its fate, and gave place to a successor. The Confraternity of Tailors, assembled in fraternal banquet, feasted on this result of civic piety and charity. All ancient writers tell us that in the Middle Ages the pigs were wont to wander through the streets of all towns and villages; that the monks of the Order of St. Antony kept herds of consecrated pigs, which fed

at the public expense, and which it it was sacrilege to steal or kill; hence the proverb relative to this fatness of a "Tantony pig." When the police forbade this practice, the hogs belonging to the monks and to the hospitals alone retained the right of seeking their food as formerly, only they were obliged, as a distinguishing mark, to wear a bell at the neck, whence arose the old saying against parasites: "going from door to door like St. Antony's pig," as also the bell, one of the symbolic emblems of the Saint. The black pig ever seen at or under the feet in all his effigies is considered indicative of the demon of sensuality and gluttony overcome by him; the fire in his hand or at his side signifies his love of God and zeal for the Divine honor; the bell, his vigilance. Sarnelli, however, gives a more historic explanation thus: the fire in his hand recalls his power of delivering his clients from that scourge, and more especially from the malady known as St. Antony's fire, wherewith he also chastises irreverence, as Cardinal Baronius declared in 1586, "None offend, unpunished, against St. Antony." The hog is at his feet, because under his name were instituted hospitals for those afflicted with the sacred fire, for which the lard of that animal was a sovereign remedy, wherefore all hospitals kept immense herds of hogs. In Naples under the Angevine Kings, 1266, they roamed about the city, and any person daring to molest them was visited with condign punishment, so that if an individual fell under some notable misfortune it was popularly said,—"He has doubtless stolen a pig from St. Antony." The bell marks him Grand Patriarch of the Monastic order, as it indicates cenobitic discipline. Anciently the Abbot alone gave the signal with the bell, styled *Scilla* (vulgarly *Squilla*), which was, later, conceded to the Prior, as we learn from Peter of Cluny. The *Tau* on his habit, which some hold to have been the Egyptian rendering of the *Crux Ansata*, sometimes known as the Tau Cross, or St. Antony's Cross, adopted as a religious distinction by the Christians of Alexandria at the time of destruction of the Temple of Serapis, had in reality a purely Western origin, being the device of hospitals of the Middle Ages; and, as we read in the *Historia Antoniana* of Imaro Fulco, a dignitary of that Order, was assumed as their badge by the laymen, who, in 1095, under Urban II., founded the Order of the Ministers of those afflicted with St. Antony's Fire, qualified in an ancient prose of Vienne as *herpes esthiomenus*.

St. Patrick's Three Wishes.

The following curious extract is from "Roger of Wendover's Chronicle:" In the year of grace 491 St. Patrick, the second Archbishop of Ireland, rested in the Lord in the one hundred and twenty-second year of his age. Of his sanctity and miracles many wonderful things are recorded; for during forty years he was a pattern of apostolical virtue, whilst he gave sight to the blind, made the deaf hear, cast out devils, ransomed captives, and raised nine dead men to life. He wrote three hundred and forty-five elementary tables, ordained as many Bishops and three thousand presbyters; he converted twelve thousand men in the county of Connaught to the Christian faith; he baptized in one day seven kings, the sons of Almogith; he fasted forty days and as many nights on the top of a hill called Hely, where he offered three prayers for those Irish who had embraced the Christian faith: first, that all should have the grace of repentance even at the hour of death; secondly, that unbelievers might never overcome him; and, thirdly, that not one of the Irish might be alive at the coming of the Judge, by virtue of which prayer of St. Patrick, they will all die seven years before the Judgment.

The Mad Dog: A Short Significant Story.*

THE sun was blazing in the sky, the flocks were burying their heads in the shadow of the trees, the ponds were almost dry. From time to time the neighings of a horse tormented with flies, the fretful lowing of a cow disturbed from its peaceful slumber, mingled with the buzzing of insects, or the noise of the flails which the threshers were making resound on all the barn-floors of the village. It was one of the hottest summers that had been felt for a long time.

The women, seated at their thresholds, were plying their needles, while some of the men were lolling about in Mother Catherine's tavern, smoking and drinking. Silence had been reigning for some time past, as if the worthy topers had been deprived of the power of thinking, and even a wish to speak, by the heat of the day, to say nothing of the presence of Grégoire, the chorister, and the school-master, Jean Millet — the latter of whom was, of course, the most feared and respected personage in the village, while the former enjoyed the reputation of being fonder than a woman of tattling. In truth, subjects of conversation had been wanting in Saint Adrien for some time past. Nothing noticeable had happened there for two months; not a death, not a marriage, not a baptism, not even a husband who had beaten his wife to the knowledge of his neighbors. There was a positive dearth of events, and the unfortunate villagers had to resign themselves to living on threadbare occurrences, which curiosity had turned over on every side.

A long period had elapsed since the last word uttered, when Richard, the hair-dresser, entered. Thanks to him, news was transmitted in an instant from one end of the parish to the other, and only heaven knows what transformations it underwent during the journey! The arrival of Richard was a godsend for the drinkers.

"Well," exclaimed the chorister, "what's new to-day?"

But the warmth had robbed the hair-dresser himself of his loquacity. He replied that he hadn't heard anything, and had himself served with a pot of cider near the door.

Jacques, the cartwright, a mischievous and peevish hunch-back, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"I'm not surprised," said he, "that the dog-days have dried up my well; they have done much more if they had dried up the words in Richard's throttle."

"Would you like me to tell you the story of a hunch-back whom his wife sent off to bed without supper on Shrove Tuesday?" retorted the person commented upon.

"No, we'd rather you'd tell that of a hair-dresser whom the mayor's assistant showed the other side of the door, after letting him have the measure of his foot where our hair-curling friend didn't want it."

"Come, come," exclaimed the school-master, "you're not going to let the dog-days cause any warmth between you? Have not all of us our defects and our infirmities?"

"Yes," replied the hair-dresser, "but we don't carry them between our two shoulders — like a certain ornament of one of my acquaintances; which is the reason we never notice them."

"The remark you have just made, Richard, is very philosophic. Æsop has written something like it. He says, I think, that all the evils of the earth was put into the two pockets of a wallet; the pocket in front, which

* From the French, by J. P. Malone.

strikes our eyes, holds the vices of others; that behind, our own."

"From which we must conclude," added the hair-dresser, "that the bigger the pocket behind the more vicious are we. What do you think of that, Master Jacques?"

Jacques, who pretended to be conversing with another drinker, answered nothing, but he flung a glance full of hatred at Richard and the school-master; he was especially irritated against the latter, who, by his kindly-meant endeavour to stay the quarrel, had but furnished the enemy with what was easily turned into a point against the cartwright's deformity.

After a minute of silence, Jacques rose, and took up a position at the door of the tavern. Richard called for a second pot of cider.

"You, at least, have not gone mad with the heat of the weather," said the school-master laughing, "for you drink heartily.

"There's a good chance of his doing so one of these days," observed the hunch-back, sourly; "for our worthy mayor and those who counsel him don't trouble themselves about hindering such a circumstance; the dogs are allowed to run at large, as if we were in the month of December."

"Very true," returned the hair-dresser, who always readily seized upon the chance of passing a criticism; "it isn't prudent; and you, Monsieur Millot, who are secretary to the mayoralty, should mention the matter to those gentlemen."

"We have thought it over; but what can be done?"

"Issue an order that dogs must not be allowed to be abroad without being muzzled."

"Poison all that you find running about the streets."

"Have them shot."

"Or drowned."

All these means had been proposed in the same breath by the blacksmith, the chorister, the hair-dresser ,and a nameless individual whom I shall not take from the obscurity he deserved.

"Why, gentlemen," replied the schoolmaster, "you forget that the dogs of the parish are useful; if they are to be prevented from appearing in the streets, how will it be possible to keep the flocks together?"

"Why, let the shepherds do without dogs."

"You are a blacksmith, Jacques," responded M. Millot smiling, "and," he added inwardly, "an idea in your head is not unlike your own iron — it's very hard to hammer out."

"Well, and if I am," said the person addressed, illogically, "is that a a reason we should be exposed to get bitten and go mad? It's well worth one's while to give the mayor assistants and a council to protect the shepherds. And look," he added, pointing to a distance where a dog was seen descending towards the village at a run; "now, just think, if this cur were mad, what a deal of mischief might happen to the village."

A little boy, who had approached the tavern door in order to listen to the discussion going on inside, heard the last words, and ran off to some houses lower down, where his mother was chatting with some other women.

"Oh, mammy!" cried he, "do you see the dog coming along this way? The blacksmith says perhaps it's mad."

"Good heavens! is it possible?" All the women separated and hurried to their respective houses.

"What's the matter?" asked the neighbors, coming to their doors at the sudden scattering.

"A mad dog! ! !"

The cry, "*A mad dog!*" repeated from one to another, gained the end of the village in a few seconds; the mothers hauled their children in, all the doors were closed, some men who were working at a neighboring quarry were called, and came armed with pickaxes, crowbars, and stones. They met the dog, which had already traversed the village, and was upon

the point of leaving it ; but frightened at their menacing appearance, the animal turned back. It was approaching Catherine's tavern, when the chorister, the hair-dresser, and the cartwright, were coming out to discover the cause of the disturbance.

"The mad dog! Kill it! kill it!" yelled those who were pursuing it.

"What did I tell you?" cried Jacques, seizing a stone ; "the administration is bent on our deaths. Strike! strike! if it escapes, we are lost!"

At this moment the dog reached the tavern door; a shower of stones stopped it's progress ; it turned to go in the opposite direction, but the quarrymen received it with their pickaxes and put an end to it.

All this was done in a few seconds, and so effectually, that when the school-master arrived on the spot, the poor animal had just given its last gasp.

"Heavens!" cried he, on perceiving the pitiable spectacle, "it's Finot, the Widow Cormon's dog. Are you quite sure, my friends, that it was mad?"

"Why, wasn't the whole village crying after it?" asked the hunchback.

"How could the beast help it, when the sun is hot enough to drive the whole world mad?" asked a quarryman. "Here, let's have a pot of cider, Mother Catherine."

"And just look how he foamed at the mouth; and see his tongue! I'm certain if we hadn't killed him, he'd have devoured everybody in the place."

"For my part," said Jacques, swallowing a glass of cider. "I can boast of having given the cur his settler."

"Why," put in the chorister, "I saw the stone *I* threw catch him on the head, and he turned over like a herring before a blazing fire."

"Listen to them!" cried a quarryman, with a rough laugh; "a great deal of use you'd have been if we hadn't come. Why, look at my pickaxe: it's covered with blood."

The discussion was beginning to run rather high as to who had taken the most prominent part in the disgusting deed, when an old woman pushed her way through the crowd.

"Finot!" she cried; "what have you done to Finot?" And beholding the dog motionless and bleeding, she screamed, "You have killed him! Can it be possible? You have killed him! Who has done this?"

All remained silent.

"Why don't you answer?" cried the old woman, who oscillated between grief and rage. "How courageous to kill the dog of a poor widow! You would not have done this when I had my son, cowards that you are. He would have eaten you to the very last one among you. Ah, wretches! to kill a poor dog that never did any one harm." And she burst into tears.

"Pardon, Mother Cormon," said the school-master, gently, "but some one said that Finot was mad."

"Mad! Why, it's not a quarter of an hour since he was sleeping quietly at my door. Some bad boys came to plague him, and I could not prevent them, for they are not afraid of a weak old woman like me. Finot got away from them at last. I went to look for him, and it was only on seeing the crowd here that I guessed some misfortune had ——"

After this explanation, there was a moment of silence, during which all the spectators looked at each other with embarrassment.

"It was all the fault of the quarrymen," said the hunch-back; "they came here chasing Finot, and shouting,' A mad dog!'"

"It well becomes you to talk; you gave him the first blow."

"No, I didn't; it was Grégoire."

"No such thing; it was that fellow with his pickaxe."

The debate which had taken place a few minutes before was about to recommence; but this time it was to

know who had *not* killed the widow's dog. The bereaved woman interrupted them fiercely:

"You have all helped," cried she, "and I hate every one of you; I cannot revenge myself, for I am a poor woman without relations or friends; but I pray God to punish you."

The aged widow's departure was followed by some moments of confusion; all spoke together, and each sought to justify the share he had taken in the death of Finot. The event was traced to its cause, and it was seen how the supposition expressed by the cartwright had been transformed while passing from mouth to mouth, and had become a reality. When all was made clear, the school-master shook his head.

"This is a great lesson, my friends," said he. "To-day, you have killed only a dog; but are you sure you have never killed one of your fellow-creatures in the same way? The poor woman who has just left us once had a son who made her happy, and who even went to service that he might be better able to help her. A theft was committed in his master's house, and some one had the imprudence to say: 'Oh, if Pierre should be suspected!' Another, who only imperfectly heard the remark, repeated that suspicion had fallen on Pierre; a third, that Pierre was the thief; so that the poor lad was driven ignominiously from his situation. Every one of his acquaintances dropped off from him; he was refused employment; and the unfortunate young man, disgusted with an honesty which had been of no use to him, and having nothing to live upon, had no resource but to do in reality what he had been first accused of without foundation. Some months back, he died in prison. These examples should make us prudent and less hasty in our judgments. Truth, passing through several mouths, ends by becoming falsehood. Let us not believe ill of any one without proof, lest we should be lending ourselves to an injustice. *It is not sufficient reason to kill a dog that we have heard some one crying out it was mad!*"

Sweet May.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

THE summer is come!—the summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sunlight struggles between:
And, like children over the earth and sky,
The flowers and the light clouds play;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! Sweet May!

Oh! many a time have I wandered out
In the youth of the opening year,
When Nature's face was fair to my eye,
And her voice was sweet in my ear!
When I numbered the daisies, so few and shy,
That I met in my lonely way;
But never before to my heart or eye,
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

If the flowers delayed, or the beams were cold,
Or the blossoming trees were bare,
I had but to look in the poet's book,
For the summer is always there!
But the sunny page I now put by,
And joy in the darkest day!
For never before, to my heart or eye,
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

For, ah! the beloved at length has come,
Like the breath of May from afar;
And my heart is lit with gentle eyes,
As the heavens by the evening star.
'Tis this that brightens the darkest sky,
And lengthens the faintest ray,
And makes me feel that to heart or eye
There was never so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!

Short Articles of Interest.

Canal Between Dublin and Galway.

A NEW proposal has been made for the improvement of the condition of Ireland, which is the construction of a Ship Canal between Dublin and Galway. The work would be immense, but the benefits would be correspondingly great. It is said that no engineering difficulty exists in the way, and that the matter would simply be one of money. The level distance is about 100 miles; the highest point to be cut through for a canal, without rocks, would be about 200 feet above the sea. A whole day would be saved in the journey between America and Liverpool. Great, therefore, would be the money gain, not to speak of the saving of life and property by economy in wrecks. More than a million acres of bog would be rendered capable of reclamation and conversion into good pasture-land; and if land from the Zuyder Zee is estimated at £70 an acre, why should Irish land not be worth at least half that sum?" The enterprise would give employment for years to come to the numbers so sadly in need of work in Ireland, and the laborers and their families might be planted on the land reclaimed. If feasible, this plan would be encouraged rather than opposed by English shipowners. The advantages to Ireland would be incalculable. The reclaimed land would be worth almost all the money the undertaking would cost. If Government could be induced upon any terms to take up this idea, and work it out, we should begin to think it really had at heart the prosperity and progress of Ireland. But with that late affair of the Holyhead mails in our minds, with the failure of the Galway Steam Packet scheme present to our memories, with a hundred other broken hopes and stunted projects lying around us and behind us, it is difficult to dream that our rulers will ever do anything to foster our own earnest efforts, let alone to place actual means in our power whereby to open a way for prosperity into our land.

Falsification of Brandy.

A LAMENTABLE picture has been drawn in a recent report, of the American Consul at Rochelle, of the falsification of brandy, which, it appears, in the last three years has undergone a complete transformation, and is no longer brandy, the greater portion being prepared from alcohol of grain, potatoes, or beet. The most unsatisfactory circumstance is that even the merchants who desire to purchase a pure cognac cannot be certain that they do so, for the proprietors of the vineyards, all of whom are distillers, have become so clever in the manipulation of alcohols and the accompanying drugs that they deliberately make a brandy of any required year or quality. The mention of the years 1849 or 1876, for instance, in an invoice or on a label, means simply that the article is presumed to have the taste or color of the brandies of those years. The increasing importation of German potato and beet alcohols into the Charente ports is an additional proof that the less brandy that is consumed, the better for the health and intellect of the consumer.

It is, moreover, becoming a custom to sell the brandy in 12 bottle cases, marked with one, two, or three stars according to the presumed quality, thus avoiding any compromising mention of year or place of production. Some of the manufacturers import the small raisins from the East and make what they call brandy from the juice, there being at least one such establishment in operation at Cognac. Apart from the unsatisfactory purchase of a

brandy which is not a brandy, drinkers should seriously consider what are the properties of the liquid which they are so complacently imbibing. It is simply an active poison, the imported alcohol, which is known to the trade as "*trois-six*," being of 90° strength, and sold at a little less than three francs a gallon. Its characteristic effect is to produce an intoxication in which the patient is especially inclined to rage and physical violence, while insanity of an obstinate and almost hopeless form, is the inevitable consequence of a prolonged use of it. It is said that the great increase of violent and brutish crimes in France may be traced to the drinking of this brandy and absinthe. The slang term for a glass of cognac is *un petrole* and for coffee with cognac, *un grand deuil*. Not only in France, but in other countries, and even in the United States, these liquors are producing a condition of national alcoholism of the worst kind, far beyond the ordinary drunkenness arising from unadulterated intoxicating drinks.

Killing Not Extraordinary.

NUMBERS of quaint sayings have from time to time, been attributed with more or less accuracy to Scotchmen, chiefly with reference to their imperturbability of character, and alleged incapacity for seeing a joke. We doubt, however, if the following story of a North British subaltern at Gibraltar, which is related as a fact by Colonel W. K. Stuart, has ever been equalled. The officer in question was one day on guard, when another officer who was with him fell down a precipice some four hundred feet in depth, and was killed. The North Briton, however, in making up his guard report, did not allude to the unfortunate occurrence, and sent it in with the usual note. "N. B.—Nothing extraordinary occurred since guard-mounting." The accident, of course speedily became known all over "the Rock," and the brigade major presented himself at the subaltern's quarters, with the report in his hand, to demand, on behalf of the commanding officer, an explanation of such carelessness. "You say, sir," he began, "in your report — N. B.—Nothing extraordinary occurred since guard-mounting, when your brother officer on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice four hundred feet, and been killed. "Weel, sir," was the calm rejoinder of the Scot, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in it. If he had fa'en doun a precipice four hundred feet and no been killed, I should have thought it vary extraordinary indeed, and wad hae put it doun in my report."

The French Republic.

FRANCE seems to be just now struggling along under a load of political difficulties. It would appear that men who have been elected to the national legislature are not a fair representation of the wisdom and ability of her people. They are sufficiently voluble and clamorous, but have not succeeded in impressing the world with a deep sense of their statesmanship. If there are two things that the French more especially and rigidly expect of their government, it is glory abroad and economy at home. The present system has not, it appears, been much of a success in either of these ways. In Tunis there is nothing to be proud of; in Egypt it is even worse. The Republic has not one particle of military prestige to boast of.

Financially matters are still worse. Taxes multiply, but the budget shows a deficiency. Expenditures increase and public debt grows. The people are not only oppressed by the burden, but they are confounded by the result and alarmed at the prospect. In the meantime, changes upon changes take place in the administration, each faction of the majority party takes charge in its turn and the Cabinet shifts like a kaleidoscope.

While an uncomfortable feeling pre-

vails among the people in view of all these things, Gambetta dies, Parliament becomes a headless mob and Prince Napoleon issues his pronunciamento.

Shall we despair of the French Republic? Certainly not.

The condition of the Republic is not the fault of Republicanism. We say unhesitatingly that it is the fault of the Catholic population. They have not taken hold of the Republic; they have rather stood aloof from it; they have been inclined to identify it with the guillotine, the red cap, the blasphemies, the terrors of the French Revolution. They expected to find Danton and Robespierre in the chamber of Deputies, to see priests put to death and respectable people flying to foreign land in a new crop of *émigrers*.

All this was unreasonable, for the conditions of affairs were entirely unlike at the two periods, and the causes which produced the horrors of the former had no existence in the latter. But excusing a first misapprehension as somewhat natural in view of the evil name borne by Republicanism in France, how can we extend the same considerateness to later events. The Republic has existed a number of years and no reign of terror has as yet shown any signs of approach. It is true that the Church has been persecuted, but that could not and would not have been if Catholic voters had energetically used the political power placed in their hands by the constitution. It is no exaggeration to say that half of them stayed away from the polls, and thus really elected the noisy demagogues who have disgraced France with a malevolent yet feeble government.

Just as well might all respectable people in this city refrain from voting and then charge the hoodlum results upon Republicanism.

All that is necessary to make the French Republic a magnificent success is for the Catholic population to take hold of it honestly and earnestly. Instead of a body of second-rate ranters and blatherskites, they will send capable business men who will bring practical views and patriotic impulses to the service of the Commonwealth. It is very easy in France, with its multitude of successful men in every vocation, — merchants, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, manufacturers, editors, authors, artists,— to select representatives who, instead of wild theories and daring innovations, will bring to the public service the same conservative but thorough-going policy which they have followed out in their own affairs.

Not only can this be done, but we have strong hopes that it will be done. Radicalism will naturally be disenheartened by the equivocal position in which its failure has put it before the country, and a conservative victory will be so much the easier. Then the hopeless dissension between Monarchists and Imperalists will dampen their hopes also and make their partisans more inclined to look with favor on a conservative Republican candidate.

After all, it is but natural that a fondness for self-government should spread among any people where it is once established, and when that taste has once become general throughout France, there will be no longer any danger for the Republic.— *New Orleans Morning Star.*

Re-afforesting Ireland.

In the *Journal of Forestry* for the current month appears a long and interesting article from the pen of Dr. Lyons, M. P., on the "Re-afforesting of Ireland." The author has for the most part dealt, as it was fitting that he should deal, with the historical aspect of the question which he discusses, and in doing so he furnishes much curious information. Few persons unacquainted with the facts detailed by Dr. Lyons have an adequate idea of the enormous extent of this country which was for centuries adorned with thick belts of magnificent

timber. Oak, or at least wood of some description, is pretty well known to have been used in the roof timbers of Westminster Hall, whilst Irish oak was unquestionably used in the construction of the Louvre. Three main causes of the denudation of Ireland in respect to her forests are put forward by Dr. Lyons. Strategical reasons impelled the cutting down of woods which were held as strongholds by or sheltered the native Irish. The cupidity of transplanted "settlers," who, insecure as to the titles by which they held their grants of confiscated land, and uncertain as to the length by which their tenure might extend, made haste to gratify their cupidity by cutting down and selling the timber, while dishonest trustees and unscrupulous officials contributed to the same result. The third cause was furnished by the establishment of iron-works in the neighborhood of the wooded districts, which completed the destruction that had been inaugurated before. Statute after statute was passed against the ruthless destruction of Irish forests, and steps, more or less whole-hearted, were taken to check the process of devastation. But in vain. Extensive woods existed so recently as 1655. In 1719 an English writer says: "Within sixty years Ireland was better stocked with oak timber than we are now." Nevertheless, forests have now practically been swept from the face of the island. The surface of Ireland comprises roughly 20,330,000 acres above high-water mark at neap-tides. "Of this something like 12,000,000 acres are under grass, and something over 3,000,000 in Irish measure under tillage." The balance, which is estimated as waste, Dr. Lyons proposes to afforest, planting "a C-shaped belt on the North, West, and South of about 1,000,000 acres."

The Fear of Fresh Air.

Let me show how great would be the gain to the poor, in health and longevity, by their having space enough to live in, with good sanitary conditions besides. In the report issued last June by the "Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Class" in London, we are told that of the average population of 6,084 accommodated in their various dwellings erected in different quarters of the metropolis, the deaths for the year amounted to eighty-seven; fifty-six of these were of children under ten years of age, and twenty-eight of the latter of children under twelve months. The average rate of mortality was, therefore, only 14.3 per thousand, whereas the general average for the whole metropolis was 21.2 per thousand, or one-third greater. And as the returns for the whole metropolis embraced the most favoured as well as the best classes, the death-rate of the latter must have been still greater. The 14.3 per thousand was exceptionally low in 1881; in other years it reached from sixteen to seventeen. Even in these model buildings the waste of infant life is immense! This is in great measure owing to the ignorant and obstinate habits of the mothers, who think that when a child is born it needs the smallest quantity possible of air of any kind. A physician describes what he witnessed again and again. When a child is born, as a rule, every opening by which air can enter, save the keyhole, is carefully closed up; a curtain is then drawn round the bed, and the little creature is put under the bedclothes, not far enough down to stifle it at once. When the child is taken out for any purpose its face is almost livid, or a deep, rosy red, at all events, and this is taken as a sign of its fine healthy complexion. In vain you warn and expostulate; the reply is always, "I am so afraid it will catch cold." In spite of all these precautions the child, because of this over heating of the atmosphere, catches cold, gets bronchitis, or has a fit, and dies, perhaps, in convulsions. The dread of the poor

of cold air is something fanatical. They purchase sandbags at the approach of winter to lay along the window ledges where the sashes meet, so that no air may even trickle in; and at night, in a room so close and even fetid, three or four will sleep. In the class of very poor this state of things is aggravated by the fact that the whole family, however numerous, sleep in the same room — the room occupied throughout the day, in which all the necessary domestic work of the family goes on. In this room each child is born, each child dies, and when an adult dies the body is kept there often for eight, nine, or ten days, till the funeral takes place. Instances are known of the body being kept for twelve days.

Two Sides of a Picture.

A LETTER in the *London Times*, from Mr. E. W. O'Brien, and a pamphlet before us from the pen of Mr. John Sweetman, suggest a few observations on a problem now and for a long time exercising the public mind. Mr. O'Brien was Assistant Commissioner under the Land Act, is son of the late William Smith O'Brien, and brother to Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the charitable lady who has so successfully devoted herself to the proper accommodation and treatment of poor emigrants from this country on board ship and during their first days in the strange land. Mr. Sweetman is a philanthropic gentleman who, with the noblest, purest, most humane intentions, engaged in the emigration of people from this country to Minnesota, and whose name will be remembered in connection with "the Irish-American Colonization Company." Mr. Sweetman's brochure is the result of a year's experience of the scheme, and it is a candid confession of its failure. It narrates how the Company failed wholly in its first object, which was to provide a means whereby the passages of Irish emigrants could be paid with security for their repayment. What the unsuccessful plan was is familiar to the readers of this journal. It was a partial failure in its other object, which was to enable destitute emigrant families to become farmers in America. But Mr. Sweetman has a hope that it might yet be made a success in helping emigrant families, degenerating, mentally and physically, in the huge cities of the American seaboard, to flee from the want and the corruption, and, striking into the country, to bring up their children in a healthy atmosphere, where they would be under the care of a Catholic pastor as they were at home. Mr. O'Brien's letter may be described as the converse of Mr. Sweetman's struggling scheme. Mr. O'Brien, after carefully reviewing the entire question of how to ameliorate the condition and attitude of the agricultural classes, and the laborers and the poorer artisans, in the chronically distressed portion of this country, decides that the best, in fact, the only, way effectively to do the work is to give the people employment at home, and the kind of employment he favors is arterial drainage. Emigration may be dismissed in a breath. In less than forty years Ireland has lost nearly half her population by emigration. Where is the corresponding gain to the other half? Mr. O'Brien, although he recommends a large undertaking of arterial drainage in the districts where it is most required, does not, as he is careful to state, call on the State to undertake the whole drainage of Ireland. Nor does he seem to think that the undertaking which he favors should be started by the State; but he argues that, it should, if started, be aided by the State. England and Scotland have had, for instance, their fisheries developed by State aid, and some of the money was Irish. Why, when all Liberal England is crying out for equal rights, privileges, fair-play, and no favor to Englishmen and Irishmen, should not Ireland have this done for her, if not at the sole undertaking of

the State, at least by its ungrudging and generous aid? It is impossible, in our opinion, at private or individual hands.— *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

Incidents in the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

On one occasion, when she, in company with Duke Louis, assisted at a solemn Mass of thanksgiving, the historian tells us that Elizabeth, forgetting for a moment the sanctity of the sacrifice, allowed her eyes to wander to the dearly-loved face of her husband, who was kneeling at her side, and her thoughts to dwell with infinite affection on his goodness, and the many lovable qualities which endeared him to all who knew him. At the moment of the consecration, however, our Divine Lord deigned by a miracle to recall her thoughts to Himself; for, as the priest raised the Sacred Host on high, she beheld in his hands the semblance of our Redeemer crucified, with blood fast dropping from his wounds.

We are told in most graphic and pathetic language how bitterly our saint bewailed her momentary forgetfulness, how remaining on her knees after the duke and his retinue had left the church, she continued to mourn her fault with many tears. How as time went on, and the repast prepared for the invited guests was ready, and Elizabeth did not appear, Louis himself went to call her, saying with great gentleness: "Dear sister, why comest thou not to table, and why dost thou make us wait so long a time?" Then seeing, as she raised her head the evidence of her sorrow he knelt by her side, and having heard the cause of her trouble, he also began to weep and pray with her! O Heavens! the faith and simplicity of heart of these middle ages! Far from being elated at the thought that the contemplation of his perfections could cause even so great a saint to sin, he was filled with consternation at her wrong-doing, slight even though it was.

Listen to his parting words, as he rises to return to his expectant guests; "Let us put our trust in God. I will aid thee to do penance and to become better than thou art!"

Do not these words describe most perfectly what Chistian wedded life should be. "*I will aid thee to become better than thou art!*" She was infinitely dear to him, but the honor of his God was dearer still, and he in his singleness of heart, would fain do what in him lay to help her to advance even more towards that pinnacle of perfection, which these faithful servants of God did not despair of attaining. Oh, blessed type of perfect union! To love one another in God, less only than God, giving to Him, as befitting, the *first* place in heart and thought.

I have dwelt much on this particular phase of St. Elizabeth's character, because it seems to me, it is so consoling. Woman's natural place is home; her ordinary occupations the daily performance of household duties; though, of course, many are called to serve God in other ways; and it is, as I say, consoling and encouraging to have before us a model of a perfect wife and mother, a type so sweet of what we ought to be.

A Deputation Waits on the Lord-Lieutenant.

It is not often that one witnesses the sight of a unanimous Irish deputation representing all the different religious elements in the country, and doubtless Lord Spencer must have been somewhat impressed by the thoroughly representative character of that which waited upon him recently. The subject, however, though by no means unimportant, was not one upon which any room for difference of opinion could well exist. The aim of the deputation was to obtain a reduction of the interest at present payable upon Government loans for

building glebe houses, and also an extension of the time for repayment. The Glebe Loans Act, which was introduced in 1870, enables any clergyman, whatever denomination he may belong to, to borrow money from the Board of Works for the purpose of erecting a residence for himself and his successors, and it has been taken advantage of, we understand, by a certain number of the Irish priests, as well as by the ministers of other religious bodies. The interest, however, which is fixed at five per cent., and the period of repayment, 35 years, are both considered obstacles in the way of anything like a general use of the Act by those for whose benefit it was intended, and the object of the deputation was to press upon Lord Spencer the advisability of the interest being reduced to 3½ per cent, and the time of repayment extended to 65 years. There is no doubt that if this could be done it would be a very great boon to the poorer portion of the Irish priesthood, many of whom, as is well-known, are at present lodged in a way far from suitable to their sacred character. The Lord-Lieuteuant received the deputation most graciously, and promised to lay the memorial before the Treasury.

Wagner and His Hair.

An amusing story comes to us from Naples *a propos* of Wagner and his admirers. It is said that great importance is attached by the latter, or at all events by the least sensible of them, to the possession of some portion of the great *maestro's* hair, and that the periodical occasions of his visit to the hair-dressers are always looked forward to with great interest. The other day, when it became known that Wagner was about to have the important operation performed at Naples, the barber was immediately besieged by a crowd of eager supplicants, who besought him to reserve some small portion at all events of the precious locks for each of them, as Trapbois would have said, "for a consideration." The barber, nothing loth, at once acceded to the request of the anxious deputation, and, it is currently reported, stood to win a considerable amount by the transaction. Unfortunately, however, Madame Wagner had previously promised all the superfluous hair to another friend, in ignorance of the barber's compact, and, as soon as the barber had fulfiled his appointed task, at once appropriated the cuttings. The barber was horror-struck at this; but being a man of much strength of character as well as fertility of resource, resolved to waste no time in useless lamentations, and at once set to work to supply the deficiency in another way. Luckily for him the butcher who supplies the hotel has hair of precisely the same kind and color as the great composer, and, being invited by the barber to have it cut gratuitously, then and there consented. The result of the operation was satisfactory to every body. The butcher had his hair cut for nothing, the operator netted a handsome sum by its sale, and the Wagnerian devotees went away under the happy impression that they were the possessors of a portion of their illustrious idol's locks. Much credit is due to the enterprising hair-dresser, whose fertile imagination enabled him thus to gratify the wishes of so sapient a portion of the community in so easy and simple a manner.

Lunacy.

It is not very pleasant news that lunacy is annually increasing in England, and that in a larger ratio than the population. The Report of the Lunacy Commissioners, while confirming this fact, gives some data as to the respective classes from whom insane patients come. Persons of rank or property not engaged in any office or occupation furnish the largest proportion to the ranks of the

insane ; those who follow sedentary occupations of various kinds come next ; and the lowest of all are those who lead a life of out-door work. Idleness, in fact, is the cause of more mischief than the world has any idea of, alike physically, mentally and morally, and these melancholy statistics furnish one more proof, if it were needed, of the necessity of everybody having something to do. Sedentary occupations and brain work, it is also evident, require a certain amount of physical exercise to counteract their effects upon the mind. Out-door life is, after all, the best both for mind and body, but it is not every one who can devote himself to it. The increasing luxury and materialism of the age disinclines men to honest work of any kind if they can possibly help it, and leads them to look upon toil as something to be avoided. There is no doubt that the effeminate life of the present day has much to answer for, and parents owe it to themselves and to their children to discourage idle, luxurious habits, and impress upon the rising generation the necessity of acquiring regular habits of business and steady work, whatever may be their social status or wealth.

Decay of Population in France.

Miss Leigh contributes a letter to the *London Times* on the subject of infant mortality and the decay of the population in France, in which some most painful facts are brought under the notice of the public. No fewer than 238 children of French parentage appear to have committed suicide in the four years from 1876 to 1880, of whom 198 were boys and 40 girls, and some of these not ten years of age. Anything more ghastly than these figures it would be difficult to imagine, and they, indeed, throw a lurid light upon the moral condition of the future generation of Frenchmen. Miss Leigh seems to have a glimmering of the cause of this fearful moral plague, when she says : " One recoils at the possibility of a child conceiving the thought of self-destruction. . . . . Is it that a child's mind instinctively seeks the Divine — a power to guide as well as control — and that the attempt to crush out the God-given instincts of prayer and worship of a higher power paralyzes even a child's desire to live without God? " There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the record, and one would suppose that, if anything would touch the hearts of the *faiseurs de démons* who are directly responsible for them, it would be the thought of such piteous tragedies. No wonder that the brave men and women of France, who see what Godless education leads to, are straining every nerve to provide Catholic schools all over the country, in which the rising generation may learn the truths of religion, instead of being brought up to live and die like brute beasts, with no thought or aspiration beyond the grave, and so utterly ignorant of all distinctions between right and wrong as to end their lives whenever the mad whim takes them. These figures ought, we should imagine, to do something in the way of enlightening the English public as to what are the fruits of a secular education in France, and what the same system must as inevitably produce in this country if persevered in.

Jew and Christian.

An amusing story of the Judenhetze comes to us from Berlin, which, whether true or not, is at all events *bentrorato*. Herr Adolphus Stocker, the well-known Court Pastor and principle instigator of the anti-Semitic feeling which has produced such unpleasant consequences for the Hebrew population of Prussia proper, was one day holding forth in his pulpit on the various delinquencies, real or imaginary, of the Jews, coupled with certain remarks upon the history of the traitor Judas and succeeded in working up his congregation to the

highest pitch of indignation. As soon as the discourse was ended and the people had begun to disperse, one of the most excited listeners rushed out into the street, and, meeting with an unfortunate Jew who was quietly passing by, proceeded to thrash him to his heart's content. The astonished Hebrew, while defending himself as best he could against this unexpected attack, inquired what offence he had given, protesting that he had never set eyes on his assailant before. "That's for the affair with Judas," was the rejoinder of the muscular Christian, as he continued the chastisement. "Well, but it happened eighteen hundred years ago," expostulated the unhappy Jew." "No matter," shouted the other, "I have only this moment heard of the occurrence."

The Orleans Princes.

It may be well to take note of the relationship of the Orleans Princes to the crowned heads of Europe, and so realize the questionable day's work performed by the Republican General Thibaudin, who is himself at loggerheads with Germany for having broken his military parole. The Empress of Germany was the cousin of the late Duchess of Orleans. The Grand Duchess Wladimir of Russia is the cousin of her sons. The king of Spain is the cousin-german of the Countess of Paris. The King of the Belgians is the grandson of Louis Philippe. The Emperor of Brazil is the brother of the Princesse de Joinville and father-in-law of the comte d'Eu, eldest son of the Duc de Nemours. The Duc d'Alençon is remotely allied to England through his mother, and the Duchesse d'Alençon is the sister of the Empress of Austria. The Duke is also, by his marriage, the cousin of the King of Bavaria. The King of Italy is the brother-in-law of Prince Napoleon, and Prince Victor Napoleon is nephew not only of King Umberto but also of the King of Portugal. The *Clairon* may well say that the ambassadors of the French Republic abroad will now be the lepers of diplomacy. It is stated that M. Challemel-Lacour, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, is desirous of expurgating the list of ambassadors, and especially of keeping all noblemen out of these posts. His excellency will not have much difficulty, as events are progressing. But if he be not more successful at the Quai d'Orsay than he was at Albert Gate, the only result of his tenure of office will be to make the so-called French Republic the laughing-stock of Europe.

Count de Chambord, as well as the Orleans princes, is now prominently brought forward by the French crisis. The uneasy feeling in America, as well as in Europe, with regard to French affairs is stated in a late dispatch, which says that the conviction is gaining ground that the French are on the eve of fresh trouble. The positions of affairs, it says, is likely to grow much worse; and the crisis has thrown France's relations with the European powers into confusion. A bill giving the Government discretionary powers in dealing with pretenders has passed the Chamber of Deputies. Count de Chambord, Duke of Bordeaux, is the representative of the elder branch of the French Bourbon dynasty, and is called by his upholders, Henry V. of France. He was born in Paris in 1820, seven months after the assasination of his father, Prince Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, Duke de Berry. The title of Duke of Bordeaux was given him in compliment to the legitimist zeal of that city, and that of the Count de Chambord after the estate of that

name presented to him by his partisans. He had among his tutors the Baron Damas and General d'Hautpoul. After the Revolution of July, 1830 — during which stormy period his grandfather, Charles X., and his uncle, the Duke d'Angouleme, in vain resigned their rights in his favor — he lived in exile successively in Scotland, Austria, and for a short time in Italy, till 1845, when he established himself in London, where the large fortune which had been bequeathed to him by the Duke de Blacas, enabled him to live in fine style. In 1851, after the death of the Duchess d'Angouleme, he inherited the domain of Frohsdorf, near Vienna, where he has since generally resided, having sold his palace in Venice in 1866. In August, 1850, he attended a gathering of legitimists at Wiesbaden, and in February, 1872, at Antwerp. From time to time he issues manifestos to the French nation regarding his rights to the throne. He firmly rejects all overtures aiming at a reconcilation with French factions at the expense of his principles; but he has always refrained from violent assertions of his claims to the throne. In August, 1870, he gave 10,000 francs and the use of his chateau for the relief of wounded French soldiers and sailors, and in the summer of 1871, for the first time returned to France, but voluntarily left the country after a short stay at Chambord. He is a devout Catholic, and would make a noble ruler of France.

The "Manly Art."

"Send for a Priest."

"While Elliot and Plaisted sat at their table Jerry Dunn entered. In a moment pistols were in the air and discharged. The dozen men and women, panic-stricken rushed from the room or fell upon the floor. Nine shots were fired in all before the two men met and clinched. They whirled each other about in their struggles until they stood before the cashier's desk in the room nearest the street. There they fell. The struggle on the floor lasted only a minute or so, during which the men hammered each other with their pistols. Then Dunn broke loose and rose. Elliot lay upon the floor gasping for breath and evidently dying. To Plaisted he said: "I believe I'm done up. Send for a priest."

Upon the above, the *Catholic Citizen* remarks:

The above is the story of an affray in a Chicago saloon ending in the death of the noted "Irish-American" pugilist, Elliot. He died before the priest could be notified. Awful ending of an un-Christian life and a checkered career! The religious instinct asserted itself at the final moment. The lessons of his early youth came crowding back upon his memory, and the affairs of the soul clamored for settlement. Conscience, too long stifled, bursts the bonds of sin at the supreme moment and cried out that it might be shriven. The end of earth had come, and the sin-burdened spirit shrunk from meeting its Creator until it had invoked the saving virtues of religion; but the call came too late! Warning example for young, sporting, drinking, gambling, Irish-American! There are affairs of higher importance to you and to me than this brutality reduced to a science; life cannot be frittered away in saloons, and your all-night resorts are the vestibules of hell. Your Sullivans, Ryans and Foxs, with their damnable *Police Gazettes* and their slugging matches are the tools and instruments of the Devil. A life surrounded by these

associations cannot help ending unfortunately. Suppose the priest does reach the dying man, who can say whether the conditions are such as to give a reasonable hope of salvation? Years spent among brutalizing influences cannot be accounted for in a moment. A death bed repentance is always the slenderest of hopes. Right living and correct habits are the only safe preparation for the inevitable event which happens to all mortals. The priest then comes to the death bed not of one despairing and shrinking from the awful fear of the life to come, but to one who, having lived in an upright and Christian manner, is prepared to die bravely and trustingly.

The *Catholic Columbian* says:

"The bullies, blackguards and roughs of New York, who know only enough to live off of each other's bruises and broken bones, are to give a "benefit" for the mother of their late associate, the unfortunate Elliot. Poor old woman! What kind of a mother must she be to accept money from those who earn it by the same means that caused her son to go before his Creator with the record of a sinful life? If such a mother, no wonder such a son. But, thank God, all Irish mothers are not like her."

Another Dreadful Case.

On Sunday evening, March 11, about 7 o'clock, a number of members of the Elmwood Associates were in their rooms in Decker's Hall, on Dorchester street, between Ninth and Newman streets, South Boston. Two young men, Bernard Carr, a laborer, living with his widowed mother at 7 Dana street, and John Shea, a blacksmith of 24 Jenkins street, put on the soft gloves for a friendly contest. They sparred four rounds, when Carr gave up, saying that Shea was too much for him; but at the solicitation of the spectators, the parties stood up for a fifth round. It was noticed that Carr appeared rather exhausted from his previous exertion, and after a few blows had been exchanged he fell backward to the floor, stricking his head violently. He was at once picked up and carried to his home in an unconscious condition. He never rallied, but died in the evening about 8.30 o'clock. Drs. Gavin, Young and Osman were called, who pronounced that there was a rupture of a blood vessel in the brain, and that his left side was completely paralyzed. There is not the slightest suspicion of foul play in the matter, as the men were fast friends, and since the unfortunate occurrence Shea has done everything in his power for Carr's relief. The family of the deceased exonerate him from all blame. Both were powerful young men.

Healthfulness of Lemons.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, purchase several dozen at once and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of spring and summer, when acids of lemon and ripe fruits are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler — never into tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peel and boil in water — a pint for a dozen pulps — to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes; bottle it, and your lemonade is ready.

Tria Hæc.

Her soul was glowing with a sacred fire,
Inflaming all her heart with one desire:
"My Father, send me from thy throne above
One sure, safe guide to lead me to thy love."

Straightway there stood before her wondering eyes
Three rival radiant angels from the skies;
And each of them said smiling to her: "Come!
Here, take my hand, and I will lead thee home."

"Such beauteous looks, such light upon your wings
With glory tinged as from the throne where sings
The choir celestial to their God above! —
Who be you?" They replied: "Faith, Hope and Love."

"Then blest be God! Ye angels from the throne
Of Him whose sight is paradise alone;
Oh! guide me safe, and kindly lead me on,
To see that Father's face you gaze upon."

Here Faith and Hope were in an instant gone,
Fair radiant Love stood smiling all alone,
And drew to her the trembling child, who said:
"Ah, me! 'twas but a dream — my guides are fled."

"Nay, nay," said Love, "'twas not a dream, but true —
Would all might dream as true a dream as you! —
Fear nought — they are nor fled nor far away;
Where Love remains, both Faith and Hope must stay.

"Yet they, my child, not even they can gaze,
Too bright for even eyes like theirs the blaze,
There where thy Father's Face unveiled is seen —
Though they may lead they cannot enter in.

"Yet grieve not for them. Though of all the three
But I remain, they both are blest in me;
And at the gate they hide, before we part,
One in mine eyes, the other in my heart.

"Transformed to me, in me they find their bliss
In that bright land as they have found in this:
When Faith to Sight and Hope to Glory turn,
Our sated hearts in love shall ceaseless burn.

"But come, my child! make haste, for glory waits
Thy blessed vision at the golden gates;
Through widening scenes, through worlds to thee unknown,
Through stranger lands I'll lead thee to thine own."

And so, her Trinity of guides in one,
O'er Love's bright path the ardent child is gone:
Bright but yet strange — so strange, but still so sure,
To find her God in mercy to the poor.

She'll cast her bread upon the running tide,
Where wild swans float her happy home beside;
But long days hence, returning o'er its wave,
She'll find a hundred-fold whate'er she gave.

J. A. N., *in Irish Monthly*

Episodes in Irish and American History.

The Famine—1830-'83.

In the month of August of 1831, the Bishop of Maronia, MacHale, left home to journey to the Eternal City. Now six years coadjutor bishop, he had not yet visited, although it was his wish to do so, the tombs of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul. He purposed to start at the close of 1829, or in the year 1830; but in that year he was detained, owing to a partial famine under which the people were suffering. In the preface to his volume of public letters, his lordship states the reason why he did not go till 1831. "He had been," he says, "endeavoring to mitigate a calamity under which the people in the West of Ireland were suffering." The fact is, they were enduring hunger and privations owing to bad harvests in 1829 and 1830. This famine, it will be seen, was the forerunner of a calamity still more terrible — that fearful scourge — the cholera which, in 1832, raged through almost every town and hamlet in Ireland. To succor his subjects in their sufferings during the year 1831, the good prelate appealed to the Government, to stretch out the hand of fatherly care with bread to the starving natives of the western Irish coast. The Prime Minister of the period lent a deaf ear to those petitions. Dr. MacHale then left home and went to England; he visited Oxford and Cambridge, and came to London. He had an interview with the Prime Minister; he explained to the members of the Cabinet the object he had in coming. All his efforts to obtain relief for the suffering peasants of Mayo and of Sligo county were fruitless. Those in power were not positively rude: they were reserved, cold, and heartless. In after years he frequently described the cheerless character of the reception which on this occasion he had received. All he obtained was some one hundred pounds or so, the fruits of a bazaar got up by some philanthropic ladies and benevolent peeresses. At the time he felt the rebuff very much, and at a later period he spoke with strong feeling of the complete indifference shown by the Government of England, for the lives of the Irish people. Paternal rulers, like those of France, or Austria, or Spain, or of England for Englishmen, would not for a moment have stood listlessly looking on at their people perishing without stretching a hand to save. That year he wrote and spoke, and by day and by night he journeyed, in order to obtain material relief to mitigate the severity of the sufferings of the poor of Killala diocese. In those days no electric telegraph, no railways were at hand to make the wants of their suffering "kith and kin" at home, known to their friends in America and in Australia.

Maynooth College.

Irish students who offered themselves for the priesthood from the middle of the sixteenth century to the opening of the nineteenth — should proceed to Coimbria in Portugal, or to Spain, say, to Salamanca, Valladolid, or Grenada; to Italy, at the Propaganda, Rome, or the College of St. Isidore, Agatha, or St. Clemens, if not to those countries then to Belgium, Louvain, Tournay, or to France; Lille, Douay, St. Omer, or to Paris, where the College des Irlandais was established. A voyage to France in the seventeenth century was more perilous by far than a voyage to New Zealand at the present time.

At home, a splendid retreat had been founded for Irish ecclesiastical students, known as the College of

Maynooth, situated north-east of the county Kildare. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, England had good reasons to dread the spread of republican opinions in Great Britain and in the sister kingdom. Accordingly, at the recommendation of Edmund Burke, the Irish Parliament decreed in the year 1795, to establish a college at home for Irish Levites, and to permit them no longer to roam among the republicans of France, or of any European State. A site was selected beside the old castle of the Geraldines, so famous in modern Irish history. Thus it is seen that it was not from love, so much as from fear, that this boon of a national college was conferred on Irish Catholics. The forethought, wisdom, and nobility of mind possessed by the great statesman and orator, Edmund Burke, suggested the scheme, and by his attention and earnestness its success was secured.

Catholics and the Map of the United States.

At a recent dinner, Dr. John Gilmary Shea said, among other happy things which deserve remembrance, "The work of Catholics is indelibly engraved on the map of America. Go to our extreme boundary on the north of Maine. It is St. Mary's River. Puritans and Yankees did not give that name. Go to our extreme South, and in Florida we find St. Augustine and San Jaun. No one need be told who gave those names. So on the Pacific coast we have San Francisco and Sacramento, Catholic names again. Here, in Virginia, there was a colony of Dominican monks one hundred and fifty years before Plymouth Rock was discovered. Up in Maine, not long since, a Yankee farmer in ploughing his land found a piece of lead, which he laid aside, supposing that it would some day or other be found handy in his boat. Investigation proved that it had a Latin inscription, which told of the foundation there of a Catholic church, centuries before any New Englander had set foot in Maine. Away out in Wisconsin, the other day, a bright object was exhumed. it was the silver monstrance of a church founded in Green Bay in 1600. Clearly, Catholics had been there!"

Ancient Names of Ireland.

1. Inis Ealga; or, the Noble Isle. 2. Fiodah-Inis, or, the Woody Island. 3. Crioch Fuinidh, the Final (or most remote) Country. 4. Inis-Fail; or, the Island of Destiny. 5. Fodhla. 6. Banba. 7. Eire, Eri, Erinn and Erin, signifying the Western Isle. These were the Irish names of Ireland.

8. Ierne, Ierna, Iernis, Iris and Irin. 9. Ivernia, Ibernia, Hibernia, Juvernia, Iouernia, Hiberia, Hiberione and Verna. 10. Insula Sacra, or the Sacred Isle. 11. Ogygia; or, the Most Ancient Land. These were all the names given by the Greeks and Romans.

12. Scotia; or, the land of the Scots. 13. Insula Sactorum, or the Island of of Saints. These names were applied by various Latin writers and ecclesiastical historians.

14. By the Danes, Irland; and Irar.

15. By the Anglo-Normans, Irelande.

16. Eire-Land, or Ireland, by the Anglo-Saxons.

Catholic Pioneers.

The first ship built in this country was *La Gavarra*, built in South Carolina, by Lucas Vasques de Ayllon, in 1526, and blessed by a Catholic priest. The first vessels built on the northern lakes was the *Griffin*, built about the Niagara Falls by Robert Cavalier, Siaur de la Salle, in 1679, and blessed by a Catholic priest. The first who made known the existence of petroleum was the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who was at Niagara in 1629. The first who discovered the salt springs of Salina, N. Y., was the Jesuit, Father Le Moyne, in 1554. The

first who worked the copper of Lake Superior was the Jesuit lay brother, Giles Mazier, about 1675, who also made a monstrance of native silver. The first who raised a crop of wheat in Illinois were the Jesuit Fathers. The first who introduced sugar-cane into Lousiana were the Jesuit Fathers. The first who identified the American ginseng with that of China, and opened a new trade with that country, was the Jesuit, Father Lafiteau, Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Missisippi, Louisiana, Texas, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, New Mexico, Oregon, California, Arizona, was offered by Catholic priests.

Parnell.

Reply to "Buckshot" Foster.

He (Foster) has charged me with responsibility for the writings of the *Irish World*. Sir, I suppose if there is one newspaper that I differ with more than another, that I have read less of, that I have studied less, it is the *Irish World*. The right honorable gentleman appears to have been studying the *Irish World* very closely during the progress of the Land movement, and if he considered that the articles of that newspaper incited to or were likely to produce crime in Ireland, why did he not exercise the common law power which he subsequently exercised, and refuse to allow it to circulate in Ireland? That is the difference between the responsibility of the right honorable gentleman, who read those articles, who divined what their tenor and result would be, and who refused to take the responsibility of preventing their circulation amongst the peasantry of Ireland, and of a man who never read those articles — now brought up as an accusation against me, because, indeed, *Mr. Ford, in his office, in Brooklyn or New York, chooses to direct his newspaper for the purpose of destroying or attempting the movement which we have been so carefully building up in Ireland.* Mr. Patrick Ford's aims, objects, and programme are not my aims or objects — but they may be much more likely the aims and objects the right honorable gentleman, the late Chief Secretary himself desires.

The Crimes Act.

There does not appear to be any particle of right of a political character left to any individual in the country. Everything is at the mercy of Lord Spencer, who is just as much an autocrat in Ireland as the Czar of Russia is in his own imperial dominions. I can see no distinction whatever between the picture presented by Lord Spencer riding at the head of his dragoons through the streets of Dublin and that presented by the Czar when he goes about accompanied by his military escort. It may be that the Emperor of Russia has a very much larger proportion — perhaps a majority — of the people of the country in his favor. Certainly the administration of the Irish government in Ireland at present is universally detested by everybody. (Hear, hear.) I defy you to continue the government of Ireland unless you do obtain the sympathy of the majority of the people. (Hear, hear.) It will be noticed that the Assassination Society, if there be an assassination society, that no further attempted outrage was made in Dublin by these men until the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Justice Lawson in attacking my honorable friend, the high sheriff of the city of Dublin (Mr. Gray), and

the extraordinary way in which he conducted the trials in Dublin for murder; it was not until then that there was an unhappy and lamentable recurrence of the attempts. I feel convinced that by the passing of the crimes act, by the way in which the Irish government have administered it, conciliation has been postponed for many a long day and many a long year. You may perhaps keep the country quiet, and anybody can govern in a state of seige, but the problem will again come up, "What are we to do to reconcile Ireland to England?" You will have to find some answer to the question. During the 700 years in which your rule has existed, you admit you are not any nearer the end than you were at the beginning. We are told we are to have no more remedial legislation for Ireland because of the alleged discovery of an assassination society in Dublin, that is practically the effect of the speech of the noble marquis; that is the effect of the speech of the chief secretary to the lord-lieutenant; it is not, however, the practical effect of the speech of Mr. Chamberlain. (Cheers). It is not the effect of the speech of the honorable member for Leeds (Mr. H. Gladstone). I should say it was not because the government thought that they were contending with any grave crime in Ireland, but it is because they believed that having succeeded in putting down crime and agitation in Ireland, it is no longer necessary for England to pay attention to the constitutional wants of Ireland. We have been taught by history that whenever we obey the law we receive no attention to our wants; but that when a great agitation arises which shakes the foundation of society, threatens revolution or civil war, we may expect the undivided attention of the House of Commons to the affairs of Ireland. If you are going to wait until you have more peace and order in Ireland, I fear the youngest amongst us will not see the resumption of remedial legislation for Ireland. (Home Rule cheers). You may say that we are only 5,000,000 in number; but we have millions of our countrymen scattered over the world who sympathize with Ireland, who are as willing to make as great a sacrifice as any of those at home, and who have ability and means superior to those in Ireland itself. We have a greater Ireland beyond the seas, and in the sympathy, and attention, and interest which are now being paid by the Irish millions of America to the progress of affairs in Ireland, we have a certain guarantee of ultimate success. (Cheers).

The Avondale Estate.

THE slanderous attack made by "Buckshot" Forster in the House of Commons on Mr. Parnell has aroused the utmost indignation throughout the whole island, and, as a rebuke to it, and as a mark of loyalty and confidence, the Irish people have, under Mr. Parnell's leadership, a national testimonial, headed by Archbishop Croke, Lord Mayor Dawson of Dublin and Mr. E. Gray, M. P., editor of the *Dublin Freeman*, and joined in by the leading priests, members of Parliament and citizens, now being subscribed. It is intended to augment the Irish subscriptions by contributions from this side, and nearly $5,000 are already in hand for that purpose. The testimonial will take the shape of releasing Mr. Parnell's estate at Avondale, county Wicklow, of £15,000 incumbrances upon it; or in some other shape to be agreed upon by the national committee, who have the matter in charge.

Parnell Interviewed.

LONDON, March 17. — The correspondent of *The Boston Daily Globe*, sought Mr. Parnell for the purpose of securing from him, for publication, a statement of his views of the Irish agitation. Mr. Parnell was at first

firm in his refusal to speak for publication, because, as he said over and over again, "Never did Ireland more need friends in England, and never have the friends of Ireland been so constrained to silence." Being pressed to talk, he said:

"I have felt compelled to refuse to make any utterances concerning these matters to the English press, because, no matter how carefully my expression might be made, my jury would certainly be prejudiced. If not it would not be packed. England is not in a mood to listen to anything about Irish affairs that is not condemnatory of the Irish people. It is the fashion in England now to cry down Ireland. The surest way to British preferment is doing this well. Christianity has grown for nearly 2000 years, and in the country which has published the most Bibles it has come to pass that the greatest public favor is the preferred and the guaranteed reward of the English follower of Christ who can invent the most excuses for suppressing the natural rights of the Irish followers of Christ. The Irish Christian takes less Friday fish from the north side of the English channel; the English Christian less from the south. Why should the Irishman be absolutely a slave and the Englishman be his master? Why should the Irishman give up his struggles to be free? After centuries of strife the Irish people reached, by wonderful patience and wonderful tack, that stage of political success wherein

THEIR STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY

were confined to parliamentary efforts. So good was that cause, that legislation was secured giving the Irish peasantry some rights on their native soil. So prudent were these peasants in the enjoyment of the fruits of their hard toil, that malice has for the time failed, and since the period of the ministry's concession no unlawful act has been, or can be, brought home to the real Irish party. If crimes have been committed in Ireland, so have crimes been committed elsewhere; but in Ireland everything done by persons not in office must be done by Irishmen, and, if the acts are criminal, it seems nearly impossible for Englishmen to assign other than revolutionary reasons for their commission. I do not care to discuss the crimes now under judicial investigation in Ireland so long as the courts of justice have them in charge; but I do protest against the uncivilized injustice shown by the English press towards the people of Ireland since the recent explosions. The explosions occurred at 9 o'clock at night, the one at the government building, doing some £4,000 damage, and the one at the Times building doing little, if any. The police and military were at once put in possession, and all opportunity for an impartial investigation shut off. If the London press were conducted as the American press is, scores of expert writers would have at once investigated the explosions on the spot, and, undoubtedly, fully explained them in all the public prints next day, but

SECRECY AND MYSTERY

were secured, which naturally surrounded affairs with great potency. Next day the London press, without exception, without investigation, without reason, charged both explosions upon the Irish party, describing them as diabolical plots to punish and intimidate the government. Fair reportorial investigation might have shown that the explosion at the government buildings was caused by gas, and that the one at the Times building was caused by any one of a thousand persons who imagined themselves aggrieved. I tell you, notwithstanding all the troubles of the Irish people, there is to-day as much bitter woe in England and Scotland, and as much bitter hostility among the poor and idle of both countries against the lordly power, as there ever was in Ireland. The Irish are struggling for

fair policies. They are accustomed to being hungry and ill-housed and clad, and are not murmuring on that account; but the laborers in Scotland and England are idle and hungry, and dangerously impatient. You don't see all this in the editorials of the London papers, but you see it in the column where the stories of the poor are told, and in the vastly increased number of crimes and violence. The manufactures and trades of England are in bad condition. The English people are not Nihilistic and never have been, and if they were, there are ten causes in England for Nihilism where there is one in Ireland. The Irish poor are the agricultural poor. The poor in England are the dangerous poor of the large towns and the mining districts. I do not assume to even suggest that either the acts of violence in Ireland or London have been concocted by

THE ENEMIES OF IRELAND.

All I insist upon is that the Irish party is honestly endeavoring to secure remedial legislation through the regular courses of Parliament; that the Irish party has no need to resort to such acts of public violence as have been charged against it, and that the Irish party has every reason to refrain from such illegal acts. I further may say that whether or not the opponents of the Irish party have found it convenient to engender or invent acts of insolence for the purpose of injuring the Irish cause in Parliament and before the English people, the fact that they invariably, and without investigation, charge the Irish party with having perpetrated all these crimes, produces the same result, and is almost equally criminal. I charge the London press with the political crime of having, without reason, and without inquiry, attempted to convince England that a series of outrages which will, undoubtedly, be proved to be unconnected with the Irish party, were the representative acts of Irish revenge. I charge the London press with the political crime of having done this at a critical period in the stage of Irish remedial legislation, and I lay upon that press all the responsibility for all the delay which may be consequent in the doing of that justice which the ministry avowed its intention to give to Ireland, and for all the spirit of Irish hostility which may be aroused as a result. I declare that the Irish party is absolutely innocent of all cause for the blame sought to be placed upon it."

The Land League Funds.

In the debate on the distress in Ireland, when Mr. Parnell was appealing on behalf of the suffering people, he was asked why he did not apply the Land League Funds. He made a very spirited reply that the funds of the League were only £27,000; that they were subscribed to stem the tide of landlord oppression; that they would continue to be used for that purpose, and that they would be inadequate to relieve even a fifth of the distress existing.

Parnell in Paris.

March 25.— Mr. Parnell was interviewed here to-day by a representative of the Vienna press. He declared on his honor that three out of the ten men recently executed in Ireland were entirely innocent of the crimes with which they were charged. He said he had no hope that the Gladstone government would succeed in pacifying Ireland, events such as the Phœnix Park murder and the recent dymanite explosion in Ireland having so excited the public as to prevent any peaceful settlement of the difficulties. Mr. Parnell declared that the Land League was as innocent of the London explosion as of the Phœnix Park crime, and ascribed both to the rash and wicked action of men who were in reality the worst enemies of the Irish cause.

The Family Circle.

A Word to Young Wives.

A WIDOWED woman in middle life was once asked by a friend, if she should ever marry again? "No," she replied, in all candor and with no traces of bitterness. "I am too old to learn to live with another man." She recognized the fact that there were pecularities of character and disposition in every one that required an especial education as one went along to make life harmonious. Perfect adaptibility cannot be expected from those who had been brought up in the widely-differing homes and spheres oftentimes.

Young ladies brought up on novels make no account of this fact, hence much of the disappointment and, perhaps, bitterness of spirit, which arises when the fact dawns upon them, that the beloved one is only a commonplace mortal with many failings, like her father, and brothers, and uncles, or even herself.

Take it for granted, that there will be objectionable points of character or manner that are a real trial. But do not take it too much to heart. Above all bury the facts in the secret depths of your soul, rather than speak of them to others. Nothing spreads faster than the whisper that a young wife is dissatisfied with her husband. A prairie fire cannot keep up with it. And trifles, light as air, are magnified as they sweep along, until you would be astonished at the results. You have gained nothing and lost much.

But a woman of cheerful tact and a loving heart can educate a young man into almost any style she choose.

Sulking and fretting will never do it; but a brave, true heart and steady persistence will make over a character marvelously. I have seen it done more than once, not less effectively because the work went on all unconciously. That was the beauty of it. Dear girl, if you find John is not the ideal the novel pictured him, you can mould him into something a great deal better, and at the same time establish yourself as queen of a true heart, a sphere wide enough to satisfy even an ambitious woman.

Do not give yourself too much distress over trifles that may be unimportant, though not exactly to your mind. Allow to each person, a certain amount of individuality. Often those most intolerent of these things in others, are those of the most marked peculiarities. Differences of early training make a marked difference in habits which may be a source of much discord, if you only give it full play. But a better way is to pass over in silence what cannot be remedied, and not waste too much sentiment over it. People can be very happy in each other's society, where love reigns, even though they are very unlike in many respects.

You will need to learn the art of living harmoniously, with almost any man of character sufficiently marked to be of any force in the world. An energetic, efficient character, will have its angles. Learn to dwell more on the good traits, than to be always searching with a microscope for the little failings.—"*Beulah*," *in Arthur's Magazine.*

One in a Thousand.

ONE of the newest developments amongst Catholic mothers is an ardent desire to see their daughters become school teachers. They send them to the high school for that purpose. They train them up for that purpose from their earliest years. Humble mothers, whose vision is bounded by sixty dollars per month for female school teachers, toil on and toil ever, while the daughter, who is to be a school teacher, goes through the course and knows as little about

washing her own handkerchief, or darning a stocking, or running a sewing machine or making a seam, as if she lived in Greenland, where they use neither soap nor thread. Now there never was and never could be a more useless thing done than to train every girl with ordinary ability for the hope of gaining an office in a public school. Statistics inform us that there can only be one school teacher out of every thousand girls. That is the rate of demand each year, and it is hardly so high; so that of every thousand mothers who educate their daughters for the office of public school teacher only one will be successful each year. This is a close way to look at it, as the disappointed school teacher is a very useless *modicum* of humanity at home after that. It is true she will know the latest calculation of the sun's distance from the earth, and whether the Red Sea has any outlet or not. She will be aware of the difference between conductors and non-conductors of electricity, and perfectly understand the addition of decimal fractions; but she will be as ignorant of how to cook a mutton chop as she is of the cuneiform characters of Egypt, or the Heimskriugla of the Scalds of Ireland. We do not know a more useless addition to the home circle than a disappointed school teacher. She is a person without relief from the loss of geographical bearings or the evanishment of conic sections. She sighs for the desk and ferule she has lost. She is a female Othello in one particular, for her "occupation's gone." She walks the world bearing the load of a disappointed vocation.

But there is another consideration about rearing and educating girls for school teaching. The salaries of teachers in public schools will at no distant day be cut down, for the supply is growing greater than the demand, and competition thus created will cheapen the work. In all new countries — and ours is new — education is costly, but as the community grows and sinks into its natural levels, education is widely spread, and there are more and more persons fitted for the duty of school teaching, than in the state of rising society with rising civilization. The score of public economy will thus in a few years make a very marked difference between the rates paid public educators now and then. There is a certain class, which under such circumstances will supply young women for school teachers, and that is the class which excludes the idea that any female members of its families have to work for a living. School teaching under such circumstances will be regarded as the only field open, and ten years will not pass away until this class will begin business, and school teachers' salaries will show it. Still, let us be accurately understood: we advocate a wide range of education for women. There is an educational grace which does not add a social grace to the character of a woman; but there are necessary experiences of domestic ecomomy that make them all the better. Catherine II. of Russia was not the less splendid empress as a ruler because she knew how to wash her clothes, nor is the Princess Imperial of Germany less a princess because she can ply her needle as well as paint a picture.

The great majority of girls that are growing up are destined by themselves to live in the world, to marry and have a home. Their husbands will not be all successful men, nor rich men. Princes in disguise will not come to bring them to their palaces, nor will fairy queens become their godmothers, and endow them with diamonds and rubies and amethysts worth a king's ransom. They will have days of trial and days of care, and to make them light there is nothing like the zeal of manual industry. The finest mind will rot out with idleness, but a skilful hand at housework smooths over many a heart-pang for the owner of the heart, and takes out the wrinkles from misery in a cheerful home.

Headwork in Housekeeping.

We know a noble old lady (now over 82) who used to say that by a little head-work she could save so much time in housekeeping as to have the afternoon for rest, study, or such work as she might enjoy. This woman had a large family and a great deal to do, so it was not an exceptional case. A great mathematician once said, if he had but three minutes in which to perform a problem on which his life depended, he would spend two of the minutes in thinking how best to do it; so greatly did he value the art of reflecting well over the business to be done even in the greatest emergencies of life. And could we not all vastly better our work in this world by more forethought? How much our heads would save our feet in our daily housework! One reason so many women are such efficient workers is just because of this fixed habit. If they have any occasion to go upstairs, they reflect whether there is anything that needs to be taken up, thus saving one or two journeys. The same when they are going down. When the table is cleared, the articles to be taken into the cellar are placed all together on a tray and taken down at once. While the other work is going on, the busy mind runs through and plans out the sewing work that is to be taken up when a leisure time comes. The way of cutting it out, the manner of trimming, and the whole general plan is gone through with before a needle is taken up, very likely. Before rising in the morning the breakfast is thoroughly planned, and the order in which the different details are carried out is quite decided upon. It makes all work easier to have it thus planned beforehand, and many a weary woman might secure many bright half hours to herself every week if she would but inaugurate the system. It is like packing a trunk — you know how easy it is for one skilled in the business to put in a third more than one who piles things "just as it happens." It is always such a pleasure to look back on a well-passed day and see just what has been done. People whose days are full of idleness and ease do not have the monopoly of happiness, by any means. As uncomfortable people as I have known have been summer boarders from the city, who have nothing to do all summer but to fan themselves. They seem so utterly overburdened with the task, that one could hardly help commiserating them. Occasionally a few flies fluttered into their shady rooms and had to be whisked out, and then there was work in earnest and tribulation enough. Surely these people who have nothing else to bear are rarely able to bear themselves. From what I have seen of both sides, over-worked people do not seem to me to be so miserable as those who have nothing to do. They have, at least, the noble compensation of feeling that they are of use in the world; that they add largely to the comfort and well-being of others, and that they belong to the producers instead of the mere consumers. To one who has led a busy life, absolute idleness would be most irksome penance. But headwork will lighten labor; so use it liberally and teach the art to those about you. If housekeepers would preserve their health, let them save time by headwork.

It appears that the Jews have been amusing themselves by counting the number of their names. They find that their are more Jews called Cohen than those bearing any other name; so that Cohen is to English Jews what Smith is among Englishmen. The second most common Jewish name is Davis. Perhaps this will encourage Welchmen to the belief that they are Lost Tribes; for Davis and Davies are as Welch as they are Jewish.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and soother of disquietude.

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER III.

JOCK GETS INTO A SCRAPE.

THE next night Jock watched for the mouse and it did not come, but the night after that it wakened him just as it had done the first time, and he enjoyed himself with its tricks as before.

He had left a few crumbs for it upon the floor, and it ate them up. Then another night Jock put a piece of cheese in his pocket which he had stolen out of the nursery cupboard, and he hoped that the mouse would creep into his pocket to get the cheese.

That night he slept so soundly, however, that he did not hear the mouse at all, and in the morning, lo and behold, the mouse had evidently been making a feast while Jock was asleep, for the cheese was gone and a hole was cut in the knickerbocker pocket, showing how mousie had managed to get out.

And all that day Nurse kept wondering how Jock had managed to wear such a hole in his pocket.

"It looks exactly as if you had gnawed it, my dear," she said.

"And so it does," said Jock, but he said nothing at all about the mouse.

This sort of thing had been going on for a week, and at last one night Jock was wakened out of a dream in which he had fancied that a whole troop of horses were riding in a circus round the top of his head.

He bounced up and shook himself; but still the feet would keep pattering round and round on the top of his head. He put up his hand and dashed it across his hair, and down fell his friend, the mouse, and scampered away over the counterpane.

Now this was more than Jock could bear without making a noise. To have a mouse in his pocket hanging on a chair some yards away was fun; but to have a mouse playing at circus on his head was not so nice.

As he dashed the little mouse out of his hair he gave a piercing yell that awakened Nurse Green, and brought her pattering in in a hurry to see what had happened to Jock.

"That nasty little mouse!" cried Jock shuddering, and the next moment he was very sorry he had said the words, for Nurse caught at them immediately, and the little boy feared that poor mousie's fate was sealed.

Nurse Green is one of those large, stout, comfortable people who are always terrible afraid of a mouse, and she now felt as much frightened as if she had heard that burglars had got into the house.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she exclaimed, trembling all over, "to think of a mouse having found its way up to these rooms. We might as well be living in a pantry."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jock, and buried his head under the bed-clothes. It was great fun to him to see great big Nurse in such a state about a mouse.

"Now, sir, I'm sure you must have been putting cake in your pocket and scattering the crumbs about, or a mouse would never think of coming up here, no more than to the top of the Monument."

"What is the Monument?" cried Jock, popping up his head immediately.

"There!" said Nurse, with a shiver. "I'm sure I'm not going to explain the Monument to you in my bare feet in the middle of the night. Go to sleep, Jock, directly, and to-morrow night see if I don't set a trap and catch that mouse!"

Jock did not like to hear about this at all, and next day he implored Nurse not to set the trap. He thought

it very hard that the poor little mouse should be caught and killed all because he had taught it to come every night to his room by putting crumbs of cake on the floor.

Now, if Jock had said to Nurse, "It was my fault, because I put cheese in my pocket and crumbs on the floor, and if I leave off doing so, perhaps the mouse will not come again. Do wait a little before you set the trap!" if Jock, had talked like that to Nurse, perhaps she would have waited as he wished.

But Jock's great fault was this that he did not tell things which he ought to have told. You are not to suppose that he was untruthful. He would not have told a falsehood on any account. But he was often silent, when to be silent was almost as bad as telling a fib.

Nurse set the trap with a large piece of toasted cheese behind the bars, and placed it in the middle of the floor in Jock's room. Jock cried that night after he was in bed, and hoped poor mousie would stay downstairs for once with his mother in the pantry. He intended to lie awake all night to warn his little friend of the danger, and drive him away when he came near the trap; but unfortunately he fell asleep. In the morning as soon as he awoke, there was the mouse squeaking in the trap, and Nana coming in at the door to dress Jock.

Jock was very miserable all the time he was getting dressed; the squeaks of that poor little mouse went to his heart.

At breakfast Nurse Green said to Nana, "As soon as you have finished your tea, take the trap with the mouse in it out to the stable, and tell the stable-boy to drown the mouse."

Jock's breakfast began to choke him, and his heart seemed to swell up till it got into his throat.

The other children cried, "Oh, poor mousie! Let us see it, Nurse," and "Oh! why must it be drowned?"

"Eat your breakfast, my dears," said Nurse. "You can't understand everything yet awhile."

Jock glanced over at Nurse, and it seemed to him at that moment that she looked just like the wicked ogre in the fairy tale book, only dressed up in a cap and shawl. He felt that he must do something desperate.

"Nurse!" he said, "may I go into my room to get my pocket-handkerchief?"

"Certainly, my dear."

Off went Jock and closed the door of his room softly behind him. Then he flew at the trap, pulled up the little door, and mousie instantly flew out, scampered across the floor, and disappeared down its tiny hole.

Jock went and put his eye to the hole; but he could not see the little mouse rushing down the mice's staircase through all the floors and along the many walls till it reached its home under the pantry boards. "I daresay its mother will give it a good scolding," thought Jock, "or its nurse. I wonder do mice have nurses, by the bye! At all events, it won't be drowned. I will stuff up this hole to prevent it coming back to be killed!" said the little boy to himself, feeling that he would rather never see his tiny playfellow again than be the cause of his getting put to death.

"Jock! Jock! what are you doing, letting your breakfast get quite cold," cried Nana, opening the door.

"Oh! you *naughty* boy," she exclaimed the next moment as her eye fell first on the empty trap and then on Jock's face. "You have let that wicked little mouse escape!"

"It is not wicked," said Jock stoutly. "It is you who are wicked, all of you, wanting to kill a poor little creature that never did any of you any harm."

"Well, I *never!*" cried Nana and immediately went off for Nurse.

Jock was found standing in the middle of the floor with his arms folded and a defiant look on his face.

"Jock, I did not expect this bad

conduct from you," said Nurse. "You are a disobedient, deceitful boy——"

"Go away!" said Jock. "You are a pack of murderers!"

Nurse Green turned quite pale, and Nana screamed.

"Where can he have learned such language?" murmured Nurse.

"Murderers are people who shed innocent blood," said Jock. "But I've saved the mouse, so there! You can drown me if you like."

"I declare it sets my nerves all of a shiver," said Nurse. "Nana, go to the other children. Jock, you must come with me!" and she took him by the hand and led him into an empty room, or rather a room containing nothing but trunks, which were stowed away there when not in use.

"Now, sir," said Nurse, "you must stay here all alone till you acknowledge your fault; and after dinner your mamma must hear of it."

"All right," said Jock, "I will tell mamma myself."

Nurse shut the door; and Jock was left with nothing but the empty trunks for company.

For some time he amused himself by opening and shutting the trunks, and examining them to find out the way they were made. For a while he thought he would like to be a trunk-maker; but after some time he got tired of that, and began to look about for some other entertainment. There was nothing else in the place to play with, and he went back to the trunks and pretended to be both a trunk-seller and a lady buying a trunk.

"I want a good large one, you know, because I have a great many things to carry. I must have room for my bonnets, too, in the tray."

"Oh! madam, won't you have a separate one for bonnets? Here is a nice handy thing! We make this kind for bonnets."

"But I don't want to have too many. I have five children, Mr. Trunks, and Nurse wants so much room to pack up their pinafores and things. The railways will hardly take us."

"Five children, madam? That is a great many. I hope they are all good?"

"They are very good children indeed; all but one called Jock. *He* has turned out quite wicked, and let a mouse escape out of a trap —"

"And, oh dear!" cried Jock, breaking down in his play and beginning to cry, "I wonder *will* mamma think me very wicked!"

He soon dried his tears, but he could not go back to that play any more; so after another despairing look round the room he walked to the window which was standing open.

"Hullo! cried Jock, "I see I can get out on the leads!"

He soon hopped out and began to walk along the leads, poking his little nose into all the nooks and corners. Of course he was in great dangers because he might have fallen over some of the parapets; but he was a cautious little chap with all his boldness, and looked carefully before him wherever he went. He crept along by several windows, clambering over one or two stone divisions separating parts of the leads belonging to different houses. It was very exciting for a time, but by and by when he fancied he had seen all that was to be seen, he thought of getting back to his own window. At first he could not distinguish it from other windows, but presently he said, "Oh, there it is, standing open as I left it!" and he began to slide in over the sill and let himself down on the floor.

"Why, this not the trunk room at all!" he said. "I suppose it is one of the maids' bed-rooms. Never mind. That is all for the best, because now the door will be open!"

He tried the door and it was open; and out walked Jock from his prison, and away across the passage and in at the day-nursery door.

Nobody was there. The room was all nicely tidied up, the hearth swept,

and the children's chairs against the wall. "They are all gone out to walk without me!" thought Jock. "Well, I must try and amuse myself until they come back."

He opened the toy-cupboard and looked in.

"I declare," he said, "here are some toys I never saw before;" and he sat down on the floor and began to examine them.

Now perhaps you have guessed by this time that Jock had got into the wrong window and was now in a strange house, the house next door to his own mamma's and papa's house. While he was sitting quite contentedly looking at the toys, the nursery door opened, and in walked a strange nurse.

Jock looked up and saw she was a tall thin woman, not a bit like Nurse Green, who was fat and comfortable; and Jock had not the least idea who she was. But she was the nurse belonging to the strange house; the other children's nurse.

She gave a cry when she saw Jock. "Mercy me!" she exclaimed, "wherever did this strange little boy come from?"

"What strange little boy?" asked Jock.

"*You*," said the tall thin woman.

"I am not a strange boy," said Jock quietly. "It is you who are a strange woman."

"Well, I never!" said the woman. "As if I was not the nurse of this house!"

"My nurse is fat and round," said Jock, "and you are long and thin. And you are a great deal uglier. I don't know what brought you here at all."

The tall thin nurse began to get into a passion.

"Jenny!" she called loudly; and in came a nice young nurse-maid; but it was not Nana.

"Jenny, will you please tell this bad boy who I am, this boy that seems to have got in here out of the street to insult me."

"Why, of course, you are Nurse," said Jenny. "Who are you little boy?"

"I am Jock, and I am in my papa's house," said Jock, "and nothing you can say will make me believe that you two are Nurse Green and Nana."

"The child is mad," said the tall thin nurse, rolling up her eyes.

"Where are Bunko and Rosie and Kitty?" asked Jock, trying very hard to keep from crying at the thought that these strange women had got into his mamma's house and driven all his own people out of it.

It seemed to him as if magic must have been at work since he was locked into the trunk-room half an hour ago.

"Where are they all gone to?" he shouted.

"Nobody's gone anywhere, only you have no business to be here, whoever you are," said Jenny; and at the same moment a flock of little strange children came running into the nursery.

"Who is it? who is it?" they cried out, gathering round Jock and staring at him.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the thin nurse. "Some little rascal that has got down the chimney."

"You had better not say that again," said Jock, squaring up his fists. "I am not a rascal, and I never came down a chimney, and I want to know who you all are who are keeping me from seeing my own brothers and sisters, and my own nurses."

"Did you ever see such a bad boy?" cried the tall nurse.

"He is not a bad boy, I'm sure," said the eldest of the children, a nice little girl called Dora. "Don't scold him, Nurse. I say, little boy, what what is your name?"

"My name is Jock."

"And where do you live?"

"I live in this house."

"Now, is he not a naughty boy?" cried Jenny.

"I will carry him down to mistress

at once," said the cross, thin nurse, and she flew at Jock.

"Oh! no, Nurse, don't touch him. He will come down with me to mamma," said Dora taking his hand kindly.

"I will go anywhere you like with you," said Jock to Dora," because you have a nice voice and a nice face, and you do not call me names."

"But I do wonder where you came from," said Dora.

"I came from nowhere. This is my house; and it is all of you who have come from somewhere," persisted Jock. "However, I'm glad *you've* come, because you are nice."

"Come down to mamma," said Dora softly, for she saw the long thin nurse just getting ready to fly at Jock again. And Jock and she walked out of the nursery hand in hand.

"I can't make it out," said Jock as they went down stairs. "It's just as queer as Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."

"Do you know that story?" said Dora.

"Of course I do," said Jock, and then the children arrived at the drawing-room door.

The nurse had come down straight after them, and walked into the drawing-room first.

"Here's a pretty thing, ma'am," she said; "a strange little boy prowling about the nursery while we were all out for our walk. Sitting thieving at the toy-cupboard, and giving impudence when he was caught.

"Mamma, mamma, he is not a thief!" cried Dora, seeing the frown coming on Jock's face again. "He is a nice little boy and has read Aladdin.

"I can't understand all this," said Dora's mother.

"We found him in the nursery!" burst forth Nurse.

"Let the child tell his story himself," said Dora's mamma. "Come here to me, my dear," she said kindly, "and tell me all about it."

"You are not my mamma!" said Jock. "Oh, how I wish I had my own mamma!" and poor Jock broke down at last, and cried and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"You can go upstairs, Nurse, and leave him to me. Dora, you can stay. It is all a mistake somehow, and we will try to clear up the mystery."

The long thin nurse went away grumbling, and Jock was left alone with Dora and her mamma.

"Now, my dear," said the lady, putting her soft hand on his head, "think a little while and tell me here you were an hour ago."

"I think I was in the trunk-room, then," said Jock. "Nurse Green locked me up for letting my dear little mouse get out of the trap. And I played at a trunk-seller and a lady buying trunks; and then I got tired, and I saw the window open, and then I got out."

"Out where, my boy?"

"Out on the leads."

"At the back of the house?"

"Oh, yes. The trunk-room is at the back. And I walked about; and one time I nearly fell over."

"Good heavens!" murmured the lady.

"And then I got tired of that, too, and I wanted to come in. And I got into the house again through the open window; only it wasn't the trunk-room, and I thought it was one of the maids' bed-rooms."

"And then you went into the nursery?"

"Yes; and I saw they were all out, and I sat down at the toy-press to wait for them; and then a long, thin, cross woman came rushing at me, and a lot of strange people came in. And they have all been strange ever since," cried Jock, with a fresh burst of sobbing," and I'm afraid they will never come back?"

"You poor little stray child!" said Dora's mother, taking him up in her arms. "Don't you see how it has all happened? You got in at the

wrong window, and came into our house instead of your own!"

Jock stared, and then burst out laughing.

"Oh, what a duffer I am!" he said. "Of course that's what I did."

Dora had been crying too, but now she dried her eyes and began to laugh with Jock.

"Why, mamma, then he is the little boy next door!" said Dora.

"Yes, my dear, and I fear his poor mother will be in a sad state of anxiety about him," said Dora's mamma. "Ring for my bonnet, Dora, and you and I will take him home ourselves at once."

Jock's mamma was at this moment shut up in her own room in dreadful trouble because her boy could not be found. She had only just been told by Nurse Green that he was missing, and that the whole house had been searched for him in vain.

The awful part of it was this, that they were all afraid Jock must have lost his footing on the leads and fallen down from the top of the house.

Imagine how delighted poor Mrs. Hazel was when she heard Jock's voice at her door, and the next moment held him in her arms.

"Oh, mamma, darling! I am so glad to get you again!" he cried. "I have been in the next house, and I was so frightened, and oh, it was such a funny mistake all the time."

"Oh, my Jock, you have nearly killed your mother. I thought my boy was lost or dead."

"I was only in the next house, mother, after all; but it was dreadful!"

"How did you get into the next house, my child?"

"In at their window, mother, off the leads. I thought I was coming back in here. But oh, mamma, there is such a kind little Dora down-stairs, and her mamma is with her. Her mamma is nearly half as nice as you. And they brought me back. And they are afraid you are frightened."

"Let us go down to them quickly, my dear, and thank them for their kindness."

Jock and his mother went down to the drawing-room at once, and there Jock's mamma and Dora's mamma took each other's hands and cried for a few moments together, because they both felt how dreadful it would have been if Jock had been picked up dead out of the gutter instead of being brought in safe and well out of a friendly neighbor's house.

And I may as well tell you here that this was the very beginning of a life-long friendship between these two mothers, who never had known each other before.

After Jock had been gently scolded by his mamma for his disobedience to Nurse, and his thoughtlessness in going out on the leads, he was forgiven; and his mamma said there might be a cake in the nursery for tea that evening, as rejoicing for Jock's safe return.

It was a very good cake, I can tell you, with raisins in it, and everything nice.

Nurse Green did not say anything more about the mouse. A tear was in her eye as she cut a great slice of cake for Jock, and thanked God in her heart that he was there alive before her. For Nurse Green loved Jock very much, though sometimes she would be angry when he was naughty.

As for Jock himself, when he looked at his own nurse's kind, fat, comfortable face, and heard her pleasant voice again, he remembered the long, thin, cross woman who had bullied him next door. And he said to himself that he would forgive Nurse Green for wanting to drown poor mousie, and that he would try not to be naughty any more.

To be Continued.

A LITTLE girl, after profound reflection, sitting in her little chair by the fire, asked, "Mamma, how does a step-mother walk?"

THE MAY ALTAR.

"Our Lady's Lodge" was the name given by its pious owner to a charming little dwelling that sweetly nestled in the bosom of one of those picturesque valleys in which some of our inland counties are so rich. Far away — north and south — stretched the verdant sward sheltered and fertilized by the towering purple hills, over whose silent summits, now gilded with rosy light, the risen sun was ushering in the brightest of May-day mornings, when in this happy homestead a twin brother and sister first opened two pairs of large blue eyes. The little Gothic church — so near to our Lady's lodge that its graceful spire cast its long shadow athwart the windows — was still decked in festive garb for the Holy month of Mary, when Mrs. Barclay brought to the May Altar her precious gift, and offered it at our Lady's feet. The children had been baptized by the names their birth-day suggested — the girl; Mary, and the boy, Mary Joseph. Before many months, however, had passed over, the name May-day, by which Mr. Barclay humourously called the little girl, had been shortened into Maidie, and the boy was called by his parents Majus.

As not unfrequently happens with the blessings sent by Heaven, there was a constant leaven of sorrow in the joy that followed the advent of these twin May-blossoms. From the auspicious day of their birth to its seventh anniversary, each recurring year brought some new grief, some fresh trouble, to their good parents. First, death was busy among the relatives of the Barclays. Death no sooner stayed his cruel hand than temporal losses fell thick and fast. Now in the year preceding their seventh birth-day misfortunes appeared to culminate in the failing health of Mr. Barclay, whose days on earth seemed to be numbered. When all other remedies proved unavailing, as a last resource the doctors prescribed a complete change of air, and arrangements were at once made to remove the family to the seacoast. It was on May-eve that the Barclays arrived at the temporary abode which had been hired for them. It was so close to the sea — although hidden from it by a rocky prominence — that a single turn of the narrow road brought the sea with a sudden burst into full view.

It had been the custom of the family at Our Lady's Lodge to rise with the dawn on May-morning, and gather flowers to lay on the Altar of Mary in the little church. Now they were leaving their own smiling valley, the children determined to supply for its want by bringing their own little May-altar with them. Once in their new room, their first care was to erect it with the aid of the maid-servant, and adorn it with its appropriate decorations, that they might have time to begin the devotions of the coming month before retiring to rest.

The excitement of the journey had wearied the children, and soon they were fast asleep, but the novelty of their surroundings and the anxiety to become acquainted with them cut short their sleep, and the gray May-dawn was still creeping through the window when the children were on their knees before their May-altar, with childish fervour reciting their morning prayers. Then they stole softly out to gather, as at home, the early summer flowers to offer to their Patroness. But they seek in vain. Here no pale primrose peeps over its bed of green — no sweet cowslip bends its slender head. They cannot find one fragrant violet or golden daffodil. In their disappointment the little ones hasten on — and lo! at the sharp turn of the road they stand lost in amazement. Their first sight of the sea — the sea sparkling with the resplendent glories of sunrise — has burst upon them. With a repressed murmur of admiration they grasp each other's hands, and with dilated eyes and bated breath they gaze

on the vast expanse of the blue glistening waters, and, as the measured beat of the ebbing tide filled their ears with a soft, strange lullaby, they advanced, on tiptoe, nearer and nearer, as if they saw a giant sleeping. As they descended to the beach, they beheld a shining belt of silver sand, stretching far as the eye could reach on either side, and straight before them, as the waters quickly receded — for it was a shelving shore with a rapid tide — they discovered a causeway of boulder-stones that seemed to grow out farther and farther, as if leading to a huge mass of shimmering rock, now boldly rearing its head amid the retreating waves. The damp green stones were covered with a scanty moss, studded with speckled pebbles and pellucid shells, and here and there thickly strewn with rich amber sea-weed. Never dreaming of return, the delighted children pursue their course on the novel path-way, lured on by the ever-varying beauties of the purple anemonies, like many-tinted flowers, adhering to the rocks, till at length they are stopped by the large mass that now loomed before them like an impassable barrier. The red sun glinted on its flat top, and the children clapped their hands with delight as they saw the emerald brightness of the wet lichen and streaming festoons of golden brown and purple sea-ribbon that clothed its sides with magic beauty. "This," whispered Maidie gently, "this must be Our Lady's new home." — "Ah, yes," returned her brother gravely, "for this is May-day. I'll tell you what we'll do Maidie. We'll make this our May-altar, and we'll ask Our Lady for everything." — "This seems to be an altar already," said the little one, surveying the rock; "see how beautifully it is dressed — look at all these beautiful living things climbing to the top! May we not make it nicer still with some of those splendid shining stones like what are on Father Paul's vestments?"

The children at once set to work. When they had gathered heaps of the pearly shells, and brilliant anemonies, and long waving sea-ribbons, Majus succeeded in mounting to the summit, having first removed his boots, which impeded his progress. He then counselled Maidie to do the same, as she should climb up a little in order to place her treasures in his outstretched hand. When all was finished, he directed Maidie to throw up her cloak — which he then placed on a dry stone — and prepare to follow, as lying along the rock he reached down to help her.

"The altar itself is perfect now," said Majus slowly, "but we have no statue to remind us of Our Lady, as we have on our altar at home." Maidie was now standing by her brother's side; her brown hair floating in wavy masses on her shoulders, her large eyes beaming, and her white hands clasped in an ecstacy of admiration at the wondrous scene — all combined to realize for Majus his own idea of the beautiful May Queen to whom they were imbued with so tender a devotion. Stooping he lifted his sister's blue cloak from the rock, and folding it statue-wise around the little one, he whispered excitedly, "Oh, Maidie, we'll finish our altar. You will be our statue, you look now so like Our Lady." Maidie immediately took her position on a flat-topped stone which served for pedestal. In the fulness of their joy, their young hearts uttered a pleading prayer to their Mother in Heaven to accept the devotion of the month for the cure of their Papa and the cessation of his trials. They sang a glad May-hymn, without perceiving that the tide had turned and the waters were flowing in as rapidly as they had gone out when they first traversed the causeway. Back it comes, every moment rising higher and higher — it has just reached half-way up the altar-rock when Majus exclaims enthusiastically, "See, Maidie, see; the beautiful water is coming back to

join in our May-hymn. Hark! hear it singing;" and the children resumed their hymn.

Higher and higher still mounts the returning water, as with louder and louder splash it has begun to send its spray over the rock, when Majus' attention is arrested by new objects. "Look, Maidie, look; see the moving houses, with the loose white sides. They must be coming to our altar too." These were fishing smacks swiftly sailing towards them, impelled by wind and tide. The sailors had noticed the unwonted objects on the rock, and were bearing towards it with all speed. As the first vessel came near, the crew seemed dazed with fear. They saw the unearthly look in the angelic faces, and they thought it must be an apparition of beings of another world. They remembered their own pictures of "Mary the Star of the Sea." They heard the familiar strain poured out again —

"Guard us, shield us, as we pay
Love to Thee, sweet Queen of May."

They realized the situation at last: in another moment a boat was lowered; a few well-directed strokes brought it beside the rock just now submerged, the children were lifted in, and the rowers made swiftly towards the shore — now reached by the flowing tide — attracted by the frantic gesticulations of the frightened mother, who, after a long, fruitless search for the missing children, had come in sight of them in time only to see their peril, powerless to relieve them, and for the last ten minutes had been suffering all the agony of speechless despair.

With a wild cry of gratitude, Mrs. Barclay fell on her knees and thanked the good God for His boundless mercy. The children, totally unconscious of how narrow was their escape from a watery grave, cried out to their mother, as she joyfully wept over them, "Oh, mamma, you should have see our beautiful May-altar."

Mr. Barclay recovered completely, and with his wife and children had left the sea-side before the May-month was over, and the cloud of trouble rested no more over the pious inhabitants of Our Lady's Lodge.

The Charm of Needlework.

THERE is something extremely pleasant, and even touching — at least of very sweet, soft, and winning effect — in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women — be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty — have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can ply it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her handkerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments, love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

Useful Knowledge.

VALUE OF SOUP AS FOOD.—The value of soup as food cannot be over estimated. In times of scarcity and distress, when the question has arisen of how to feed the largest number of persons upon the least quantity of food, the aliment chosen has always been soup. There are two reasons for this: first, by the addition of water to the ingredients used, we secure the aid of this important agent in distributing nutrition equally throughout the blood, to await final absorption; and second, we gain that sense of repletion to the satisfaction of hunger — the fact being acknowledged that the sensation we call hunger is often allayed by the presence of even innutritious substances in the stomach. Good soup is literally the juice of any ingredient from which it is made, the extract of the meat, grains or vegetables which compose it. Even the most economical soups, eaten with bread, will satisfy the hunger of the hardest worker. The absolute nutritive value of soup depends, of course, upon its ingredients; and these can easily be chosen in reference to the maintenance of health. For instance, the pot liquor in which meat has been boiled needs only the addition of a few dumplings or cereals and seasoning to form a perfect nutriment. That produced from skin and bones can be made equally palatable and nutritious by boiling with it a few vegetables and sweet herbs, and some rice, barley or oatmeal. Even the gelatinous residue produced by long-continued boiling, without the presence of any foreign matter, is a useful emollient application to the inflamed mucous surfaces in some diseases, while it affords at the same time the degree of distention necessary to prevent flatulency. The time required to make the most palatable and nutritious soup is short. Lean meat should be chopped fine, placed in cold water, in the proportion of a pint to each pound, slowly heated and thoroughly skimmed. Five minutes' boiling will extract from the meat every particle of nutriment and flavor. The liquor can then be strained off, seasoned and eaten with bread, biscuit and vegetables. Peas or beans boiled and added to the soup make it the most perfect food for sustaining health and strength. It is the pure juice of the meat, and contains all its savory and life-giving principles.

DIPHTHERIA. — The Medical Press says that Dr. Deuker, who, during twenty-four years of very extensive practise in the Children's Hospital, St. Petersburg, has treated upward of two thousand cases of diphtheria, and tried all the remedies, both internal and external, employed in this affection, has obtained the best results from the following method, which he has employed for the last ten years. As soon as the white spots appear on the tonsils, he gives a laxative mainly composed of senna, which produces an abundant evacuation. When the purgative effect has ceased, he gives cold drinks, acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and every two hours a gargle composed of lime water and hot milk in equal parts. Dr. Deuker affirms that, when this treatment is commenced early, it is generally and rapidly successful.

THE mothers of nursing babies will find it to their advantage to provide themselves with two light flannel sacks, to be slipped on over the night-dress on cold nights. Colds are taken which are followed by more or less serious consequences, by the slight exposure which comes from attending to the needs of little children at night. It is a good plan also to have a pair of warm and loose slippers at the bedside. The slippers which are crocheted of soft Berlin wools, and which have soles of leather thickly wadded with lambs' wool, are especially adapted for this use.

THE EAR. — In the British Medical Journal Dr. Dalby calls attention to the dangers of inflicting punishment by blows on the ears. A number of evil results may follow: first, total paralysis of audition may occur simply from the shock to the delicate nervous apparatus within the ear. Again, the tympanic membrane may be ruptured; furthermore, acute inflammation of the middle ear may result from violence. Cases are recorded in which children have lost their lives from extension upward of the inflammation to the meninges of the brain.

THE following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach is said to be very agreeable: beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add fresh milk, one pint; water, one pint; sugar, to make it palatable; boil, and let it cool; drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

KENT PUDDING — One quart of mllk, six ounces of ground rice, three eggs, currants, sugar and spice to taste. The milk and rice should be boiled over night, and other ingredients mixed in the next morning. Stir in the mixture well before putting it in the oven.

THE first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

The Humorist.

FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.—Theodore Cibber, in company with three others, made an excursion. Theodore had a set of false teeth—a second, a glass eye—a third, a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing in particular except the way of shaking his head. They traveled in a post coach, and on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed at each baiting place, to affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner each appeared to have a cork leg, and their stumping about made more diversion than any he had had at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf, but at supper, which was at the "Ship," at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in the farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber cried out to the waiter: "Here, you fellow! take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" "Aye, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire; they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner accomplished, than a second called out: "Here you! take out my eye." "Sir, your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog, pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out: "Here, you rascal, take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceiving that it was his last job. He was mistaken, however, in this supposition, for the fourth watched his opportunity, and whilst the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth and leg, lying on the table, cried in a frightful, hollow voice: "Come here, sir; take off my head." Turning round and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin on a chimney piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling down stairs, he ran madly about the house as if actually terrified out of his senses.

WHEN you are successful, look out for the arrows of envy. "Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees," said a Persian philosopher.

WHEN Mr. Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher, was sounded on the subject of receiving knighthood, he said, "Nae, nae; it wadna dee. You see," he went on, "if a boy cam' into ma shop and said, 'A ha'peth o' slate-pencil, Sir Adam,' it wadna sound weel."

"PA, what is an employment agent?" "Why, my son, he is a man who is very anxious to get work for others to do. He himself doesn't want any."

PLAYING football by electric light has been tried without success. The players throw themselves by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads.

"I GIVE you my word that I'm speaking the truth," said a man to his wife. "Of course, you give me your word," she retorted bitterly, "because no one else will take it."

"WOMEN ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently talking over the back fence to the woman next door is not considered open-air exercise.

"BOOTS blacked inside," is posted at a doorway. But who wants his boots blacked inside?

THERE wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if some of our dairymen had the original construction of it.

A MAN who painted a lamp-post every evening for two weeks, saw his marks on the backs of ninety-seven different loafers.

IT is astonishing how fast an oyster can swim after he is made up in a sauce. Brown says he saw a restaurant-keeper bail out fourteen ladles of sauce before he succeeded in catching a single oyster.

"WELL, my dear, are you getting on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma; last month, when I played four-hand pieces with my music teacher, I was always a couple of bars behind. Now, I am always at least three ahead."

A SCIENTIST says—the scientist is always saying something—that each adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make forty thousand matches. They who know how hard it is to make a match of two persons will begin to lose their faith in scientists.

A COUPLE of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the elder and wiser replied, "Quite true; but what we want is the Chief Justice on our side."

"I AM afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to that already," was the reply: "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE PHILADELPHIA IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Convention called for the 25th of April at Philadelphia, has it in its power to do substantial good to Ireland by th eexhibition of a united, emphatic, and determined purpose to endorse Mr. Parnell's method for reafforming and more definitely enlarging the leading principles and work of the Land League. But already we notice in journals professing to represent a large constituency, a purpose to throw Parnell overboard, and commit the Convention to the sanction of certain revolutionary and communistic theories which we feel assured have no large following either here or in Ireland. The voice of faction, the clamor for change, and the abandonment of methods of which the past success guarantees the future triumph, may combine to make the Convention, not, as it should be, the seal of Parnell's methods, but an arena for irreconcilable factions and impracticable and jarring theories.

If there is one fact in Ireland's history which more pointedly than any other accounts for her political failures, it is the repeated change of her methods and plans to secure legislative independence. Unity and constancy are the two great factors in a national struggle. Once a definite plan has been agreed upon, no change, even for the better, should be tolerated. A plan unitedly and constantly adhered to, will work off its bad points; but continual change means continual failure.

The Land League, which essentially remains the same under Mr. Parnell's new presentation of its ideas, their extension and execution, has the immense advantage of being clearly known to all Irishmen at home and abroad. This popular knowledge and understanding of a great national scheme is of simply incalculable value and preciousness. Everybody knew what the Land League meant. Now, if an entirely new policy is submitted by the Convention, time, and what is of greater importance, the past training of the people, are lost.

Few, except those whose position in public life has given them experience, know how difficult it is to get even one clear, definite, and comprehensive idea into the heads of a great mass of people. What is this difficulty compared to educating a nation, nay, the world, as the Land League, by its speeches and its organs effectually id. There is not one intelligent, civilized man in Europe or America who does not understand the Irish land question, and the constitutional agitation which Mr. Parnell conducted with such supreme ability, perseverance, and reasonable success. Now, if a dozen theories, all new, all to be explained not only to Ireland but to America, are to absorb our attention, the work of the past two years will be lost.

The same complaint is made against Mr. Parnell that was made against O'Connell—he is too slow, too methodical, too conservative. With all due allowance for the impetuosity of the Celtic temperament, this charge is baseless. O'Connell's securing of emancipation within the limits of his lifetime, is among the greatest achievements

of statesmanship. A nation cannot be moved as easily as a ward or a vestry meeting.

Besides, is there any one man in Ireland who has Mr. Parnell's qualifications for leadership? His coolness, courage, integrity, trustworthiness, the esteem of the clergy, the confidence of all classes, his silence and good temper under calumny and during unjust imprisonment, stamp him as just the man to lead a people so ardent and impulsive as the Irish. He sticks to one path, and long and hard as it seems, it has a definite goal; whereas, nobody knows where the short-cuts of the *Irish World* and O'Donovan Rossa will lead us.

We are sure that if the Philadelphia Convention supports Parnell and his methods, the simple fact of the display of unity will have more weight than the best of theoretic programmes. All Ireland and America, indeed the world, know precisely what Mr. Parnell means, what he wants, how he proposes to get it, and how worthy of confidence his abilities and his record show him to be. The Convention, then, in endorsing him, will give a tangible idea to the world. We shall not have a repetition of the disaster which followed the abandonment of O'Connell, on the same grounds now urged against Parnell. But if this Convention allow itself to be captured by the colleagues of the *Irish World;* if it issue wordy and bombastic resolutions about everything and nothing definite; if it declare Mr. Parnell's methods antiquated, and the principle of the Land League impractible and useless; if it propose a policy which the masses cannot grasp, or if they understand, will not accept; we may as well ring down the curtain upon what promised to be an "imperial theme," but which a divided and revolutionary convention turn into a dismal farce.

Boxing Boston.—Ancient Athens allowed pugilistic exercises in her games, and the Modern Athens is following her example—with a difference. In Ancient Athens there was no special "profession" of pugilists, and the exercise fell within the general gymnastic system of physical training. Such a scene as Boston presented recently would have amazed and disgusted the heathen Athenian. Imagine the chief magistrate with his counsellors, the men of letters, poets, and historians, crowding a theatre, during a solemn time of religious ceremony, to look upon a boxing match, unrelieved by a single gleam of intellectual or poetic light. Boston had better drop the title of Modern Athens, and instead of the Hub, be known as the Slug.

But while we are hitting at Boston, (this Exhibition imparts a pugilistic tone to our style), we are in reality hitting at members of our own faith and nationality. At least three fourths of the "sluggers" were of Irish extraction, and presumably Catholics. The audience was decidedly Celtic, and thousands who never would buy a book, attend a concert or a lecture, fought and struggled to get admittance to the "mill."

Then, too, the holy season of Lent, when the most wretched sinners feel some compunctious visitings! Well! There is no use preaching a sermon.

That a considerable number of Irishmen find delight in low and brutal sports, and in the semisavagery of drunkenness, may not be answerable, and we believe is not traceable to anything defective or to brutalized instincts in the national character. On the contrary, it is the wonder of students of nature and history, that Ireland has maintained so high a type of civilization under conditions in which other nations have sunk into barbarism. As Wendell Phillips says,—"Before England should charge Ireland with ignorance or brutality, she should place her mouth in the dust." It was the ignorant prejudices, bigotry and persecution of England, that left Ireland exposed to the dangers inseparable from degrading poverty and misrule.

But if the exigencies of a persecuted state of existence prevented Ireland from giving to all her children a taste for the higher pleasures of sense and intellect, that state does not exist here. There is no reason why any Irishman or his sons should take to fisticuffs and make a living. We are disgusted and ashamed at the "Paddies" and "Jemmies" and "Barneys," (these are the *classic* names by

which the leading buffers are designated) that figure in the sporting calendars and the annals of the prize ring. The life is disreputable and sinful, for it exposes a man to the danger of committing murder, and it scandalizes all, both of, and outside the church.

We give a color to the statement, that wherever the Irish settle, rowdyism triumphs. If Irishmen are so full of animal or other spirits, that they cannot contain their nervous excitability, why not have a game of football, or a race, or a dance — and not this fighting and roystering which exposes us to the laughter or the contempt of a civilized community?

WHO IS TO BLAME? — Is it true that the people, whilst gladly helping priests to build large and magnificent churches, approve of them in their hearts? We hear it sometimes said that Catholics do not like poor, mean-looking church edifices, and this is true; but may it not be also true that there is a medium with which the people are fully satisfied?

It is too much to expect our poor people to dot the land with magnificent churches, palatial convents, school-buildings, and Cathedrals. Let there be a few great churches to show what we *can* do; but why should every village have a Cathedral? Our priests would be happier and more encouraged if they set out with a modest plan of a good, well-built, and plain church. These magnificent edifices are generally the monuments over two or three good clergymen, who have killed themselves raising money.

The beginning of the Augustinian trouble at Lawrence was the taking of a heavily encumbered church from Bishop Fitzpatrick. The society for the good of religion, heroically took the obligations, cleared them off, and no doubt crippled their own resources. This should not be forgotten in their present trouble.

Unless a priest is wide awake, he will be cheated badly in church building. It is looked upon as a very mine of wealth by contractor and builder. Eternal vigilance is the only price of safety.

The real price is always double the estimate. The people forget this, grumble at the priest; maybe the Bishop growls too; the priest don't want to let his straits be known; bills, like snow-flakes, descend; meeting of congregation; interview with Bishop; farewell speech of pastor — and * * * well, * * another fair.

GREAT distress exists in the county Mayo. Over 700 families are on the lists of persons needing relief. The distress has not been so great since the year 1847. People who refuse to enter the workhouse are dying from want of food outside.

THE LAWRENCE AUGUSTINIAN FUND. —At the church of the Immaculate Conception, Lawrence, Sunday, March 11th, after Mass, a parish meeting was held, and Rev. Fr. Devir, John Breen, Andrew R. Ahearn, Patrick Ford and Patrick J. Dorgan were appointed the committee on the part of that parish, with those already chosen at St. Mary's and St. Lawrence's to collect subscriptions and see to the proper disposition of the funds raised. Some subscriptions were obtained, and the total amount now pledged, together with deductions made on deposit books, is about $10,000. A union fair is expected to be held in October, and it is hoped from time to time to obtain aid from other places both in the diocese and outside.

ARRIVAL OF THE LIMERICK LASSES.— Major T. B. Crowley, of Nashua, N. H., who journeyed to Ireland in search of operatives for the cotton mills of that city, reached home March 21. During his absence he has suffered a good deal with an old wound received in the army and has experienced more of hardships than he anticipated when he sailed from America. The return voyage was without incident, save head winds and consequent delay in time. His party consisted of 225 females, all of whom have certificates of good character from the priests of the parishes from which they came, and all of whom are in good health. The party disembarked for Nashua at the Fitchburg wharf from a steamer of the Allan Line. The new comers are not imported for the purpose of displacing old operatives. The mills of the companies have been enlarged and the transaction is one that is regulated entirely by the law of supply and demand. They will be distributed in the various departments of the mills and instructed in the labor they are to perform.

The White Star Line steamer *Doric*, a sister ship to the *Ionic* of the same line, was launched at Belfast recently.

GLADSTONE, it is reported, is far from being well. His resignation may be looked for daily.

A SHE DEVIL.—Cardinal Manning, speaking on temperance some time ago, stated that a drunken man was "bad enough," but a drunken woman, "Well—she was a perfect devil." Was the Cardinal's statement exaggerated? We cannot think so when we read of the "fiendish outrage by a mother" reported from Chester, England. Elizabeth Roberts came home drunk on Sunday last, seized her child, aged fourteen months, by the feet, and flung it into the fire. Another woman, named Antrobus, pulled it off; but Mrs. Roberts again seized it and returned it to the fire. This was repeated a third time, when, assistance arriving, the child was rescued. The mother then attempted to throw the boiling contents of a kettle over her child; in her efforts to protect whom, Mrs. Antrobus was severely scalded. Both Mrs. Antrobus and the child are now in the infirmary. The latter is said to be "literally roasted," and even its life is despaired of.

RELIEF.—The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, at the request of Archbishop Wood, opened a subscription for the distressed in Ireland. According to the last published report, the amount has reached over eight thousand dollars.

CONSECRATION.—On the 22d of April, the consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, the first Bishop of Grand Rapids, will take place in St. Andrew's Church in that city. The consecrating Bishop will be Right Rev. Dr. Elder, of Cincinnati; the first assistant, Bishop Borgess, of Detroit; the second assistant, Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville.

LECTURE IN AID OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND.—"Scotland and the Catholic Church," was the subject of a lecture delivered in Horticultural Hall, Sunday evening, Mar. 18th, by the Rev. Father Wright, of Ayrshire, Scotland, who is at present in Boston collecting funds for the erection of chapel schools in poor and scattered districts of Scotland. Mr. I. G McCormac, in introducing the lecturer, stated that it seldom happens that the generosity of the American people is appealed to from "Auld Scotia," and on this occasion, he was pleased to state, the appeal was not made in vain. The reverend lecturer related in an interesting manner "some pickings" from the history of the Church in Scotland from the time that St. Colomba first came over from Ireland to convert the pagan up to the present time, dwelling on the fact that the Catholic Church prevailed in that country for more than one thousand years, and that it was to the Catholic Church that Scotland owed the most of the glory that she ever achieved, for to that Church belonged all the heroes who figured in the history and literature of that country. Previous to the lecture a programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out, under the leadership of Mr. Triggs. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience, mostly Scotch Catholics, and the proceeds amounted to over $300.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster issued the following circular-note with reference to the observance of St. Patrick's Day:—A plenary indulgence may be gained by all persons who—besides making a good confession and receiving worthily the Holy Communion, and praying for the intention of his Holiness—shall, on the day before St. Patrick's Day, on St. Patrick's day itself, and on the following day, abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

EVENTS IN ROME.—Two unwonted sights have been witnessed in Rome recently. For the first time since 1870, the cupola of St. Peter's and the hundred towers of Rome have been covered with snow; and for the first time since the same date of unhappy memories, the general public have been admitted to the ceremonies of the Sistine Chapel. No tickets of admission were required; but gentlemen were, of course, requested to wear evening dress, and ladies, black veils. The ceremonies were conducted without any disturbance, and with great dignity, by the Sovereign Pontiff.

THE DAY IN IRELAND.—Under the auspices of the Irish National League, St. Patrick's Day was celebrated throughout Ireland in a manner that has been equalled by few of the years in the memory of the present generation. The people,—erect, defiant and thoroughly organized,—view with delight the spectacle of their would-be rulers acknowledging to the world the utter defeat of their system of government by coercion, and the coming of the dawn of the day on which the Irish people shall hail the advent of "Home Rule" in its fullest and most National acceptation.

THE sexton at St. Peter's Cathedral in Cincinnati, in trying to place a screen over Murillo's "St. Paul in Chains," slipped from the scaffolding and fell through the picture to the floor. The picture was worth $25,000, and is ruined.

FASTING.—St. Francis of Sales says:—"Labor as well as fasting serves to mortify and subdue the flesh. If the labor you undertake is necessary or useful for the glory of God, I had rather you would suffer the pain of labor than of fasting. This is the sense of the Church, since on account of such labors as contribute to the service of God and our neighbors, she discharges those who do them even from the fasts commanded." Were these words duly weighed by those who are entitled to adopt them as their own, many of the minor domestic miseries of Lent would be abolished; husbands would not have to complain of the "pious extravagances" of their wives, nor fathers have cause to be indignant with daughters who are too young to know the lasting injury sometimes inflicted by those who play tricks with Nature which Nature resents.

THE GREAT MAJORITY of the Catholics in England are decidedly Liberal as to politics, whilst the Conservative section of their co-religionists are, with a few exceptions, not zealous enough to support with activity any political association. To these reasons must be added the fact that, although he takes no active part in politics, Cardinal Manning is a decided Liberal, and objects strongly, as do all the bishops and clergy in England who belong to the Catholic Church, to religion and politics being in any case mixed up together even in name.

GLADSTONE'S health is again showing signs of weakness, and the date of his resignation is probably very near. Much demoralization exists among the "liberals," in consequence,—as it is felt that the veteran leader of the party is alone competent to keep together its jarring elements.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.—Much interest has been felt in the visit of Lord Aberdare to Dublin, to inquire into the state of the Industrial Schools and Reformatories in that city. His lordship, with some of his fellow-commissioners dined with the Lord Mayor, on which occasion the noble guest made a very friendly and sympathetic speech, declaring himself to have been not only favorably impressed, but deeply affected by all he had seen in the institutions which he had come to visit in Ireland. A general hope is entertained that one result of his visitation will be that education will, before long, be made compulsory in Ireland. We learn from private sources that his lordship was keenly touched by much that he learned and witnessed, especially at the great Industrial School of Artane, under the Christian Brothers, the Reformatory for little girls, in care of the Good Shepherd Nuns at High Park, and at the Asylum for the Blind, kept by the Sisters of Charity at Merrion, where is, also, a certified Industrial School. He is reported to have said to the good nuns, "Ah! it is easy to see there is something in your management different from all others. It is evident you work by love and not by fear."

REAFFORESTING.—In a letter on the scheme for re-afforesting Ireland, the Archbishop of Cashel says:—"I want to know for whose use and benefit are the new forests to be planted, or what class in the country is to derive an income from them when they have attained maturity, and are fit for sale. If they become national property—that is, available for the exclusive advancement of Irish interests—well and good. But if, on the other hand, the contemplated forests are to be planted at a public expense by Irish laborers, and for the benefit of Irish landlords, I beg leave to enter my emphatic protest against the scheme.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is said, during his stay at Cannes, has been conversing with M. Clemenceau on the prominent topics of the day, and has spoken decisively concerning Ireland. Centralization, he said, was the curse of Ireland. "What I hope and desire, what I labor for, and have, above all things, at heart, is to decentralize administrative authority there. We have disestablished the Church, relieved the tenant class of many grievances; we are now trying to produce a state of things which will make the humblest Irishman realize that he is a governing agency, and that the Government is to be carried on for him and by him." Certainly, this is an aim worthy of a statesman, and one which every patriot and philanthropist would labor to promote. It is, of course, sure to encounter strenuous opposition; meaning, as it does, the entire reversal of the old unrighteous policy, the substitution of native for alien local rule, and the downfall of the Castle system. Mr. Gladstone's reported utterances, in connection with a recent speech of his son at Leeds, point, not doubtfully, to Radical reforms—in particular, that the axe should be laid to to the root of the tree of centralization and the Castle.

GALWAY.—Throughout Ireland at the present time there is gradually spreading a wave of independent effort to establish works for the employment of native labor and native capital. This is a cheering sign of the times. So much apathy, from causes not far to seek, has been displayed for years past, that it is a matter of con-

gratulation to observe that the Irish people are now determined to act for themselves, and to promote industries which will at once be a source of wealth and a check to the ravages which poverty, through lack of employment, makes amongst a people. The leading residents in the ancient "City of the Tribes" are taking measures to bring about the erection of a woolen factory there; and we are sure their efforts will meet with the success which they deserve. Galway is in the centre of a large sheep-farming district, and growers will the more easily supply the market, as buyers for the proposed manufactory will be enabled to give the price which those purchasing for English and other Irish concerns pay. It may be hoped that the example set by Galway will be followed in the other large towns throughout the country.

THE LATE FAIR in aid of St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Boston, yielded the handsome sum of eleven thousand five hundred and ninety-seven dollars and twenty-eight cents, after paying all expenses.

MR. JUSTICE FIELD has cleared up the mystery connected with the famous "Number One." This individual seems to be no less a personage than the learned judge himself. In the Queen's Bench Division, on Monday, on the rising of the court, a learned counsel applied for an adjournment of a case which stood in the list for Tuesday. Mr. Justice Field: "I do not sit here to-morrow, at Nisi Prius." Counsel: "The case is in the list for Court Number Two." Mr. Justice Field: "This Court is Number Two, but I am not. I am Number One." The announcement was received with loud laughter.

FEDERATION: A GOOD SUGGESTION.—While Mr. Forster has been insisting on the unalterable determination of both English parties to maintain the legislative union with Ireland, Sir Alexander Galt, G.C.M.G., the High Commissioner of Canada, has been approaching the question from quite another stand-point — that of a federation of the Empire. He was addressing a meeting at Edinburg on the subject of the relation of the colonies to the mother country. If, he said, it became necessary to grant local institutions to Ireland, they must necessarily be accompanied by similar concessions to England and Scotland, and a favorable opportunity would then arise for inducing the self-governing colonies to enter into a truly Imperial federation, by their united strength adding to the influence of the Empire, and securing from attack and loss those vast possessions which must continue to be governed directly by the Crown; and he suggested that the subject of Imperial federation might with advantage be considered by a Government Commission of representative men from England, Scotland, Ireland, and the self-governing colonies, who would have before them the federation of the United States, the German Empire, and many other successful Constitutions which divided local from general legislation.

IT is stated that the total expense of bringing over from the West Indies the man Westgate, who falsely accused himself of complicity in the Phœnix Park murders, amounts to about £3,000. The Dublin police never believed the man's story, but the Home Secretary, anxious not to lose even the appearance of a clue, decided that Westgate should be brought to Ireland.

ONE of the handsomest Catholic temples which money can build will be raised by the Empress Eugene at Farnborough in memory of her beloved Dead. Between £60,000 and £70,000 will, according to a contemporary, be devoted to this pious purpose, and as the site is now chosen and the ground marked out, little time will be lost in beginning the building operations. The church is to stand at the foot of a clump of firs fronting the park, on the other side of the railway which runs close to the grounds of Farnborough Hill (for so the Empress's new home is called), and the coffins of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial will be transferred from Chislehurst as soon as the new building is fit to receive them. This can hardly be under two years and a half, or even three years. At present the Empress attends Mass every Sunday at the Catholic chapel at the North Camp, Aldershot.

THE DEATH OF GAMBETTA WAS FORETOLD by a woman who had known his mother and who openly assailed him in the streets of Nice. "You yourself will die," she cried, "before the end of the year." At the very same moment last year M. Herold, the Atheist Prefect of the Seine, who had attempted to "*laicise*" the schools of Paris, breathed his last. Some revelations have been made concerning the religious side of the illness of M. Gambetta. One of the doctors who saw that his case was hopeless, and who was a good Catholic, said to him: "I saw the Archbishop of Sens to-day. He was a great admirer of your patriotism in the terrible days of the Prussian war; and I feel

sure it would be a great pleasure to him if he could be presented to you." M. Gambetta replied that he would be happy to see the Archbishop; but added that if he received him at that moment the papers would say that he was dying. All along the patient clung to the certainty of recovery; and death came upon him at last literally, "like a thief in the night." The scandal of the opposition to the express wish of the deceased, and to the resolution of his father, is another specimen of the inconsistent intolerance shown by Atheists.

FEBRUARY'S IMMIGRANTS.— The total number of immigrants arriving in the United States during the month of February was 17,065 against 28,247 in February, 1882. Of this number 5044 were from Germany, 2,802 from England and Wales, 1,592 from Italy, and 1,542 from Ireland.

TREE PLANTING.— The project of reafforestering Ireland promoted by Dr. Lyons, M. P., seems to have reached a practicable point. The project is certain to give extensive employment, as the preliminary operations of draining and fencing the areas laid out for planting must be gone through before the plants are sown. Very generous action has been taken in the matter by growers of trees. In all, about three hundred thousand trees have been placed at the disposal of Dr. Lyons, to be sent to such destination as he may advise. The contributors are — Messrs. Little and Ballantyne, of Carlisle, 20,000; Messrs. Dixon and Son, Cheltenham, 50,000; Messrs. Hogg and Robertson, of Dublin and Scotland, 40,000; Messrs. Bell and Son, of Hexham, several thousands. These have just been supplemented by the generous offer of Mr. D. H. Higgins, of Clonmel, who has placed some hundreds of thousands of forest trees at the disposal of Dr. Lyons. This reafforestering scheme may not only tend to alleviate existing distress, but may also be a source of wealth in the future.

ASKING STATE AID.—Senator Galvin of Boston appeared before the Committee on Public Charities in the State House lately, and spoke in favor of a change in the law, so that the same provisions that now apply to the Massachusetts Infant Asylum apply to St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

EMPRESS EUGENIE'S GENEROSITY. — The Empress Eugenie has done a royal and a graceful act. In the days of her prosperity the city of Marseilles presented the Emperor with a site on which to form a park and build an imperial residence — doubtless with a remote view to the main chance, and to bringing the Court into residence there from time to time. The Emperor accepted the gift and built a palace, on which he expended a great deal of money. Then, when the Empire was fallen, the Emperor dead, and the Empress in exile, the municipality brought an action against "the Widow Bonaparte" to recover the estate. The Empress resisted with spirit, employed a celebrated Republican advocate, and gained her cause. And now, having gained it, and established her right to possession, she has made a present of the whole property to the city of Marseilles. We do not envy the "municipals," who will find it difficult to put a good face on the matter, when they accept, as they must accept, the gift.

IN the Massachusetts State Legislature on March 9th, the Committee on Parishes and Religious Societies reported a bill incorporating Most Rev. John J. Williams, and Revs. W. A. Blenkinson, Thos. H. Shahan and John Flatley as Trustees of the Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary for the purpose of educating young men for the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

THE LARGEST MAN in the British service is Lieut. Sutherland of the Fifty-sixth Regiment. He is six feet four inches high and weighs twenty-six stone.— *N. Y. Sun.*

THAT British trooper is more than matched by Father Turner, a Kentucky friar, who in the course of a mission at St. John's church, Lockport, recently, was engaged in fighting battles of the Church militant. This brave Dominican who so frightened the devil, is only six feet six inches high and three hundred and twenty-five lbs. in weight. Behold the growth of popery in this land of the free where it has room to expand. — *Buffalo Union and Times.*

WE know Father Turner, and big as his body is, it is small compared to his soul. He is a broad-gauge man in every sense of the word.— *Washington Catholic.*

REMAINS OF COLUMBUS.— John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., read a paper before the New York Historical Society recently, designed to prove that the bones of Christopher Columbus still lie in the Cathedral of San Domingo. At the conclusion of Mr. Shea's reading Chief Justice Charles P. Daly said that when he was in Spain lately he bought a silver box that was probably owned by Columbus, and that he visited the Convent of St. Francis, where the remains of the great discoverer rested until their transfer, in 1513, to the Carthu-

sian monastry of Las Cuevas, whence they were taken, 1536 to San Domingo. The Judge, after dwelling upon the triumphal return of Columbus from what he believed to have been the discovery of a western route to the Indies, spoke with deep pathos of the discoverer's subsequent return in irons to Spain. "And now," the Judge continued, "after the birthplace of Columbus has been under discussion for three centuries, there is still uncertainty as to his final resting place." The Judge was, however, inclined to agree with Mr. Shea that the weight of testimony is that the remains that were taken with great pomp from the Cathedral of San Domingo and deposited in the Cathedral of Havana in 1796 were those of either Bartolomeo, the discoverer's brother, or Luis, the grandson of Christopher Columbus.

REV. LAWRENCE WALSH, treasurer of the Irish National Land League, cabled $3,000 to Ireland for relief of the victims of the famine in the west of Ireland.

THE LAND ACT.—A return issued by the Irish Land Commission details the proceedings taken under the Land Act for the two months ending on the 31st of January, 1883. The number of applications made during that period to fix a fair rent was 178,254. Of these 42,554 were fixed in court and 49,677 out of court; 5,967 applications were withdrawn, and 8,213 dismissed or struck out. The applications to have leases declared void numbered, during the same period 3,000, of which 206 were declared void, 1,344 were dismissed, and 754 withdrawn or compromised. The number of originating notices given was 316, of which 48 were disposed of; while the number of appeals lodged was 11,340—2,556 being heard and 1,170 withdrawn. Altogether, the number of cases disposed of under the Land Act for two months amounted to 64,812.

FOR ELEVEN YEARS after his consecration, Archbishop MacHale never eat meat in Lent. For thirty years he was at the end of each Lent, and during Easter week, when the fasting days had passed by, unable to walk firmly owing to the emaciated condition of his fine frame from continued severe fasting and mortification.

CHILD LABOR IN FRANCE.—A Government decree has been issued in France containing six articles relating to the employment of children in French factories. It is absolutely forbidden to employ children in the manufacture of certain dangerous chemicals, or to let boys under 17 or girls under 18 years of age to work in mills. It is also made illegal to allow boys or girls under a certain age to draw any trucks on the public streets or highways, or when inside the manufactories to draw any vehicle which, together with the load, shall weigh more than 100 kilogrames. Neither must children be employed in manufacturing bone, horn, or mother-of-pearl articles, the dust of which is injurious to the lungs, nor in business involving risk to life and limb, as, for instance, in slating roofs. Proper ventilation of the factories is made compulsory. Exit from factories in case of fire is also made a special care in the French republic.

THE hopes of an approachment between the Holy See and the Swiss Republic, seem to be confirmed. Among other indications of so happy a result, we may mention that, at the request of the Cantonal Government of Fribourg, the Holy Father has decided to nominate the Abbé Savoy as Bishop of Lausanne. Moreover, M. Bavier, Swiss Minister to the Quirinal, has demanded from the Italian Government the restoration of the free burses in the Collegio Borromeo of Milan, which belong to Catholic Cantons, and which were suppressed in 1860.

LEO XIII. is evidently solicitous for peace, not merely with the great States of Europe, like Russia and Germany, but also with the smallest. Next to Switzerland, the little principality of Montenegro occupies the mind of his Holiness; and it is now stated that a Concordat will shortly be concluded with Prince Nikita, one of the first results of which will be the erection of a Catholic Bishopric at Antivari.

FATHER SHEEHEY, of Lebanon, has sent us some shamrocks that were prepared and blessed in Ireland. Around the stem is a certificate that the wearer can gain a three hundred days' indulgence by abstaining from intoxicating drinks from twelve o'cock of the 16th to twelve o'clock of the 18th. These shamrocks are not to be drowned.—*The Western Watchman.*

CARDINAL MANNING'S house at Westminster is to be pulled down at once to make room for the new cathedral to be erected by the munificence of Sir Tatton Sykes. The cathedral is to be built from the designs of the Commemorative Church in Vienna. Sir Tatton Sykes has obtained all the plans and working drawings from Vienna. The Emperor of Austria refused

to give his sanction to the disposal of these designs unless for the purpose of building a Roman Catholic church, whereon Sir Tatton wrote; "I'd just as soon build a Catholic church as another."

POPULATION OF DUBLIN.—The Census Returns (1881) to which we add the corresponding figures for 1871, in order to make it comparative. It shows how the population of the City of Dublin is made up with regard to the different religious professions:

	1881.	1871.
Catholics	200,774	195,180
Protestant Episcopalians	39,565	39,897
Presbyterians	4,463	4,517
Methodists	1,932	1,828
All other persuasions	2,868	5,093
Total population of city	249 602	246,515

JEWS ON THE BOURSE.—Out of 92 registered brokers who exercise a principal influence on the Paris Bourse are 42 German Jews, 2 Dutch Jews 2 Prussian, 2 Egyptian, and 2 Greek Jews; moreover there are 35 registered French Jews, of whom one-half are Alsatians. It must not be forgotten, too, that among the Christians the greater part are "New Christians." If this goes on the Paris Bourse will soon not be behind those of Berlin and Vienna in the preponderance of Israelites and their exclusive control of the money-market.

MURDERS IN 1882.—During 1882 the murders committed in the United States averaged two a day, while the executions only averaged two a week. There were in the year 212 murders and 53 executions in the South. New York state had 131 murders and only four executions.

THE celebration of Ireland's festival was observed throughout the world with the usual demonstrations. Nothing occurred, as far as we have seen, to interrupt the harmony and good feeling which should always exist on the 17th of March.

POOR girls! March 8th two hundred girls sailed from Limerick for New Hampshire, and almost the entire population assembled to bid them an affecting good-bye. What the lot of these poor Irish girls will be turned loose in the cities and towns of New England, without the guidance and counsels of a Catholic father and mother, left behind them, perhaps forever, can be better imagined than described. Many will be saved by the influence of their faith, but many, too, will fall victims to the accursed air of New England immorality. The factories and shops will receive them. May God preserve them and keep them in the paths that so many Irish girls have sanctified by their prayers and works of charity.—*Catholic Columbian.*

IN TIME OF PEACE, ETC.—At the present time there is greater activity at the English Dockyards than has been the case for many years. There are 1,500 extra hands at work above the strength of the yard, and, notwithstanding this, some 2,000 or 3,000 men are daily working extra hours. The greatest exertions are being used to complete as rapidly as possible the two new armor-plated vessels now under construction. The largest of these is the *Rodney*, ten guns, double screw, steel, armor-plated barbette ship, 9,600 tons, with engines of 7,000-horse power. The other vessel is the *Warspite*, of ten guns, 7,390 tons, and 8,000-horse power. This will be a twin-screw steel armor-plated cruiser, and, although her burden will be some 700 tons less than that of the *Rodney*, she is to be fitted with engines capable of working up to a pressure of 1,000 more horse power than those of the *Rodney*. Another vessel which is being built at Chatham and which will be fitted with exceptionally powerful engines, is the unarmoured single-screw corvette *Calypso*, fourteen guns. Although her tonnage will only be 2,770, she will be supplied with engines of 3,000-horse power.

IT is expected that Mr. Parnell and other M. P's., will be present at the convention in Philadelphia on the 25th of April. A later cablegram states that Mr. Parnell will not come.

IT is stated that during his sojourn at Cannes, Mr. Gladstone has been greatly impressed by the generally prosperous condition of the peasants in the locality. His observations have, it is added, tended to convince him of the advantages of peasant-proprietorship, and to reassure him as to the policy of his Irish land reforms.

MR MAYNE, a Parnellite, has been declared elected to the House of Commons for Tipperary, because of the informal nomination of his opponent. The vacancy was caused by the resignation of Mr. John Dillon.

ALL you mothers, wives and daughters, for your own soul's sake, and the salvation of those you love, destroy the damnable and lascivious story papers that you take such unchaste delight in.—*Catholic Columbiam.*

NODIER AND ACHAINTRE.—It is related of Charles Nodier that he went one day in Paris from one dealer in second-hand books to another, trying to complete a collection. In the box belonging to a shabby little old man at the corner of the Pont des Arts, he found it—a Schrevellius of 1671. Fancying he knew what kind of person he was dealing with, he said carelessly, "What do you want for this rubbish? I'll give you thirty sous." "Thirty sous," said the old man with horror. "Rubbish! Why, M. Nodier ——" "What, you know my name? said Nodier, highly flattered. "Oh, who is there who does not know the name of the learned, accomplished Academician to whom we owe so many delightful works? But, thirty sous for this variorum edition, which, although I will not compare it with the Venice Aldines of 1501, is not less remarkable than the Amsterdam edition of 1684! Nodier put a number of bibliographical questions to him, which he answered in a manner that completed his surprise. "Have you seen," he then asked, "the new edition of Juvenal, which Achaintre, the first Latinist of the day, has just brought out?" The old man seemed a little confused. "The fact is, monsieur," he at last said, "I am Achaintre."

THERE are according to the census of 1881, about 1,000,000 Irish in Canada. This is the largest number of all other nationalities excepting the Canadian-French. The entire population is below 4½ millions. The entire Dominion of Canada contains 3½ millions of square miles, thus making it larger than Europe, or the United States.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—We regret to hear of the death of Maj. D. P. Conyngham, editor of the New York Tablet. The Major served in the war of the rebellion, was a gallant soldier, author of several books, and widely known for his many qualities of head and heart.

GRAND CELEBRATION.—Sunday April 15, will be a memorable day in the annals of the Jesuit Fathers. It will be the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph, and at the same time the golden jubilee of the establishment of the province of Maryland by the Jesuit order. The occasion will be celebrated with great solemnity accordingly in all the Jesuit colleges and churches in the province, which embraces all the institutions of the Society of Jesus in Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia. The anniversary properly occurs on July 8, but as at that time all the colleges are closed for the summer vacations and the fathers are absent on missions, the provincial, Very Rev. Robert Fulton, has decided to have the celebration in April. At the Immaculate Conception Church in Boston, the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams will celebrate Pontifical Mass, and Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, will deliver the sermon.

THE *Catholic Review* is informed, through private advices from Rome, received in New York, that the Holy See has appointed Rev. Joseph Rademacher, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind., to the See of Nashville, Tenn., vacant by the promotion of Archbishop Feehan to Chicago. The *Catholic Review* is also informed that Bishop Brondel, of Vancouver's Island, has been appointed Apostolical Administrator of the Vicariate of Montana Territory, now added to the Province of Oregon, although heretofore belonging to the Province of St. Louis, and administered by the vicars of Idaho and Nebraska. Father Jonckau is appointed coadjutor, *cum jure*, to the Bishop of Vancouver. Mgr. Brondel will reside in Montana, and, after organizing the diocese, will be formally transferred to it.

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.—Those who have at heart the progress of the temperance movement will be glad to learn, on the authority of Mr. Trevelyan, that official statistics of drunkenness in Ireland show that in 1881, as compared with 1877, there was a decrease of 42 per cent. in the arrests in certain counties for that offence.

HIGHHANDED OUTRAGE!—A terrible explosion occurred in the local government board offices, Westminster, London, at 9 o'clock, the night of the 15th of March, destroying much property. The report was heard in the House of Commons and caused alarm. The concussion was so great it shook the side galleries and reporter's gallery. It being the dinner hour, few members of the House were in the hall. The Duke of Edinburgh was in the Peer's gallery and seemed alarmed. The Speaker rang his bell and asked the cause of the alarm. No one was injured. The wildest rumors are afloat. The report resembled the discharge of an eighty-ton gun. It is believed the explosion was caused by dynamite, and a deliberate attempt to blow up the government offices.

THE Queen of England slipped on the stairs in Windsor Castle and hurt her knee. The injury was trifling.

Personal.

TALL, thin, dry, his face long, pale and wrinkled, Leo XIII. is of delicate health, which he takes little care of. His austerity is extreme. The spiritual sovereign of over 200,000,000 of Catholics does not spend 100 francs (£4) a month for his table. His highly-developed nervous system alone enables him to resist the fatigues of his vast occupations and labors. Sometimes he appears dejected or exhausted. Some good news brought by telegram gives him new life. . . . He is always grave and solemn, always the Pope. The Italians describe his exterior by the word "ceremonious." Gravity is inherent in his nature. His contemporaries recognized this when he was a boy. He never abandons himself, and is not easily provoked to laughter. He would be thought severe, were it not that he tempers the solemnity of his address with the patient attention with which he listens without interrupting those who speak of him. . . . Leo XIII. speaks with the same slowness as the Archbishop of Paris. If the Pope and the Cardinal have not received the gifts of the orator, they are, on the other hand, writers.

PATRICK EGAN, the former treasurer of the Irish Land League, arrived in New York on the 13th of March.

SUNDAY, March 11, was the seventeenth anniversary of the elevation to the episcopacy of Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, D. D., archbishop of Boston, having been born April 27, 1822. At the time he was consecrated a bishop, seventeen years ago, there were 99 churches and 93 clergymen in the diocese; to-day there are 156 churches, 270 priests, 80 ecclesiastical students, and a Catholic population of about 320,000.

REV. THOMAS COONEY, late assistant at Putnam, Conn., has been promoted as Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Grosvenordale, Conn., in succession to Rev. Hyacinthe Martial. *Ad multos annos.*

THIS being the year of visit *ad limina*, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminister intends to go to Rome after the meeting of the Bishops in Low Week.

THE 10th of March was the thirty-ninth anniversary of the consecration of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York.

CARDINAL M'CABE continues convalescent, but his medical advisers are anxious that he should, as soon as possible, seek the shelter of a milder climate.

A CUSTOM (observes the *Ave Maria*) has just been introduced at the University of Notre Dame which we feel sure will meet with the heartiest approval of the Catholic public. It has been decided to present on each recurring *Lætare* Sunday a gold medal to some Catholic who has rendered special services to the Church in this country as an author, or speaker, architect, etc. The first to receive this honor was Dr. John Gilmary Shea, whose labors in the field of American Catholic History have been as distinguished as they are ill requited. A more happy choice could not have been made, for few men deserve better of the Catholic body in this country than Mr. Shea. The services has been rendered cannot be over-estimated, and future generations will appreciate them for their full worth. The medal was presented to Dr. Shea on *Lætare* Sunday by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, in the name of the University of Notre Dame. It was ccompanied by an address in purest Latinity, the composition of Rev. Father Fitte, one of the College Professors. The medal is of heavy gold, richly enamelled and appropriately engraved. The address was printed on fine watered silk, tastefully embroidered, and embellished with an exquisite miniature representation of Clio, skilfully painted by Prof. Gregori. In thus honoring Dr. Shea the University has conferred honor on itself. We trust that future recipients of the *Lætare* medal will be selected with equal discrimination.

WE (*London Register*) have much pleasure in announcing the conversion to the Catholic Church of the Rev. Charles Amherst, Daniel Tyssen, M. A., of Merton College, Oxford. Mr. Tyssen, who was appointed curate of High Week, Newton Abbott in 1880, at Oxford, took a Fourth Class in the Theological School.

FATHER THOMAS BURKE, O. P. preached in Middlesbrough Cathedral lately in aid of the building fund of the new Dominican Church at Talaght, county Dublin.

AT a small dinner party given by Lord Lyons to Mr. Gladstone, when the Premier was in Paris, the guests included Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven. The Premier had a good deal of conversation with the lady who told "A Sister's Story" with infinite charm.

"COME what will," said the late Archbishop MacHale, "Ireland must one day be free and self-governed."

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St Louis.

NATALIE NARISCHKIN, SISTER OF CHARITY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. By Mrs. Augustus Craven, author of "A Sister's Story." Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Price. —

Those who have read "A Sister's Story," by the same author, will peruse this book with interest, and those who have not should procure the book. Lady Fullerton has rendered the book into English in her usual correct and pleasant style. We cordially recommend the book to our readers.

PASTORAL LETTER of the Rt. Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, D.D, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., on "Christian Education."

The price of this pamphlet, of 31 pages, is only ten cents. It is just what parents and others want for their families.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

ST. FRANCIS' MANUAL, for members of the Third order. Arranged by a Father of the Order of St. Francis (Province of the Sacred Heart). Two parts in one volume.

This manual is intended to supply a want long felt by the members of the order. It is intended to be a manual in the fullest sense of the word, not only in guiding tertiaries in their religious exercises, but in giving them instructions and directions for sanctifying their daily life.

University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

IF I WERE A KING. A drama in four acts. For male characters only. Composed for the St. Cecelia Philomathean Society of the University of Notre Dame, Ia, by a member of the college faculty. A description of costumes, cast of characters, entrances and exits, etc. Arranged and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A.M. Price 50c.

John B. Piet & Co., Baltimore.

PATRON SAINTS. By Elza Allen Starr.

PATRON SAINTS. Second series. By Elza Allen Starr.

"Golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the Saints."

Two fine volumes by a gifted authoress. We will refer to them more at length in our next issue.

Catholic Publication Society, New York.

LITTLE HINGES TO GREAT DOORS, AND OTHER TALES, by F. S. D. Ames, author of "Marion Howard," etc.

"We sincerely hope," observes the preface, "that the appetite of the public for books of this character may continue to grow. Time was, not long ago, when there was a dearth of intelligent liveliness in English Catholic literature. The effort made by our Catholic publishers to supply the want has had its reward by increasing the demand. Books which, while they interest the imagination, also teach the doctrines and practices, will surely find many readers." The book is tastefully gotten up.

W. A. Greenough & Co., Boston.

THE BOSTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY FOR 1883; classified under appropriate Business Headings. List of Streets, City Officers, Societies, Expresses, State Census, Map, etc., etc. Price $1.50.

A useful book for every business house. Well arranged, good print and paper. The publishers are at 31 Milk St.

All the above books may be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE second volume of the Acts of the reigning Pontiff has just been issued from the Vatican press. It is a handsome book of 500 pages, and contains the allocutions, encyclicals, etc., for the years 1880-1881.

PERE DIDON, the celebrated Dominican preacher, has left Marseilles for Palestine, on a voyage of research connected with his coming book on the evidences of Christianity.

PROFESSOR BRYCE, while on a visit to Rome, made an interesting discovery. In a private library he found the missing manuscript which Nicholas Alemanni quotes in his famous notes to the *editio princeps* of the *Anecdota* of Procopius (1623), and which has been so often searched for in vain in the Vatican under the name of Theophilus. It is not the full "Vita Justiniani" (though that is the title under which Alemanni cites it), but a series of extracts from what is described as a Slavonic original. Professor Bryce has copied the manuscript, and will probably publish before long some account of the discovery and of its significance.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

THE death of the Rt. Rev. John Quinlan, D. D., Bishop of Mobile, Ala., on the 9th of March, at the residence of the Pastor of St. Teresa's church, whose guest the deceased bishop was for some weeks. The *Morning Star* says: "In the death of Right Rev. John Quinlan, religion, though it gained a martyr, has lost a confessor; humanity has lost a benefactor, and the Diocese of Mobile a true and leal friend. For some time past he had had periodical attacks of pneumonia. He came to New Orleans with the hope of obtaining relief and recruiting his health, in order that he might again be able to give his services to the faithful of the Diocese of Mobile, whom he loved so dearly. The deceased Prelate was born at Cloyne, county Cork, on the 19th of October, 1826. At an early age he emigrated to America and took up his residence at Cincinnati Having acquired a knowledge of the classics, he at once entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., and studied for the sacred ministry. He graduated with all the honors of that grand old college, which has given so many illustrious priests and bishops to the Church, and was ordained priest by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. Bishop Quinlan was president of Mount St. Mary's of the West, where he taught moral theology and moral philosophy. After the funeral obsequies in New Orleans the body was conveyed to Mobile for interment.

THE death of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Ballarat, New South Wales, is announced.

REV. JAMES VINCENT CONLAN, of Fremont, Ohio, died of exhaustion, at Charity Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, at 5 P. M., Thursday, March 15th, aged 63. He was most popular and beloved in Cleveland, being stationed for 22 years at St. Patrick's as curate and pastor. Five years ago he was transferred to Fremont. February 15th entered hospital. Funeral ceremonies took place in St. Patrick's, Monday, March 19th, Bishop Gilmour participating.

DEATH OF REV. GEORGE SYLVESTER COLLINS. O. S. D. — Died March, 13th, 1883, at St. Thomas' Church, Zanesville, Ohio, Rev. G. S. Collins, O. S. D., in the thirtieth year of his age and in the thirteenth year of his religious profession. Father Collins was born near Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, on the 4th of May, 1853. At the early age of 15 years he conceived the happy thought of becoming a Dominican; and, at the proper age, made his religious vows in St. Rose's convent, near Springfield, Ky. This was on the 30th of September, 1870. From that date until his ordination in March, 1875, he pursued his studies with remarkable assiduity and success. He was ordained by Bishop (now Archbishop) Corigan in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J., on a Sunday of Lent in the last-named year. He was the first and only Dominican ever ordained in the United States, east of the Alleghany mountains.

REV. TIMOTHY HANNIGAN, assistant priest at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, East Boston, died at the parochial residence, of dropsy, complicated with other troubles. He had been at this church for some three years past, previous to which time he had served as pastor at Weymouth, and more recently as associate pastor at St. Joseph's church, Chambers street. Father Hannigan was a native of Cork.

THE DROWNING OF TWO PRIESTS.— The Sydney (Australia) *Freeman's Journal*, of January 20, reports the deaths of two of the most beloved and useful priests of the colony, who were drowned while bathing. Their names are Rev. Michael McGrath and Rev. Patrick Clarke, both Irishmen, the former having been born in that historic spot in Limerick, Ballyneaty, and he was educated at St. Patrick's College, Thurles, and the latter at Longford, county Meath, and ordained priest at "All Hallows." On the morning of the accident it was arranged that Father P. Ryan, who had come on to Kiama with the Archbishop from Albion Park, should go with Fathers McGrath and Clarke to bath. For some reason Father Ryan changed his mind before leaving the presbytery, and he only accompanied his friends to the beach. When he saw his brother priests struggling in the water, Father Ryan was some distance off and powerless to assist, but he at once gave the alarm and afterwards assisted in recovering the bodies. A great crowd assembled all along the beach during the couple of hours while efforts were being made to get the bodies out of the water, and his Grace the Archbishop, who was on a visit to Kiama, and Father Riordan were present at the painful scene.

REV. PATRICK O'BEIRNE, who had since 1845 been pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, at the Highlands,

died on the evening of the 13th of March, at the age of 74. He was a native of Ireland, and was ordained to the priesthood in March, 1835, at the Franklin Street Cathedral by Bishop Fenwick. After his ordination he was stationed at the Cathedral. He afterwards went to St. Mary's Church, Pond Street, and then to Portland, where he remained a short time. He has been in feeble health for many years. He was held in high regard, and his death is deeply lamented. Father O'Beirne left his estate to Archbishop Williams, subject to some bequests to the Catholic charities of Boston. The funeral was on the 26th, at St. Joseph's Church. Many clergymen from Worcester, New York and other cities were present. Offices for the dead were chanted by the assembled priests, and a requiem mass celebrated. Fr. Cuddihy of Milford delivered the sermon. The remains were deposited in a vault under the side entrance to the church.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE PRIEST.—It is with a sorrow which will be shared by the general community of Cork and its neighborhood, that we announce the death of the truly venerable Archdeacon Murphy, which took place on Sunday evening, at St. Vincent's Presbytery, Sunday's Well. He has died full of ripe years and honor, having attained the ripe old age of 87.

FATHER BERNARD, prior of the Trappist monastery, of Dubuque county, Iowa, died Saturday night, aged 70 years. The order to which he belonged has only two convents in this country, the other one being at Philadelphia. It is one of the most austere orders in the Catholic Church, its members being vowed to perpetual silence and to the most severe regulations as to penance and devotion. Only certain members are permitted to hold any intercourse with the world, and that only for the transaction of necessary business. The building occupied by them is one of the largest and most imposing in the state, and yearly attracts large numbers of visitors. Father Bernard has always received visitors with overflowing hospitality, and, on dismissing them, never failed to give them a sermon on the superiority of the Catholic faith. The lands occupied by the Brothers embrace several hundred acres, and are devoted to the raising of choice stock and the manufacture of wine. The order was established here in 1849, and their convent is one of the most renowned and prosperous in the United States. The late Bishop Smyth, of this diocese, was one of its founders.

THE death of Father Thomas Pendola, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Sienna, is announced. Father Pendola was the founder of this, perhaps, the best known asylum for the deaf and dumb in the world, to which he devoted his life. He was born in the year 1800, and at the age of sixteen joined the Order of the Pious Schools. At the age of twenty-eight he founded the asylum, and was the first to bring into Tuscany the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who assisted him in his work, and for whom he obtained the favor of not being expelled in the Revolution of 1848. He was called to Rome, in 1840, by Gregory XVI. to assist in establishing the asylum at that city, and was invited to remain; but he preferred returning to Sienna. In 1871 he accepted the new method of teaching, and wrote a pamphlet entitled the "Education of the Deaf and Dumb in Italy." In 1873, he presided at an International Congress on the same subject. His funeral, which was at the expense of the State, was an imposing and solemn demonstration, and was attended by the authorities, associations, and schools of the city. The cords of the pall were held by the Prefect, the Syndic, the Duputies of Sienna, and representatives from the asylums of Milan and Lini; the streets through which the procession passed being crowded with people of every rank.

FATHER KLENTGEN, the Jesuit theologian, termed by Leo XIII. in a letter, "Princeps Philosophorum," is dead. He was a foreign member of the St. Thomas Academy. He died in the Tyrol, 72 years old.

AN INCIDENT IN FATHER MCCARTHY'S CAREER.—The late Rev. John McCarthy, who recently died in Pittsburg, Pa., had to undergo many hardships while doing missionary work in Arkansas. As an illustration of his characteristic fidelity to duty, his friends relate that at one time, after he had traveled many miles to attend a sick call, he came to a river. He found on the banks a native with a dugout; but this man refused to ferry him across because he was a Roman Catholic. The priest remonstrated with him in vain. Finally he saw a log floating in the river, and placing his clothing upon that swam with it across the stream, holding his pyx between his teeth to keep it out of the water. He arrived at his destination just in time to administer the last rites of the Church to the sick person. The person who refused to take him across the river was an employe of a railroad company, and when the managers of the road heard of the incident they promptly discharged him.

DEATH OF A JESUIT PIONEER.—Father F. L. Verreydt, who died at Cincinnati a few weeks ago, was the last of the band of Jesuits who arrived in St. Louis in 1825, and founded the novitiate near Florrissant At that time Florrissant had a Jesuit church and school, which had been established in 1819. The band came from Mary-

land, most of them being originally from Belgium. It consisted of Rev. Chas Van Quickenborne, superior, and Rev. Peter J. Timmermains, assistant, with seven aspirants for the priesthood, viz.: F. F. Van Assche. P. J. De Smet, J. A. Elet, F. L. Verreydt, J. B. Smedts, J. E. Mailet, and three lay brothers — Peter De Meyer, Henry Keisselman and Chas. Strattan. In 1829 these missionaries founded the St. Louis University, located on Tenth Street and Washington Avenue, which has occupied a conspicuous place among the institutions of learning in the West since that date. After founding the University most of the band scattered throughout the West, establishing missions and engaging in similar work. One after another they died, but the college authorities obtained their remains and interred them at the novitiate at Florrissant side by side. For several years Father Verreydt has been the sole survivor. Father Verreydt was born in Belgium on the 18th of February, 1798, and was admitted to the society of the Jesuits as a novice at White March, Prince George's county, Md.

THERE died lately, at the old Mission of San Antonio, Monterey County, Cal., Father Doroteo Ambris, the first priest ordained on the Pacific coast. For more than thirty-five years, he ministered to the wants of the Catholic Indians in the San Antonio valley. He was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death.

REV. FATHER FARRELLY, aged 27 years, a former resident of Cohoes, N. Y., died at Kingston, Ontario, on Monday, March 12, after a lingering illness.

REV. STEPHEN MURPHY, of Dover, N. H., who has been in ill health for some time, died March 27, rather unexpectedly. He was 28 years old and was born in Ireland, and studied in that country and in Montreal, being ordained in the latter city five years ago. He has officiated in Bangor and Portland. He was one of four brothers, all priests: viz.: Rev. D. W. Murphy of Dover, John Murphy of Augusta, and James Murphy (deceased) of Macon, Ga.

SISTERS.

MOTHER BAPTISTA, Lady Superior of the Male Catholic Orphan Asylum, corner of Albany and St. Mark's avenues, Brooklyn, died February 22nd, in the 55th year of her age. The lady was highly respected, both in the United States and in Europe, for her many virtues. She was one of the Sisters of St. Joseph who introduced that religious order in the diocese of Long Island, and filled the position of head of the asylum with rare executive ability and fidelity.

SISTER MARY ANTOINETTE, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Carondelet, Mo., died in Tucson, Ari., on February 13th.

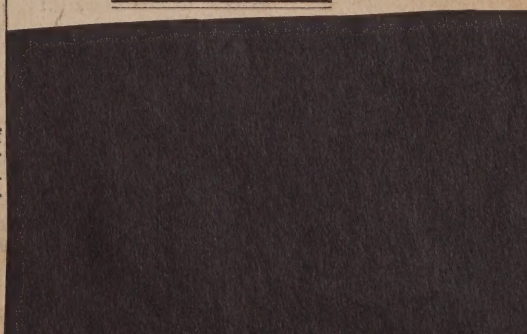
SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS, *nee* Butler, died at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Chicago, on February 21st. Deceased was born at Galway, Ireland, her father being a captain in the British army. She made her vows in Galway and was sent to the Chicago mission in 1854.

SISTER MARIE BONIFACE of the Saint Peter's Orphan Asylum of Lowell, Mass., for the past seven years, died Easter Sunday morning of consumption, aged 41 years. She was a native of Germany, and came to America when five years old. She entered the Order twenty-two years ago, was in the West Philadelphia military hospital during the war; later in Saint Vincent Orphan Asylum at Washington, and was for four years superior of the industrial school at Washington.

LAY PEOPLE.

GEN. PETER J. SULLIVAN died at Cincinnati lately in his 62nd year. He commanded the forty-eighth Ohio regiment during the war of the rebellion. He was minister of Columbia under Johnson and Grant.

GENERAL P. T. MOORE, died in Richmond, Va., on February 20th, at the age of 62 years. General Moore was a native of Galway, Ireland, but came to America when quite young. He had been a resident of Richmond about forty years, and was engaged in business until the breaking out of the war, when he went into the Confederate service as Colonel of the First Virginia Regiment, and was the first field officer on the Southern side wounded at Bull Run. Subsequently he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and served the Confederacy to the end of the war.



Help for the Starving.

As many of our readers may desire to send their mite to the starving in Ireland, Mr. Donahoe will forward, free of expense, any money intrusted to him. He will acknowledge all sums received, in this page, while the distress continues. The following sums have been received :—

Kate Kelly . . . . . $1.00.
Daniel McMullen, Caledonia, Ont., $1.00.

We publish this letter to show our people the need of relief.

Letter from a Priest.

GWEEDORE, CO. DONEGAL, IRELAND.
Feb. 21, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE:
Dear Sir,—Allow me to use your columns to convey the thanks of a heart overflowing with gratitude, as well as the blessings of a poor starving people to the Rev. P. Donahoe of Warrenton for his munificent offering of 8 dollars and 2 dollars from Mr. Patrick Donahoe towards alleviating our present sufferings. I only speak my mind, when I say that your message, enclosing this handsome remittance, filled my heart with inexpressible joy. His gift stood me in good stead to-day when trying to give temporary relief to the heads of over 300 families who thronged around my house. I hope it will not shock the sympathetic feelings of your kind readers to say that that relief consisted of a miserable allowance of two stones of Indian meal for each family for a week. Even that much I could not undertake to supply to them all. To support not only these 300 families but as many more through the weary months to August is the thought that breaks my heart! August will only bring relief in cases where a crop is planted in the spring ; and how can that be done in those cases where all the seed is eaten up to maintain life! O God! how discouraging to lead in such a struggle! But thy mercy is above all thy works, and though all other virtues perish, *Charity lives for ever*! Yours gratefully,

JAMES MCFADDON, P.P.

[redacted]

to children subsisting on sea-weed sprinkled with Indian meal, and Mrs. Power Lalor must be congratulated on her happy thought of looking to the care of these poor infants wasting away from day to day to death or disease. She says, "I commenced feeding 1,000 on Monday, the 12th. I shall be grateful for every penny received, and I trust the parents and children blessed with plenty will think of the little sufferers in Donegal." Statements of the numbers relieved and subscriptions received will be published fortnightly. Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Power Lalor, 19 Molesworth St., Dublin, through Mr. Donahoe.

Resignation Among the Irish Poor.

In his graphic sketch of "The Irish Peasantry," in the current number of *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. Justin McCarthy writes :—"I have heard stories of the resignation and the pious contentment of some of these poor people, which would to most persons appear marvellous, and yet which are strictly true. 'Ah, sure, sir, what would I complain for?' some old man or woman would say, whose whole life to the ordinary observer would seem to have been one of mere misery : 'Hasn't the Lord been good to me always?'" This picture

[redacted]

quite blind, fully 100 years old, and yet in possession of his mental faculties almost in the same degree as any one around him. He said he remembered well the 'rising' in '98, and other remarkable events which to most of us are purely historical. I could not help wondering at his vitality. He had lived in this bog during the entire century which he has spent on earth, and it goes without saying that he has often felt the pinch of hunger. The famine time of '46 and '47 seems to him quite as fresh an occurrence as the distressed period of '79-'80 may appear to most of us who have first seen the light of day within the present generation. His reply to a question put to him was singularly touching. 'I suppose you don't recognize any one round you?' said the good priest. 'No, your reverence, I'm quite blind, and I know nobody at all,' the centenarian answered. 'But I'm sure you know your God?' said the Rev. Father O'Meara. 'Ah, then, 'twould be strange if I didn't,' the old man returned. 'Wasn't He my friend always, and won't I see him very soon?'"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. BOSTON, JUNE, 1883. No. 6.

Woe, for thee, (England) *the day when faithful Ireland, that thou bendest for so many ages under the yoke of thy tyranny, shall utter the terrible cry: "Enough!" and rising before thee, as a bloody spectre, shall demand vengeance, after having vainly demanded justice!* Woe, for thee, the day when a hundred different peoples, spread over all regions of the globe, but animated against thee with a common sentiment, shall see with joy the trouble and anguish that intestine discord will make to show themselves in thy face!—BALMES.

Caring for the Insane.

"What would you say, wife, if I were to tell you that a half-dozen ladies had entered a new field of employment by opening an asylum for the insane?"

"Do you mean that they themselves are going to manage the institution and to take care of the patients?"

"Yes."

"And will they admit crazy men as well as demented women?"

"Yes."

"Then, what I say is, that they will fail."

As my wife spoke, she looked up from the dainty stocking she was knitting for our baby girl and nodded her head in the peculiar way she has when she wishes to add emphasis to her words. She is firmly opposed to all woman's rights movements, and I doubt not she fancied she perceived in the new undertaking a fresh outlet for the energy of some discontented members of the fair sex. But I soon undeceived her.

"You are wrong, my dear," I said; "they have attained success. Their asylum has been in operation for over forty years, has ministered to nearly eight thousand minds diseased, has at present under treatment about four hundred and fifty lunatics, and the ladies in charge of it are the Sisters of Charity."

"You don't say so!" replied my wife. "Why, I never before heard of that establishment. Where is it? Anyhow, I don't wonder at its success.

since the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul are conducting it, for they attempt nothing that they do not accomplish. But, tell me all about it."

"That is soon done, chatterbox. The asylum is called Mount Hope Retreat; it is situated in Maryland, five miles from Baltimore; it is located in a lovely tract of ground containing three hundred and sixty acres; and the main building is a huge five-story brick structure, trimmed with stone, and furnished throughout like a commodious private residence."

"You haven't told me how the Sisters came to establish it."

"I haven't had time yet. If you will keep quiet I'll begin at the beginning and go from A to Z."

"All right, go ahead."

Here is what I told my wife. It may be considered a chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in America. It is a brief record of nearly half a century of toil, and toil of the kind that may be likened to a rose, with its flower and thorn, in the crown of the noble Sisterhood which has done great things in the service of religion and humanity.

In the year 1834, the officials of the Maryland Hospital in Baltimore asked the then Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, to send them some members of the Order to take care of the insane in that institution. Their request was immediately granted, and the Sisters who were chosen in compliance with it, entered upon their new task with the utmost zeal. In a short while their devotedness began to have its effect in the rapid improvement of their patients. The poor creatures had not been accustomed to tender usage, to pleasant words, to kind looks, to self-sacrificing nursing, and when they received sweet sympathy, intelligent care and unremitting attention, they commenced to mend their ways and to get well. They gave less trouble. They grew calm,— treated like human creatures — they tried to shake off the cloud that darkened their reason, in order that they might accept that treatment and be worthy of it. They left off their distrust and became attached to their attendants. The reputation of the hospital was improved and the fame of the Sisters as custodians of persons afflicted with mania was spread far and wide.

In 1840, however, a misunderstanding arose between the resident physician and the Sisters. No compromise could be made. After many abortive efforts to obviate the difficulty, the Sisters determined to resign. Accordingly they quit the hospital and returned to their convent home.

When some of the relatives of a number of the insane whom the Sisters had tended, learned that they had withdrawn from the hospital, they supposed they were going to get employment in some other lunatic asylum. When they found out that this was an erroneous supposition, they were heart-heavy, because they had purposed taking their afflicted friends away from the hospital to put them again under the Sisters' care. This project had to be abandoned. But another plan at once took its place. Why shouldn't the Sisters start an asylum of their own? Why not, indeed? So the Sisters were approached on the subject, and were promised the management of eight

paying patients to begin with. They hesitated. But they were importuned so often, so persistently, so movingly, that they could not resist the appeal. The Superiors, when consulted, gave their consent. Seven Sisters were authorized to make the foundation. As they are all dead, their names may be mentioned. They were Sister Matilda, the Superior, Sister Mary Zoe, Sister Octavia, Sister Jane Frances, Sister Sophia, Sister Bernard and Sister Henrietta. They rented a small two-story dwelling on Front Street in the city of Baltimore, on October 1, 1840, and immediately received charge of nine lunatics. In a few weeks the house was crowded, and applications for admission had to be refused almost every day. The Sisters, too, became convinced that the institution should be located in the country in order to secure quiet, fresh air, and opportunities for out-door exercise. Accordingly they looked about them for a new abode, and eventually bought a place on the Hartford Road just outside of town. It consisted of a frame building and ten acres of ground. They called it Mount St. Vincent. They took to it eighteen patients, all of whom had followed them from the hospital.

In September, 1842, they invited Dr. William H. Stokes to become the attending physician. He accepted the position and has filled it ever since, with signal credit to himself and immense benefit to the thousands who have profited by his skill.

All the rooms in the new asylum were speedily occupied, and a two-story wing, furnishing accommodation for twenty-five more unfortunates, was added to it. This extension, too, was soon filled. Still the demands for apartments did not cease. On the contrary they kept on increasing in number, and were received from all parts of the country. More additions were made to the edifice and towards the close of the year 1843, the benefits of the institution were extended to all invalids, except such as were affected with contagious or incurable diseases. Still the Sisters were far from satisfied. The house was of wood, and the space at their command afforded them little facilities for suitable occupations and diversions, without which their efforts to cure the insane would be of no avail. They wrote again and again to Father Deluol, the Superior, stating their condition and their needs. His only reply was, "Pray, my daughters." They finally sent word to him in the Lent of 1844, saying by the pen of the Sister servant: "Indeed, my Father, our entire building being composed of ignitable material, is exposed to accidents in waiting on such patients, and in case of fire we could not save them, locked up as they are. Suppose, my Father, we discontinue the establishment until you can do better." His answer was just this: "Pray, pray, my child; let the Sisters' prayers be unceasing." So the Sisters set about praying in good earnest, as if they had never prayed before. They began a novena. It was to end on the 25th of March. On that day Father Deluol went himself to the asylum to celebrate the Feast of the Annunciation. After Mass, while he was having his breakfast, he lamented his inability to do anything for the institution. While he was talking, one of the Sisters

present mentioned that a city newspaper contained the advertisement of a fine college in the suburbs which was for sale on easy terms. No attention, however, was paid to her remarks at the time; but when the Father had gone, the Superior asked Dr. Stokes if he had seen the advertisement. "Oh! yes," he answered, "that is Mount Hope College. I read the announcement of its being in the market in a paper in the next room. I will bring it to you." He showed it to the Sister. It promised a brick building capable of accommodating from eighty to ninety persons, seventeen acres of land, a pleasant site, and all for $15,000, of which only one-fifth was to be paid at the time of the purchase. The Sister said: "Father Deluol insisted this morning that he could do nothing for us. Yet, if we are to leave this place, Mount Hope College would be our chance." The doctor agreed with her, and she said she would go on the morrow to show the advertisement to the Father. This she did. He looked at it and at once spoke: "My daughter, ask the kind doctor to ride out to Mount Hope, and if he says the building as it now stands can contain eighty persons, I will have the three thousand dollars in an hour." This was the day after the novena, and on that day Mount Hope was bought for the Sisters of Charity. They had heard of it only on the previous morning when the novena had but closed. They always regarded its purchase as an answer to their prayers, and, strange to say, Father Deluol assured them that the way he obtained the money was a matter of wonder to him, and the late proprietor declared that he could not account for his notion to get rid of the place just then.

The new asylum was rapidly put in condition to receive its tenants, and by the 11th of May all the Sisters' family were in their Mount Hope house.

Patients began to troop in faster than ever. They flocked to Mount Hope, not as to a pool of Bethseda where but one sufferer at a time could be cured and only when the angel had ruffled the waters, but as to an El Dorado where everyone would obtain relief from his malady, if not a total restoration to health. The very name of the place inspired confidence and the celebrity of its course of treatment gave a firm basis for expectation of improvement more or less complete in every case that entered its portals. From all over the United States, from Canada, from South America, and even from Europe, insane men and women were taken to the Sisters of Charity, so that the number of their demented proteges steadily mounted from nine, in the year 1840, to two hundred and fifty-four during the course of 1858. To accommodate their increasing guests they had to put wing after wing to the old college; but they did not build fast enough, for, what with crazy people and inebriates, as well as the victims of other disorders, as soon as an addition was finished it was filled and other unfortunates were knocking at the gate. Not only this, but the site of the structure became unsuitable. When it passed into the possession of the Sisters it was away beyond the municipal limits. In the intervening fourteen years the city had advanced towards it and commenced to surround it. Worse still, streets were cut through the grounds, and the privacy of the institution

was invaded and destroyed by the march of urban progress. So the Daughters of St. Vincent resolved to move once more. They therefore bought 360 acres, mostly comprised in the "Meredith Tract," about five miles from town, and they prepared to erect the present magnificent structure. As each part of it was completed it was occupied. The more sedate convalescents were first transferred to it, and next all the others afflicted with mental derangements, except those whose misery had been superinduced by intemperance. It was called Mount Hope Retreat. The old asylum kept the name of Mount Hope Institution for some years. In 1871 it was turned into a Home for Inebriates; but in 1875 it reverted to its former use as a general hospital, and shortly afterward was styled Mount St. Vincent, which name it bears to the present day.

From the beginning down to this hour, the success of the institution has been extraordinary. In the report for the year 1843 Dr. Stokes recorded the agreeable fact that while of recent cases of insanity Dr. Ellis at Hanwell in England cured about 90 per cent.; Dr. Woodward at the Massachusetts State Hospital 87.25; the physician at the Hartford Retreat 91.3; and Dr. Galt at the Eastern Asylum of Virginia 92.3; at Mount Hope, he, with the co-operation of the Sisters, had restored to reason every recent case of mental unsoundness that had come under his direction during the preceding twelvemonth. Annually after that he was able to record that almost all the recent cases had been made whole, that violent maniacs had been rendered docile, that chronic lunatics had been improved, that few or none had died, and that the prospects for the recovery of the majority of those remaining crazy, were gratifyingly bright.

The treatment adopted by the Sisters of Charity was different from that in vogue at the date they began their asylum. Then the doctrines of Cullen and Rush were generally practised,— patients were bled profusely, were put on low diet, and were dosed with calomel to depress their vitality. This antiphlogistic theory prevailed. The result was that few of the demented were cured and the aberration of the vast majority was intensified. But the debilitating process was not the only evil to which the insane were commonly subjected. They were looked upon as brutes. They were housed up together, the ferocious with the harmless, the clean with the unclean, the incurable with the deluded, in close, unswept, foul and untidied apartments. They were chained to the floor and the walls. They were beaten. They were placed in strait-jackets, in cribs, and in other instruments of torture. They were starved. They were forced under the shower bath. They were filled with tartarized antimony and with mercury. They were irritated uninterruptedly. All their senses were offended. Their days were days of wretchedness and their nights were nights of woe, the nearest approach to the condition of the bottomless pit which existed on this side the grave.

The nurses, too, were usually unworthy of the name, and did more harm than good to the wretches in their power. Even in the best of asylums the attendants were rough men and unwomanly women, taken from the lowest

walks of life, cattle who could get work at nothing else so remunerative, and who were chosen for their willingness to perform their horrid tasks and for their strength, which was thought indispensable for the mastery of the raving unfortunates.

In the year 1841 Dr. Stokes visited Europe, and when in London, studied Dr. Connolly's system of non-restraint at the Hanwell Asylum, and verified its triumphant operation. When he returned home and was appointed physician to Mount Hope, he determined to introduce and to pursue that system. He communicated his design to the Sisters and they cordially approved of it. Immediately it was put into execution. The patients were granted the utmost freedom consistent with their own welfare and the safety of their nurses. Kindness took the place of harshness. Moral forces conquered where mechanical devices had not only failed, but acted with positive injury. The experiment was satisfactory. The poor insane who elsewhere had been in awe of their care-takers, had endured stripes, had been gagged and throttled and bound, and had grown to expect nothing but abuse, responded to the new method and prospered under it. They learned to trust the Sisters, to confide in them their uncanny secrets, to regard them as their best friends, to long to please them, and to be ready to do and not to do just as they were told. With this happy disposition to buoy them up, they benefitted by the medicines, by the amusements, by the occupations offered them. The number of the cured became wonderful.

The same system is still employed. The men are separated into eight classes, the women into nine, according to the cause of the complaint and the state of their malady. Their body is first attended to, then their mind. The doctor endeavors to build up their physical condition, to induce their assimilative powers to perform their functions perfectly, and to put their systems into thorough working order. His prescriptions, together with daily exercise, frequent baths, wholesome food, fresh air, plenty of sunlight, regular hours, and peaceful sleep, rapidly conduce to the invigoration of their physical structure. While this process is going on attention is paid to their nobler faculties. They meet with courtesy at every turn. The Sisters seek to gain their affection, sympathize with them, treat them like rational beings, draw out their self-respect, and attempt to lead them off from brooding on the calamity which has befallen them. They provide diversions for them. The women sew, look through books, sing, play the piano, cultivate flowers, care for pet canaries, ride out in carriages, go rambling in the woods, or try their skill at croquet. The men read the newspapers, play checkers, dominoes, chess, or billiards, take walks, go boating, or have a game of ball. Occasionally the Sisters arrange a concert for their family, let them have a dance-party, or prepare for them some other pleasure that will arouse them from their gloom and bring their will and memory and understanding into activity. The Sisters, too, furnish them with employment. The women who desire to make themselves useful in household duties are frequently permitted to do so, while some of the men

are glad to work at beautifying the grounds and at the labors connected with the carrying on of the extensive farm belonging to the asylum. These pursuits prevent the patients from dwelling on the delusions which have destroyed or have followed the destruction of their mental equilibrium, and consequently contribute to their cure.

They who fancy that a madhouse is an abode of horrors should visit Mount Hope Retreat and have their grotesque misconceptions dissipated. On arriving at it, they would suppose from the extent of the demesne, from the winding walks, the lovely plants, the shrubbery, and the gigantic old forest trees, that the place was the country residence of some merchant prince. Approaching the building and examining it and its surroundings, their scrutiny would light on nothing repulsive,— no high walls, no barred windows, nothing jail-like at all anywhere in the vicinity; on the contrary they would behold a very handsome structure, fit to be the seat of some grand university. Entering the door, they would be greeted by a refined lady in the humble habit of a Sister of Charity, and would be courteously ushered into one of the cosy reception-rooms. On making known their wish to inspect the institution and receiving the permission of the Superior in charge of it, they would be conducted from cellar to garret, and everywhere they would perceive the utmost cleanness, neatness, and contrivances for comfort. They would hear no unpleasant sounds, they would see no unwelcome sights. They would pass through wide corridors, peep into elegantly furnished private sitting-rooms, traverse sweet and airy dormitories, open the doors of the bright sewing-rooms, go through the men's halls, note the pretty carpets, the beautiful pictures, the pots of roses and the cages of birds, and be very favorably impressed with the kitchen arrangements, especially if invited to investigate what that department can do in the way of getting up an abundant, dainty, and appetizing lunch. On the different floors they would meet the patients, and be amazed at their quietness, their gentle manners, their tasty dress, and their respect for the Sisters. Some of the women would be engaged at pieces of fancy embroidery; a dozen others would be together making a patch-work quilt; in another room a circle of attentive listeners would be discovered hearing one of their number read some nice story; elsewhere a poor girl would be softly playing some musical instrument and singing a quaint old ballad learned at her mother's knee; while the men would be enjoying themselves in various ways. No noise, no disturbance, no shrieks, no excitement, no barbarity, but peace and decorum and order everywhere; and this happy state of affairs exists although some of the inmates of the Retreat are seized with acute mania, and others are incurably deranged. But all soon yield to the kind, firm, calming discipline of the house, become tractable, and speedily begin to mend. They are encouraged to indulge in social intercourse. They chat together, play together, work together, take exercise together, and teach one another how to do needlework and to knit and to do tricks with cards, and to perform many other things,— each class by itself and the Sisters watching them all.

The Sisters go fearlessly among the men. Two of them with a male attendant have charge of each of the eight wards for the stern sex, and it is delightful to witness the cavalier bearing of most of these poor crazy persons to their devoted nurses. This is one of the great advantages of Mount Hope, that the men as well as the women experience the full worth of the ministrations of the Sisters of Charity.

Of course, very few visitors are shown through the building, because the insane are excruciatingly sensitive and detest being placed on exhibition; and their friends, also, would not like them to be seen in their affliction by everybody who chanced to call at the asylum. Nevertheless, if relatives of a lunatic go there to study its conveniences with a view to placing him in it, humanity requires that they should be satisfied, so far as may be necessary to enable them to see enough of the workings of the hospital to be convinced of the perfection of its system.

From the foundation of the asylum the Sisters of Charity, true to their name, have freely taken care of poor patients for the love of God. The extent of their benefactions in this respect may be appreciated when it is stated that the number of their indigent proteges has been about twenty per cent. of all the insane treated at their establishment.

No theological tests are put to applicants for admission into the Retreat. Charity has no test but misfortune. Christian or Infidel, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, all are received with equal alacrity and tended with the same assiduity.

Mount Hope has done an incalculable amount of good. But like most other noble enterprises, it has had its trials. Every ten years it meets some trouble. At first, the poverty of the institute was a sufficient vexation. In the year 1854 a feeling of bitterness was fomented against the place by the Know-Nothings, who openly threatened to raze it to the ground. One of them, however, who was a prominent physician in Baltimore, knowing that the menance of destruction had been uttered and that its execution would probably be attempted, sent a letter to Archbishop Eccleston to apprise him of the projected attack. This letter was shown to the civil authorities, but they refused to afford any protection to the Sisters. Friends of the latter, however, assembled from the city, patrolled their fields for several nights, and thus averted the intended assault. The means by which the enemies of the Retreat had fired the hearts of the people against it, was the accusation that a sane man was detained in it by the Sisters for mercenary considerations, against his will, but with the connivance of his vindictive relatives. This canard was repeated until multitudes believed it. The Sisters, to allay the excitement, took the matter into Court, sought a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, and obtained a jury, consisting of eleven Protestants and one Catholic. The commissioners made a searching investigation into the case, and unanimously decided that the man was *non compos mentis*. The court accepted this verdict, and ordered his further confinement. This act of the Sisters, with its fortunate issue, disarmed hostility, and the in

stitution was left unmolested for a decade. In the year 1865, however, at the instigation of a demented woman, seeking vengence for imaginary wrongs and urged on by fanatical bigots of the rankest type of Pharisee, and with the concurrence of five other flighty creatures whom a *habeas corpus* had led before the Grand Jury of Baltimore City, twenty indictments were found against Dr. Stokes and Sister Euphemia, charging them with making false and injurious representations of the management of the asylum, and with assaulting and falsely imprisoning the six females just referred to. These indictments were subsequently quashed by the State on the understanding that the accused should plead to a new bill drawn up by the Grand Jury of Baltimore County, and alleging against them, a conspiracy to cheat and defraud certain liege inhabitants of this and other States by enticing them by means of false pretences to place insane persons under their treatment with an intent to defraud them of the money paid for the board and care of these patients. The case was tried at Towsontown, before Judge D. C. H. Emory (who died in March of last year), and occupied the attention of the court for seven days. The counsel for the State were Messrs. A. M. Rogers, Daniel Radcliffe, and John T. Ensor, while the defendants were represented by Messrs. William Schley, William P. Preston, R. J. Gittings, and Eugene Cummiskey. The prosecution put in as evidence all the existing reports of Mount Hope, and next endeavored to prove them deceptive by the testimony of the crazy woman who had been used to start the persecution. The defence objected that she was insane, or if not insane that she had been out of her mind when the occurrences took place which she was pretending to describe. The court withheld its decision on this point and allowed her to proceed. The defence again objected that the treatment she had received had been before Sister Euphemia's connection with the institution, and that it bore no reference to the question at issue — whether or not the managers of the Retreat had entered into a conspiracy to defraud the Public. The Judge sustained the objection, and ruled that "all evidence to be introduced for the purpose of contradicting these Reports must show that Dr. Stokes knew and approved these things, or that he stated them falsely, knowing them to be false — either one or the other." Under this decision, the prosecution broke down, and a verdict of "not guilty" was entered upon the record. In 1873, the periodic visitation presented itself. The new Governor of Maryland, backed up by one of the daily newspapers of Baltimore, recommended the Legislature to constitute a Board of Visitors for Mount Hope, whose duties it should be to ascertain who were illegally committed to it; to listen to the complaints of the insane, to determine the course of treatment to be followed; and to exercise, in fact, a general supervisory and governing control over the affairs of the institution. A bill was accordingly prepared and introduced in the House of Delegates. All through the State it was hotly discussed. Controversy raged high. Speeches were delivered for and against it. Much ink was spilled. Visits were made to the asylum, whose interests were the reigning sensation of several months. Finally the in-

iquitous, tyrannical and inquisitorial measure failed. The Sisters made a strong point in reply to their adversaries. They said that if these parties were anxious about the welfare of the inmates of Mount Hope and longed to deliver them from the Sisters' control, they might without fear of let or hindrance take away the thirty-five destitute insane, who for years and years had been the beneficiaries of the bounty of the hospital, which had fed, clothed, and sheltered them, supplied them with drugs, and afforded them medical attendance, all for nothing. At a low estimate, the Sisters maintained, they had saved the State, in the preceding thirty-one years, fully $150,000, by the gratuitous support of charity patients; and no one dared contradict them. In the last Legislature, the date for the decennial annoyance having arrived, a somewhat similar bill for the formation of a Committee of Inspection was introduced, but, although it was drawn up by a judge and a clergyman, it died without much of a struggle, and no one sang a requiem above its grave.

Among the list of supposed causes of insanity among the patients at Mount Hope, Dr. Stokes in 1843 mentioned an instance of demonaic possession; in 1846 he announced that a fertile source of derangement was "an undue indulgence in the perusal of the numerous works of fiction with which the press is so prolific of late years; in 1858 he reported the cases of three persons whose reason was impaired by the abuse of snuff which they had used in the mouth after the habit of those who are now known as "snuff-dippers"; in 1877, he declared that the intermarriages of blood relations often result in simple-minded offspring and are "a frequent factor in the catalogue of predisposing causes of insanity"; and in 1878, two of his patients had been crazed by spiritism.

Mount Hope Retreat now enjoys a deserved prosperity, is an honor to the Sisters of Charity, is a credit to the Catholic Church, and is one of the boasts of the State of Maryland. The Sisters of Charity have two other asylums for the insane in the United States — one in New York, the other in St. Louis, Missouri.

"Well, I declare," said my wife, picking up her knitting, "if that isn't interesting, I don't know what is. Hereafter I shall love the Sisters of Charity more than ever because of their heroic labors for the good of the insane.

L. M. Reilly.

One of the best ways, if not the very best, to cook eggs is to pour boiling water into a basin, set it on the hearth of the stove, or on the tank, and put the eggs into it; let them remain in it for five minutes; the eggs will be cooked enough to be delicious, it will digest easily, and in this way the wonderful elements which go to make up the eggs are best preserved. When done, break and drop on slice of buttered toast, or put in eggs-cups in which you have first put a little lump of butter.

An Irish Party.

My venerable friend, the late Father Pierce Maher, who had been for upwards of thirty years pastor of Harrisburg, the capitol of Pennsylvania, gave me the following account of the manner in which the bill introduced by Eli M. Price concerning the taxation of church property was defeated.

As soon as Father Maher was made aware of Mr. Price's object, he telegraphed to Philadelphia, and the vicar-general, who, during the absence of Bishop Kenrick in Rome, was in charge of the diocese, went to Harrisburg. After a consultation with the Vicar-General of Philadelphia, Father Maher telegraphed to Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg, and that prelate replied that he would start for Harrisburg by the next train. He came accordingly and determined to have an interview with Mr. Price. Before doing so, however, he devoted several hours to the study of a work on Church property written by the well-known Mr. Clinch, a Catholic lawyer of eminent talents. The Bishop next went to see Mr. Price in regard to his bill, and having proved to that gentleman the unjust character of several of the clauses, he prevailed upon him to expunge the most objectionable. But notwithstanding the innovations in the bill, it was decided that the best course for the Catholics to pursue was to procure its defeat in the House. Father Maher undertook this task. He associated with himself a Protestant minister, to whom he showed that the bill which would affect all church property, whether Catholic or Protestant, must be injurious to one denomination as well as to another. It was also thought that it would not do to make it a party question; or while Father Maher canvassed among the Democrats, for votes against the bill, the minister did the same among the Whigs. Thus a majority against the bill was obtained. When Bishop Kenrick returned from Rome, and was made fully acquainted with what had occurred, he wrote to Father Maher telling him that a hundred thousand dollars would not recompense his services to the Church in Pennsylvania.

Mr. J. G. Shea states in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, that, when the illustrious Archbishop Hughes found that he was not to get justice in "the school question" from either of the two political parties into which the population of the State of New York was divided, he planned the bold resolution of putting an independent ticket in the field. That great prelate well remarked that "the Catholics would deserve the injustice and degradation, of which they complained, if they voted for judges pledged before-hand to pass sentence against them."

"This step, totally unexpected by the Democratic party, which courted the Catholics as its willing slaves, left them in a minority, and they were totally defeated. The election showed the numerical force of the Catholics, and the Whigs now sought to gain the Catholics, the Democrats to recall them. All the politicians who had served the petitions of the Catholics became

suddenly sensible that the old school law was very defective, and before long a new act was passed enacting ward-schools on a far more equitable basis." Archbishop Hughes is certainly an excellent model for us. In the formation of an Irish Party in the United States, we are not confined to mere theory. The road has been already trodden by Archbishop Hughes, and the Catholics of his generation. The great features, at least, of the course to be pursued, are already mapped out. The question then is "have we grievances to be redressed?" for if we have, we are certainly justified in seeking redress, and if we cannot get such redress without forming an Irish Party, we are justified in forming such a party. All writers on this subject are agreed as to the lawfulness of defensive measures.

Now is it a fact that Catholics have no grievances? My readers must smile at the question. Grievances will occur to their minds at once; grievances of one kind or another, general grievances, particular grievances, grievances regarding the public schools, grievances regarding State Reformatories, where Catholic children are not allowed the ministrations of a priest, grievances regarding the Indians who are furnished with Protestant preachers against their will, while priests are refused access to them. Some may think that the only course to be pursued in regard to the grievances enumerated and to other grievances whose name is legion, is to "grin and bear it." I must say, that I entertain a different opinion. I applaud those whose hearts, as Meagher observes, are not tainted with the slave's disease. Edmund Burke says that the humblest creature in creation when it asserts its rights, affords a spectacle of admiration.

If I may be allowed to compare little things to great, I may state that I, myself, have had some experience in the matter of which I write. *Crede exparte!*

In 1873, the Catholics of New Jersey formed a Catholic Union for the promotion and protection of Catholic interests. Among the very first questions which they took into consideration, was how to secure to Catholic children in the State Reformatory, the exercises of their religion. It was thought that by offering to keep the Catholic orphans in a Catholic Protectory for a less amount than they cost in the State Orphan Asylum, matters could be satisfactorily arranged; but the bigotry of the non-Catholic party was aroused, and the bill introduced in favor of a Catholic Protectory was defeated. In this county, I took an active part in the contest, and some idea will be formed of the influence of the party which I organized when I state that it was considered of such importance that the recognized official State leader of one party, came and offered me, as the price of our support, a share of the money expended in the State Reformatory, for the use of Catholic orphans; while the senators and representatives for the county, who belonged to the political party, promptly complied with my request that they should vote for the Catholic Protectory Bill. Thus every member of the Legislature from this county voted for the bill. This was truly a gratifying result.

Under the system of indirect taxation which exists in the United States,

every voter pays taxes. Nay, in the words of Beaconsfield, "even the beggar who chews his quid of tobacco pays tax." Edmund Burke connects taxation and representation in even a wider sense than the patriots of 1776 attached to it. That celebrated statesman maintains that if a class be debarred its proper representation in the State, by being kept out of all the offices of honor and emolument such a class is entitled to a reduction of its taxes, for it gets no due return either as individuals or as a class.

It is a well-known fact that Catholics do not get their proper share of the political "good things." The Catholics contribute to elect men to office, but their own share is like that given to the hounds by the huntsmen, after they have run down the game, viz: the offal, the garbage; Jonathan Bigelow may become member of Congress while Patrick Malley, a man of better education, of infinitely more talent, remains a clerk in the Post Office. It is good policy, if nothing else, for Catholics to back up men like Patrick Malley. Catholic in feeling, Irish in talent and good-nature, genuine Irish Catholic. Why should we prefer men like Bigelow, ignorant and bigoted, to men of our own race — to men who will stand up manfully for faith and fatherland? It would be shameful of us to do so.

Father Thebaud, the learned Jesuit, in his admirable work on the Irish race strongly recommends the Irish to organize. He says that it is by association they can work out the redemption of Ireland. He speaks, too, of the propriety and utility of educated Irish Catholics becoming the leaders of their people. He points to the Catholic Congresses of Continental Europe, and to the advantages which the Church has gained through them. They have given a fair field to the energies of educated Catholics. These Catholics, too, will become more attached to their faith as they are taught to struggle for it. They will be learning more about their religion day by day. And whether they begin in local clubs, as I would advise the Irish Catholics of the United States to do, or otherwise, the Irish Party so formed and inaugurated, will, I trust, prove to the Church, to this country and to dear old Ireland an honor and a blessing.

P. A. Treacy.

Oxford, N. J.

Mr. Sackville West, the British Minister at Washington, has formally called the attention of the Government to the utterances of the Irish leaders in this country. His communication is couched in a friendly spirit, and contains no demand for redress other than may be suggested to this Government after a full investigation of the whole subject. After the communication had been laid before him by the Secretary of State, President Arthur called the attention of the Cabinet to it, and, after briefly stating his own views, requested the Cabinet to submit their opinions in writing to him at the next meeting. This was done on Friday. There was no dissent from the opinion that in the present situation of affairs this Government is not justified in interfering with the Irish sympathizers now here.

Catholic Education in the United States.

In the year 1800, the Catholic educational institutions of the United States comprised but one college, one theological seminary, and one female academy; of parochial schools we hear nothing. The three foregoing institutions were *Georgetown College*, D.C.; the *Seminary of St. Sulpice*, Baltimore; and the *Academy of the Visitation*, Georgetown, D.C.

The official report, in Sadlier's *Catholic Almanac*, for 1883, gives their number as eighty-one colleges, thirty-one theological seminaries, five hundred and seventy-nine female academies, and nearly two thousand five hundred parochial schools. This is noteworthy progress. These figures are suggestive of the living solicitude which good Catholics feel for the sound education of their children.

The Catholic Church wisely attaches the highest importance to Religion as an element of education. She holds that Religion is the science of sciences. It fits man for time. It prepares him for eternity. To plant its principles deeply in the young breast, it must be taught in the school-room. It must be studied. Hence in all well-conducted Catholic schools, the child makes a daily study of his text-book of Religion, as he does of his grammar, history, or arithmetic. It is the same in the female academy, the high school, and the college. In the true system of education, Religion shines as the sun and centre around which all else revolves, receiving light, warmth, and nourishment from its celestial influence.

The cultivation of our moral nature is conducive to the highest mental and physical health. As every educated physician knows, millions are murdered by unrestrained passions, which blight mind and body, and lie at the root of a countless number of fatal diseases. It may be safely said that, as a discipline for memory, judgment, and other intellectual powers, the study of religion is unsurpassed. But its practice moulds the heart, purifies nature, refines the manners, and elevates humanity. Even Confession, so much misunderstood, contains a mine of beauty, poetry, and philosophy. Longfellow felt this truth, when he pictured the lovely *Evangeline* on her way from the little church:—

> "But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
> Shone on her face and encircled her form, when after Confession,
> Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
> When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Most of the Religious Orders have methods of teaching peculiar to themselves; and, in many cases, matured by the accumulated experience of hundreds of years. The Venerable De la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, was the originator of normal schools.* Before his day the

* Common schools, free schools, normal schools, colleges, universities — *all* these institutions of learning owe their origin to the Catholic Church. These are facts. History proves their truth. — *Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 426.

simultaneous method of teaching was unknown. Each Order has its own training schools. In Catholic Colleges the course of philosophy is commonly made in Latin. The text-book is in Latin, the lectures of the professors are given in Latin, and the philosophical discussions of the students are carried on in the same imperial language.

Though it has made great progress, still the Catholic school system of the United States needs many things to make it complete. Among these are: (1) a fair participation in the public funds for educational purposes; (2) the appointment of an inspector of schools for each diocese; (3) the establishment of a normal school in each ecclesiastical province for the training of secular teachers; (4) and lastly, the establishment of a Catholic University, which would crown the system.

In the meantime, Catholic educators must manfully make the best headway they can against indifference, poverty, and ignorance. The defects of both schools and teachers will gradually diminish. But there are certain evils confronting us here and there, which call for removal without delay. The study of the CATHOLIC RELIGION — its history, doctrines, and practices, should be better encouraged. There is plenty of room for such encouragement. Among the Catholic institutions that go to the questionable trouble of publishing a list of prizes for special studies in the newspapers every week, please point out one that offers a prize for proficiency in the knowledge of the Catholic Religion. Point out just *one!*

In schools where there are many poor children, the frequent change of text-books, which puts the parents to much unnecessary expense, is an abuse — a matter of conscience. It has neither honesty nor wisdom to commend it. Pupils and parents, even the poorest, have some rights as well as teachers and publishers. After a good moral character, the first qualification of the teacher *should be* the ability to speak, read, and write our language with fluency and correctness. Language must be the vehicle of all truths, religious and scientific. How can that man teach truths who lacks the full command of the only instrument that will enable him to communicate them with force, dignity and precision?

One of the educational evils of our time and country is *want of thoroughness.* Too many things are taught. Poor children are obliged to leave school at an early age; and they frequently leave with a smattering of nearly everything — the whole of nothing. According to the *North American Review*, January, 1876, this is the chief defect of the State Public Schools.

Catholic schools, it seems, have not wholly escaped the contagious example. Do our children leave school well grounded in the Faith — equally able to explain or to defend it? How many can speak, read, and write the English language with correctness? Can they perform the ordinary calculations of business with quickness and accuracy? Have they a

fair knowledge of the laws of health, and of the history, geography, and government of the United States? And if they do *not* know these things, what *do* they know?*

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. D.

The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.†

THE Publisher has been good enough to send us the second volume of Mr. Henry F. Brownson's collection of his father's writings. This volume contains some of those profound expressions of thought which helped to make the name of Doctor Brownson the noted one it must ever be in the History of the Catholic Church in America. In it are reproduced his "Essay in Refutation of Atheism," his articles on Vicenzo Gioberti and the Giobertian Philosophy, on Victor Cousin and his Philosophy, on Porter's "Human Intellect," on Balmes' Philosophy, with many others, any one of which would, undoubtedly, have won fame for an ordinary man. Doctor Brownson however was no ordinary man and this his writings prove very clearly. He was blessed by the possession of abnormal intellect, and the great intelligence vouchsafed him unquestionably helped him towards the right path he was afterwards to tread so faithfully; but that he will ever be recognized as a purely original philosopher, we doubt. No one hereafter will, we think, be likely to refer to his writings in order to ascertain the exact truth, however much those who occasionally favor latitudinarian views may consult certain of them for "probable" opinions.

What is of truth in Doctor Brownson's philosophical works is not of his own ascertaining. This must, we think, strike the most cursory reviewer of his writings. It is true that his pages are no way free from egotism, but egotism does not always betoken originality. Doctor Brownson was one of whom the Catholics of America have just cause to be proud, whose services to the Church as a devout layman, as a voluminous essayist and publicist, it might not be easy to overrate; but we are not disposed to concede him a first rank as a philosopher, however much we may admire the man or the intense thought which will ever give life and a certain weight to his writings.

In our April issue we dealt at some length with the career and works of Doctor Brownson, and we therefore prefer to defer for a while lengthened or further review of the republications of his writings now issuing from the press, republications which, however we regard as of great value and of great importance, and as being as creditable in their outward appearance, to the publisher as they are, in their interior arrangement, in most respects, honorable to the editor. We hope shortly to be able to return to this subject which is, undoubtedly, one of no slight or ordinary interest.

WM. FRANCIS DENNEHY.

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* See my *History of the Catholic Church in the U. S.*, Seventh edition, p. 471.

† "The Works of Orestes A. Brownson, Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. II. Containing the Second part of the Philosophical Writings, Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, Publisher. 1883."

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON MET "CRICHAWN" AND CHRONICLING THE DEATH OF PADDY HAYES AND THE SINGULAR THINGS WHICH FOLLOWED IT.

Mr. Meldon drove along rapidly, first in the direction of Father Aylmer's, as the one of all others most necessary in the dire extremity in which he had left the much-tried Paddy Hayes. He saw, at an angle of the road, straight in his way, a very singular figure, just at a point where the bright rays of the rising sun at once heightened and magnified its original sufficiently startling effect. Mr. Meldon was in the hollow, and consequently in the dim, gray shadows, while the apparition, which had so suddenly attracted his attention, stood on the topmost curve of a rapidly declining hill, or rather hillock. In fact, hillocks abound in the locality we are writing of, and give much of a varied and interesting character to its scenery.

It was in a halo of rosy light that Mr. Meldon first beheld one who was destined to become his faithful servant and constant companion for a lifetime — for "Crichawn" it was who stood upon the hill-top, and "Crichawn" it was, who, walking leisurely along, gave full time for the amazement his curious combination of face, figure and costume afforded. Mr. Meldon looked at his short, block-like neck, immense width of shoulder and waist contrasted with his stunted height, — hardly five feet, — unnaturally long arms, slender as a woman's, yet firm and flexible in every motion, and even graceful, to the small white hands, beautiful in shape and color. His thin, twisted-looking legs, well-set foot, and whole outline reminded Mr. Meldon of one of the grotesque figures he had once seen in the curiously-wrought devices of a rood screen, in a Belgian Cathedral.

As Mr. Meldon looked at "Crichawn's" face, and in its grave, ascetic features, small mouth, broad brow, delicate chin, and large, dark eyes, earnest and sad, he seemed to see, once again, the head of a mediæval saint which had haunted him long after he had admired it in the glorious stained glass of a little chapel in Venice. "Crichawn" had the same olive tints of complexion, his dark hair curled closely round the temple curves, and his head was slightly bent, and, what was unusual for country folks in the days we write of, he wore his beard dark brown, with the red light through it, just as the painter monk had put in his storied pane. To make the illusion more perfect, "Crichawn" at that time wore a long, frieze coat, and this morning, for some reason or another, he had a coarse piece of whipcord tied tightly round his waist. His hat was off, his beads in his hands, and he had no shoes. Poor fellow! they had been pawned long since, to buy tea and sugar for little Ally and her mother. And so, for that first meeting if for no other, "Crichawn" seemed to Mr. Meldon's artistic eye a very marvel — a living, moving piece of rare old art, wandering out of its frame, astray on a lonely Irish road. As it was, he determined on satisfying his curiosity, and, at the same time, securing, if possible, the services of the strange figure who held the beads and who told them as solemnly as ever "Monk of old." For this he employed the little salutation, at once a prayer and a greeting — "God save you." At the familiar words, uttered in what seemed to "Crichawn" an English accent, he raised his head, and replied in a quiet, though astonished tone, "God save you kindly, sir;" and, then, recognizing who had spoken to

him, added, "God bless you, Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon felt much surprised, for he forgot — or it never had occurred to him — that he was well known to all the neighborhood for his many deeds of great benevolence, while to himself, as a new-comer, few comparitively were acquaintances.

"Oh! so you know me, then?" he replied. "I am glad of that. It makes what I want you to do much easier."

"Anything you want, Mr. Meldon, I am ready to do my best," was "Crichawn's" reply, in the same quiet, earnest tone, which had at once prepossessed Mr. Meldon in his favor.

"It is a case of life and death," he said. "Can you run?" as he instinctively directed his eyes from the misshapen limb, half-sorry for the question.

"Run, sir!" said "Crichawn;" "'tis easy to know you're a stranger. Not a man in Tipperary would ask 'Crichawn' that question."

"Are you 'Crichawn'?" cried Mr. Meldon at once glad and aghast at the messenger he had so strangely found.

"Yes, sir."

"Then there is little need to hasten you by words of mine. Go as fast as you can from this to Dr. Murphy's. He will take you with him back to" — Mr. Meldon cleared his throat as if from sudden hoarseness — "Paddy Hayes's, who has got a sudden fit. I am going straight to Father Aylmer, and will meet you directly at the cottage."

"Great God!" gasped "Crichawn;" and bounding over the hedge, he sprang down the declivity and in a few deer-like bounds was out of sight, before Mr. Meldon could gather up the reins lying loose on the neck of the now weary Rois, or could realize that "Crichawn" had even understood the full purport of his words.

"A strange coincidence," he said half to himself and half to Rois, who looked anxiously back at his master, as if to ask what new eccentricity he was about to engage in.

"Come on, old boy; now do your best," was stimulus enough to set the spirited horse off with renewed vigor on their quest.

Father Aylmer's house was speedily reached. It was barely six o'clock, yet the little household was astir. Smoke circled cheerily; and the hall door was ajar, and, there, right on the tiny green plot, in front of the house, was Father Aylmer, breviary in hand, wearing his cassock and cap, evidently preparing for his daily Mass.

The unwonted appearence of Mr. Meldon at such an hour did not disturb the good old priest; and much of the light of his interrupted communings with the Unseen shone in his calm, sweet smile, and the gentle gravity with which he received the sad tidings. To him, Paddy Hayes had ever been a good friend, as well as a stay and support, in many trials, from Paddy's constant and fervent piety and example.

"God be praised," he said; "it was only last Saturday he was with me;" then begging Mr. Meldon to wait a moment, he went into the hall, and, opening a side door, was busy in his little oratory for a few minutes, and came out wrapped in his long priest's clock; and signifying by a slight gesture to Mr. Meldon that he was ready, he got into the phaeton without a word.

Once more the bewildered Rois was urged to do his best in the good cause. It was a silent drive, but Mr. Meldon used to say afterwards, that it was one of the happiest hours in his life. The old priest was absorbed in meditation; and only his guardian angel could number the acts of love and adoration, ascending in homage to the hidden God, which were spoken by the heart of Father Aylmer.

Mr. Meldon was silent from deep respect and veneration. An earnest

Catholic, he did not venture to break the solemn silence; and as he sped swiftly along the shady road, he felt a new delight in the balmy fragrance of the meadows, and a thrill of pure ecstacy in the bird's song, and the ripple of the mountain stream. All nature was alive and instinct with joy, to pay homage to its Maker; and Mr. Meldon thought of many a gorgeous pageant in far-off countries, where our Lord was borne to His sick, amid a kneeling crowd, with white-robed priest and all the Catholic ritual; and yet, somehow, he was conscious of a deeper and more reverent feeling, in that silent, homely drive, where angels seemed to sing the responses in the whispering breeze, and the birds made a chorus of sacred jubilee that he had never felt before!

The old priest sat still and prayerful, a sweet smile upon his lips, and in his eyes a radiant light; and round his long, grey hair the sunbeams lingered, lighting up the pale worn face, with a flickering aureole. Notwithstanding Mr. Meldon's fatigue and his anxiety about the sick man, it seemed all to soon when Rois drew up at Paddy Hayes's door, and the murmur and confusion within gave evidence of the success of "Crichawn's" mission, in the arrival of Dr. Murphy.

"Crichawn's" quick ear caught the noise of wheels, and in a second he had taken Rois by the head, and leading the tired creature round to what had once been a cosy stable, he did his best to put the poor animal up comfortably. He made the phaeton safe, of course, and then, in his own swift, noiseless way, he was back in the sick room before any one could have paused to miss him.

It was a sad, and, in many respects, a striking scene. Paddy Hayes, now conscious, but, evidently sinking rapidly, lay upon the old oaken settle in the kitchen, dressed as he had been the night before, save that his cravat was off and his neck exposed. One of the neighbors sat at his head and supported his shoulders, while the doctor felt his pulse and the beating of his heart.

Through an open door on the left side, a bed-room was visible, and on the bed, a woman moaned and tossed restlessly to and fro — muttering in all the wild incoherence of typhus. It was Mary Hayes, happily insensible to the misery around her; her soul was far away, borne on the wings of that strange delirium, which had carried her back to the days of her proud young motherhood. She crooned a low cradle song and rocked an imaginary babe softly to sleep in her wasted arms. In the inner corner of the apartment, on a low sofa bed, lay a girl of thirteen, pale as a snow wreath, her dark blue eyes dilated with terror, and her lips clenched as if to smother the intense agony that would fain find relief in groans. She was half reclining on the poor pillow. She bent her head, as if to catch the least sound from without; and, with senses rendered acute by long suffering, she caught even the tones of cautious whispering.

"What do you say, Doctor? — any hope?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"None, he is sinking rapidly; only Father Aylmer can assist him now," was the reply.

The listening girl gasped painfully, and made a violent exertion as if to throw herself from the bed. Alas, she was paralyzed! the fruitless exertion to move the benumbed limbs reacted on the overtasked heart; and Ally Hayes fainted away. For some time, at least, she was spared the trial of consciousness, while the poor mother stared at her with wide-open, glittering eyes, that did not see, and nursed the spirit babe in a terrible mockery in the agony around her.

Father Aylmer was now left alone with the dying man, but his ministration was swift and soothing. Only a week before, as he had told Mr. Meldon, the faithful penitent had received absolution from his old confessor. There were no long arrears

to clear up, no scruples to allay, no terrible temptations to combat. "As a man lives so shall he die." And for Paddy Hayes the end was peace. Therefore, when Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn," at a call from Father Aylmer entered the little kitchen, they found the dying man calm, and even radiant.

There was no time to be lost, the doctor said; and then the Holy Viaticum was brought to him, for his last, long journey.

After a few moments of evidently intense devotion, he raised his head slowly, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Meldon, he seemed to wish to speak. With ready tact the little group drew back, and allowed Mr. Meldon to approach the dying man.

"God bless you, sir," he faintly whispered, "and reward you!" And, then, by a last effort, grasping Mr. Meldon's hand in a convulsive clasp, he said in a louder tone, as the last appeal of human agony, "Mary — my little Ally!"

"Do not fear," answered Mr. Meldon; "they are now in my charge; I will protect them." Then seeing the intense relief transfiguring for a moment even the shadow of death upon the face of the father and husband, his own took a shade of sudden resolution, and bending his head, so that his lips touched the ear of the sufferer, he whispered a few rapid words. The effect was electrical. Paddy Hayes absolutely raised himself, as if endued with new life, and with a great joy and infinite contentment, gazed for a second fixedly upon Mr. Meldon — then strove to press a kiss upon his hand! It was beyond his strength; and he fell back heavily, with the gray shadow quenching all the grateful love within his eyes.

"Crichawn" and Father Aylmer were now by his side, and the priest held the crucifix to his lips, and recited the Litany for the departing soul. For a while, Paddy Hayes followed the responses; but, by degrees, this world seem to pass away, and a world invisible seemed to surround him.

"Holy Mary!" he murmured. "Holy Mary! I see my mother near her, and my little sister. Oh! how bright it is!" he said again; "how warm — all sunshine and gold! Holy Mary!" And, then, again "Jesus!" Once more he repeated the holy name; once more he invoked the holy name, Jesus! Those who heard it can never forget that tone of love unutterable, of wonder immeasurable, of joy ecstatic.

"God have mercy on his soul," said Father Aylmer, as he gently closed the eyes, and folded the arms of the dead. "God have mercy on him!" he repeated; "but if ever a departing spirit met the embraces of our Blessed Lord, I think it was Paddy Hayes's happy lot, when he made that last aspiration. We all know," the good priest continued, "how easily he could have his life and his land if he gave up his conscience. Can we doubt that he has even now received his reward?"

By this time there was quite a congregation in the house. All the neighbors had come in, one by one, and, as it always happens in cases of such extremity, no one came empty-handed. Out of their own poverty the poor provided the little necessaries required; and swiftly and silently the women set to work to find out where the habit was kept, to make down the fire, and set down the kettle, and make a cup of tea and drop of whey for the sick woman and child. The disordered house was soon tidy; the corpse was decently laid out in the brown habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and reverently and prayerfully James the Pilgrim crossed the hands upon the breast, folding between the fingers the well worn rosary of the deceased.

It was soon a regular wake, but a wake in the best sense of the word — as such a solemn occasion should at all times be observed. To be sure,

there was the simple gossip of the country-side, and the men smoked the calumet of peace in the chimney corner; but out of respect for the poor sufferers in the next room, the *caoine* was not raised but at certain times. James the Pilgrim took care to give out the Rosary, after which he related many wonderful tales to beguile the tedium of the night; and thus the long hours wore swiftly away.

"Crichawn" had been sent into Waterford by Mr. Meldon almost immediately after the death of his brother, with orders to provide a suitable coffin and all necessaries for a respectable funeral at that gentleman's expense; and from his own house he had taken care to send the wine and broth and arrowroot ordered by Dr. Murphy for poor Ally Hayes and her mother.

At the early dawn of the next morning but one, a very solemn procession wound out of the narrow *borheen* leading into the once pretty cottage of the Hayeses. At its head was Father Aylmer and Father Ned, and next them the hearse and coffin; and by its side walked "Crichawn." After the hearse came Mr. Meldon's carriage, bearing Mr. Meldon himself, wearing crape — just as if it was for the "jintry" — and then came the neighbors in long array, for Paddy Hayes had no enemies, and even his very misfortunes excited a double anxiety to show some mark of respect to his remains.

It was a dark morning, promising what is called among country people a "rich day." Not a breeze was astir, and the gentle summer rain descended rather than fell, in an odorous dew upon the thirsty earth; and soon, in the stillness of the old churchyard, all that was mortal of Paddy Hayes was laid, by loving hands, peacefully and prayerfully to rest.

After all was over, and "Crichawn" was left, as he thought alone, by the new-made grave, he threw himself at full length upon it, and gave full vent to the emotions of his bitter sorrow. Only for a little while, however; for, starting as he felt a hand laid gently but firmly upon his shoulder, he met the kind gaze of Mr. Meldon bent, as was that gentleman's way, intently upon him.

"Tom," he said, "have you a knowledge of horses? Can you drive a pair?"

For a moment, "Crichawn" rubbed his eyes in sheer astonishment. The offer, and the tone in which it was given, was a veritable cold shower bath upon the passionate outpouring of his spirit, but the shock was premeditated, and after a second it produced its effect. "Crichawn" rose to his feet, and, accepting the state of things with consummate tact, replied quite simply, "Yes, sir, I had always a fancy for horses, and like to be about them."

"Then you will care for Rois," Mr. Meldon said gaily. "Henceforth he will be your charge; and his owner to," he added.

"There are many things I know you can do for me — things that require trust and prudence; and — but we shall see."

"Crichawn" did not speak. He seemed to divine by intuition the nature of his benefactor, and knew that any display of feeling would jar upon Mr. Meldon's sensitive nerves; so he remained quite silent, in the attitude however of a servant who waited his master's orders. After a moment's thought, Mr. Meldon looked up, and, evidently pleased by the manner of his new attendant, said, "Then, after you have seen things straight at the cottage, you can come over, or, better still, wait for me there."

As Mr. Meldon drove rapidly away, poor "Crichawn" knelt down for one brief moment, and kissing the freshly turned earth, thanked God, and the spirit of his mother, to whose prayers in heaven he felt a sad satisfaction in attributing the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him.

It was well the faithful servant has experienced so much consolation, for his endurance was destined to be sorely tried that very day.

On his arrival at the house of mourning, his attention was attracted, at some distance off, by an unusual noise, and a gathering of people quite as unusual, now that the wake and funeral were over. His first thought was that his sister-in-law was dead, though that very morning the doctor had pronounced the crisis past, and assured him that care and quiet were all that were needed for a speedy recovery. Still he knew how very treacherous the typhus was, and his heart sank within him as he thought of little Ally, without a mother's care in her infirmity, and how lonely he himself would be in the world. He approached the cottage with a feeling very new to "Crichawn," and asked the first he met what was the meaning of the crowd.

"The meaning of the crowd? Well, I tell you that you're come just in time. See, now! There's D'Alton's bailiff over there, an' there's three or four makin' inventhries of nothin'; an' I tell you soon there'll be murdher here unless some wan prevints it."

"Crichawn's" eyes flashed with a fire terrible to behold.

"Inventhries over the coffin!" he said, "over the coffin!" he repeated; and gazing on D'Alton's men even with the consciousness that he could settle for double the number of these single-handed, he appeared about to make a spring — the spring of the tiger — when, lo! who drives right into the cottage road but Mr. Meldon.

Already "Crichawn" had begun to look upon Mr. Meldon as "head of the family." He merely looked at that gentleman, therefore, and seemed to ask, "What shall I do?" "Crichawn's" anger went down in the presence of that betrayed by Mr. Meldon. He declared he could never forget the terrible expression of his master's face; evidently he was unable to control it sufficiently to meet D'Alton's workmen.

"Let it pass," he said to "Crichawn." "All the better now that you are in my service."

Calling him nearer, he spoke for a while rapidly and earnestly; and then without even a glance at the shame-faced bailiffs he departed as quickly as he had arrived.

That night, the gamekeeper's lodge on Mr. Meldon's estate received the outcast family, and there, when Mary Hayes awoke to health and widowhood, she found herself surrounded with many of her old comforts, and a sympathy which, as she said, made it ungrateful for her to repine; and there little Ally patiently suffered her painful malady, until by a wonderful inspiration she, too, was made whole; but the explanation of the manner, must wait for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON CAME TO BE INTIMATE WITH ALLY HAYES, AND ALSO CHRONICLING AN EVENT VERY DISGUSTING TO MESSRS. HUXLEY AND TYNDALL.

As the midsummer wore on to Autumn, and the tints deepened on the trees, the hearts of the inmates within the lodge commenced to brighten, as a new life and better prospects began to open before them. It is true that Mary Hayes still bore the traces of the cruel trial she had gone through, and her snowy widow's cap was only rivelled by the whiteness of her thin face, from which the old bloom had forever departed. But, whatever the amount of her sorrow might have been, it was held in check by a deep feeling of resignation, and a great sense of gratitude to God for the refuge she had found so unexpectedly.

Mary Hayes's duties at the lodge were only nominal. "Crichawn's" wages were liberal, and were backed by many a generous gratuity; for most people were excited by the romantic nature of his associations with Mr. Meldon, as well as by some-

thing of a mysterious attraction about the poor fellow himself. Thus the "Crichawn" had quite a fortune in the minds of the simple folks about him. But "Crichawn" began at once to pay the debts contracted by his brother in the hard times before his death. In these first sad days, Mary Hayes had made a solemn declaration in "Crichawn's" hearing that she would "beg the world over, and grudge herself and the child a bit or sup, unless she could feel that Paddy's sowl would rest in peace, when the last penny he owed was paid."

"Wisha hould your tongue, Mary asthore," was "Crichawn's" rejoinder, "and don't be borrying trouble for yourself whin the Lord knows you had enough of it already. Look at that for you, now," said the warm-hearted fellow, producing an old, brown pocket-book, from which peeped out the crisp edges of several new bank-notes. "Shure, 'tis the masther himself, God bless him, paid me this very morning my quarter in advance, 'for I know,' says he, 'you'll have many little demands on you now, perhaps,'— slipping the notes at the same time into my hand, and like a rale gentleman, as he is, walkin' away when he seen the tears in my eyes, widout another word. And sure enough, Mary, I couldn't spake for a good tin minutes; and thin I fell down upon my two knees, and promised the Mother of God that not a fardin of my wages I'd never touch till Paddy was clear; and now 'tis no affair of yours, achree; mind little Ally, and don't be tazing yourself any more."

"An' who will you pay?" asked Mary.

"I'm goin' to pay Patsy Leary, the very first. Do you remember the day the white cow was drivin' away for the poor-rates, how he came behind poor Paddy's back and sliped the pound-note into his fist, and how Ally clapped her hands when *Bawneen*, came back. 'Tis proud I am to be taking it to him this mornin', though I believe God gave it to him on the double many a time since."

The poor widow was on her knees by the hearth in a moment. The tears streamed down her face in torrents, and her hands were raised to heaven, while she rocked softly to and fro, after the manner of our peasantry when deeply excited.

"Arrah, what is the matter now, Mary? You're worse to me than the grey mare," he muttered,— "and she's bad enough — like to kick the brains out o' me every time she gets her oats; but I declare I'd sooner be kicked every hour in the day than see you cryin' like that, Mary, for it breaks my very heart," said "Crichawn."

"Don't be angry, Tom," answered the widow. "I won't cry any more if it plazes you, on'y this wasn't for, O *dear bhrathair*, your goodness has melted the cold hard rock of the grief that was wearin' me down — wearin' me down," she went on, "whin I used to think how his bones wouldn't rest in the clay."

"God forgive you thin," said "Crichawn," "when Father Ned could tell you over and over agin that his soul was in heaven. 'Tis aisy you ought to be about his bones," laughed "Crichawn," trying to assume a levity he was far from feeling. "And see, Mary," he added with a rare tact, "have a bit of supper for me about tin. I'll have to walk all night with that divil of a mare. The masther's goin' to sell her at last long at the fair; an' I wouldn't thrust Peter with her as far as I'd throw him."

Whistling the "Groves of Blarney," "Crichawn" walked rapidly away, at the same time applying the cuff of his coat across his eyes in a manner that seemed to contradict the freedom of mind he had been trying to manifest.

From this scene, it is easy to imagine how quietly, and even happily, the days glided by for Mary Hayes and little Ally. Indeed, if the

shadow rested long anywhere, it seemed to linger most upon the child's face; and her depression of spirits, — so different from the elastic youth, whose trials are always transient, — was put down to the effect of her delicacy. The reader may remember that Ally was a paralytic, and had for the three years previously lost entirely the use of her lower limbs. The stroke came suddenly, one hot July day, when the child, a laughing, golden-haired sprite of seven summers, strayed into the meadow where the haymakers were busily at work. For a time, Ally was the gayest of what is always a merry gathering. She tossed the fragrant wisp far above her head, sought for the wild honey, and the corn cakes, nest-hunted, and crowned herself with improvised wreaths of meadow-sweet, and crimson peonies. As she flitted from one rank of the haymakers to another, no one particularly missed her; and the hot day wore into the thick, misty dew of the Summer night. The meadow was silent, and Paddy Hayes had stuck his rake the very last man, in the heavy swath, and turned towards home, when he heard his wife's voice calling him in tones of alarm, mingled with call upon call for "Ally."

A search was made on the spot, and under an old hawthorn tree that grew into many twisted and tangled knots, and wicked, uncanny branches, they found the child asleep. Her face was very pale, and the stupor more than natural, as she was borne tenderly into the house in her father's arms and laid in her mother's lap by the fire. She was speedily undressed and made to take a little hot milk, but though for a while she lay quietly in her cosy cot bed, it was hardly dawn when the child began to moan painfully, and toss restlessly to and fro upon the pillows; and then the frightened mother found her with blazing cheeks, and flashing eyes, evidently in a high state of delirium.

Of course the old crones shook their heads, and whispered mysteriously that the tree was haunted, and that poor Ally had fallen asleep over a Fairy Ring.

"Didn't Denis Foley, the greatest faction fighter in the three counties," asked Maurice More, "fall asleep one May eve in the self-same spot; and sure every wan saw him taken up a cripple to his dying day? An' if that wasn't enough for 'em didn't they hear the child's own talk, so quare and so strange, no wan could make it out."

"Thrue for you," answered Brideen Dhuv, "tho' Father Aylmer said it was from the effects of a sudden chill, and Dr. Murphy declared it was fever brought on by a dhrink of the cowld well-wather, when little Ally was overheated and fatigued, and that to fall asleep in the dew was always dangerous. But we know that the priest or the doctor would nivir give in to the fairies, though in their hearts they couldn't help knowin' it."

And here a volume of cases in point, any one of which would sorely overtax the reader's patience, was brought to bear upon the argument in hand. We shall not pursue the disputed question with the dear old simple souls, who made themselves so delightfully miserable with all manners of fairy lore, in the days we write of. It is enough for our purpose to state that little Ally had a weary illness — slowly but surely fighting her way on to life and reason, but, alas, not to the use of her limbs; for, from her waist down, that July day she was perfectly paralyzed.

After the langours of convalesence had worn off, the naturally quick and high-spirited child began to pine for the freedom she had lost, and many a time the tears flowed fast as she watched the merry games of her former companions, or saw them flit away, from a brief visit to her little chair in the window nook, to scamper their wild will over the hill-side, and down by the river she had loved so well.

But Ally Hayes was, most of all things, sensitive and affectionate, and her perceptions, quickened by illness, grew speedily to understand that to see her suffer in any way was a sore trial to her parents, and the more than brother, her uncle, whose divinity she seemed to be; and with a courage and endurance simply heroic in so young a soul, she made up her mind, not only to deprecate, but not even to notice the romps and games of the thoughtless children around her.

Ally in due time begged her mother to teach her to knit and to sew, and was frantically impatient for books and pictures; and when the first struggle was over, her mind grew to love what it fed upon, and no one could have detected even a shade of discontent upon the brow of the silent, tranquil-looking girl, who seemed to enjoy her enforced inaction, until the hard times came, and she saw how anxiety to shield her and provide for her became a new pang, and an added responsibility to her idolized parents. From that time, her prayer to God for health became an agony of supplication, dying into a very stupor of horror in the sad scenes of her father's death, and the subsequent visit of the bailiffs, but reviving with renewed energy when the first shock of surprise at their occupation of the gamekeeper's lodge was over, and she saw, at every turn, how useful she could be, and how much she might do to alleviate the sorrow, as well as to help the weakness of her much-enduring mother.

Things had gone on this way through the declining Summer and all through the beautiful Autumn time. Ally saw her dear mother peaceful and even happy; but she sighed as she marked the extreme pallor of her cheeks, and the depression which overcame her at any unusual exertion; and, night and day, the child's supplications for health and strength to aid those she loved became more frequent and more fervent, until at last, the mental strain began to affect her visibly, and the change in her appearance seemed to renew all her mother's sorrows.

Poor little Ally was in sore distress. To confide in her mother or her uncle would be to reveal all she suffered; and, if there was no remedy to be had, was it not better she should bear her trouble alone? The heroic child made up her mind to do so.

While sitting in her favorite window one day, saying her Rosary, it occurred to her forcibly to say the Fifteen Mysteries, for a direct manifestation of God's will, as regarded her being cured or the reverse. Her mother had gone to Mr. Meldon's, and there was no one by to check the long work of her fervent faith and hope. It was towards the end of November, and the gloom of the short Winter's day had deepened into darkness, allowing only the glimmer of the fire light to flitter fitfully, and indistinctly upon the familiar objects of the little kitchen.

Wearied with the long recital of the Rosary, and the emotions called forth by the prayers she offered for light and help, Ally lay back in her little chair, closing her eyes for a refreshing sleep, when an impulse she could not account for made her raise her glance to an old picture which hung, in a plain, black-painted frame above the fire-place, and represented, in divers glowing tints, "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was that in which she is represented as handing the holy scapular to St. Simon Stock.

It may have been the affect of the fitful light upon the little picture, or more likely the outcome of her own over-wrought imagination, but Ally fainted away as she seemed to see the figure of Our Lady gradually enlarge, until the face wore a loving smile, and, while with one hand she held the scapulars, with the other she pointed significantly towards them, with a gentle inclination of her head towards Ally. A great darkness, which was in truth extreme fright and faintness, fell upon the child.

How long she continued thus she knew not; but she was roused by the sound of voices coming towards the house, and soon recognized the welcome tones of James the Pilgrim, accompanying Uncle Tom. And now the poor child's heart beat fast, for she could not help seeing, in the unexpected arrival of James the Pilgrim, a direct interposition of Providence in her favor. To him she could reveal everything, and be sure of advice and help and sympathy; and she could hardly restrain herself from weeping as the faithful old fellow entered the doorway and cried out for his own "little Colleen," and hunted about for a light till h'd "show her without delay the fine new prayer-book he had brought her that very day from the fair of Carrick."

James himself was quick to see that an unusual preoccupation and excitement, obliterating for the present all interest in his handsome present, possessed the usually frank and open-hearted Ally; and he could not help noticing, as he told his usual round of stories after supper, and was relating one, in particular, where a soldier's life had been saved in battle, from the bullet having glanced away from the scapular of Our Lady which he wore over his heart, that Ally gave a great start, and hardly suppressed a loud exclamation. James, therefore, was not surprised when he came to bid her good night to hear her whisper, "Daddy James, don't go away in the morning till I talk to you first."

He was much surprised and deeply interested when Ally unfolded her hopes and fears, and vehemently asserted her belief that "Our Lady would cure her by means of the holy scapular of Mount Carmal."

James listened attentively to the narration; and, while he wisely tried to moderate Ally's ardor, he took great care to say nothing that could lessen her beautiful confidence, or even inspire her with the idea of there having been anything unusual in the impression about the movements of the picture.

"Trust in God and His Holy Mother, Ally *bawn*," said the old man. "I'll go to Father Aylmer to-day, and tell him the whole story. Most likely he'll come over himself to see my girleen; and then we'll do what the priest tells you, Ally asthore; and that will be surely God's will."

With an anxious heart Ally saw old James depart for Father Aylmer's determining within herself to accompany him on her Rosary all the way; and great therefore was her joy when James returned towards evening with the welcome intelligence that Father Alymer was to say Holy Mass at Kilsheelan next morning, and would come over to see her in the course of the day.

Father Aylmer had heard the story from James the Pilgrim, but he was naturally anxious to question the child himself, and see how much of her faith was pure confidence in God, or the result of a morbid fancy. He came then next day, and, having carefully cross-examined poor little Ally, he came to the conclusion that there was a fair reason to believe that her extraordinary faith in the scapulars was a divine inspiration, and he made up his mind to act accordingly. He told Ally that it was just nine days before the 8th of December, the glorious festival of the Immaculate Conception, and he bade her offer up special prayers each day, so as to finish the novena on the feast, when he would come himself and enroll her in the Order of Our Lady, bidding her at the same time to take her mother and uncle into her confidence. And such was the child's faith that, what would have seemed to many a weary waiting time, flew swiftly by with her.

Many were the preparations on the 7th of December, 1847, within the game-keeper's lodge over at Kilsheelan.

"Crichawn" had told Mr. Meldon, and that gentleman took care to act

in his own peculiar fashion, and so it was that early on that evening a mysterious box and basket were deposited at the lodge, and opened with much tremor and anxiety by Mrs. Hayes. Who shall describe Ally's delight, or her mother's astonishment, on finding in the box a fair statuette of Mary Immaculate, and in the basket a vase of hot-house flowers.

It took half the night, and much of poor "Crichawn's" ingenuity to decide where the altar was to be raised; but at last it was declared to be perfect and the statuette and vase and two blessed wax candles stood, in all their new magnificence, on a snow-white cloth, near to Ally's cot. Ally says there was a sound of sweet singing through the room that night. Certain it is she did not sleep much, and early morning found her impatient to be dressed; and soon she was put in her new frock, reclining on her bed.

Father Aylmer, as usual, came early, and, having recited the Rosary with his little congregation, he drew out of his vest pocket, a pair of new brown scapulars, which he had got from the Ursuline Convent at Waterford, and, having explained the nature and obligations of the order, he proceeded to enroll the candidate and to bless the scapulars.

For a moment the old priest seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer, and then, turning solemnly towards Ally, asked her for the last time if she had faith in the intercession of Our Lady; and, on her fervent response being given, he placed the scapulars around her neck, and, sprinkling her with holy water, bade her remain quiet for a while and raise her heart in humble hope to God.

The old priest was soon on his way; for a sick call waited him on his road homewards. He thought much upon the morning scene, and was not at all disappointed that an instantaneous effect had not followed his ministrations. God's time was always the best time; and, even if days were to pass, it might be to perfect the child's faith, Father Aylmer thought — or to give her an opportunity of gaining new merit.

Father Aylmer had many things to do that day, and next day he would be hard at work in his confessional; but still Ally Hayes was constantly before his mind, and many a prayer did he offer that, for her all things might "work together unto good." Once in his confessional, however, the good priest's mind was lost in the care of his penitents, and so absorbed was he in the ministration of the sacrament that he was the very last in the chapel to notice an unusual stir, and the low murmur of many voices raised in various ejaculations of praise and surprise around him. At last the tumult became so great, that he opened the door of his confessional, and looked out to ascertain the cause of so much unusual commotion. The figure that met his gaze answered his mute inquiry; and for a few moments the old priest was as much lost in astonishment as any of his flock. There, before his eyes, walking firmly up the aisle, and making for the altar of Our Lady, her beads wound about her wrist, her scapulars on her breast, and her crutches in her hand, was Ally Hayes, smiling and radiant! Yet the child had a gentle recollectedness about her, that was in itself a prayer, as she smiled and bowed right and left to the prayers and salutations of the wondering people.

"I come, Father," she said quite simply, as Father Aylmer joined her by the Virgin's altar, "to lay my crutches at her feet who has given me power to move. And I walked the three miles good," she added; "and I am to walk them back again, because, Father, Our dear Lady never does anything by halves."

Soon we may be sure Father Aylmer and Ally were the centre of a prayerful crowd. The good old priest hung up the votive crutches, and Ally's joyful mother brought forth the votive candles; and, as they were lit, as a mute token of thanksgiving, he told

how wonderful were the ways of the good God, and bade them all join him in a hymn — Mary's own Rosary, as a recognition of the great grace that had been sent among them.

After a visit to the confessional, Ally Hayes walked home, as she had promised, and the malady that had stricken her for long, weary years was for her as if it had never existed, save in a terrible dream.

We do not wish to make an argument, but it would be worth something to the followers of Messrs. Huxley and Tyndall to ponder upon *one single assertion* — and that is the simple *fact* that all we have related took place under the eye of the writer of this history, to whom the girl Ally Hayes represents was well known, and whose crutches were laid within the very church where he himself, at that time, ministered.

The fame of the miracle spread rapidly, and gave rise to the usual amount of dispute and contradiction; but among those who believed most fully, and sympathized most cordially with the widow and daughter, was their employer and best friend, Mr. Meldon. He came first to see Ally on her feet, with his own eyes; and, then, as the sweetness, gentleness, intelligence, and rare natural refinement of the girl's person and manner grew upon him, he formed a project, which in due time he communicated to Father Aylmer, who most cordially approved; and so it came to pass, after a few months, that Ally was sent as a boarder to the Ursuline Convent at Waterford. There she had the happiness of making her first Communion, and in due time of being received among "*Les Enfants de Marie.*"

We know something of what a novitiate for Heaven these Ursuline schools are everywhere; and in the case of Ally Hayes, nature and grace worked in unison with the best efforts the good nuns could exert. "She will surely be a nun," they whispered on the day of her first Communion, when she seemed to breathe only in an ecstacy of love. And "You will soon come home to us, Alice," were the last words of Sister Mary Gonzaga, as Ally, weeping bitterly, bade her kind teachers good-bye, when two short years had flown past.

And thus we have explained why it was Mr. Meldon had crowned Ally Hayes as "Queen of the May," and how it was he seemed to think so highly of her.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING WHAT FATHER POWER WAS, AND DEVELOPING MR. MELDON A LITTLE, AND THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF TLE "POOKA" CONSPIRATORS.

Father Power was not the parish priest of the parish which he served; and, as the time is yet somewhat recent, we will not mention the name of the locality. Father Power was senior curate, however, and, when a parish priest has become old, the senior curate is a man of large importance. At any rate Father Power's character very much squared with his name. He was six or seven and thirty, not tall, but muscularly knit, with very bright, steady grey eyes and an expression of mouth which revealed pride and firmness. He was devoted to sick calls and to the other onerous duties of his profession; but he did not forget either literature or politics, though he made both subservient to his views of religious duty.

Father Power's politics — what were they? Well, they were of the "peaceful" kind, which seems often to be wickedest of all, because they are "peaceful" only for want of what the Irish call a "vacancy." The other kind — the brave, thoughtless, headlong movements — are easily met and easily subdued; but the cool head that secures success by calculation and patience can never be conquered. That was the kind of head Father Power seemed to possess.

It was interesting to watch the good priest's inquiries and his exertions. "How things were going on" became known to him as regularly as

to any chieftain of the advanced party; and often after preparing as many as sixteen for death — death in blackening typhus — he found himself at some meeting in the evening giving wise counsel, or in conference with some parties by whom the people, whom he dearly loved, could be reached.

The parish priest, Father Aylmer, had a wholesome fear of Father Power. Father Aylmer approached the four score — maybe had passed it — but his eye was still clear, and his step, though slow, was firm. The little differences between himself and his senior curate were generally about money. Father Aylmer, for bad times, had a fair revenue; but what was a fair revenue to Father Aylmer? The last year, poor man! he had succeeded in selling his little bits of plate, unknown to Father Power, and now three or four months before the "Christmas dues" would come in, he had succeeded in emptying his modest treasury.

"Why, Father Aylmer," Father Power answered, when he learned this unpleasant fact, "I have put into your hand since April, over one hundred pounds. Where is it — where is it gone to?"

"Well, 'tis hard to say, *avic* — money goes so fast, you know."

"But how is your house to be supported? How are you to get on for four more months?"

"Oh! God will provide. He is a very good Father, Ned."

"His goodness, sir, will not supply extravagance! He will not patronize what is wrong."

"Extravagance!" repeated the old man; and he looked at the breast of his thread-bare coat, and his old eyes filled with tears."

"Oh! Father John — Father John! have I distressed you! Oh, you know — you know, don't you?——"

"*Avic mo chroidhe*," (My heart's son) cried the old priest, "you are better than two sons to your old friend and teacher. But, you know, the Caseys are very low, and the family is large, and, though the little farm was there, it gave 'em nothing — nothing, *avic*. I d dn't like to see an old neighbor's cabin levelled, and the children of a man that went to school with me made paupers. Was I wrong, *avic?* — was I wrong?"

"Ah, don't worry yourself any more about it. I'm sorry—"

"Well, *avic*, then, the Delaneys, you know, and the Caseys," said Father Aylmer. "I know 'tis a hard trial on you, *avic*. The house is not what it ought to be, for you — no, indeed; and you do suffer — but God will reward you. You work day and night, and you won't let me do a fair share, so you won't; and, yet, Father Ned, you suffer! Ah! sell that horse of mine and that old car! What do I want of them?"

Thus domestic affairs went on with old Father Aylmer; and, as his heart was very large, and he had unbounded reliance on God, resolutions and arrangements, and even wants could not stop his hand.

This little dialogue occurred after Mass, on the Sunday succeeding the events of the second chapter.

"I saw young M——— at Mass to-day," remarked Father Power, just to change the conversation; "and a very fine young fellow from Dublin accompanied him. I'm afraid the spirits of those young men will not brook prudence."

"Well, *avic*, it's hard to blame 'em. They see the people dying of want — don't they? — and thousands stalking about like skeletons, and the coming winter threatening to be as hard as last year. Well, you see, Father Ned, they aren't able to reason, and —"

Father John Aylmer was interrupted by the entrance of one of the most brilliant and impassioned men of the epoch, accompanied by a second, who yet lives in honor.

The clergyman uttered an exclamation of pleasurable surprise.

"Why," Father Aylmer cried, "you're a thousand times welcome —

the grandson of my oldest friend — the man of the '*Urbs Intacta.*'"

"This, Father Aylmer, is Mr. O——, a particular friend of mine, of whom you have heard," remarked the young man.

"Indeed, I have — and, moreover, I knew his father well twelve or fourteen years ago. He is well, I hope."

"I thank you, yes," replied the young fellow with the symmetry of an Apollo.

"But we really came to ask you a question, and to get some information."

By this time the young men had been seated.

"What is to be thought of these wonderful appearances in the Glen — the manifestations of the Pooka, and the fire and brimstone rolling out of his mouth in volumes, and so forth?"

"You ought to take them '*cum grano salis*,'" said Father Power. "Have you seen any one who has witnessed them?"

"No," answered the young gentleman first introduced; "but we have heard a hundred who are sure of them; and behind that conviction there must be something."

"Fairly reasoned," answered Father Power; "and I promise you I will unravel the matter before to-morrow morning, and give you perfect satisfaction. But, now, my dear friends," continued Father Power — and his voice shook with feeling — "is it not possible to turn you from the road you are entering upon?"

The second of the two answered "Impossible!"

"You have no commissariat?" said the priest.

"No."

"And no arms?"

"No."

"And no money!"

"No."

"And without arms, money, or provisions you will enter in this contest! You are prepared to make a carnage."

"Better die in the field than die of slow famine!"

"Now, didn't I say that?" Father Aylmer cried. "The poor fellows are driven distracted by what their young eyes see, and their good hearts feel! Isn't that it, sir?"

"Well, we have a hope stronger. We hope yet to inspire more confidence in Father Power. Every person knows that he is no patron either of starvation or oppression."

Father Power turned to the young man first mentioned.

"And you?"

"The die is cast, Father Ned!"

"Without a hope of winning?"

"I must say yes."

"And is it possible that you will expose your country to such awful evils without a hope?"

"Oh, yes, I have one hope?"

"You have?"

"Yes. There are epochs in the history of every country — every oppressed country — in which, if the spirit of resistance be not manifested, it will die out. 'Ninety-eight was one of them here. 'Forty-eight will be another."

"Aye," shouted the old man laughing —

> "Freedom's battle once begun,—
> Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
> Tho' baffled oft, is ever won!"

"Precisely," concluded the young enthusiast.

As has been remarked in the text these two were men of note and honor; and both since risen to eminence almost unprecedented in the United States. One of them, alas! is lost to his country and humanity. The other lives — an ornament to his profession and to Ireland. The conversation is given almost word for word as it took place with the author — though he should call it conversations, because he met the gentlemen separately.

As in every case of extensive agitation where there is no strict controlling power, elements will find a place in them, not only against the

principles of those who are supposed to lead, but entirely condemned and repudiated by them. Selfishness can easily adopt the guise of philanthropy, and dishonesty enrich itself by using the masque of patriotism; and they fix an undeserved character upon many an honest enterprise. Men who spoke of "preparation" and "energy" and "injustice" never suggested the means occasionally resorted to, and would accept death sooner than approve of them.

"He's come, sir!" the servant said to Father Power.

"Is he?"

"He's in the barn waitin', sir."

"Gentlemen," Father Power said, "I beg—"

"Oh, by-the-by," both answered together, "we have remained too long; but we will call again on Father Power to get the explanation of the mystery."

Father Power meanwhile went to the barn, and there found "Crichawn."

Evidently "Crichawn" had been sent for, because his eye had an expectant look, when the clergyman presented himself.

"Well, Tom, I want once more a cast of your office," said the priest.

"Anything you want, Father Ned," replied "Crichawn."

"Make your way to Clonmel in the morning, early, and take this watch to Dr. Whelan, and hand it with this letter, and he will give you an answer."

"What answer? — a letter?"

"Well, he'll give you twenty pounds."

"Selling your watch, Father Ned!"

"Exactly. He will sell it for me."

"The prisintashin watch!"

"Why, yes, Tom — why not? The old parish priest is hard up, Tom — and he has been a father to me. What is a watch compared to relieving him."

"Murther!" cried "Crichawn;" "an' is there no other way at all, Father Ned?"

"Now, Tom, do as I tell you."

"Stop, Father Ned," said "Crichawn." "If I make out twinty pounds, will you keep the prisintashin watch?"

"Tom, Tom, do as I tell you, or I must go myself. Things are come to a point with Father John, and you must take my way. No one on earth is to know your errand; and I can trust Dr. Whelan."

"Then I'll go this minute," answered Tom, "an' I'll be home at cockcrow to-morrow mornin'. An' now I think of it, I have bisness myself, I do declare — bisness for Mr. Meldon, in Clonmel."

"Crichawn" went to get leave from his master, and if we must betray the good-natured dwarf, he broke faith with Father Ned, and told Meldon the whole story. Meldon turned over in his mind the tender affection of the two priests for each other and for the poor. One gave all to the wretched, and the other would give all to the giver. The tender heart is the instrument of a tender providence. Mr. Meldon thought of scenes and peoples far away — peoples of benevolent souls and free generosity; but he felt that the sentiment which makes benevolence the very poetry of "charity" is the honor and glory of our own dear island. He dropped a proud tear and made up his mind.

"Stay, Tom; I know Dr. Whelan intimately. Take a letter from me to him."

Mr. Meldon sat down and wrote to Dr. Whelan, informing him that he had become aware of the whole transaction, and enclosed forty pounds to be sent to Father Ned; because the watch was more valuable than one would think. And so it was. It was the mute messenger of a manly piety and love, and a witness of the nobility which Ireland held fast when she lost everything earthly.

"Crichawn" took the cob once more and galloped away like a wild horseman. In fact, the cob knew him well, and always got into the

spirit of her rider as soon as he bestrode her. He was equal to his word; and Dr. Whelan discreet and ready. At ten o'clock next day, "Crichawn" presented to the astonished Father Ned, the fruits of his industry and activity.

"I met old D'Alton, in his own gig, goin' up just as I came towards the turn."

"You did?"

"He keeps an account at the bank to spread about a report how little he has after all; but every one knows the store is at home at the Crag."

"Well — and Mr. Meldon?"

"Mr. Meldon went over to make a visit to the darlin' Miss Amy D'Alton. Oh, he's fond of her."

"Do you think so, Tom?"

"Oh, nothin' of *that* kind! Mr. Meldon *pities* Miss Amy. I heard him say she was ever so like some one belonging to him, an' he felt the full brother's *gradh* for her."

"I wish she was free of that cousin Baring. I am sure he makes her unhappy."

"The very word Mr. Meldon said to me on yesterday, and he said, although he was standing alone in Ireland, he would be able to spoil Mr. Charles's plot."

True, Mr. Meldon had gone over to the Crag, and for some time he had been on a footing of intimacy with Amy D'Alton, though their meetings were few and informal — generally at the church. Amy was fond of teaching at Sunday school, and had boldly travelled to the church alone, and was allowed to return so, until Mr. Meldon came to the country. He seemed to make it a point to meet her, and she enjoyed his society very much; but an occasional visit of a few minutes served his notions of his duty to the old gentleman at the Crag, who took great care to make only one visit to Mr. Meldon in eighteen months.

Talking to Timothy Cunneen, one day, he gave that amiable person the philosophy of this transaction. "I am not in want of money, I have just as much as meets my calls. What do I want to know this strange man for, as I do not want money? And, then, if I saw him much, he might want money of me. I have no money to give any one. I'm not going to die in the workhouse, I tell you, Tim Cunneen, so I'm not!"

Mr. Cunneen quite approved of old D'Alton's conduct and reasons, and congratulated that gentleman upon the economy of his house, and the sparing habits of his nephew, Mr. Charles — one of the finest young men in the world, and a man that owed not a fraction to anyone.

"That's the way I reared him, Tim Cunneen. No handling! no handling! and when they get accustomed to do without money, there's no fear they'll seek to spend it, and they'll be saved from poverty and the workhouse."

"You are the happy and sensible man, Mr. D'Alton," Timothy Cunneen said, and he grinned a horrible and ghastly smile at the perfect success of his deception of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Meldon had been some hours at the Crag, and had gone over the whole establishment, manifesting a correctness of taste and view that rendered his company an enjoyment. He had had a good deal of conversation on many subjects, and finally asked Amy had she much courage.

"Well, sir," she replied, "I have not been much tried, but I recollect that, when caught in a gale off Waterford, I had presence of mind enough to pray; and on another occasion, I was bold enough to threaten some one," she added with a smile.

"I know," Mr. Meldon said. "You do not fear him."

"Well, I do not fear anything, unless his ruining my father. His pretensions, otherwise, I am quite capable of meeting by the help of God?"

"Would it be a great comfort to you to know that I shall protect your father and you?"

"You, sir?"

"Yes, Amy D'Alton; can you depend on me?"

"Well, every one depends on you. I can only thank God, if he has sent me a protector."

"He has."

After some further confidential conversation Mr. Meldon was going away.

"Then," he said, "you are quite prepared?"

"Quite," answered Amy.

"And my man may occupy some place near the back hall-door?"

"Certainly."

"And you will not have me remain or send any other to you?"

"Well," she replied, "there can be no necessity."

The heroes of the glen were true to their patriotic resolve; and the more so now that they had heard Mr. Giffard D'Alton was away. The scapegrace Mr. Charles had been faithful, and was in the evening furious at having heard that Mr. Meldon had spent a long time at the Crag. But the anticipations of to-morrow — the large sum he would possess, the scenes and persons concerned and dependent upon his success — occupied his mind so much that his annoyance had only half its place. He listened here and there, and went from apartment to apartment. At seven or eight o'clock he announced to his cousin that business required him to be away till the next day.

Amy was too accustomed to such movements to make any remarks. She merely, said, "*Au revoir.*"

Nothing could be more quiet than the Crag that blessed Monday night. It was St. Augustine's day; and the twinkling stars were reflected from the purple leaves, on which a shower or two had fallen. Slieve-namon was listening and the stream in the Glen was stealing along, as if afraid to be heard.

The great house clock struck twelve. "Crichawn" was snugly settled in an old carriage in the coach-house; and he had with him a brown mastiff, whose head was on "Crichawn's" knee.

It struck one o'clock! It was half-past one. Silence and darkness reign. "Crichawn" feels disappointment. His ears are erect, he even holds his breath. At length the dog commenced in a low growl.

"Hush! 'Hecthor!' lie down, dog, lie down."

The obedient creature lay down, wagging his tail.

"Crichawn" has an eye on the courtyard. He sees a man plainly coming over the yard wall. He knew the man well. Another comes the same way, a third, a fourth, a fifth.

Softly as cats they tread. They wear no shoes, and their faces are covered with black handkerchiefs; but "Crichawn" knows them, every one but one.

"*Tha go maith!*" said "Crichawn." "If I wanted to take 'em all, 'Hector' wouldn't you and I do it?"

The dog shook himself and rose to his feet.

"Oh, no, 'Hector,' we're going to convart 'em only. We are our own police, my dog," he whispered.

And Hector was quite appreciative.

The thieves took only one half hour to accomplish their work; then out came the first man who had entered. He carried nothing — only a cloth cap. Then came a man with a low hat.

"Up, Hector!" quietly said Crichawn." "Look at that hat!"

Hector wagged his tail rapidly, as he looked through the square hole in the coach-house gate.

"Mind that hat, me boy."

The dog gambolled around his master.

"Stop now, down!" said "Crichawn," and the dog lay down at his feet.

The third man, middle-sized, not old, yet over-weighted, carried a bag over his shoulders, and only for the

help of the two remaining men could hardly have carried one half such a burthen. But with their help he got on.

They have all of them got away. Wonderful their exultation and the glorious feelings springing from the name which "in better times" this deed shall give the doers! It was really wonderful! Untold wealth, in gold and paper, acquired in one half hour, without a blow, and without suspicion!

"Hecthor," very softly said "Crichawn," "Hecthor! bring me that hat."

Hector never barked — but never stayed. The robbers had no great start of him — and he ran furiously. In a few minutes there was a shout and a howl; and "Crichawn" gave a cry because his heart sank. In two minutes more, the dog came into the courtyard limping on three legs — the other having been broken by a pistol ball; but he brought the low hat and a piece of some man's coat, and laid the prizes before "Crichawn."

"Crichawn" shortly after entered the Crag, where a single servant waited on him — one who had come from Mr. Meldon's. The hat was examined and the cloth. The cloth was broadcloth; and inside the hat was written "Charles Baring."

To be Continued.

The Planets.

Rev. Father Secchi, S. J.

In his great work on the Sun, Father Secchi tells us that the astronomers of our day unanimously agree* that our solar system is due to the condensation of a nebula which extended formerly far beyond the orbit described by the most distant planets, and that this nebula was originally endowed with a very slow rotory movement which gradually increased as the mass of the nebula continually contracted. From this increase of speed resulted an augmentation of the centrifugal force, and when this balanced the force of gravitation, there were formed rings, which remained freely suspended round the central mass. The rings thus formed continued to act one upon another by mutual attraction, till at length they were broken up, and the different fragments, obeying severally the laws of attraction, formed new masses, isolated one from another, which became in their turn centres of attraction like to that of the principal centre. These masses by degrees surrounded themselves with rings of the second order, some of which remain to the present day, as we see in the rings of Saturn, while others, breaking up, formed satellites or moons.

The planet nearest to the Sun, is Mercury; it is the smallest of those anciently known; it is also found to be the most dense, and is surrounded by an atmosphere which appears to be decidedly denser than that of the neighboring planets. Mercury is, however, too near the Sun to be well observed, as it is almost lost in its rays. It is said that Copernicus, living as he did among the marshes of the Vistula, could never get a glimpse of this planet. Little more is known of it than that it is spherical, one fourteenth of the earth in size, and shows phases like our moon. Towards dusk, or before sunrise, this planet gleams with a vivid rosy light.

Venus is the most brilliant of all the planets; her yellowish bright light is at times so bright as to cast a shadow. The ancients called her Phosphorus, or

*There is nothing incompatible with faith in these scientific systems, but it must not be forgotten that these are mere systems, and that fifty years hence scientific men may as unanimously agree upon other systems very different to these.

Lucifer, the Light-bringer, when she appeared in the early dawn, and Hesperous, or Vesper, when seen after sunset. This planet nearest of all resembles the earth, but the intensity of its solar heat is double that of the earth. Father de Vico, S. J., proved that its climates are much more extreme and sudden than ours. The spectroscope shows that the atmosphere of Venus is very similar in composition to our own, and that, as one point of resemblance, it contains watery vapor which produces clouds. To this planet the sun will appear half as large again as he does to the earth. Next in order comes the earth, with her companion planet the moon, which have already been described.* The planet Mars has a ruddy, fiery appearance, which is thought to arise partly from a strong red color in its soil, and partly from its moisture which, as the moisture in our own air makes the sun and moon look red, would, in the air of a planet, make that planet look red. The spectroscope clearly indicates an atmosphere containing mist and cloud, but the air is supposed to be much rarer than ours. The surface of Mars is strongly marked with spots, which are doubtless the outlines of continents and seas, the land appearing of a dull red color. In a drawing of Mars taken in 1862, a sea is seen stretching northwards, while attached to it (as the Mediterranean is joined on to the Atlantic) there is a long narrow sea, which widens at its termination. The coast-line on the right strangely reminds one of the Scandinavian peninsula with the included Baltic Sea. At the poles there are bright spots of dazzling whiteness, which are believed to be masses of ice and snow, since they are seen to grow less when the sun's heat is strongest upon them, and to be largest at the end of the polar winter, which is one long night with Mars, as it is with the earth. This planet resembles ours in many respects; its axis is inclined to the plane of its orbit nearly at the same angle as that of the earth to the ecliptic, and it revolves round in about twenty-four and a half hours. Hence its seasons, and the changes of day and night upon its surface, will be much the same in character as on the earth; but as its year contains 687 days, its seasons will be nearly twice as long as ours. The climate of Mars, however, cannot be like ours, because, as being so much further from the sun than we are, it receives from that luminary half as much light and heat as our earth. It is therefore a much cooler planet than ours, and it is considered somewhat worn out and decrepit, but not absolutely dead, like our moon. The seas of our earth cover about three fourths of her entire surface, but in Mars they extend over half the globe, and are supposed to be gradually diminishing, till, like our moon, they will in course of time be all dried up. Just two years ago, Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, discovered two small satellites, belonging to this planet. The outer one is said to be not more than ten miles in diameter, and the inner one not much more; in the most powerful telescopes they appear as mere points of light. The distance of the outer moon from the centre of Mars is 14,000 miles. Supposing the outer moon to be ten miles, and the inner fifteen miles in diameter, the two together, if full at the same time, will hardly give one-twelfth as much light as our moon gives to us. But they must have been useful accessories to the skies of Mars, as their motions serve for the measurement of time both by night and by day, just as our single moon does for us, but with the advantage of their being two. Thus, during millions of years, long ages ago, the moons so lately discovered may have been measuring time for past ages of Martians, and swaying tides in much wider seas than those which now wash the shores of Mars.

Between Mars and Jupiter lie many

*See page 274, supra.

small bodies, so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye; on that account they are often called *planetoids* — that is, planet-like bodies rather than planets. They are supposed to be broken fragments of some larger planet which once revolved round the sun between Mars and Jupiter, but was burst into pieces by some violent internal convulsion. Very little is known of the composition of these asteroids, not one of which is as large as our moon. They are so numerous (about 170 are now known, and others are yet being discovered), and their orbits cross each other in so many points, that a collision, which would certainly break them to pieces, is always very possible, and may thus occasion aerolites. But each one of these bodies is as well rounded an orb as the earth itself. The attraction in these small spheres is so small, that a man placed on one of them might spring with ease sixty feet high, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than he does on our earth from leaping up a yard.

Jupiter, which may be called the prince of the planets, is three times as large as all the other planets put together, and must, undoubtedly, have exercised a considerable influence on the formation of the neighbouring planets, and more particularly upon the planetoids, which are so close to him. Its bulk so enormously exceeds that of the earth, that no less than 1,230 globes as large as ours might be formed out of its mighty volume; but this enormous mass is found to be only about 340 times heavier than our globe, because it is so much less dense. His surface, when seen through a telescope, appears of a light yellow color, streaked with a number of belts fading off towards the edge of the disc. But in 1872 Father Secchi observed that this planet presented at that time, in the equatorial regions, a deep red color.* The belts are believed to be only openings in his cloudy atmosphere, through which his darker body becomes more or less visible. Jupiter is surrounded by a magnificent *cortège* of four satellites, the smallest of which greatly exceeds our moon in size, and the largest may be compared to Mars. Jupiter's year is about twelve of ours, and his rotation only about ten hours. This remarkably rapid rotation in a body so huge as Jupiter, develops an extraordinary centrifugal force. The whole body moves round the sun at 30,000 miles an hour, a speed sixty times as great as that of a cannon ball, and consequently the sphere of Jupiter is much more flattened at the poles than in the earth's. The day is only about five hours long in this planet, and his axis is so nearly perpendicular to the plane of his orbit that the days and nights are almost of the same length all the year round, and there can be scarcely any change of seasons. From what is now held of the processes through which our earth has passed, it is believed that for planets so much larger, as are Jupiter and Saturn, these several processes would require a much longer period. A vast mass like Jupiter would, in cooling down from the temperatnre which our earth possessed when her surface was moulton, require about seven times, and Saturn about five times as long as the earth. The atmosphere is very dense, and is doubtless at present the seat of many changes similar to those through which our own globe has passed in the genealogical epochs. Jupiter and Saturn are considered to be in the early youth of planetary existence, still glowing with such heat as prevaded the whole substances of our earth before she became a habitable world, and still enveloped in cloud-masses containing within them the suspended oceans of those future habitable worlds. It is believed that the planet Jupiter is expanded by heat

*Since Father Secchi's publication, we are told of German astronomers, who report their recent observations for the first time, of a vermilion-colored spot on the planet Jupiter, about one fiftieth part of its disc, an area equal to the Continent of Europe.

to such a degree that the condensing power of his own mighty attractive energy is overcome. Also that it is made up of the same materials, generally speaking, as the earth, but that the present condition of its substance is very different from that of our planet's substance. As there is no known cause which could keep the planet in this state save heat, Jupiter must be intensely hot — in fact, so hot that no form of life could possible exist upon it. The system of Jupiter may be considered as a miniature of the solar system. We may here see on a small scale, and taking place in comparatively short periods, the same effects which take place in the solar system on a much larger scale in the course of immeasurable ages.

Saturn comes next in succession: it is nearly as large as Jupiter, and travels at a distance from the sun more than nine and a half times that of our earth. Its globe is about 70,000 miles in diameter, where it bulges out at the equator, but as it is somewhat flattened at the poles, its polar diameter is about 7,000 miles less than the equatorial. In volume it exceeds the earth 700 times, but in solid mass only ninety. If we imagine an ocean of water wide enough and deep enough for all the planets to be set in it, Saturn would float with about a quarter of its bulk above water, while all the rest would sink except Neptune. Saturn would float higher than Neptune, while Uranus would only just sink. Jupiter is nearly half as heavy again as he should be, to enable him to float. As to the planets Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, they would sink to the bottom at once. Saturn is proved to be formed of materials resembling those of which the earth is constructed; but the intense heat pervading the whole body of the planets enables it to resist the condensation which would increase its specific gravity. As the mass of the planet is so greatly expanded by heat, large portions which, at an ordinary temperature, would be solid, are liquified or even vaporous.

This planet possesses the most beautiful *cortège* that exists in our solar system; besides eight satellites of which the largest may be compared to Mars, it is surrounded by a marvellous ring, which remains there as if to bear witness to an earlier condition of the whole solar system and to confirm the truth of the hypothesis we have already mentioned. This ring is in reality composed of three distinct and separate rings, the outermost one being rather dark, the next more brilliant, the third quite nebulous and transparent. The present opinion is, that this ring is composed of particles disconnected with each other, like a cloud or a heap of dust. As the year of Saturn is as long as thirty of ours, each surface of the rings is in turn deprived of the light of the sun for the period of fifteen of our years.

The planet Uranus has six satellites, but little is known either of this planet or of Neptune, as they are both situated at such enormous distances from the sun, and therefore from us. Uranus is scarcely visible to the naked eye and Neptune not at all. It is a remarkable fact that the motion of the satellites of Uranus is in the opposite direction to that of all the other planetary members of the system.

Neptune is a little larger than Uranus. The sun will appear to him about one-thirteenth only of the size which it appears to have when seen from the earth; that is, as large as Venus when seen by us as a morning or evening star; though the light of the sun at Neptune will be far greater than that of Venus at her brightest, and both the light and heat, which reach Neptune from the sun, will be about a thousandth part of that which we receive on the earth. Neptune's distance from the sun is about 2,884,000,000 of miles, which distance light will travel in about 15,000 seconds, or four hours and ten minutes.

So that the sun will have actually risen nearly four hours before he will appear to the inhabitants of Neptune, if there be any in the cold, moist, dismal gloom of this planet.

It is curious to see how utilitarianism outruns itself. Astronomy in its nascent state raised men's minds to the Creator, — to contemplate the one true God when guided by the true traditional religion; to idolatry in the worship of the heavenly bodies, when the traditional faith was corrupted; but then, too, the pole star was utilized and sailors used the heavens for utilitarian purposes. Physical science makes its advances, and the telescope reveals new wonders which can be enlisted into the service of man, and astronomy is lauded, and rightly, by the utilitarian; but physical science advances further still and penetrates into a region which no longer subserves man's convenience, and new appliances reveal new planets with their satellites, and if we are asked, to what use can this advanced science be put, we might be unable to give any other answer but this: The heavens show forth the glory of God! and a very sufficient answer too. God's greatness cannot be magnified, but man's conception of God's greatness is enlarged by the discoveries of astronomy, and the more our conceptions of God's greatness are enlarged, the more will our hearts be filled with love when we see the word of God, Who created, and Who is so great, humbling Himself to Mary's womb, and making Himself, for love of us, so little.— M. B. *in Catholic Progress.*

Catching Turtles.

"Look out for that one, he's savage," said the captain of a schooner, leading the way aft through a lane of the helpless turtles on their backs. As we passed each one lifted its soggy head, opened its blear eyes, and gave a sigh.

"No, these are spring turtles," he continued, caressing a savage loggerhead with his boot, "they are yearlings and over, and have been in the Key West and Tortugas crawls for some time, and are all in good condition. This talk about treating the animals bad is all nonsense. The hardest time they have is after we hand them over to the market men. They pile them into the cars, and a good many of them can't rise for air, and grow sick and die. Turtles need as much air as a man, and some people may think it hard on the turtle's feelings to paint 'To be served today' on his back, and stand him up in front of a restaurant, and I did hear how some humanitarian objected to it which, I suppose, explains why so many turtle shells are hung out instead of live ones. There are several ways of catching them, but most of them are turned, and some are what they call pinned. Oh, yes, that is cruel, as a steel pin is sent into the shell, suction holding it, and they are hauled in by a rope. We buy most of our turtles from the Conchs in Key West; but before the war we used to run down from Mystic and do our own turtling and a little wracking. I guess nearly all the wrackers on the Florida coast are Connecticut men. There's a good deal of sport in turtle-turning. The Keys between Cape Florida and Key West, and Mar Keys, and Loggerhead to the south'ards and west'ard are the best places, and the finest fishing grounds in the country. Moonlight nights are the best time, and all hands go ashore and divide around the beach. Most of the keys, or, in fact all of them, are covered with mangroves and bay cedars that come down to about forty feet of water, and right in their shade the men

would lie in couples, and a quarter of a mile along two more, and so on around the key. Every fifteen minutes or so one of the men walks down to the water and runs along the beach close to it, so as to back the turtle off. If he sees the tracks he gives a whistle and the other hand comes down on a run, and they both follow up the track, generally finding the turtle digging a nest. The minute it sees you it whirls around and starts for the water, and you've got to keep out of the way of its mouth if it is a loggerhead. I've seen a man's nose broken by a knock from a flipper, but if a man understands his business he can tip a turtle, no matter how big it is; and, on the other hand, I've seen four men trying to tip one over, but it knocked one down after they got it on the edge of the shell, and filled the mouths and eyes of the others with sand, and then walked away into the Gulf. When they get a turtle they leave it, and keep up the walking all night. I've caught thirty in one night in this way with about seven men to help, and it gave us all we wanted to do. The next morning the flippers are slit and tied, and they are dragged aboard the boats or put in crawls, just as it happens. You would-'nt think turtles are very cunning creatures; but they are, and they can smell a man like a deer. I've seen one come in up front of me when I was hid in the bush, and take three or four sniffs and haul off shore again; and when they have laid their eggs — sometimes 200 or more — they smooth over the spot to make it look like the rest of the beach, and instead of going straight back to the water, they go up or down the beach, and perhaps make believe dig another nest or two, and then slide off a hundred yards from where they come up. A green hand would hunt all day and not find the nest.

"No, the eggs are of no use. The more you cook them the rawer they get. The young eggs taken out of the turtle are dried in the sun, and make a good living for starving men. The Conchs eat them and cormorants as well, but I never saw a Northern man that could take turtle eggs as a steady diet. We had a new cook, one cruise, and some of the men, wanting to play a joke on him gave him a lot of loggerhead eggs and told him to make a custard. He cooked them fourteen hours, and the eggs hadn't turned a hair. You can't cook them. The loggerheads are larger, coarser, and worth a good third less than the green turtles, and they are like bull-dogs — take a piece right out of a boat. Green turtles will run from a shark, but some of the old bull loggerheads will fight until they can't move. We saw a fight between a couple one day. The shark would make rushes at it, miss its flippers, and slide way over its back, and then the loggerhead would get hold of the shark's fin, and such a splashing you never saw; but by the time we got along-side the turtle was about played out, and three of its flippers were bitten off, short. We took possession, and it lived, for I saw it a year afterwards, and it could move along enough to pick up a living.

"They had a neat way of catching turtles in some parts of Cuba some years ago. There's a fish very common there called the sucker. It has a sucking plate on its head that looks more like the flaps of a blind than anything else. Anyway, you find them on sharks and all big fishes. When they get tired of swimming they shift over on their backs and fasten on, and let the shark tow them along, and they hang on so that they come right out of the water with a shark. The Cubans used to catch a lot of them and keep them in a tub of water in the boat, with a ring around their tails, fastened to a line, and when they sighted a turtle they tossed over a sucker, which fastened on to it and was hauled in slow but sure.

"Most of the turtles caught on the Florida reef are sent to Key West and kept in crawls off the north side

the island, and are taken out as they are wanted and sold by the pound. How are they caught again? Well, you would wonder as some of the crawls are 160 feet long, and the animals have full swing; but they don't have any chance against the boys — young Conchs — who are generally on hand for the fun of the thing; and it's a big sight. They go off in a boat with the owners, and slip into the water without any noise, so as not to wake them as they generally lie at the bottom asleep. Down they go under the water, and grab the turtles with the right hand just at the back of the head, where you see there's a good place to hold, and as soon as they touch them the fun commences. The turtle starts for the top of the water, then dives, rushing up and down, snorting, blowing, and throwing the spray so and making such a sea that you wouldn't believe a boy could live through it; but it's fun for them. They just hang on and straighten themselves out on the water. They take the waves and everything else, yelling so that you'd think they were being eaten up. The turtles get tired, though, and then the boys take hold with both hands and put their knees on their backs; this forces their head out of water, and so they steer them up to a boat, and one after another they are hauled in, the flippers slit and tied, and they are ready for shipment, the Conchs taking the fun for their pay.

"The loggerheads are the heaviest, and they often reach eight hundred weight; but they are worth nothing except, perhaps, for boarding-houses, where they have teeth files chained to every plate. The large ones are usually covered with sea-weed barnacles, shells, and parasites of all kinds. The shell is not worth much. Once in a while you find a hawksbill on the reef, but they don't come so far North."

The green, hawksbill, and terrapins are of the most value as articles of commerce, although others from their rarity and certain peculiarities, have their money value. One of the rarest turtles in American waters is the leather turtle. Instead of having scales the shell grows in one piece, with great longitudinal ridges. It grows to an immense size, and very rarely is captured.

A fine specimen is owned by a man in New London who has added enormous red goggle eyes to it, and in the summer exhibits it as the "great sea monster" that defies the scientists of the world. This great fellow had a relative in early geological times, named the *prostostega gigas*, the bones of which have recently been found in the West, that must have been twenty feet long. Another gigantic turtle has been found buried in India, the shell of which would cover eight men. In the Gallapagos Islands a land turtle is found that is greatly valued as an article of food. The writer has seen one of the fellows move over the ground with two men on its back, and some of them that are thirteen feet in circumference can move five hundred pounds. A rare Chinese turtle is called "hairy," from the fact tnat it is always found covered with a peculiar growth of long, fine, green sea-weed that very much resembles hair, and waves after it in a curious manner as it moves along.

The soft-shelled turtle of our Southern rivers would be a great curiosity if it were not so common. The shell is perfectly soft and pliable and very good to eat. It spreads out broadly at the tail, giving the animal a curious appearance. The turtle is, undoubtedly, one of the long-lived ones, as a relative of the writer when a boy cut his initials on a box turtle and released it near Uxbridge, Mass., and thirty years after found it again in the woods, apparently as lively as ever.

A farmer says that three good bulldogs roaming the yard at night will do more to keep a man honest than all the talking in the world.

Wonderful Growth of the True Faith.

STATISTICS FROM EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY IN THE UNION.

San Francisco Monitor.

THE recent publication of Bishop McQuade's article on the "Decay of Protestantism," as well as the remarkable statistics which we copied from the London *Tablet*, regarding the wonderful growth of the Catholic Church in England, has seemingly awakened new interest in the progress of the true Faith. The article in the *Tablet* suggested to us the propriety of laying before the readers of the MONITOR a similar compilation regarding the growth of the Church in this country, hence we give below the result of our research, and we must candidly admit that the statistics which we found in the several works consulted, fairly astounded us regarding the wonderful advancement which the Catholic religion has made in portions of this Union, where but fifty years ago the name of Catholic was hardly ever heard, or, if pronounced, it was received with mingled surprise and contempt.

The statistics which we give regarding the number of Catholics in each State in the Union, as compared with the different Protestant sects designated, are copied from the magnificent and reliable *Atlas of the World*, published in 1882 by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, whose figures were mainly copied from the census of 1860. Where more recent information regarding the census of Catholics in each State could be obtained, we have availed ourselves of the circumstance, so that our figures regarding the growth of the Church are perfectly reliable.

In order to make the article interesting to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, we have included in our statistics the membership in each of the States and Territories of five of the sects most numerously represented therein. Rand & McNally's work gives the total Catholic population of the United States as 6,174,202, but this estimate being based upon the *seating capacity of Catholic churches*, it falls far below the actual number, for the reason that a Catholic church holding but a thousand persons may have a congregation of five thousand in the parish. The rule adopted regarding the seating capacity of churches, therefore, while it may be correct for Protestant denominations having but one set of people as a congregation on Sunday, will be no test regarding Catholic churches, in many of which at least a dozen Masses are celebrated on Sunday, and large congregations assist at each. For these reasons we are inclined to the belief that if correct statistics regarding the total number of Catholics in the United States could be procured it would be found that at least from twelve to fifteen million people belonged to the Church. This would give us one-fourth of the whole population, and any impartial reader of the figures which we give below will readily admit that we are not exaggerating in this estimate.

Gradual Growth of the Church.

In 1776 the Catholic population in the United States was estimated at 25,000, or 1 in every 120 of the population. In 1800 the Catholics aggregated 100,000, or one in every 53 of the total population. In 1820 the Catholics numbered 300,000, or 1 in every 32 of the population. In 1840 the Catholics numbered 1,500,000, or 1 in 11 of the whole population. In 1850 the Catholics numbered 3,500,000 or 1 in 7 of the total popu-

lation. In 1860 the Catholics numbered 4,500,000 out of a total population of 31,500,000. In 1878 the Catholics numbered 7,000,000, or one in 6 of the whole population; hence we opine that were the real facts known, the Catholic membership in this Union, at this time, would fully aggregate twelve and a half millions, or 1 in 4 of a population computed at fifty millions.

It may be interesting to compare the present status of the Church, in some of the Dioceses, with the total number of Catholics returned in census of past years, and this inquiry leads to the important discovery that in Rhode Island alone — the smallest State in the Union — there are fully as many Catholics as there were in all the United States and Territories in 1800. The census of 1810 gave us 150,000 as the total Catholic population, while at the present writing we have in Connecticut — the land of the Blue Laws — 175,000 Catholics! In the State of Wisconsin alone there are 306,000 Catholics, being 6,000 in excess of the total Catholic population of the whole Union in 1820! In Pennsylvania there are 515,000 Catholics, and Texas returns 120,000, the aggregate being far in excess of all the Catholics in the whole country in 1830! The million and a half Catholics in the whole country in 1840, is now exceeded by two States in the Union, New York having 1,212,000, and Massachusetts 500,000! These facts prove a Catholic growth in this country which will both astonish the enemies and please the friends of that Faith against which we have the promise of our Divine Saviour that "the gates of hell" should never prevail.

STATISTICS OF THE STATES.

Maine.

In this State the number of Catholics were very few up to 1855, when it was created a See under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Bishop Bacon. The statistics, as given by the work from which we quote, show the present status of the Church as compared with the four largest Protestant denominations: Catholic: 47 churches, 39 priests, 50,500 members. Methodist Episcopal:— 232 churches, 190 ministers, 25,888 members. Congregational, 243 churches, 197 ministers, 21,645 members. Baptist:— 263 churches, 181 ministers, 21,165 members. Free Baptists:— 281 churches, 222 ministers, 15,688 members.

New Hampshire.

In this State the proscriptive feature of its Constitution, by which Catholics were excluded from office, as well as other features antagonistic to foreign-born citizens, prevented immigrants from settling within its borders; hence, we are rather agreeably surprised to find that the Catholic population outnumbers any of the Protestant sects, as represented by the following figures: Catholics:— 27 churches, 27 priests, 29,500 members. Congregational:— 187 churches, 196 ministers, 20,547 members. Methodist Episcopal:— 112 churches, 138 ministers, 12,659 members. Baptists:— 86 churches, 110 ministers, 9,127 members. Free Baptists:— 108 churches, 119 ministers, 8,849 members.

Vermont.

This State never presented a very inviting region for settlement by Catholic immigrants, yet we find that, notwithstanding the fact that sectarianism had a strong foothold therein long before a Catholic church was built there, the Catholics at present outnumber any of the sects represented by their Protestant brethren. The figures show the following: Catholics:— 66 churches, 32 priests, 35,000 members. Congregational:—198 churches, 195 ministers, 20,117 members. Methodist Episcopal:— 174 churches, 141 ministers, 18,448 members. Baptists:— 114 churches, 84 ministers, 9,876 members. Protestant Episcopal:—46 churches, 31 ministers, 2,825 members.

Massachusetts.

Under the persecuting rule of Puritanism in the heyday of its unholy zeal, Catholics were so severely prohibited from settling in this State that none entered that region as voluntary immigrants, the first Irish inhabitants being some natives of Ireland who were sold there as slaves under the Christian law of the English monarch, who was the spiritual head of the Church by law established. At the close of the Revolutionary War, however, there were quite a number of Catholics congregated in Boston, who heard Mass occasionally, as it was celebrated by chaplains attached to the French squadron which helped in achieving American independence. The first Catholic church was erected in Boston in 1803, and the small number of Catholics may be estimated from the fact that but 212 persons subscribed towards its erection. The church measured 80 feet in length and 60 feet in width, another indication that the congregation could not have numbered over a thousand. Let us see how this little grain of good gospel seed has fructified in the past eighty years according to the figures presented from the Protestant authority before quoted; Catholics: — 272 churches, 351 priests, 500,000 members. Congregational: —528 churches, 674 ministers, 91,787 members. Baptist: — 289 churches, 333 ministers, 48,883 members. Methodist Episcopal: 319 churches, 267 ministers, 45,597 members. Protestant Episcopal: 134 churches, 152 ministers. 16,522 members. These figures exhibit the remarkable fact that the Catholic Church membership is *nearly double* the membership of the twenty-three Protestant sects represented in the State. This fact needs no comment, save to show Protestant decay as compared with Catholic progress. Verily, the home of the Pilgrim Fathers has been changed into the land of the ever-living Church of Christ!

Rhode Island.

Baptists and Quakers were proscribed by the ruthless hands of the followers of the Puritan Fathers in all the New England colonies, but Roger Williams evinced a more Christian spirit when he founded an asylum in Rhode Island from the persecuting spirit of the Massachusetts ministers, who arrogated to themselves all the grace and goodness requisite to torture sinners and to whip weak women at the whipping post. The first church used in the State was at Newport, where Roger Williams landed after his expatriation from Massachusetts. The building in question was a small frame house, formerly used as a school building, and capable of accommodating about a hundred Catholics. This was in April, 1828, but the State was not created into a separate See until 1872. The condition of the Church at present is therefore very gratifying, as may be discerned from the following statistics: Catholic — 44 churches, 54 priests, 96,100 members. Baptist: — 60 churches, 65 ministers, 10,839 members. Protestant Episcopal: — 44 churches, 45 ministers, 6,396 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 30 churches, 48 ministers, 5,561 members. Congregational: — 28 churches, 38 ministers, 5,214 members.

Connecticut.

It is not preposterous to presume that the Catholic-hating Puritans who made the Blue Laws in 1638, never imagined that "Popery" ever could gain a foothold in the land of wooden nutmegs. It was "a cold day" for any Catholic caught crossing himself in the colonial days, when even dogs were prohibited from barking on Sunday. How these patrons of persecution against Papists would open their expansive ears if any fractious citizen dared to tell them that 175,000 Catholic people would one day populate the Puritan soil of Congregational Connecticut! Yet such is the fact, as we learn from these figures; Catholic: — 108 churches, 117 priests, 175,000 members. Congregational:

— 298 churches, 387 ministers, 55,852 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 195 churches, 133 ministers, 24,963 members. Baptist: — 119 churches, 130 ministers, 20,918 members. Protestant Episcopal: — 155 churches, 191 ministers, 20,211 members.

New York.

The extraordinary increase of Catholics in New York may be accounted for by the fact that a large proportion of the immigrants arrived at that port, and very many remained there from choice or necessity. The first Catholic church built in New York city, in 1786, was St. Peter's, in Barclay street. Its size was only 48x81 feet, but it was found sufficiently large to accommodate the few Irish, French, and Spaniards who then dwelt in the Empire State. This little church answered all the wants of the Catholics until 1809, when the old cathedral of St. Patrick's was erected, From these small beginnings have sprung several Dioceses inhabited by millions of Catholics and churches by the hundred, there being in New York city alone 59 churches and 3 in course of erection. In the entire State there are 616 churches, more than a thousand priests, and one million, two hundred and twelve thousand Catholics ! This is not a bad showing in a State where less than two centuries ago laws were enacted declaring imprisonment and death to all priests and Jesuits, where the Bill of Rights excepted Catholics from the toleration extended to all kinds of Protestantism, and where Papists and Popish Recusants were disfranchised on account of their peculiar belief in God ! How vastly different is the present aspect of affairs regarding Catholics and the Church of Christ, may be gathered from the following figures collated from a Protestant source: Catholic: — 616 churches, 976 priests, 1,212,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 1,858 churches, 1121 ministers, 214,836 members. Presbyterian: — 789 churches, 979 ministers, 125,298 members. Baptist — 863 churches, 773 ministers, 113,215 members. Protestant Episcopal, 592 churches, 709 ministers, 86,211 members.

New Jersey.

The liberal Constitution adopted by the founders of New Jersey, in colonial days, attracted thither many Catholic settlers who were forced to leave England, Ireland, and Scotland, in consequence of the rigorous laws exacted against their religion. The effect of this early settlement of Catholics is found in the extraordinary growth of the Church in this region. The latest census gives the religious ratio as follows: Catholic: — 142 churches, 184 priests, 175,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 492 churches, 338 ministers, 74,926 members. Presbyterian: — 268 churches. 365 ministers, 46,070 members. Baptist: — 172 churches, 194 ministers, 32,367 members. Reformed Church: — 114 churches, 146 ministers, 18,683 members.

Maryland.

In the same manner that the persecution of Protestants, against their brother sectarians, led to the settlement of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, so the persecution of the Catholics of England led to the settlement of Maryland, a State which was the first of the colonies to declare liberty of conscience for all its citizens, irrespective of country or color. Bancroft, the celebrated author of "The History of the United States," speaking of the grand foundation of religious freedom which the Catholic pioneers of Maryland laid, pays them this deserved and admirable tribute: "Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake, and there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance." Such a Christian foundation could not be otherwise than prosperous, hence we

find the cradle of Catholicity in this Union still spreading the benign influences of our blessed and holy religion throughout the land. The statistics at hand show the following summary of Catholics as compared with the strongest Protestant sects: Catholic: — 131 churches, 235 priests, 183,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 775 churches, 300 ministers, 75,995 members. Protestant Episcopal: — 168 churches, 194 ministers, 22,022 members. Lutheran: — 119 churches, 66 ministers, 14,500 members. Protestant Methodist: — 222 churches, 180 ministers, 13,200 members.

District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia is not a separate ecclesiastical territory, it being comprised within the Archdiocese of Baltimore, but, inasmuch as the religious numeration in the work before us is based upon geographical boundaries, we are compelled to follow that plan. According to the tabular evidence in the *Atlas of the World*, the following are the respective numbers of Catholics and other denominations designated: Catholic: — 12 churches, 38 priests, 24,000 members. Baptists: — 18 churches, 23 ministers, 8,168 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 28 churches, 21 ministers, 7,209 members. Presbyterian: —16 churches, 25 ministers, 3,508 members. Lutheran: — 18 churches. 10 ministers, 2,000 members.

Virginia.

This year marks the third century since Sir Walter Raleigh took possession of the land afterwards christened Virginia by Queen Elizabeth — who is notorious in history as very far from being a virgin queen. The adventures of John Smith, Pocahontas, and other historical celebrities connected with Virginia, are familiar to every reader, and cast a glamour of romance around this fertile region. The Catholic Church never flourished in the slave States, hence we find that in Virginia she ranks fourth in point of numerical strength. This is mainly due to the fact that in the early development of the country there were few priests who penetrated this region, while in more recent times Catholic missions became so numerous in the Atlantic and Western States that no priests could be spared for the Southern States. Another cause is found in the fact that immigrants did not settle, in any great numbers, in any of the slave-holding States, for the reason that they could not compete with slave labor, and there being neither Catholic churches nor schools in that State caused the tide of immigration to turn in other directions. These reasons are sufficient to account for the small number of Catholics in Virginia, Delaware, and other Southern States. The religious statistics of Virginia show the following results: Baptist: — 1,316 churches, 703 ministers, 205,000 members. Methodist Episcopal (South): — 315 ministers, 88,326 members. Presbyterian (South): — 226 churches, 162 . ministers, 18,894 members. Catholic: — 27 churches, 27 priests, 18,400 members. Christian: — 150 churches, 115 ministers, 16,500 members.

Delaware.

The progress of the Church was so slow in this State that it was as late as 1868 before Delaware and the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia were established in a See under the name of the Diocese of Wilmington. The religious statistics show the following result: Methodist Episcopal: — 151 churches, 58 ministers, 17,403 members. Catholic: — 12 churches, 11 priests, 7,500 members. Presbyterian: — 52 churches, 46 ministers, 3,908 members. Protestant Episcopal: — 31 churches, 26 ministers, 1,919 members. Baptist: —11 churches, 15 ministers, 1,924 members.

North Carolina.

The same influences that prevented the growth of the Catholic Church in the other Southern States also mil-

itated against it in North Carolina, where the sects are largely represented by the colored race. The different denominations are thus numerically arranged: Baptist: — 1,809 churches, 1,065 ministers, 167,699 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 218 ministers, 73,802 members. Presbyterian (South): — 228 churches, 116 ministers, 18,741 members. Christian: — 100 churches, 79 ministers, 14,700 members. Catholic: 11 churches, 8 priests, 1,800 members.

South Carolina.

Here we find the same influences filling the different sects, but we are happy to note that in some of the Southern States numbers of the colored race are becoming converted to the Catholic faith, and we hope that in the course of the first quarter of the coming century the Catholic Church will gain as rapidly in the South as it did in the North during the past quarter of the present century. The following figures represent the numerical strength of the denominations: Baptist: — 1,022 churches, 589 ministers, 130,939 members. Methodists Episcopal (South): — 160 ministers, 44,791 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 247 churches, 86 ministers, 33,343 members. Presbyterian (South): — 160 churches, 95 ministers, 11,340 members. Catholic: — 16 churches, 16 priests, 10,000 members.

Pennsylvania.

In the company of colonists who accompanied William Penn to his new plantation were several Irishmen, among them James Logan, of Lurgan, who succeeded to the governorship of the colony after the death of Penn. Logan was either a Catholic, or else a very liberal-minded Protestant, because complaint was made against him to the English government that he permitted "Popish Mass" to be celebrated publicly, to the scandal of the Puritanical element of the colony. But little did the Cromwellian persecutors of the Catholic Church, in those dark days of Protestant ascendency, ever imagine that in two centuries more than half a million Catholics would inhabit the State founded by Penn and his Irish-Catholic allies. Yet such is the fact revealed by the following figures: Catholic: — 464 churches, 556 priests, 515,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 1,545 churches, 728 ministers, 169,311 members. Presbyterian: — 806 churches, 862 ministers, 127,310 members. Lutheran: — 1,018 churches, 556 ministers, 124,520 members. Reformed Church: — 672 churches, 352 ministers, 72,057 members.

Ohio.

The vast number of Irish and German Catholics who settled in Ohio in the early days of the influx of immigrants, gave great impetus to the Church in that region, and accounts for the large preponderance of Catholics over denominations enumerated as follows: Catholic: — 472 churches, 300 priests, 370,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 2,121 churches, 782 ministers, 183,573 members. Lutheran: — 572 churches, 320 ministers, 70,500 members. Presbyterian: — 588 churches, 504 ministers, 68,693 members. Baptist: — 622 churches, 439 ministers, 49,040 members.

Kentucky.

In 1746 the settlement of Kentucky was commenced under the leadership of the intrepid Daniel Boone, accompanied by many valiant Irish Catholics, among whom we find the names of McBride, McGrady, Harlan, Butler, Hogan, McClennan, and McAfee. It was in this State that the first Episcopal See of the West was erected, but the territory once under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Bardstown, is now presided over by more than twenty Prelates. Kentucky was also the scene of the labors of the great Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States. The first log church was built about a hundred years ago, near Bardstown, a place which has continued to be

memorable in the history of the Catholic Church in America. The present State of religion in that State is thus designated by the recent statistics: Catholic: — 149 churches, 175 priests, 192,000 members. Baptist: — 1,702 churches, 1,014 ministers, 161,190 members. Christian: — 595 churches, 485 ministers, 79,525 members. Methodist Episcopal (South): — 278 ministers, 60,210 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 269 churches, 147 ministers, 26,597 members.

Tennessee.

The slave-labor of Tennessee prevented immigration to that State, and the other reasons, already advanced, showing the causes that retarded the growth of the Church in the South, have also operated in the case of this State, where the number of Catholics is small compared with the sects who have as adherents the colored population. Following is the religious census: Baptist: — 1,303 churches, 760 ministers, 110,245 members. Methodist Episcopal (South): — 370 ministers, 92,085 members. Christian: — 275 churches, 195 ministers, 38,850 members. Catholic: — 29 churches, 30 priests, 30,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 335 churches, 190 ministers, 28,849 members.

Indiana.

It is sixty-seven years since the territory occupied by this State was thrown open to settlement, and the wonderful growth of the Church therein, is mainly owing to the vast number of Irish, German, and other Catholic immigrants from Europe who found their way to the welcome West. The present strength of the principal religious bodies is as follows: Catholic: — 266 churches, 219 priests, 170,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 1,584 churches, 505 ministers, 143,861 members. Christian: — 675 churches, 580 ministers, 678,-950 members. Baptist: — 558 churches, 325 ministers, 40,950 members. Lutheran: — 274 churches, 152 ministers, 33,500 members.

Illinois.

It is less than forty years since the first bishop was consecrated for Illinois, yet such was the growth of the Church, in that short period, that the State has since been sub-divided into an Archepiscopal See and several Dioceses. The preponderance of Catholics in the State is mainly due to the inpouring of Catholic immigrants, who settled in every portion, and whose churches, schools, convents, hospitals, and other Catholic institutions, still stand as monuments of their zeal for the propagation of the true Faith. The present status of religion in that State is thus represented: Catholic: — 470 churches, 409 priests, 390,-000, members. Methodist Episcopal: — 1,535 churches, 790 ministers, 128,181 members. Christian: — 775 churches, 650 ministers, 85,250 members. Lutheran: — 616 churches, 325 ministers, 76,000 members. Baptist: — 926 churches, 687 ministers, 68,106 members.

Wisconsin.

Up to 1834 the Indians roamed over the greater portion of the territory now included in the State of Wisconsin. In 1837 the first priest was permanently located at Milwaukee, and in 1839 he built a small church, in order to accommodate his congregation of less than a hundred souls. The extraordinary growth of the Church in this State needs no other comment save that which will suggest itself to our readers as they reflect upon what has been accomplished in forty-six years: Catholic: — 470 churches, 340 priests, 306,000 members. Lutheran; — 458 churches, 256 ministers, 60,-000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 478 churches, 306 ministers, 32,395 members. Congregational: — 196 churches, 167 ministers, 14,145 members. Baptist: — 191 churches, 127 ministers, 11,208 members.

Michigan.

The Diocese of Detroit, comprising the lower peninsula of the State of Michigan, was established in 1832, at

which time the Catholics were not very numerous. The proportion they at present bear to our separated brethren is thus represented: Catholics:—229 churches, 149 priests, 200,000, members. Methodist Episcopal:—573 churches, 432 ministers, 61,701 members. Lutheran:—224 churches, 126 ministers, 27,750 members. Baptist:—336 churches, 329 ministers, 27,036 members, Congregational:—236 churches, 204 ministers, 17,064 members.

Minnesota.

In no State in the Union has the progress of the Church been more rapid than in Minnesota. Fifty years ago there were but few white people in the territory comprised within the boundaries of the State, and it was not until, 1850 that St. Paul was organized into a Diocese. How steadily and rapidly Catholic immigration has poured into that State since then, is best understood by the following figures: Catholic:—212 churches, 157 priests, 139,500 members. Lutheran:—418 churches, 232 ministers, 55,000 members. Methodist Episcopal:—242 churches, 182 ministers, 20,355 members. Baptist:—140 churches, 110 ministers, 7,026 members. Presbyterian:—116 churches, 88 ministers, 6,717 members.

Iowa.

When the Diocese of Dubuque was established in 1837, Catholics were "few and far between" in that region, but when immigration began to pour into the State, Catholic churches began to be built, shepherds followed the flock, until we find the following grand results of their zeal for religion: Catholic:—160 churches, 198 priests, 120,000 members. Methodist Episcopal:—764 churches, 512 ministers, 77,962 members. Lutheran:—342 churches, 192 ministers, 42,250 members. Baptist:—411 churches, 280 ministers, 24,815 members. Presbyterian:—344 churches, 246 ministers, 20,281 members.

Missouri.

Like the other Western States, Missouri is indebted to Catholic immigration for the vast preponderance of members of the true Church over the sectarians. When, in 1843, Bishop Rosati was installed as the first Bishop of St. Louis, the Catholic population, outside that city, was not large in the aggregate. The present standing of our co-religionists in this State is as follows: Catholic:—246 churches, 286 priests, 163,872 members. Baptist—1,381 churches, 823 ministers, 88,491 members. Christian:—565 churches, 395 ministers, 60,950 members. Methodist Episcopal (South):—273 ministers, 53,483 members. Lutheran:—202 churches, 112 ministers, 24,430 members. Methodist Episcopal:—222 churches, 257 ministers, 19,821 members.

Kansas.

It is just thirty years since "bleeding Kansas" was the battle-ground of the anti-slavery and pro-slavery parties in their memorable struggle for supremacy. The contest had the result of attracting thither a vast tide of immigration, among which many were Catholics. But it was not until 1880 that Kansas City was established as a See. The present state of the Church in this region is thus indicated by the most recent statistics:—Catholic:—120 churches, 79 priests, 70,000 members. Methodist Episcopal:—220 churches, 309 ministers, 40,430 members. Lutheran:—139 churches, 77 ministers, 17,000 members. Baptist:—397 churches, 255 ministers, 16,631 members. Christian:—125 churches, 98 ministers, 15,500 members.

Nebraska.

This state still remains a Vicariate Apostolic, under the jurisdiction of Rt. Rev. Jas. O'Connor. The numerical strength of the Church within the boundaries of the State is thus given: Catholic:—67 churches, 49 priests, 24,000 members. Lutheran: 144 churches, 80 ministers, 17,500

members. Christian: — 75 churches, 41 ministers, 13,580 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 96 churches, 81 ministers, 12,494 members. Presbyterian: — 121 churches, 73 ministers, 4,340 members.

Colorado.

The Vicariate Apostolic of Colorado comprises the whole State, and the religious statistics of the Church, and its numbers therein, are thus given in the Catholic Directory for 1882. The strength of the Protestant denominations we copy from Rand & McNally's Atlas. Catholic: — 30 churches, 42 priests, 34,000 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 37 churches, 44 ministers, 3,037 members. Mormon: — 33 churches, 105 high priests, 3,000 members. Presbyterian: — 39 churches, 34 ministers, 1,931 members. Christian: — 16 churches, 12 ministers, 1,750 members.

Arkansas.

In this State Baptists are the most numerous, having a membership of 47,398, followed by five other denominations, the Catholics ranking sixth, with 30 churches, 15 priests, and 5,000 members.

Texas.

The growth of the Church in Texas has been very remarkable. At present the State contains two Dioceses — that of Galveston, established in 1847, and San Antonio, erected in 1874. The returns show a large preponderance of Catholics over any of the Protestant denominations, as indicated by the following figures: Catholic: —104 churches, 117 priests, 120,000 members. Methodist Episcopal (South) 414 ministers, 82,939 members. Baptist: — 1,460 churches, 754 ministers, 76,857 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 172 churches, 191 ministers, 17,701 members. Christian: — 165 churches, 138 ministers, 16,000 members.

Louisiana.

The early settlement of this State by French and Spanish colonists, and the subsequent migration thither of great numbers of immigrants from Europe, have always contributed to keep the Catholic population largely in excess of all the Protestant sects combined, as illustrated by the following statistics of the present state of the Church therein: Catholic: — 107 churches, 181 priests, 280,000 members. Baptist: — 732 churches, 419 ministers, 56,593 members. Methodist Episcopal (South): — 78 ministers, 14,844 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 108 churches, 71 ministers, 11,021 members. Methodist Episcopal (colored): — 37 churches, 34 ministers, 4,228 members.

Mississippi.

In this State the colored race belong largely to the Baptist denomination, which swells the membership of that sect to 116,185. The Catholics rank fifth in the statistics of numerical gradation, there being in the State 33 priests, 50 churches, and 13,000 Catholic population.

Alabama.

Here for the same reasons, we find the Baptists in the lead, with 94,569 members, followed by the Methodist Episcopal (South) with 58,556 members. The Catholic population is set down at 15,250.

Georgia.

This State contains 219,726 Baptists, 92,865 Methodists of different shades of color and belief, and 25,000 Catholics.

Florida.

This State contains 27,198 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), 16,569 Baptists, and 10,750 Catholics.

THE PACIFIC STATES.

California.

Among the most flourishing portions of the United States wherein the Catholic Faith has been propagated, the history of the Church on this

coast is not the least interesting chapter. The good seed sown by the apostolic pioneers — the Jesuits, Franciscan, and Dominicans — has, indeed, fructified a hundred fold, until now it forms a vast spiritual tree whose branches extend from New Mexico to Alaska. It would occupy too much space to go into the history of the propagation of the Faith on this coast, so we must rest satisfied with merely mentioning a few meagre facts to indicate its growth. Up to 1849 there were but two churches in San Francisco — St. Francis', a small wooden shanty, which stood where the beautiful brick edifice at present stands, and the old Mission Dolores church, which is at present being replaced by a majestic brick structure. In 1851 the little wooden church dedicated to St. Patrick, was erected and at that time Father Maginnis, of happy memory, was the only priest in the city who could preach in English. The present venerable Archbishop, Most Rev. Joseph Alemany, was consecrated Bishop of Monterey in 1850, and three years later he was translated to this See. This is not the place to speak of the successful labors of this esteemed Prelate, so we can only say that his works proclaim the glory of God and manifest his zeal in his service. In 1868 California was divided by the creation of the Diocese of Grass Valley, which also includes a portion of Nevada, and which is still presided over by its first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, assisted by his able coadjutor, Rt. Rev. P. Manogue. According to the statistics set forth in Rand & McNally's *Atlas*, there are in this State 177 Catholic churches, 206 priests, and 216,000 Catholics. The principal Protestant denominations are thus represented in their numerical order. Methodist Episcopal :—156 churches, 141 ministers, 11,198 members. Presbyterian :— 116 churches, 119 ministers, 6,703 members. Christian :— 49 churches, 38 ministers, 5,775 members. Baptist :— 99 churches, 83 ministers, 5,733 members. Methodist Episcopal (South) :— 82 ministers, 5,365 members.

Nevada.

The sparse population of this State is scattered over a vast extent of country, and to this cause may be attributed the small number of churches and congregations. The census returns give 6 churches, 8 priests, and 5,000 Catholic population. The Jews rank next, having 1 synagogue, 1 Rabbi, 780 members. Methodist Episcopal : — 11 churches, 8 ministers, 635 members. Protestant Episcopal : — 9 churches, 8 ministers, 328 members. Presbyterian : — 5 churches, 2 ministers, 247 members.

Oregon.

The first missionaries who planted the Cross in Oregon were Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, the venerable retired Prelate, who was the first Bishop of the See, and Rt. Rev. Modeste Demers, subsequently Bishop of Vancouver Island, where he died in 1871. These apostolic missioners commenced their labors in 1838, and for several years they were alone in their work of converting the Indians, there being but few white settlers in the country. The great distance intervening between the settled portion of the Western States and Oregon has kept immigration from filling up the country rapidly, but as soon as railroad communication is made with the East, Oregon's population will be greatly augmented. The Catholics have in the State 29 churches, 30 priests, and 20,000 members. The sects are thus represented : Methodist Episcopal : — 61 churches, 50 ministers, 5,176 members. Christian : — 45 churches, 24 ministers, 4,750 members. Baptist : — 73 churches, 55 ministers, 2,916 members. Presbyterian : — 20 churches, 17 ministers, 1,035 members.

Indian Territory.

The different religious denominations are thus given in Rand & McNally's *Atlas* : Baptist :—95 churches,

79 ministers, 5,823 members. Methodist Episcopal (South) : — 34 ministers, 5,588 members. Catholic : — 1 church, 8 priests, 3,780 members. Presbyterian (South) : — 26 churches, 10 ministers, 1,007 members.

Arizona.

The Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona was established in 1869. At present the Catholics have 11 churches, 13 priests, and 42,000 members within the territory the Vicariate boundaries extending beyond the territorial limits. The Mormons rank next, having 35 churches, 178 preachers, 5,000 members. Presbyterian : — 2 churches, 1 minister, 19 members. Protestant Episcopal : — 2 churches, 1 minister, 40 members.

Wyoming.

This territory is comprised within the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska. The population is small and scattered, as may be inferred from the following figures : Mormon : — 32 churches, 98 high priests, 3,000 members. Catholic : — 4 churches, 4 priests, 2,000 members. Presbyterian : — 4 churches, 4 ministers, 149 members.

New Mexico.

Judging from the following figures, Protestantism is a weed that does not thrive very luxuriantly in the consecrated Catholic soil of New Mexico, where the Church has 100 priests, 42 churches, and 121,000 members, while the sectarians are thus set down : Presbyterian : — 7 churches, 7 ministers, 162 members. Jews : — 108 in the territory. Baptist : — 1 church, 1 minister, 20 members.

Montana.

This territory is rapidly receiving immigrant population, and in a few years will be very largely Catholic. At present the Church census is swelled by the number of Indians belonging to the Reservations attended by the Jesuit Fathers. The census returns give the following : Catholic : — 10 churches, 13 priests, 16,450 members. Christian : — 6 churches, 4 ministers, 675 members. Methodist Episcopal : — 8 churches, 6 ministers, 364 members. Protestant Episcopal :— 8 churches, 6 ministers, 300 members. Methodist Episcopal (South) :— 9 ministers, 232 members.

Idaho.

Like Montana, this territory has, until recently, not attracted the attention of immigrants, except those Mormons who migrated thither from Utah. The religious census is represented by the following figures : Mormon : — 42 churches, 227 high priests, 6 000 members. Catholic : — 7 churches, 9 priests, 2,300 members. Presbyterian: — 4 churches, 2 ministers, 401 members. Methodist Episcopal : — 1 church, 3 ministers, 233 members. Protestant Episcopal : — 4 churches, 3 ministers, 200 members.

Washington.

The Catholics in Washington Territory have greatly increased in numbers during the past five years, as attested by the fact that many new churches have been built and new missions opened. The present religious census is as follows : Catholic : — 26 churches, 24 priests, 13,000 members. Methodist Episcopal : — 18 churches, 21 ministers, 1,756 members. Presbyterian : — 23 churches, 13 ministers, 1,067 members. Christian :— 10 churches, 8 ministers, 850 members. Methodist Episcopal (So.) : —9 ministers, 625 members.

Utah.

This being the home of Mormonism, it can hardly be expected that any Christian denomination could make much of an inroad against this iniquitous institution. Here are the figures, as they occur at present, but we hope the disgrace will be wiped out ere the second centennial of American Independence. Utah has been temporarily placed by the Holy See under the administration of the Archbishop of this Diocese : Mormon : — 477

churches, 3,207 high priests, 55,676 members. Catholic: — 3 churches, 5 priests, 2,000 members. Protestant Episcopal: — 5 churches, 4 ministers, 222 members. Methodist Episcopal: — 9 churches, 5 ministers, 203 members.

Alaska.

This territory, although a portion of the United States, has been attached to the Diocese of Vancouver Island. St. Rose of Lima, at Fort Wrangle, is the only Catholic church in the territory, as the Catholic Indians are attended at stations by priests who are sent thither every summer from Victoria, V. I. The Indian converts number about 1,000.

Summing Up.

This embraces the entire limits of the United States, but we cannot close this important article without giving a summary of the Prelacy of the Catholic Church, and other statistics, which we glean from Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1883 just at hand. Eighty-three years ago there was but 1 solitary Bishop in the United States, now there are 70. Up to 1840 there was but 1 Archbishop, and 16 Bishops, in the Union; now there are 13 of the former and 59 of the latter Prelates. In 1840 there were but 482 priests in America, now they are 6,546. In 1850 there were but 1,100 Catholic churches in the Union, now there are 6,241, and dozens building in every Diocese. In 1860 there were but 34 Catholic colleges, now there are 81. In 1850 there were but 91 Catholic female academies in America, now they are 579. Twenty-five years ago parochial schools only numbered a few hundred, now they are 2,491, attended by 428,642 children. For all these glad tidings of great joy every Catholic will join with us in saying:

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

The American Girl of the Period.

London Weekly Register.

SKOBELEFF once told an Irish lady that he was in sympathy neither with English constitutionalism nor American democracy, but "he admired the quiet daring of the Americans and loved in them their reverence for women. He thought the old American lady a more agreeable being to contemplate than the young." Skobeleff's estimate of the comparative agreeableness of the American woman in age and youth is not generally shared by Europeans, but its justice is emphatically endorsed by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who has been delivering what the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls "some ferocious Lenten lectures at Trinity Chapel, New York, concerning the shocking depravity of the American girl." According to Dr. Dix, who is a Protestant, the position of women has changed for the worse. "The deference paid her is less, homage has turned to mere civility, the public invade her privacy, the newspapers print her name in full, she is treated with no more ceremony than if she were a man." Under five heads does Dr. Dix arrange his indictment: —

1. The lack of serious views of life, and the habit of turning the thoughts exclusively to enjoyment.
2. The degradation of the idea of matrimony, as shown by entering into that estate for low or unworthy motives.
3. The deliberate determination of some married women to defeat the objects for which marriage was instituted; to have no real home; to avoid first the pains and next the cares and duties of maternity.
4. The habit, where a home exists, of neglecting it by spending most of the time away from it, running up and down in pursuit of excitement, and turning their children over to the care of servants.
5. The growing indifference to the chief of all social abominations, divorce, and the toleration of lax notions.

These, it may be said at once, are not specially American sins. They have characterized some portions of the sex ever since the world began, and they have afforded themes for satirists and preachers in all ages; and a good deal of what Dr. Dix has to say has been said long ago in every country under the broad sky. His special lament is that "real women" are dying out, that the "ideal of an earnest, modest, simple womanhood" is being superseded by a poor substitute made of "vulgarity, heartlessness, froth, and chaff." The girl of the period in New York, it seems, picks up the slang of her brothers, jests at the world and all things therein, cultivates a cynical indifference, and combines with all these vices a mysterious something, described by Dr. Dix as the "worship of pedantic bookiness," an offence of which the English fast girl has never been accused. She marries "to have free run of all avenues which lead to the enjoyment of the world." To the wife are permitted liberties denied to the maid; marriage is to her not servitude, but emancipation. Fast girls hasten to convert themselves into faster wives, and, according to Dr. Dix, they take good care to escape the domestic duties which in better days were regarded as the natural sequel of matrimony. They have either small families or none at all, and although Dr. Dix perhaps indulges in some rather tall talk concerning the "growth of Nihilism and the organization of fiends whose weapon is dynamite," as the results of this "great, growing almost national crime," his account of the condition of the children of these households is such as to make it a cause of thankfulness that there are so few of them. For, he says, "all about us we see the wrecks of homes, the shadows of ghosts of homes, the parodies of homes. Slowly are dying out the home life, the home influence, the home training, the home religion. The father throws off his duties on his wife and goes his way. The mother's first thought is how to keep the little ones out of the way, and, in order to be free for her pleasures, hands them over to hirelings.

That the law of divorce is largely responsible for this wretched condition of affairs, Dr. Dix states with an assurance which ought to make other Protestant ministers seriously reflect on their toleration of that pre-eminently Protestant institution — and not in America only, but, alas! much nearer home.

Singular Prophecy about Easter and Lady Day.

As our readers are already aware, the festival of Easter, this year, fell upon the 25th of March, in conjunction with the festival of the Annunciation or Lady Day, as it is generally called. A writer in *United Ireland* has collected a very interesting article from an old work in which the concurrence of these two festivals is alluded to in an ancient prophecy as predicting disaster to England. The writer in question says:

"As the people of the present age are not so addicted to the belief in the fulfilment of old prophecies as our ancestors were, and as the concurrence of the event which gave rise to the prophecy I am about to notice is to occur this year, perhaps if you would find space for it in your valuable paper it may be interesting to your readers. In a book known as 'Dr. Fuller's Worthies in Church and State,' I find at page 33 (London Ed., 1684) the words of this prophecy given as follows:

When our Lady falls into our Lord's lap,
Then let England beware of a sad mishap,
Let the clergyman look to his cap."

"This prophecy, which is upwards

of 300 years old, probably originated either from the rare occurrence of Easter Day falling on Lady Day, or from superstition of the English people. So seldom, indeed, does this occurrence happen, that, by including this year, it will have occurred only eighteen times since the Norman Conquest, at the close of the eleventh century. Easter Sunday will fall upon Lady Day, again in 1894. In recording the historical events which has happened to England at each of of those concurrences, I shall quote from Dr. Fuller's work already mentioned where, after giving the words of the prophecy, he goes on to say that 'This prophecy, about 130 years old now [1648], implies that the Blessed Virgin, offended with the English for abolishing her adoration, watcheth an opportunity of revenge on this nation; and when the day (the 25th of March) chanceth to fall on her day of Christ's Resurrection, some signal judgment is intended to our State and Churchmen especially. Such coincidence has happened just fifteen times since the Conquest. A.D. 1095, when King Rufus made a fruitless invasion of Wales; 1106, King Henry I. subdueth Normandy, and Duke Robert, his brother, 1117, the same King Henry forbideth the Pope's Legate to enter England; 1190, King Richard I. conquereth Cyprus on his way to Palestine; 1201, in King John's days, the French invade Normandy; 1212, King John resigneth his Kingdom to the Pope; 1285, nothing remarkable but peace and plenty; 1296, in the reign of Edward I., war began with Scotland which ended in 1380, the Scots do much harm to us at Peryth fair. 1469, Lancastrians worsted by the Yorkists in fight. 1543, King Henry VIII. entered Scotland and burnt Edinburgh. Hitherto this proverb has had but *intermitting truth* at the most, seeing constancy in casualties. But the sting (will some say) is in the tail thereof, and I behold this proverb born A.D. 1554, for then Queen Mary setteth up Popery and martyreth Protestants. 1617, Charles the I. The unprosperous voyage to the Isle of Rees. 1638, (14 Car. 1.) The first cloud of trouble in Scotland. 1649. The first complete year of the English Commonwealth (or Tyranny rather) which since, blessed be God, is returned to monarchy. The next concurrence will be in the year 1722. The duke of Marlbourgh died and Earl Stanhope, Prime minister died. The same year (1722) a Jacobite plot was discovered, in which Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and three or four peers were concerned. It was to be assisted by an invasion from Spain. On September 22 the Pretender published at Lucca a strange manifesto, to the effect that, if George would restore him to the throne of England, he in return, would make George, King of Hanover! It was circulated in England, and ordered to be burned by the common hangman. A bill of pains and penalties was brought into the Lords against Atterbury, who was found guilty, and sentenced to banishment. 1744, Prince Charles set out from Rome on the 9th of January this year on an expedition to invade Scotland with an army of 15,000 French veterans, under the command of Marshal Saxe, and a convoy of eighteen sail of the line with transports. They set sail early in February but a dreadful storm arose, which committed frightful havoc on the fleet, and some of their largest transports foundered with all hands on board. The British ambassador, then resident at Paris, complained bitterly of the encouragement given to the Pretender. The French replied by a declaration of war couched in the most offensive terms, and in May Louis XV. entered Flanders in person with 80,000 men, under the command of Marshal Saxe. This war ended, as every reader of English or Irish history is aware, with the famous battle of Fontenoy, which was the cause of joy and exultation in Paris; but in England there was lamentation

and wrath and court-martial. This great victory won at Fontenoy, by the Irish Brigade gave rise to one of the best effusions of the immortal Davis. What events will happen on the concurrence this year? In view of the state of the political horizon it is very difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it may be that England will grant Home-rule to Ireland. Should this prove so, let me hope that it will be not only the end of a strange prophecy, attended with many remarkable events, but also the commencement of a new era, whose annals will record the happiness, prosperity and close alliance of a long-distrusted and misgoverned race of people with that of a generous, but too long estranged sister country.

The Fasti of Leo XIII.

THE 3rd of March was the fifth anniversary of the Coronation of the Supreme Pontiff now happily reigning, and the *Paese* furnishes some interesting details concerning the acts of his Holiness's Pontificate.

It first treats of "Leo XIII. as Pope."

Leo XIII., it says, in five years has issued ten Encyclicals: the *Inscrutabili* of the 21st of April, 1878, concerning the true civilization promoted by the Church; that of the 28th of December, 1878, on Socialism; those of the 15th of February and the 12th of March, 1879, in which two Jubilees were granted; the *Aeterni Patris* of the 4th of August, 1879, on the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; the *Grande Munus* of the 30th of September, 1880, on St. Cyril and St. Methodius, Apostles of the Slavs; the *Sancti Dei Civitas* of the third of December, 1880, on the propagation of the Faith; the *Diuturnum* of the 29th of June, 1881, on the Temporal Power; the *Arcanum* of the 16th of February, 1882, against Divorce; and the *Auspicato* of the 17th of September, 1882, on St. Francis.

His Holiness has also written more than fourteen letters to Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world on matters of discipline; and has held fifteen Consistories to make provision for divers needs of the Church.

Other important acts of his Pontifical solicitude are: the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in Scotland (4th and 28th of March, 1873); the termination of the Armenian Schism, with the reconciliation of Mgr. Kupelian (18th August, 1879) and Mgr. Gasparian (26th November of the same year; the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in Bosnia and Herzegovina (5th July and 4th August, 1881); the erection of the Apostolic Vicariate of Kou-sou (21st June, 1878) and of two new Sees in America (4th August, 1881), and the Constitution *Romanos Pontifices*, in which the question between the Bishops and the Religous Missionaries was settled. As regards the *cultus*, we have to record the elevation of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the rank of festivals (30th November, 1879), of St. Joachim and St. Anne (1st August, 1879), the introduction of the cause of the Chinese martyrs (13th February, 1879), of the Venerables Sophie Baret (18th July, 1879), La Colombière (8th January, 1880), Gasper Del Bufalo (27th February, 1880), Elizabeth Sanna (22nd August, 1880); the impulse given to the cause of the Venerable Clare Isabella Ghersi (November, 1882); the recognition of the *cultus* of B. Gandulphus (12th February, 1880), of B. Egidius (21st June, 1880), of St. Nostrianus (2nd May, 1881), of B. Charles XIII. (9th February, 1882), of B. Urban II. and 1881), &c.; the solemn Beatification of B. Emeric de Quart (14th February,

Alfonso de Oroczo, Carlo de Sezze, Umile da Bisignano (15th, 22d, and 19th January, 1882) ; and the solemn Canonization of St. Laurence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Labre, St. Clare of Montefalco, and St. John De Rossi (8th December, 1881).

Leo XIII as Father.— To Leo XIII., as the common father of the faithful, the following pilgrimages have come during the five years of his Pontificate. In 1878, on the 15th and 25th of March, the Belgian deputation and the Italian pilgrims ; on the 8th and 9th of April the Polish and Austrian deputation ; the 18th, 23d, and 30th of May, the English, the German, and the Roman ; the 21st September that of the Catholic youth of Turin ; the 17th of October, the Spanish pilgrimage ; the 13th of November, the Italian. In 1879, the 6th, 11th, and 13th January, the fifth Italian, the Venetian, and the Lombard pilgrimage : the 22d of February that of the journalists of the world, and on the 14th of April that of the preachers. In 1880, on the 6th of January, the sixth Italian pilgrimage; on the 13th of February, the Lombard ; the 25th of April, the French ; the 9th of May the Hungarian; the 5th of July the preachers from all parts of the world, to whom St. John Chrysostom was assigned as patron. In 1881, on the 20th of March, the Working Men's Society for the Sanctification of Festivals ; on the 24th of April, 10,000 Romans ; 2d of May, the Irish ; 8th of May, the French ; 26th of May, the French ; 26th of May, the Germans ; 7th of June, the Spaniards ; 5th of July, 1,500 Slavs ; 16th of October, 20,000 Italians. In 1882, on the 22d of May, the Piedmontese and Ligurian workmen ; the 14th of September, members of the Congress held at Arezzo ; 4th of October, the Spaniards, &c. Conflagration, inundations, and other disasters which have happened, not, as in the case of other princes, in one province, or in one kingdom, but in every corner of the earth, have elicted an immediate response from the paternal compassion of the Pontiff's heart.

Leo XIII. as Prince.— Leo XIII. has maintained relations with France, which though Radical is respectful at the Vatican, and has renewed negotiations with England, with Russia, and with Germany, and the last letters of his Holiness to the Emperor William display at once the prudence, the mildness, and the energy with which he is endowed. For many years past the Holy See has never found itself on so good terms as now with all the Powers of Europe and even the Moslem Government. No sovereign, prince, or illustrious statesman ever passes through Rome without paying his respects to Leo XIII.

But the patience of the Pontiff never degenerates into weakness. He thundered on the 30th of July, 1880, against a Belgian Government for its breach of faith ; on the 22d of October of the same year against the French Government which persecuted the Religious Orders ; on the 4th of August, 1881, against the sacrilegious outrages offered on the 13th of July to the remains of Pius IX.

There is no true glory of Italy which Leo XIII., this great and excellent prince, does not appreciate and exalt, as was proved on the occasion of the fourteenth centenary of St. Benedict 6th of April, 1880, and of the seventh centenary of the victory of Lequano (30th of August, 1881). Leo XIII., moreover, has shown himself a munificent and wise prince in his patronage of arts, letters, and science. An accomplished man of letters himself, he is admired for the elegance of his compositions, he is continually spending immense sums upon schools and encouraging men of science. He is also a loving protector of industry, and we may mention as an illustration of this, his gift on the 30th of October, 1881, of 2,000 lire in order that certain Roman operatives might improve their technical knowledge by a visit to the Exhibition held at Milan in that year.

Short Articles of Interest.

Are Catholic Clergy Poor Financiers?

The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen says: Of late there have been a few financial failures in which the Catholic clergy were concerned. With what gusto the journals commented on these failures, and how loudly they advised clergymen to attend to their vocation and not meddle in temporal affairs. Let us examine the matter somewhat. Look at the governments of the world in which Catholic clergymen take no part. There are only four out of the vast number that can pay interest on their debts and slightly reduce the principal, viz: England, the United States, Holland and Belgium. Look at the number of banks that have gone down. Look at the thousands of commercial houses that have failed. Look at the millions of individuals that can't pay their debts. Take as a sample, one day's headings of a daily newspaper, say the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. They read: "Extensive frauds of a prominent Montreal produce merchant." "A Pennsylvania bank cashier convicted of embezzlement." "Criminally careless management of trust funds." Swindling operations of an Indiana concern *on a large scale*." "Another religious thief." The editor left out that the thief was a Protestant. If he had been a Catholic, he would have affixed "Catholic thief." "A chapter of Southern murders." Such things are of daily occurrence and are passed by newspapers without comment, or prudent admonition to the offenders. One imprudent priest in Cincinnati and a few Augustinians have gone beyond their means, and there is a howl all over the land; yet these are *the only two occurrences in a century*. The Catholic clergy, although not claiming to be financial men, can show a good record in the United States, and in fact throughout the world. Look at the churches, colleges, schools, orphan asylums and hospitals they have erected without capital. Glance at the fifty flourishing Catholic dioceses in this country. You look in vain on the vast structures of these dioceses, covering such a broad extent of territory, for the least stamp of fraud, bankruptcy and insolvency. They are all flourishing and doing good. The *Sentinel* editor has given such good advice to Catholic clergymen, telling them they are not *financiers*, or bankers, etc., we would be glad to see him lecturing non-professors of religion on this subject. A laugh is so good when it is against professors of religion. It is so pleasing to the ear of the infidel and worldling. We would request such editors to examine the matter closely, and instead of making fun and ridicule of Catholic clergymen, turn the fun and ridicule in another and more needed field.

Death's Presentiments.

MOZART'S sad notion that the Requiem he had undertaken to write for his mysterious customer would be his own death-chant proved as prophetic as Hogarth's serious assent to the jocular suggestion that when "The End of All Things" was completed, then would be an end of the painter. Flechier's intuition was not at fault when it made him urge the sculptor, taking his instructions respecting his last resting-place, to set to work at once, as there was no time to lose; when the tomb was ready for the tenant, the tenant was ready for the tomb. Tom Sheridan, bidding Angelo good-by with the remark, "I have twenty months to live," gauged the term of his existence to a nicety. Awakened from a sick man's slumber by the baying of hounds, and the uproar attending the pulling down of a stag in a neighbor's garden, sport-

hating Millet exclaimed, "It is an omen!" and in a few days took leave of pencil and palette forever. Not long before his fatal illness, Prince Albert said to the Queen; "I do not cling to life. You do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for I should be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life."

Ireland Ahead in Elementary Education.

Mr. Joseph W. Cremin, of New York City, favors us with a table of statistics from a circular issued by the United States Board of Education on the "Comparative Statistics of Elementary, Secondary, and Superior Education in Sixty Principal Countries." Ireland, with a population of over five millions, having 7,523 schools and over one million of pupils, stands first on the list; the United States, with a population of over fifty millions and 188,918 schools, is second. Russia is twenty-fourth on the list. Mr. Cremin says that, in view of the distress in Ireland and the troubled state of affairs, the position of Ireland, first among nations as regards the number of pupils in her schools, is remarkable. It is amusing to know that, in spite of the scorn with which Irish ignorance is talked of, she is number one on this list. If fewer of her schools were less "National," and more truly Catholic, we should hail Mr. Cremin's statistics with more pleasure.— *N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Native Potatoes.

Native potatoes have been discovered in Arizona by Prof. Lemmon. They were found in a cleft of one of the highest peaks north of the Apache pass under a tangle of prickly bushes and cacti. Eager to know if the Solanum found was bulb bearing, he carefully uprooted the little tubor, which proved to be an undoubted representative of the true potato family. According to the researches and reasonings of Humboldt, this was the location to look for the home of the species from which our first potatoes sprang. In May last, Prof. Lemmon again set out in search of more specimens, choosing the Huachuca Mountains as his point for exploration.

These mountains have two peaks over 10,000 feet high, with sides furrowed into deep canons, those of the northeast being filled with trees, among which are maple and ash. In July last he discovered the potato plants he was searching for on the southwest side of the range, hidden among the rich bottom soil of a dell in a high valley. A few plants of the white species were found in full bloom, and farther on blue blossoms were found. The white flowered specimens formed tubers on shorter subterranean stems than the blue ones. The blue flowered potato plants sent off their runners from eighteen inches to two feet. July 12 they were in full bloom.

The blossoms were large, and the white flowers were of a creamy white color, with greenish midribs to its corolla lopes. The subterranean stems were not longer than those of our common potato. The blossoms of the blue flowered are smaller, bright purple, with pale white midribs to the corolla, with fifteen to twenty flowers to a head. They are found at an altitude of about 8,000 feet in Tanner's canon, and some of the plants were two feet high. Later in the season they produced potato balls of unusual size, comparatively speaking.

These native species of potatoes, which may have been, and very likely are, the original native stock from which all our potatoes now used have sprung, deserve a fair trial and careful propagation to develop them to the size now attained by our best potatoes. By the first of September the blue flowered plants formed bluish colored potatoes, oblong, about 1½

inches long by half as wide, and a third as thick, with from four to ten unmistakable potatoes on each plant. The white-flowered plants produced white potatoes, nearly round, from half an inch to one inch in diameter. These potatoes are unquestionably indigenous.

Still another variety was found near the summit of a peak 10,000 feet high, under the shade of fir, pine, and poplar trees, growing in soil kept moist during the greater part of the year by melting snows. Its nodding balls of ripened seeds were surrounded by golden rods and brilliant asters. Their tubers were tinted with purple, and seed balls were either solitary or in pairs. Prof. Lemmon brought back with him over three quarts of these small potatoes, comprising the different varieties, besides some seed balls.

A hermit in these mountains, whom Prof. Lemmon interested in his discovery, has recently written him that in digging up the bed of an old pond he has secured a lot of these potatoes, perfectly white, as large as hen's eggs, which on being cooked tasted well, and have all the appearance of very fine potatoes. Various cultivators have manifested the utmost interest in Prof. Lemmon's discovery, and are making careful preparations to cultivate the specimens he has forwarded them. — *Pacific Rural Press.*

How to Apply the Soda Remedy in Burns and Scalds.

It is now many years ago that the author, while engaged in some investigation as to the qualities and effects of the alkalies in inflammations of the skin, etc., was fortunate enough to discover that a saline lotion, or saturated solution of the bicarbonated soda in either plain water or camphorated water, if applied speedily, or as soon as possible, to a burned or scalded part, was most effectual in immediately relieving the acute burning pain; and when the burn was only superficial, or not severe, removing all pain in the course of a very short time; having also the very great advantage of cleanliness, and, if applied at once, of preventing the usual consequences — a painful blistering of the skin, separation of the epidermis, and, perhaps, more or less of suppuration.

For this purpose all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint, or old soft rag, or even thick blotting paper, of a size sufficient to cover the burned or scalded parts, and to keep it constantly well wet with the sodiac lotion so as to prevent its drying. By this means it usually happens that all pain ceases in from a quarter to half an hour, or even in much less time. When the main part of a limb, such as the hand and forearm or the foot and leg, has been burned, it is best, when practicable, to plunge the part at once into a jug or pail, or other convenient vessel filled with the soda lotion, and keep it there until the pain subsides; or the limb may be swarthed or encircled with a surgeon's cotton bandage previously soaked in the saturated solution, and kept constantly wet with it, the relief being usually immediate, provided the solution be saturated and cold. What is now usually sold as bicarbonate of soda, is what I have commonly used and recommended, although this is well known to vary much in quality according to where it is manufactured; but it will be found to answer the purpose, although probably Howard's is most to be depended on, the common carbonate being too caustic. It is believed that a large proportion of medical practitioners are still unaware of the remarkable qualities of this easily applied remedy, which recommends itself for obvious reasons.— *F. Peppercorne, in Popular Science Monthly for March.*

The Devil's Fruit.

POTATOES were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, between

eighty and ninety years ago. At first people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did, and found some potatoes. A curious Berwickshire legend, which, however, is palpably, an achronical, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the north, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil being in partnership, took a lease of a farm on the Mertoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm; the devil managed the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year, Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year their share were to be just the opposite way. His satanic majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly over-reached in his bargain; for the wizard cunningly sowed all of the land the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second; so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat, stubble and potato tops; and this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued until he had not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into the country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples and disregarding the roots.—*Agricultural Magazine.*

Why Begin Dinner With Soup?

THE rationale of the initial soup has often been discussed. Some regard it as calculated to diminish digestive power on the theory that so much fluid taken at first dilutes the gastric juices. But there appears to be no foundation for this belief. A clear soup disappears almost immediately after entering the stomach, and in no way interferes with the gastric juice, which is stored in its appropriate cells ready for action.

The habit of commencing dinner with soup has, without doubt, its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form — in fact, ready digested — soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal.

In two or three minutes after he has taken a plate of good warm soup the feeling of exhaustion disappears, and irritability gives way to the gradual rising sense of good fellowship with the circle. Some persons have the custom of allaying exhaustion with a glass of sherry before food — a gastronomic no less than a physiological blunder, injuring the stomach and depraving the palate. The soup introduces at once into the system a small instalment of ready digested food, and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach in deriving some nutriment from solid aliment, as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forth-coming duties. — *Sir Henry Thompson.*

Lost Arts of Women.

IT is possible that in olden times too much stress was laid on the importance of training girls to mend and darn so exquisitely that it would be difficult, almost impossible, to discover that there had been any necessity for the labor; but if there was any error in teaching and exacting such perfect work, it was a fault "that leaned to virtue's side," and beyond all comparison better than the wretched "botching" to be found on the raiment of some — of many — of the girls of the present day. Laundresses that wash for schoolgirls could make strange revelations of neglect of garments and careless repairs were not their lips sealed through fear of losing good customers. When a broken stitch is allowed to go out uncared for until it has become so large that the

stocking cannot be worn without some repairs, and is then drawn up into an ugly bunch — hard enough to blister the feet — instead of being nicely darned; or when a tear or rip on dress or undergarment is pulled together with thread coarse enough to injure the fabric who is to blame — the mother or the daughter? What instruction has ever been given the young girl about looking out for the beginning of evil in her wardrobe? Has she been taught to darn or mend every rent or rip the first possible instant after it was discovered, and to do it neatly? Oh, no! Her music or drawing lessons, her French and German and dancing, are apparently of more importance than such useful work as mending or darning. If a young lady has what, in these days, is the rare skill of compelling her needle to assist her in carrying out all the requsitions which will enable her, with scant materials, to keep neatly and genteelly clad; if she can turn, remodel, piece neatly, cover the lack of materiel by simple and appropriate trimming, until she makes an old, dilapidated garment look "amist as weel's the new," she will have cause all the days of her life to thank the mother who led her in the way she should go, and whatever changes or vicissitudes may be sent, she has far less to fear than those who, in prosperous days, are only fanciful ornaments of their homes, but when the evil days come, will, through their ignorance, become oppressive burdens upon those who must provide for their support.

Get Married.

We really have faith in early marriages. Get married, young man, just as soon after your maturity as you find yourself capable of supporting a wife modestly and frugally. Never wait till you become rich; for, oh! the sad change that may come over the freshness of the young heart before that time. And then there are the habits, opinions, associations, all of which, becoming a fixed portion of your nature, may make you a wiser man, perhaps, but will diminish just so much the unspeakable beatitude of wedded love to a youug spirit. No; never wait till you get rich; for there is something earthly in the pursuit of wealth ever; something so full of the schemes and artifices of the day, that the romance of love is crushed out. The sentiment is gone, past all recovery. Marriage is still the same; but, alas! we have changed with time and custom; and though we may still enjoy it, we cannot find in it that chivalric disinterestedness, that absorbing sense of unalloyed happiness, which belongs only to the union of two young hearts, unsoiled by contact with the world. Yes; get married, young woman; never pause because he is not handsome. He may be good and that is much better. Few handsome men are good for much, except to break wives' hearts with jealousy, and fail in business because too much tempted to attend to it assiduously. Never refuse him because he is not wealthy. It is far more independent for you to reflect that you have assisted to earn your affluence when it comes, and that it cannot be said that your husband purchased you with his means, and, consequently, has no special right to consider you entitled to any more than your exactly legal share of his possessions. It is far wiser to wed a true man than a mere pocket-book — for the one is full of love, and the other of illusory promises. Let Cupid be your counsellor, young woman, and not cupidity!

"I say, you leave that door open too much," said an excitable father to his son. "Well, how much open shall I leave it?" asked the boy. "I mean you leave it open too often, was the reply. "How often would you like it left open, sir?" asked the son. Then the father rose like one mad, and the son was glad that the door *was* open.

Home-Rule for Ireland.

Catholic Progress.

Much, no doubt, is to be gained, in politics as well as in the common business of life, by what is popularly called, "drawing a line somewhere." Yet it may be doubted if, in English politics, any such line can be drawn efficaciously, for compromises are essential elements in English party struggles, and when a compromise appears possible, away goes the line drawn, with as much ease as if it had been traced with chalk.

We have been led to make these reflections by what a leading London daily paper said recently. *Nothing*, said that journal, *Irishmen can do will induce England to give Ireland Home-rule.* Here we have the line as clearly drawn as it well could be.

If we remember rightly, similar declarations of obstinacy were made before the Repeal of the Corn Laws, before Catholic Emancipation and Reform were given, before the Irish establishment was destroyed, before the Land Act was passed. Men affirmed these things should not come to pass, yet they became realities, and they seem nowadays to be the most simple and natural (excepting perhaps the Land Act) pieces of legislation ever wrought. And why should not Home-rule become at no distant date a reality in some form or other?

Many more Englishmen are, we believe, favorable to giving Ireland a large measure of self-government than is generally imagined. Among the middle and working classes — the ruling classes in this age of democracy — there are many thoughtful Englishmen who fail to see why Irishmen should not be allowed to manage their own affairs in their own country.

Such sympathizers with the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people are repelled by two things at the very outset. These two things are, a Press which both in Ireland and abroad does nothing except preach murder and sedition; and, secondly, the existence of secret societies practising what the cowards of the Press preach. No doubt centuries of as tyrannical misrule as ever history has had to record, has brought upon England these things. The crimes of Elizabeth, of the Stuarts, of Cromwell, of the House of Hanover, and others, have thus had to be atoned, and the sins of our forefathers are on our heads. The present generation of Englishmen desires to act fairly to Ireland, and we doubt, if O'Connell lived to-day, if he would still stir up his countrymen against us with the words: —

> But onward — the Green Banner rearing,
> Each sword let us flesh to the hilt,
> On our side is Virtue and Erin,
> On theirs is the Saxon and guilt!

Rather, we feel sure, would he read aloud to his countrymen and bid them remember the words of Pope Leo XIII., in his Letter to the Irish Bishops: —

> "The national cause should be kept distinct from the aims, purposes, and deeds of unhallowed associations; that while it is just and lawful for those suffering oppression to seek their rights by lawful means, it is not allowable to make use of the protection which crime affords; and that Divine Providence allots to the virtuous the enjoyment of the fruits of patience and well-doing, but subjects the evil-disposed, after their fruitless labors, to heavy punishment from God and men."

If there were to-day an O'Connell to bring home to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen these words of the Sovereign Pontiff, Home-Rule would speedily be brought within the limits of practical politics.

Here we must ask a burning question and answer it very summarily, for the limits now allowed us are indeed too small for so vast and interesting a topic. What is meant by Home-Rule?

To us as Englishmen, it means simply the return in Ireland to the old constitution of that country before the Union. But that constitution should be entrusted to the keeping of the whole Irish people, not to a Protestant minority as before the Union. Had that Protestant Anglo-Irish minority that misruled Ireland in her Parliament been less bigoted, the Union would never have taken place. "When the Irish Parliament," said Grattan, "rejected the Catholic Petition, on that day she voted the Union." The bigotry and venality of the Irish Parliament at the epoch of the Union, should make us grateful to Pitt for having abolished such an institution. Had it imitated the Parliament of Dublin under James II., Pitt would not have desired and could not have carried out a legislative Union. And because we believe an Irish Parliament now would be neither bigoted nor venal, we would rejoice to see it re-established.

How could such a re-establishment be brought about? Not exactly in the same way as it was one hundred years ago. Then the Volunteers, assembled at Dungannon, "Resolved —That the claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance." This resolution was passed Feb. 15, 1782. A resolution followed by an Act of the British Parliament quietly confirmed the resolution of the Volunteers. What was done rather more than a century ago, could be done peacefully to-day, if Englishmen only had the generosity to do now from a love of justice, what our fathers did a century ago, from fear of the sword. An Irish poet attributed to fear the generosity of the English Parliament:—

> "When Grattan rose, none dare oppose
> The claim he made for freedom;
> They knew our swords to back his words,
> Were ready did he need 'em."

And this estimate of English generosity is confirmed by the great Wilberforce in his *Diary*:—

> "I can remember the recognition of Irish Independence, and how those who had talked of it as almost treason made no attempt to oppose it, while, if any objection was suggested there was a general hush and it was whispered, 'They have forty-thousand men in arms.' My experience of Parliament and of the country convinces me that when some alarm arises in Ireland, a war, or an insurrection, everything will be given up at once, without those securities for ourselves, or that benefit to Ireland which might now be provided."

It will, indeed, be an evil day for England and the Empire if Ireland only sets aside the *non possumus* of English editors writing about Home-Rule, in a moment of panic in England. Then an Irish republic, impossible to-day, may become a stern reality, or a new Napoleon repair the mistake of the first. "Had I struck England, through Ireland, as was designed before the campaign in Egypt," said Bonaparte, "the combination she formed against me in Europe would have been impossible." Ireland discontented as of late years, or republican as she may become, is a constant danger — an open wound in England's side.

Ireland ruled by her Sovereign — our Sovereign too — and by her Lords and Commons would strengthen the British Empire which if it is to continue to exist, must become more and more a Federal Empire, more and more decentralized.

As we write these lines, it seems to us that England's opportunity of giving Ireland legislative freedom has come. Law and order are being restored in Ireland and a reign of terror and assassination is drawing to an end. Let English statesmen look to it, for future generations will bitterly reproach them if so golden an occasion be let slip. That some Home-Rule is needed for Ireland, is confessed by the fact that there is a Viceroy in Ireland and a whole system of Irish officials. Let the Viceroyalty yield its place to Royalty at the

Castle. An unseen Sovereign may become as forgotten and little loved as an absentee landlord. We have seen not a little of the Irish character and were we asked to say what was its most salient feature, we should say at once, "Toryism — that is loyalty to persons." Let our gracious Sovereign but appear in Ireland, let her but open an Irish parliament in person, and the loyalty and love of her English and Scotch subjects will, deep and true as they are, appear cold after the warm-hearted affection of Erin's sons. And then Ireland will be what we Catholics of England should, out of gratitude, wish her to be

"Great, glorious and free;
First flower of the earth, and
First gem of the sea."

How to Warm Cold Feet.

PEOPLE who write or sew all day, or rather those who take but little exercise, may warm their cold feet without going to the fire. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise — the slower the better — upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do, in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. Even the half-frozen car-driver can try this plan.

Welcome May.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

WELCOME, May! welcome, May!
Thou hast been too long away,
All the widow'd wintry hours
Wept for thee, gentle May;
But the fault was only ours —
We were sad when thou wert gay!

Welcome, May! welcome, May!
We are wiser far to-day —
Fonder, too, than we were then.
Gentle May! joyous May!
Now that thou art come again,
We perchance may make thee stay.

Welcome, May! welcome, May!
Everything kept holiday
Save the human heart alone.
Mirthful May! gladsome May!
We had cares and thou hadst none
When thou camest last this way!

When thou camest last this way
Blossoms bloomed on every spray,
Buds on barren boughs were born —
Fertile May! fruitful May!
Like the rose upon the thorn
Cannot grief awhile be gay?

'Tis not for the golden ray,
Or the flowers that strew thy way,
O immortal One! thou art
Here to-day, gentle May —
'Tis to man's ungrateful heart
That thy fairy footsteps stray.

'Tis to give that living clay
Flowers that ne'er can fade away —
Fond remembrances of bliss;
And a foretaste, mystic May,
Of the life that follows this,
Full of joys that last alway!

Other months are cold and gray,
Some are bright, but what are they?
Earth may take the whole eleven —
Hopeful May — happy May!
Thine the borrowed month of heaven
Cometh thence and points the way.

Winged minstrels come and play
Through the woods their roundelay;
Who can tell but only thou,
Spirit-ear'd, inspired May,
On the bud-embow'red bough
What the happy lyrists say?

Is the burden of their lay
Love's desire, or Love's decay?
Are there not some fond regrets
Mix'd with these, divinest May,
For the sun that never sets
Down the everlasting day?

But upon thy wonderous way
Mirth alone should dance and play —
No regrets, how fond they be,
E'er should wound the ear of May —
Bow before her, flower and tree!
Nor, my heart, do thou delay.

The Society of Jesus.

"The Thundering Legion."—Rev. Father Burke, O.P.

On the 15th of April, 1883, was celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Maryland mission, and fiftieth of the Province of Maryland, which includes the churches, colleges, and houses of the order from Alexandria, Virginia, to Boston, Mass. The history of St. Ignatius, the wounded Knight of Pampeluna, who gathered about him at Paris the band of saintly young men, and thus formed the nucleus of a society that was to live through good and evil report for three hundred and forty-nine years, is too well known to dwell upon here at any length. Born in 1491, the year before Columbus discovered America, the time of his birth seemed to presage the work that his sons were to undertake in the newly-discovered world. On that memorable 15th of August, 1534, with his nine companions, Lefevre, Francis Xavier, Paynez, Salmeron, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, Lejay, Codure, Bronet, Ignatius of Loyola, consecrated himself and the work of his children to the Mother of God in the church of Montmartre, outside of Paris, in 1543. March 14 the order was confirmed by Pope Paul IV.

The labors of St. Francis Xavier in China, the explorations of Marquette, the patient sufferings of Father Brebœuf and Lallemant in America, the missions in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, England, Poland, and South Africa, all testify to the wonderful power of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. These meditations, so marvellous in their spiritual efficacy, are doing for the world to-day the same work they did three hundred and forty-nine years ago.

History points out the Jesuits not only as preachers, but as educators, writers in theology, science, literature, languages, and medicine, and the teachers of the scholars of Europe of the sixteenth century, as well as the friend of the savage Indian. What colony ever resembled the prosperous state of the sadly lamented reductions of Paraquay? In 1656 the savages of South America were converted, clothed, taught trades, and collected in twenty-two towns or reductions. Each town was limited to 6,000 inhabitants. The fathers selected one of six dialects and made it the universal language. These savages lived in love and innocence like the primitive Christians. Under the shallow pretexts that the Jesuits had sacred gold mines, the Portuguese obtained from the crown a decree of expulsion. The mines proved to be a myth, and the poor natives were reduced to slavery and woe. Thus did avarice and cruelty destroy one of the greatest movements of missionary labor the world ever witnessed. The number of savages converted amounted to 150,000.

If we glance at education, and if success in this branch is to be gauged by illustrious pupils, we shall see how in their own private colleges they toiled for the revival of the classics. Their greatest works were the foundation of the Roman and German colleges. The brilliant success of the Roman College can be estimated, not only by the praises awarded to it by popes and princes, but still more by the mere mention of some of those who were trained within its walls. Among its pupils were eight popes — Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement X., Innocent XII., Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Clement XII., and our present Pontiff, Leo XIII. Saints like St. Aloysius, Blessed John Berchmans, St. Camillus of Lellis; whilst its pro-

fessors were James Ledesma, Suarez, Vasquez, Bellarmme, Cornelius à Lapide, etc., were trained in these schools. From the various institutions on the continent we see come forth Toricelli Tasso, Justus Lipsius, Father Kircher, inventor of the magic lantern, Bossuet, Moliere, Jean Baptiste Rousseau. Students in their colleges did not lose their warlike spirit as we see from such men as Conde, Villars, De Grammont, De Rohan. The archæologist is familiar with the works of Fr. Petavius, the friends of Grotius with the works of Sirmond, Bollandus, Hardouin. The admirer of polemics is acquainted with Bellarmine, Tolet, and Cornelius à Lapide, and the literary world with Tiraboschin, Italian literature, and the works of De la Rue.

But the part of the history of the Jesuits to which attention seems to be most particularly drawn on the celebration of this festival is the foundation of the Province of Maryland. We can but glance at its history, and at the noble names of Father White, Bishop Carroll, and Father McElroy. When Cecil Calvert, who succeeded to his father's title and rights, applied to the English Provincial, Father Blount, and to the general of the Jesuits for members to attend the Catholic planters and settlers and to convert the native Indians, the choice fell upon Father Andrew White, his companion was Father John Ulham. The wisdom of this choice, which placed at the head of the mission this future apostle of Maryland, was admirably vindicated by the events which followed. Father White was born in London in 1579. After his studies and ordination he taught divinity at Seville, Salamanca, Liege, and Louvain, and in all these places gave evidence of rare talents and deep learning.

On St. Cecilia's day he set sail with Lord Baltimore's expedition. The *Ark* and the *Dove* weighed anchor at Cowes in the Isle of Wight.

After many dangers the two little vessels sailed up the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks lay the home of their adoption. The exiles found mighty forests stretching as far as the eye could reach, a soil rich and fertile, and they returned thanks to God for the beautiful land which he had given them, for this was Maryland. March 25 (Lady day), a landing was made at St. Clement's, now called St. George's Island. After celebrating Mass, Father White relates that, assisted by the governor, commissary, and other Catholics, they erected an immense cross, fashioned from a tree, and humbly bent the knee in reverence. On the first day the missionaries set about their apostolic labors among the Indian tribes, some of whom occupied the present site of Washington City. While in Maryland he wrote a grammar, dictionary, and catechism in their native tongue. Numerous tribes along the Potomac were brought to the faith, and Father White had the joy of receiving into the fold of Christ nearly all the Protestants who had accompanied the expedition, besides some from the neighboring colony of Virginia. The piety of the missionaries, their pure lives, and their perfect self-devotion filled the minds of Indians and whites alike with devotion and wonder. In 1645, during the rebellion under Claiborne, when the rule of the proprietary was overthrown, Sir Leonard Calvert, was forced for refuge into Virginia, and Father White, with two companions, were put in irons and transported to England for trial. Notwithstanding his desire to return and his hopes of martyrdom, neither of which was fulfilled, on the 27th of December, 1656 (Feast of St. John), Father White felt that his hour had come. On the festival of this disciple of love, this worthy imitator, the apostle of Maryland, passed to his reward.

From Father White to Father Fulton there is printed in the Jesuit's catalogue of the New York Maryland Province a continuous succession of superiors. After the restora-

tion, when the mission of Maryland was formed into a Province, the first to receive that laborious office was Father McSherry, in 1833; Father Mulledy, in 1837; Father Dzieroogynski, in 1840; Father Ryder, in 1843; Father Verhaegen, in 1845; Father Brocar, in 1848; Father Stonestreet, in 1852; Father Villiger, in 1858; Father Porerce, 1861; Father J. E. Keller, in 1869; Father Robert Brady, in 1877; Father Fulton, in 1882.

In an historical point of view Archbishop Carroll occupies the most prominent place both in time and inportance in the history of the American Catholic hierarchy, of which he was the founder. His memory is cherished with undiminished veneration by the whole Catholic Church of the United States. As a patriot he was surpassed by none of the great good men of his day. As a citizen his public virtues were formed in the same political school with Washington, of whom he was an intimate personal friend. Bishop Carroll was born in George's County, Maryland, January 8, 1731. In 1753 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and became a professed Father in 1771. When in 1773 Pope Clement XIX. suppressed the Society of Jesus, Father Carroll remained in Maryland as a priest, and in 1776, when Congress appointed Dr. Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, to negotiate with Canada to obtain its cooperation, or at least its neutrality, in the war, the resolutions of Congress requested Mr. Carroll to prevail on Rev. John Carroll to accompany them, that his influence and character might promote the forwarding of their design.

To the enthusiastic support given the Government by the Catholics, the reply of Washington in answer to the address tendered by the Catholics: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality; and I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their Government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

In 1784 Bishop Carroll, while yet vicar-general and superior of the clergy, had commenced the foundation of Georgetown College. In 1815 Congress raised the College to the rank of university, and later the medical and law departments were opened, and from the time of Washington every President of the United States, with one or two exceptions, has presided at its commencements, partaken of its hospitality, and been on friendly terms with the members of its community. The next name that most prominently presents itself is that of the late venerable Father John McElroy. In 1803 he went to Georgetown and entered the order as a lay-brother; but on account of his rare abilites was bid apply himself to his studies, and on May 3, 1817, was ordained priest at the age of thirty-five years. In 1822 he built in Frederick the Church of St. John. Under his energetic influence the College of St. John soon arose and begun to pour forth a host of graduates, who since have become eminent for learning and piety.

After twenty-three years labor in Frederick, he remained a long time at Georgetown, and in 1846 was made chaplain in the Mexican war. On his return from the war he was sent to Boston, took possession of St. Mary's Church, and after some years, in spite of difficulties, prejudice, and opposition, succeeded in erecting Boston College and the Church of the Immaculate Conception. This pile of buildings, so grand when we consider the time and circumstances of their building in New England, is the noblest monument of his zeal. When he had finished it, the work of his life was done. Partially blind,

but always bright and cheerful, he felt himself gradually sinking, and breathed his last at the novitiate of Frederick September 12, 1877, at the age of ninety-five years and four months. His was a noble character. He could look upon the Church as it was in the United States, and bless God that it had been his privilege to have contributed so largely to its prosperity. Yet no words of his ever indicated that he considered himself anything more than a simple priest — an unprofitable servant.

In quick succession we see arise the Colleges of Holy Cross, Worcester, founded by the venerable Benedict J. Fenwick, second Bishop of Boston, himself a member of the Society of Jesus; St. John's College, Fordham, founded by Rt. Rev. J. Hughes, Bishop of New York, and presented to the Society of Jesus (of this college the present Cardinal was president); St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, which recalls the loved name of Father Larkin; in Baltimore, Loyola College; Washington, Gonzaga; Boston, Boston College; and St. Peter's in Jersey City. The churches of the province, which we can merely enumerate, are, in Boston, St. Mary's, the Immaculate Conception, and Holy Trinity. In New York: St. Francis Xavier's, the grand new church just completed; St. Lawrence's, St. Joseph's, German church. In Philadelphia, St. Joseph's linked with the revered name of Father Barbelin, and the Gesu, where is the site of the new college. Jersey City, St. Peter's Church. In Washington, St. Aloysius', Church, St. Joseph's; and in Georgetown, Holy Trinity. In Troy, St. Joseph's. Alexandria, St. Mary's. Besides these there are churches and missions all through the State of Maryland and in the north of New York State, all belonging to the Province of Maryland.

In the United States there are, linking New York State with San Francisco, twenty-two colleges and about one hundred churches and residences. The New York Maryland Province numbers 550, the whole society nearly 11,000.

The day was observed in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., in splendid style. In Boston, the grand church of the Immaculate Conception was gorgeously decorated, and the services were participated in by the Archbishop, Bishop O'Reilly, and a large number of the clergy outside the Order. The "thundering legion" never made a greater display of glory and grandeur.

Funnier Than was Intended.— At a recent dinner party there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, whose husband had lately gone to India for a short term. A young lawyer present was deputed to take the young widow in to dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them commenced by the lady remarking how warm it was for the season of the year. "Yes, it is quite warm," replied the lawyer. Then a happy thought suggesting itself to him, but he added, with a cheerful smile: "But not as hot as the place to which your husband has gone." The look with which the lady answered this lively sally will haunt that unhappy man till his death. — *Cincinnati Commercial.*

Orange Ice. — Squeeze the juice from six large oranges and two lemons; pour about five gills of boiling water over the broken peel and pulp and let it stand until cool; then strain and add the water to the orange and lemon juice. Sweeten to taste with loaf sugar and cream.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

Our Young Folks.

WASHING DISHES.

Let boys have all the sport they will,
In running, walking, riding,—
The girls a surer pleasure have,
And one that's more abiding.
The boys may hunt, and fly their kites
Or try all day for fishes :
But, oh! there's nothing in the world
So nice as washing dishes.

There's much to see and talk about
Within this world of ours :
There's much to love and to admire
In poetry and flowers :
But there can not a girl be found
Who asks, or hopes, or wishes
For any better pleasure than
The fun of washing dishes.

Let tourists talk about the Rhine,
Of cataracts and fountains,
The wonders of Yosemite,
And majesty of mountains;
Let misers tell the happiness
They find in hoarding riches ;
One pleasure still above them all
Is that of washing dishes.

The happiness girls find in this
No pen or tongue can measure ;
And always it is the same —
A never-ending pleasure.
Let lovers talk and sing of love,
The magic charm in kisses ;
But, ah ! they never half conceived
The bliss of washing dishes.

Perhaps, within the years to come,
When women get to voting,
The men will then their energies
To dishes be devoting.
Ah! we shall hail that glorious day,
The crowning of our wishes,
When men shall have the luxury
There is in washing dishes.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER IV.

KITTY'S FAULT.

THE next day Jock got the mumps, and the day after that Rosie got them, and even little Ba had her share of the mumps too. Everybody had them but Kitty, who never had been sick in her life, and she was very curious to know what it was like to feel ill.

She thought it must be very nice to be rolled up like something very precious, and fussed over and petted, and have grapes and oranges placed at her hand, and nice toys and story-books sent her by her friends.

For all the children had a quantity of nice things sent them by their friends as soon as people knew they had got the mumps. Even little Dora next door sent a pretty paint-box to Jock, and Jock sat up in his bed half the day painting pictures of people he liked and people he did not like.

Bunko was quite better now, and he used to come and order the pictures; and when they were quite finished he made a little Royal Academy at the end of the room, where he hung up Jock's pictures for all the world to see.

Then he would pretend that a great crowd came in to look at the pictures, and all the people said that Jock's pictures were the finest in the show. Bunko would change his voice every minute, pretending to be all the people talking.

"Do you see that wonderful likeness over there?" he would say, "that is the long, thin, cross nurse that lives in Dora's nursery. Dear me! do you not recognize her?"

"Of course I do. I should know her anywhere. She has the most remarkably unkind face I ever saw."

"Yes, indeed, I never saw such a cross end of a nose."

"That picture is not to be sold, Bunko!" cried Jock out of his poultices. "Nurse Green has bought it to hang by the side of her bed."

And then Nurse Green, who had just come into the room, went off into a fit of laughing, paid a hundred pounds for the picture on the spot, and carried it off and hung it up on the wall above her pillow.

While all this fun was going on poor Kitty felt very lonely. Jock and Bunko were kept in a room by themselves, and that is how they

came to have this play together with nobody else to join in it. Rosie and Ba were in another room with Nana taking care of them, while Nurse Green went in and out of both little hospitals seeing that everything went right. Rosie and Ba had funny little plays of their own. Rosie's doll was a crossing-sweeper, and swept a crossing all across the quilt; and Ba's doll was a lady giving her a penny. The lady had to climb over the rails of two cribs to get to the crossing-sweeper; but that did not matter in the least. When the two little girls were tired with their play, they lay down and chattered to each other through the crib rails. And they had a very good time of it as you may think.

Now Kitty, as I told you, was very lonely while all the other children were so happy with their mumps and plays. She had a governess who came in the mornings, but lessons only lasted about two hours, and then there was all the rest of the day to be got through. Kitty was very fond of story-books and read a great deal, but still she missed her little playfellows, and the plays they used to make all together in the nursery. Her mamma used sometimes to take her out for a walk, and then Kitty was as happy as a queen.

One day her mamma took her into the Crystal Palace Bazaar, which is a very nice place for children, as I daresay you know. Kitty walked all round the gay stalls on her tiptoes, holding by her mamma's hand. Some one was playing pretty music somewhere, and Kitty danced along feeling as merry as a little bird. Her mamma stopped at each of the stalls and allowed her to look at everything upon them, only warning her gently not to touch anything lest she should do mischief. Kitty declared she would not touch, and she meant to keep her word.

"Now, Kitty," said Mrs. Hazel, "What would you like to have? I am going to buy you something nice."

"Oh, Mamma, let it be a transparent slate! I do so want a transparent slate."

"Are you so fond of drawing, Kitty?"

"Oh, I think I am. I want to try. I can paint very well, you know, and now I should like to learn to draw."

"You can paint, can you?"

"Oh, yes; I have painted all the pictures in my story-books. But I want to make some pictures of my own."

"Well, my dear, you shall the slate."

"Thank you, thank you, mamma. Then I shall have so many nice things that I like. You know the things I love best in this world are these: story-books first, flowers next, and paint-boxes afterwards."

"And then come transparent slates?"

"Yes, I think so. I am going to try."

"And do I come in nowhere, Kitty!" said her mother smiling.

"Oh, mamma, you are a person, and, of course, you are the first of all the *persons* that I love. I was only talking of my *things*."

"I see. Well, let us get the transparent slate."

The slate was bought, and done up in paper, and Kitty was allowed to carry it home herself. Then her mother bought her some sweetmeats, and Kitty was in great delight.

I wish I could end this chapter here, but I am obliged to tell you that after all her pleasure that day poor Kitty got into trouble.

While her mother was waiting for change of some money at one of the stalls Kitty flew round to another stall where there were some pretty toys, and began to look at them very closely. And I am sorry to say she quite forgot her mother's desire, and her own promise that she should not touch the toys. And she took one of them up in her hands.

It was a mechanical toy dog, one which you could wind up with a key

so that it could jump about by itself. Kitty had seen such a dog before, and knew how it was worked. She took up the key which was hanging round doggie's neck, and began to wind it up as fast as she could.

Now I don't want you to think that Kitty was a wicked little girl in doing this. She really forgot for the moment that she had promised not to touch. It was a great pity she had not tried harder to remember; but children will forget sometimes, won't they?

She wound up the dog in a great hurry, and then she heard a click inside, as if the spring had broken. She put the doggie down on the floor, and he only sat looking at her and did not move.

A great fear struck upon Kitty's heart that she had broken the toy; and just at that moment she heard her mother calling her. She left the dog upon the floor and flew after her mamma. Her mother took her hand as before and walked quickly with her out into the street.

Poor Kitty! her joy was all gone! She walked along the streets with a pain going through and through her. "I have disobeyed mamma," she was thinking, "and I have broken the stall-woman's toy. I know she will never be able to sell that dog to anyone. And mamma thinks I am good all the time."

"Why is my little girl so silent now?" asked her mother presently.

"I am very tired, mamma," said Kitty faintly.

"Well, dear, we shall soon be at home," said her mamma pleasantly.

"Oh, she does not know how naughty I have been," thought Kitty; "and I cannot bear to tell her."

When Kitty was at home, and had got her hat and coat taken off, and her slippers and pinafore put on, she sat down at the nursery table to draw on her slate. She drew a great many pretty things, and for a long time she did not think about the broken dog at all. At last, however, she got tired drawing, and then she sat still, staring before her and she seemed to see that dog that would not jump standing just where she left him by the stall in the Crystal Palace Bazaar.

"Nobody will buy him," thought Kitty, "and the lady at the stall will lose her money. Mamma told me that was how it would be if I touched and broke anything."

You see Kitty was a wide-awake little girl, and she knew right from wrong exceedingly well. She felt like a little thief sitting there with her pencil in her hand.

"Oh, if I could only tell mamma," thought Kitty, "but I know the words will stick in my throat. Mamma will say I ought to have told her at once. I know I ought, but somehow there didn't seem to be time. And she thought I was so good, and now she will think me bad. And I did not want to be bad; oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Now Kitty had always been praised for telling the truth; too much praised, perhaps, for she had rather prided herself on never being tempted to conceal anything. When Jock had sometimes got into trouble for a want of frankness, Kitty had always been pointed to as an example of a candid child.

And now she had got into a net of concealment herself. How easily it had happened, and how little she had meant it! She never could bear to hear herself praised again.

"Well, well!" sighed Kitty at last, "I really cannot help it now. I did not intend to break the toy, and I will try to forget about it."

That night she did not feel well, and the next morning she was very ill with the mumps.

She was a great deal more ill than any of the other children. Her head ached and she was sick all over. Lying flat in her bed she wondered how she could ever have longed to have the mumps. She had got them now in earnest.

Nice things were placed beside her, but she could not eat them. Even fruit she could hardly taste. She wondered how the other children could keep laughing in the other rooms. The mumps were no fun at all to her.

And all the time she thought that little dog that would not go kept sitting beside her bed and looking at her.

After a while she was so very sick that her mamma stayed beside her constantly, and would not leave her either night or day.

One night she sat up in her bed suddenly and cried out, "Oh, mamma, do send that little dog away!"

"What little dog, my darling?" said her mother, frightened at poor Kitty's cry.

"The dog I broke at the Crystal Palace, mamma. Oh, I am so glad I have told you! He always sits looking at me and he will not jump about."

"The dog you broke, my Kitty? You did not tell me at the time?"

"No, mamma, darling; and how I *wish* I had! But, oh, now I have told you, do you think he will go away?"

"My precious child," said Mrs. Hazel, "you must get well first, and then we will talk about it."

"Oh, no, mamma, let us talk about it now. The woman has lost her money, for nobody will buy a dog that cannot go."

Then Mrs. Hazel listened while poor little sick Kitty confessed her fault.

And as soon as the little girl was well enough they went together to the stall where the dog had been, at the Crystal Palace Bazaar.

A nice, quiet-looking person in a black dress was standing at the stall, and Mrs Hazel spoke to her.

"My little girl says she broke a toy dog of yours about a fortnight ago. I am sorry to say she was afraid to tell of it at the time. But now she has brought her own money to buy the broken toy."

And it was true that Kitty had brought all her savings for several months to buy this dog, which she believed no one else would have.

"I don't think it could have been my dog, madam," said the person at the stall; "for I have only had one, and I have it still. And he jumps about beautifully.

"Oh, yes, it was here!" cried Kitty; "here on this very spot," she said, going round to the back of the stall. "And — why, this is the dog. I know him by the blue ribbon round his neck."

"Then, Miss, you did not break him."

"I wound him up very fast," said Kitty, "and then something clicked inside of him, and then he would not go."

"Sometimes they do that," said the stall person, smiling; "and then they come all right when you give them a little touch. Look here, missy; see how nicely he can jump!"

And, surely enough, there he did jump, hopping so funnily across the boards that no one who looked at him could keep from laughing.

"Oh, mamma, I am so glad he is not broken! I suppose I may buy him all the same?"

"Certainly, my love. He will make a great deal of fun in the nursery."

Kitty paid her money and took the doggie in her arms. And as they went home her mamma talked to her nicely about her fault.

"You see, my child," she said, "how much pain of mind you might have been saved if you had only come to me on the instant and said, 'mother, I have broken that toy!' We should then have gone straight back and examined the dog, and you would have discovered that no mischief had been done."

"I will never have a secret again," said Kitty. "They are very, very dreadful things, and make one feel so lonely. I will tell it out straight in a moment before I have time to get afraid."

And certainly that jumping dog did

make great fun in the nursery. How it hopped, and how it sat up on its tail, and how it stared at every one with its round bright eyes, can never be quite believed except by children who have had such a doggie to jump for themselves.

CHAPTER V.

DORA COMES TO TEA.

When the children were all quite better and the mumps had gone away, Jock and Kitty agreed that it would be very nice if they could have Dora to tea in their nursery; and they asked their mamma if she would give them leave to invite her.

Mrs. Hazel was pleased at the idea, and as Jock was Dora's particular friend he was allowed to write the invitation. This is the letter that Jock composed on his slate:—

"My Dere dora,

"Will you ask yure Mother to allow you to come in to our Nursery for Tee tomorrow at 5.

"Yure loving frend,

"Jock."

Nurse Green looked over his shoulder and said there were some mistakes which he had better correct before copying his note upon paper. Jock was greatly surprised, and could not believe there was an i in "friend" until he looked in the dictionary. And he thought Dora looked much prettier with a little d. "For she is only quite a little girl, you know, Nurse."

"So she is, my dear; but I daresay she knows how to write a letter."

Jock submitted to have his words corrected. And the note was taken into the house next door.

The answer arrived very soon—a nice little note, very correctly spelled, only written in such large letters that it looked as if Dora was speaking to Jock in an exceedingly loud voice. This is how it ran:

"My dear Jock,

"My Mother is very pleased to let me come to you.

"Your affectionate little Dora."

At the proper time Dora arrived in a nice little light blue frock and a white muslin pinafore. The Hazel children all gathered round her and Jock introduced her to his sisters and brother.

"This is Dora!" he said. "Is'nt she nice?" And they all felt quite comfortable together.

Nurse Green had spread the large round table with quite a feast for tea. There was a great cake full of raisins and citron, and with almonds and sugar on the top. Then there was a huge dish of crackers and another of fruit. After tea the children played at games, and Nurse taught them a charade.

A word was chosen, and Bunko got up on the rocking horse, and pretended to ride furiously along a race-course.

"What a beautiful bay horse!" cried Kitty, who was a lady passing by, to Dora, who was another lady.

"Oh, what a splendid bay!" said Jock, who was a groom taking the horse's head when the race was over.

"A wonderful bay!" said Nana.

"The finest bay I ever saw!" cried Nurse.

And then that part of the charade was over.

In the second part Jock kept a shop and all the rest of the children were his customers.

"I must buy a pretty purse," said Dora, tripping into the shop.

"And I must buy a pair of stockings," said Kitty following her.

"And I want a gun," said Bunko.

"You must say 'buy,' Bunko, or it won't do," said Nurse.

"I want to buy a gun," said Bunko.

"And I will buy a doll's house," said Rosie.

And then the second part of the charade was over.

In the third part the whole word was to be guessed. Kitty was dressed up in Nurse Green's bonnet and mantle, and held in her arms the largest doll the toy-press could produce. The doll was wrapt up in a long white cloak, and Kitty, as she walked about, kept hushing it to sleep.

"Go to sleep, baby, dear little baby. Go to sleep, baby dear!"

"What a sweet baby!" said Dora.

"A dear baby!" said Rosie.

"A cross baby!" cried Jock.

"An ugly little baby!" said Bunko.

Then Nurse Green set all the children to guess the word of the charade. And the word was "*baby*," as I am sure you already know. The first part was *bay*, and the second was *buy*, and the third was *baby*.

Jock took up his slate and wrote the word "Baybuy."

"Oh, Nurse!" he said, "I thought you could spell better than that. Now, suppose I had put bay-buy in my letter to Dora?"

"We don't mind spelling in charades, my dear. If the sound is right it will do."

"That's just what I think about every kind of words," said Jock. "I like to write them down the way they sound."

After that the children played at hiding the handkerchief. Bunko hid it in a drawer, and Rosie behind a curtain, and Kitty put it in a vase on the chimney piece, and Dora got it squeezed in at the back of the clock. But the cleverest thing of all was done by Jock, who slipped the handkerchief under the carpet, spreading it out flat so that it made no lump. Nobody could find it that time, and Jock had to hide it again.

Ba insisted on being allowed to hide the handkerchief. She called it a "pam-haff," for Ba's little talk was the funniest thing you ever heard.

When she got the handkerchief to hide she trotted about waving it in her hand, and in the end she had to hide it in Nurse's pocket, for she could not think of any other hiding-place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HEDGE DOLLS.

I THINK I told you that the mumps had quite disappeared out of the nursery; but still Mrs Hazel was not satisfied with the health of her children. She thought their cheeks were not so rosy as they had been a month ago, and made up her mind that they all needed change of air.

"If I could hear of some nice farmhouse in the country," she said to Nurse, "where you and they could be taken in and fed on fresh butter and cream, I should send you all away for a month. I could not leave town at present myself. But I know I can trust them with you."

Nurse agreed with her mistress that the children needed change; and Mrs. Hazel spoke to Dr. Goodhart about the matter. The end of it all was that a nice farmhouse was discovered in a pretty part of the country where Nurse and her flock could be received. And off they all went one sun-shiny morning.

The farmhouse was a great rambling building with several large pretty gables, and some queer windows that looked like windows in an old picture

Farmer Dale told the children that a great gentleman had once lived in the house. But he was dead long ago, and his family gone away elsewhere.

There was a great many noble trees standing about the house, and oh, how the birds did sing in their branches, right in through the windows of the children's nursery!

The nursery was a wide, fine room, very bare and very clean, with nicely sanded boards and no carpet, except a little bit to put under Nurse's feet. A great jar full of wild flowers and grasses stood in the fireplace, and an enormous brown press went all across one wall. The room had a delicious smell of dried apples, and Mrs. Dale said to Nurse that it was because she generally saved the winter apples in

this room when there was nobody at home to occupy it.

There was a very large garden at one side of the house, in which grew quantities of both flowers and fruit. Apple-trees covered with green apples stood among the flower-beds and the beds of vegetables; and the walls were all covered with peach and plum trees. Gooseberry bushes were ranged all along the paths, with great white and orange lilies, and rose-bushes in between them. The gooseberries were quite green and hard still, and so were the raspberries, strawberries, and currants, which had vast beds all to themselves in different parts of the garden. The children looked at them with longing eyes, and wished they were ripe; but Farmer Dale forbade them to touch one before he should give them permission.

"They would make you ill as sure as you live," he said, "and mind you keep your fingers off them. When they are quite ripe you shall have a real feast of fruit."

Poppie and Bet, the farmer's two little girls, took the London children to see their own little gardens which their father had given them in a corner, and where they worked in the afternoon when they had come home from school. Poppie had some marigolds, sweet-william, and gilliflowers in her little bed; and Bet had a rose-bush, some double-daisies and some forget-me-nots.

Poppie and Bet were two nice little curly-headed girls in check pinafores and strong shoes. It was great fun for Kitty and Rosie to hear all about the plays and doings of the country children.

There was a field outside the garden, which was all surrounded by a close-cut hedge, and in this hedge Poppie and Bet had several dolls' houses. It sounds funny, does it not, when you hear of dolls living in a hedge? But it is quite true that Bet and Poppie had dozens and dozens of dolls, and that they all lived in a hedge!

I am sure you have seen little hollow places in a hedge that look as if something ought to live in them. Some of them are quite large holes, but when the fresh green leaves grow out around them and line them all through, then they get smaller, and become pretty little parlors and drawing-rooms.

You are not to suppose that the dolls that lived in these holes were wax ones like Kitty's and Rosie's.

"Have you got any dolls?" said Kitty to Poppie the first evening they all went to play in the garden.

"Yes," said Poppie, "but not so many as I had last summer. I have only a hundred."

"A hundred!" cried Kitty, clasping her hands. "Oh, dear, do you call that not many? I never had so many in my life."

"How many have you got then?"

"I have six, because I take care of them. Rosie has only two, because she always does something to hers. She kisses the paint off them, and leaves them on the fender, warming themselves till they melt, or she pulls them about so that all the saw-dust runs out at their elbows and knees!"

"Bet and I have got a hundred each," said Poppie.

"Oh, do show them to me!" cried Kitty. "What a great large press you must have to keep them in!"

"They never come into the house," said Poppie, "they live in the open air."

"Oh, goodness!" said Kitty, "doesn't the rain destroy them?"

"They live in the hedge," said Poppie, "and the rain doesn't get at them. But even when it does they do not hurt."

"Do come and show them to me!" cried Kitty. "Oh, here comes Rosie. Oh, Rosie, Poppie has got a hundred dolls!"

"How much is a hundred dolls?" asked Rosie, opening her round blue eyes very wide.

"Oh, I don't know; but it is a great, great many!" cried Kitty. "She is

going to show them to us living in a hedge."

Away they all flew together, out at the garden door, and across the neighboring field.

"Here they are!" said Poppie, rushing breathlessly up to the hedge. "This is the best drawing-room, where all the ladies are sitting. Here are Dolly, and Annie, and Catherine, and Elizabeth, and Isabella, and Louisa, and Jane!"

Kitty stretched her little thin legs and looked in at the drawing-room full of ladies. Rosie was so fat and short that she had to get on a stone to see properly.

"But are those dolls?" asked Kitty in a disappointed voice.

"Of course they are dolls," said Poppie; "what else could they be?"

"I think they are only little bits of stick with rags tied round them," said Kitty.

"Oh, that does not matter at all," said Poppie. "They are so pretty when you know them. And they have all got names, and they know how to do all sorts of things."

"*Do* they?" said Kitty, "what do they do!"

"Oh, they sew, and read, and scold the servants, and teach their children, and play the piano, and ever so much more.

"Why are they not doing it now?" asked Rosie.

"Oh, because they are resting themselves now. They do all those things when I am away. They always rest themselves when I am here."

"But you never see them?"

"That does not matter in the least," said Poppie; "now I will show you another set who are in the kitchen, doing their work."

She showed them a hole lower down in the hedge where seven or eight other rag and stick dolls were standing or sitting about in much the same way as the others.

"These look just the same as the ladies," said Kitty.

"Oh, no; they have only cotton clothes on," said Poppie, "and the others are dressed in silk and satin."

"Not much dressed," said Kitty, "only little rags tied round them."

"That's the good of it!" cried Poppie; "any little scrap does for a doll's dress, and you can have as many as you please. However, if you do not like my dolls you need not look at them."

"Oh, but I do like them!" said Kitty; "only they look so funny after our dolls, which are all wax or china."

"I am sure yours are beautiful," said Poppie, "and I would like to see them, but the good of ours is that we have such a lot. Here is the dairy down here, and Martha is churning."

"Which is Martha?"

"The long stick with the blue cotton rag. We call her a tall person in a pretty blue dress. She has yellow hair and rosy cheeks."

"I can't see her cheeks," said Rosie.

"That does not make the slightest difference," said Poppie; "when you pretend everything you can have anything you like."

"Can you?" said Kitty.

"Of course you can," said Poppie. "Theresa here has jet black ringlets, and she wears a scarlet gown."

"I see," said Kitty, looking at the scrap of red ribbon tied round the stick called Theresa.

"Then we have a houseful of children here," said Poppie, moving on along the hedge. "They are sometimes very naughty, and sometimes they play funny tricks. We have a boy called Tom, who gives us a great deal of trouble."

"Which is Tom?" said Kitty.

"Here, in the brown jacket. He is standing in the corner now for being naughty. And they all go to school. Here is the school where we send them every day. You see it is quite full of scholars."

"It certainly is great fun," said Kitty; "I should like to have a hundred dolls of my own."

"Ask your nurse if she has any rags and scraps in her trunks," said Poppie. "It all depends on how many of them you can get. You can find any amount of nice little twigs about here."

"So we can," said Kitty; "and can you find us some parlors and drawing-rooms?"

"Oh, as many as you like!" said Poppie. "And now will you show me your dolls?"

"That I will," said Kitty; and they all fled off across the field again, and rushed into the house and up the great brown stair-case into the nursery."

"Softly! softly!" said Nurse. "Farmer Dale will think there is a storm rising," as Kitty rushed at the tall old chest of drawers in the corner of the room. A drawer was dragged out, and there lay Kitty's six dolls — a grand madam dressed for a ball, a little French lady, with costume and boots and gloves complete, a little girl-doll in a frock and pinafore, a servant-doll with a duster and broom in her hand, and two baby-dolls in long, white robes. Poppie had never seen such beauties in her life.

"Oh!" she cried, "how could you look at my bits of sticks after these? But, oh dear! oh dear! I should be afraid to touch them."

"You needn't be afraid, Poppie; they won't drop to pieces. Take them in your arms and nurse them," said Kitty encouragingly.

Poppie held them one after another in her embrace, examined their clothes, put them to sleep, took them out to walk, and did everything else that could be done with dolls so fine as these. At last they were returned to their drawer, and Kitty began to tell Nurse about the rag and stick people who lived in the hedge.

"They are more fun, you know, than wax and china dolls," she said. "And oh! it is so delightful to think you can have a hundred of them. Think of whole *families* of dolls, Nursie darling!"

"I should like to see one," said Nurse.

"Oh! they look very badly when you carry them about by themselves," said Poppie; "all bare and ragged; and you notice then that they have no faces or hands. But when you see them all together in their pretty, green drawing-rooms in the hedge, you can't think how nice they look, —just as good as real people."

"Then I must go out after dinner and have a peep at them," said Nurse Green.

"And oh, Nurse dear!" said Kitty, "won't you look in your boxes and see if you haven't some scraps of ribbons and silks? Even bits of cotton will be of use. The more rags I can get the more dolls I can have. And I want to have a hundred dolls at once!"

Nurse very good-naturedly left her sewing and went to rummage among her things for rags. Kitty stood holding her pinafore like a wide open bag to hold the scraps which might be found. Nurse found a nice parcel of bits of various materials which a friend of hers, a dressmaker, had given her to make patchwork. You will understand what a kind, good nurse Mrs. Green really was, when I tell you that she robbed her patchwork of these brilliant scraps in order to give the children pleasure.

All that sunny afternoon Kitty and Poppie and Bosie and Bet spent sitting on a green slope beside the hedge, making dolls to put in Kitty's new dolls' apartments, which were some of the holes among the leaves. The hot sunshine had moved to the other side of the field, and the children were able to take off their sun-bonnets and sit in the cool shade. They clipped the nice bright bits of silk and satin and stuff into stripes to tie round the twig dolls, and then they plucked the smoothest rods they could find, and broke them up into little bits of three or four inches long. Every little piece of twig got a nice morsel of stuff tied round it, and

there it was — a doll. When fifty dolls were made they had to be named, and it was great fun finding names for them all. The names were to be remembered by the colors. Alice was in pink, Julia in blue, Amy in purple, Jemina in yellow.

"Fifty will do for this evening," said Kitty. "I do so want to see them at home in the hedge."

"You can send in a char-woman to put the rooms in order," said Poppie. "I will make you a char-woman in a minute. Here she is, you see, in an ugly gray linen rag."

"Beautiful!" cried Kitty.

"And while she is at work," said Poppie, "we shall be busy enough giving our dolls their tempers."

"Tempers?" said Kitty.

"Oh, yes! You know they would all be the same if they were not different. Now Jemina here, is so sulky that sometimes it is downright dreadful to live with her. Alice has a very sweet temper. Julia is peppery, but she is very kind. Amy will cry at the least thing; and Caroline is always flying into a passion."

Kitty was in raptures with this new idea.

"And we had better make some of them clever, and some of them stupid," she cried, clapping her hands, "and some of them idle, and others industrious. Dear, dear! what a time I shall have with a hundred of them. What do you do, Poppie, when they get outrageous?"

"Put them in disgrace," said Poppie; "all the naughty ones by themselves, and don't go near them for two or three days. They soon get tired of being treated like that, and are glad to see you come to forgive them."

"This is delightful!" said Kitty. "Now my dolls have such goody faces, every one of them, that you cannot imagine them bad. I have often tried to pretend they were cross and angry, but when I saw them smiling at me I thought they looked so much better than me that I could not scold or punish them."

"That is the best of these dolls," said Poppie. "They have no faces, and so you can pretend anything you like with them. They never look either good or bad if you come to see them quite close, and so you can have them anything you please."

After the fifty new dolls had got their names and their tempers and characters all bestowed on them, the children proceeded to arrange them in their apartments in the hedge, and even Nurse Green admitted that they looked a very gay company in their pleasant home among the leaves. When all this was done Nurse told the children that it was quite tea time, and that they had better return with her to the house.

So the remaining precious scraps of silks and stuffs were carefully put in a bag, and it was decided that no more dolls need be made till to-morrow. And they all went into their tea, and found that Mrs Dale had baked some exceedingly nice tea-cakes for them, which she had buttered hot, and was keeping in the oven.

"I was just going to send out for you, Mrs Green," she said, "for if your young folks be like the young folks I know, they will enjoy one of my home-made cakes for their tea."

And so they did, I can tell you. And that night Kitty dreamed that she had a thousand dolls, and that they were all walking and talking round her. One of them was so naughty that she thought she must punish it. Then she thought it turned into a frog, and sat croaking at her in a wet place at the bottom of the field.

"Oh dear! what a funny dream!" said Kitty, rubbing her eyes after she wakened and saw the sun shining. "I wonder how my hedge dollies really are this morning!"

To be Continued.

[Back numbers containing the beginning of this story, furnished to new subscribers.]

Useful Knowledge.

TRANSPARENCIES for parlor windows are made of thin muslin, upon which free designs are either painted in water colors or embroidered in long stitch. Mounted on ebony frames they are placed at right angles with the window in a position where they can catch the rays of light.

HINTS FOR SUMMER.— Don't drink. Ice-water is bad; cold beer is worse; lemonades with a "fiy" in them are worse still; soda is seldom free from impurities and often rank poison; the fancy mixed summer drinks are, as a rule, vile drugs sugar-coated; good whiskey is abominable in dog days, and bad whiskey is damnable. Pure water is wholesome in moderate quantities and proper temperature; but flooding the stomach with ice-water in hot weather provokes thirst, impairs digestion, multiplies sunstrokes and is a ceaseless source of discomfort. Stimulating and chilling drinks in hot weather are equally the foe of health and happiness.

Keep cool. If you can't keep cool, keep as cool as you can. One half or more of the suffering from heat by those who are not necessarily exposed to the rays of the sun is caused by themselves. They thoughtlessly run to catch a car, or in one of the other thousand ways of getting up a sweat heat, they throw themselves into a perspiration in the morning, and then keep up a fever-heat all the time by fighting the heat they foolishly provoked in starting out for the day.

To keep cool in hot weather is nearly always possible with sense and prudence. Dress lightly; carry a palm-leaf fan; don't be afraid to hoist an umbrella when the sun is hot enough to make the head uncomfortable; keep quiet; keep your temper; seek shady places and sunny friends, and even the hottest day can be worried through with tolerable comfort.

Don't fret. Ill temper sweats linen and multiplies hot weather suffering more than all the necessary labor that is performed. The ill-tempered man is always hot in summer. and he makes everybody hot about him. He is fretful over the heat of his chamber in the morning; he frets over his breakfast; he frets when his wife asks him to stop at the grocer's on his way down town; he frets when his children come for their morning caresses; he frets as he gets into a crowded car; he frets over the cigarette puffer on the back platform; he frets over his business; he makes everybody fretful in his employ, and returns fretfully to dinner with his appetite fretted away, and finally frets himself to bed only to fret over mosquitoes at night and flies in the morning. The fretful man lives in a perpetual dog-day, and he is punished every hour of the day and night for his folly. When he is at home, he frets to get away; when he is away, he frets over the loss of home comforts, and his summer is simply one continuous season of fuming, sweating and fretting. He is never happy except when he is miserable, and he extracts all the misery out of the heated term that he is capable of enjoying. Don't fret.

Don't drink; don't fret; keep cool; fall back upon philosophy and common sense, and even the dog-star may rage without serious discomfort. Summers will come, and they must be endured. Indeed they must come to make the earth beautiful and bountiful, and the way to get along is to enjoy them; to be thankful for the many blessings that pour into our laps, and for the countless contributions they make to our luxuries as well as our necessities. In short, don't be a fool, and even the heated term will be welcome as the bursting buds of spring or the mellow tints of autumn.

EASILY PREPARED DESSERT. — An easily prepared dessert is made of tapioca; it hardly seems appropriate to call so dainty a dish a pudding. Soak a cupful of tapioca for an hour in cold water, then boil, adding warm water enough to allow it to expand; when tender, sweeten it, and take from the fire; add an orange cut in small bits for flavoring. Serve with cream.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.— A delicious pudding is made thus: Sift two tablespoonfuls of flour, and mix with the beaten yokes of six eggs, and gradually one pint of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in very thin slices, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered tin, and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce.

FOR YOUNG MEN TO REMEMBER.— That clothes don't make the man.

That their fathers know more than they do.

That if they once get in debt they may never get out of it.

That parting their hair in the middle brings on softening of the brain.

That an employer hearing of a clerk living in a style a good ways above his salary is very apt to show him the door when he least expects it.

That they can't reckon on their father's fortune to bring them through life. Fortunes are slippery things — better to have something besides to fall back upon.

TRY popcorn for nausea.

The Humorist.

SMALL FEET.— A Negro, with nothing but a ragged look and a pair of big shoes to distinguish him, entered Rube Hoffenstein's store at New Orleans and asked to look at some shoes. "Vot number do you vear?" inquired Hoffenstein. "I don't 'zactly 'member," replied the negro, "but it 'pears to me de number is somewhar round fourteen:" and he held up a broad, flat-looking foot, which shut out the light from the door like a screen. "My gracious!" exclaimed Hoffenstein as he gazed at the dimensions of the negro's pedal extremity, "ef your feet was a couple of inches longer, my frent, dey would be a bair uf vings, und ven Gabriel blows his drumpet all you haf te do is to verk your feet und you flys shust as good as a little mocking-bird. My gracious, vat fact!" "Look hyar," said the negro indignantly. "I didn't come to dis store to be 'sulted. I neber talk 'bout anybody to talk 'bout me. God made dem feet, and 'pointed me to take 'em frew dis world, an' you an't got no right to find fault wid dem. Fokes have mighty 'spisable ways dese times, 'pears to me." "Vell my friend, you don't must get mad, you know. If you see my broder's feet vot vast in New Jersey, you don't dink you vas nobody. Vy, if my broder vas in New Orleans und valk on his hands in de summer dime he nefer get sdruck on de head mit de sun; his feet vould be dwice as much petter as an umbrella. He vas broud uf his feet, my frent, und eferybody vot has been anyvere near him say dot dey vos his drongest point." "I didn't come hyar to talk 'bout feet," said the negro. "I come for the 'spress purpose ob gettin' er pair ob shoes; if you ant' got any say so, an' I'm gwine somewhar else." "Vait, my frent. Herman, come und dake a look at de shentlemen's feet und see if dere vas anyding in de store vot vit him." The clerk did as he was bidden, and said there was not a pair of shoes in the house that was large enough. "If you is all gwine to keep a shoe-store," said the negro in disgust, "why don't you have shoes on hand dat fit fokes." "Vell, my frent," replied Hoffenstein, "ve don't can afford to keep shoes in der stock vat vill vit your feet. It vould pay us petter, you know, to put a lid und a gouble of handles to dese kind uf shoes und sell dem for ledder trunks." And with a bland smile Hoffenstein bowed the negro out.

SOME years ago, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery and in due time the case came up for trial. The Irishman, being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, and something like the following was the result: "You say that the prisoner at the bar was the man who assaulted and robbed you?" "Yes." "Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?" "Divil a bit iv it." "Was it starlight?" "Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you." "Was there any light shining from any house near by?" "Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about." "Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any other house, and so dark that you couldn't see even your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner is the man? How did you see him?" "Why, yer honour, when the spalpeen struck me the fire flew out iv my eyes so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin, you could." The court, jury, counsel, and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was, directly after, declared not guilty.

The late Thurlow Weed was, in his younger days, a most active politician, upon whose skill and strategy his party always placed dependence. Nor was Mr. Weed often found wanting, for his political morality was not the most rigid, and some of the expedients resorted to by him would hardly bear the light of present-day criticism. One instance of his readiness is given. An election was taking place in Troy, in which the sympathies of the lower orders were hostile to Weed's candidate. On voting day, Weed, by the announcement of a mock prize fight, succeeded in enticing crowds of roughs across the river to witness the contest. The plan included the breaking down of the crazy ferry boat, so that when the rabble wished to re-cross the river, to be in time to deposit their ballots, they found the boat useless and were unable to reach Troy before the polls had closed. Weed's candidate was elected by a small majority. No wonder that a man who could devise such schemes would be considered a useful politician.

"Doctor," said a lady to her physician, "don't you think the small bonnets the ladies wear now-a-days have a tendency to produce congestion of the brain?" "No, madam. When you see one of those bonnets there is no brain to congest."

WHY are balloons in the air like vagabonds? Because they have no visible means of support.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE PHILADELPHIA IRISH CONVENTION.—In point of dignity, energy, and prudence, the Philadelphia Convention of the Irish Race compared favorably with any similar assemblage recorded in modern times. All statements averse to it are calumnious; and the ravings of the *London Times* against it, furnish the best proof that its action was feared, because it was respected. The fondest hope of England and her American sympathizers was that dynamite and fustian would rule the convention; and that not even the remotest allusion to explosives was made, is the crowning evidence of the good sense and statesmanlike skill which characterized the convention.

The event which was looked forward to with much anxiety, has completely satisfied all the true friends of Ireland. Unity of purpose, dignity of government, fervor and patriotism, combined to distinguish this great gathering.

Let us not forebode evil. We think there must be a principle of union somewhere—an element which will unite all societies and all organizations devoted to the cause of Ireland's legislative independence. The counsels of the Almighty are, indeed, inscrutable; but the sure tendency of Ireland to better days never received more emphatic demonstration than that which the Philadelphia Convention displayed to the world by its unity and practicability.

PAINE'S DEATH-BED.—A pamphlet entitled "A Roman Catholic Canard," recently published in Boston, purports to show that Bishop B. J. Fenwick's account of a visit which he in company with Rev. F. Kohlman paid to the dying free-thinker Paine, is a fabrication.

The writer's first argument is, that the Bishop's letter was not published until after his death, and the death of his brother, Rev. Enoch Fenwick. We fail to see how lapse of time, or the death of the author, can effect the authenticity of a document. On the writer's principle, wills could not be probated, nor posthumous works ascribed to their author.

The second argument is, that a passage in the Bishop's letter bears a striking resemblance to a passage in a letter of the physician that attended Paine.

On this ground, the reports of the same occurrence in a half-dozen Boston papers are copied from one description, if a sentence or two be worded alike. The phrases in the Bishop's letter and those in the physician's are stereotyped, and would have occurred to any writer, not aiming at singularity or variety of style, but simply detailing a circumstance.

On the other hand, there is substantial evidence that Bishop Fenwick wrote a long letter describing a visit which he and F. Kohlman made to Paine, in his dying hours. It was published in the *United States Catholic Magazine* in 1846, and passed unchallenged. The letter refers to persons who could have denied its statements, if false. It was extensively copied, and it

bears all the evidence of being a sincere, accurate, and minute description of a very painful scene — a death of despair.

There was no motive for the fabrication of the story, which does not redound to the controversial glory of Roman Catholics, for neither F. Fenwick or Kohlman produced the slightest impression upon Paine, who howled blasphemies at them and ordered them from the room, in a paroxysm of rage. The Bishop says no more than was made public by Dr. Manley who attended the infidel, nor, indeed, half so much. It is ridiculous to suppose, with the writer of the pamphlet, that the Church fabricated such a story, to point a moral against infidelity. History furnishes too many unquestioned and unquestionable examples of the bad and despairing deaths of infidels, to necessitate any fabrication.

IRELAND'S SERVICES TO THE UNITED STATES.— The uneducated mind which knows only the present, fancies that Ireland's attitude toward America has been always that of a mendicant. The fact is that the people of Ireland have contributed more to the material wealth of the land, than any other nationality. Dr. Byrne, in his work on emigration, says that four millions of Irish came to America between 1820 and 1870, and that 60 per cent of these were in the prime of life and vigor. The value of each one's serviceableness was $1,000. The Irish women have made the best domestics in the world — uncounted money and treasure being placed without hesitation in their keeping. The toil necessary to develop the country was mainly given by Irish hands; and the military and civic services of the Irish have materially helped to perpetuate the Republic.

Services such as these are not computable with money. Emerson says that the best wealth of a land is the good citizen. If Ireland asks for bread, it is not through idleness or improvidence, but through the result of tyranous laws and a wretched land-system.

In addition to these material benefits which Irishmen have conferred upon America, there is a world of spiritual and moral good which they have shown. Christianity, as they profess it, is something real, something worth living and dying for. The best proof of Christianity, as a divine religion, is its attraction for the poor. Protestantism, indeed, may confute the infidel or prove the existence of God: but it cannot show that Christ is God or his religion divine; for Protestanism has always been the religion of the rich and the fortunate. The Irish are Christians, in direst poverty.

They have also shown Americans good examples of the family life and the keeping of Nature's laws. Neither divorce nor infanticide, both of which are destroying the natives of the land, is tolerated among this people. They help to form a public conscience and morality without which Washington declared that the Republic would not last.

There are fourteen millions of Irish and persons of Irish descent within the boundaries of the United States — nearly one fourth of the population, and the most industrious and moral fourth. Ireland's heart blood in battle deepened the red glory of the stripes, and her immigration hither has doubled the number of the stars in America's banner. Erin is not a mendicant, but our creditor; not an intruder, but a guest; not a foreign country, but, in Calhoun's figure, a European State of the American Union.

SAN ANTONIO COLONY.— This Catholic colony in Florida is growing. Since our last mention, it has got a post-office of its own called San Antonio, and they are now putting up a church. It is on the West Coast of Florida, thirty-five miles north of Tampa. The main business is fruit culture — oranges and lemons. The colony was founded by the Hon. Edmund F. Dunne, ex-chief justice of Arizona, who resides at San Antonio, Texas, and will cheerfully give all needed information to parties wishing to join the settlement.

THE *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, Wis., says it "has fifteen hundred German subscribers on its books." We don't think we have half a dozen of that race on our list. Why?

FORTUNE TELLING.—At Birmingham, England, James Hartwell, *alias* Methratton, "the Great Seer of England," *alias* Anna Ross, "the Seeress of New York," was charged with defrauding numerous girls and women throughout the kingdom by selling "Love Charms," "Spells," "Seven Years' Future Life," and "Marriage, and other Particulars," with intent to defraud. The police proved three previous convictions against the prisoner for carrying on the business of a sybil, twice in London and once at Daventry. He was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment as a rogue and a vagabond.

CHURCH FOR THE COLORED PEOPLE.—Within a few weeks there will be begun in New York city the erection of a church for colored people who are Catholics. To the warm sympathetic nature of the late Father Farrell, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, on Sixth avenue and West Washington place, in that city, this movement is to be solely attributed. Father Farrell died in 1880, and one of the provisions of his will set aside $5,000 in Alabama State bonds for the purpose of aiding in the erection in New York of a church for colored Catholics of African descent. There is at present no colored Catholic church in New York. Many of the colored principals and assistants in the colored public schools are Catholics, and it is anticipated that the new church, which will be largely aided by private subscriptions, will soon become prominent among the Catholic Church edifices in that city.

SEALS.—The seal fishery is a prodigious success this season; both steamers and sailing vessels are reported as having made a splendid catch. Twenty-five steamers and vessels have arrived in St. John's Harbor with 324,000 seals or a gross weight of 15,160 tons of fat valued in the local market at $1,721,000.

THE AUGUSTINIAN SOCIETY.—It was announced on April 8th, in the Catholic Churches at Lawrence, Mass., that the Augustinian Society, would file a petition in insolvency with the intention of abandoning all efforts to reduce the indebtedness to depositors in the Augustinian Savings institutions by collections. The indebtedness to 703 depositors is $455,000, which with the mortgages, makes the total liabilities $567,000. The Society claims that the assets are 569,000 which consists of four churches and parsonages and stone school buildings. If the property should be sold by order of Court the depositors would realize scarcely 5 per cent.; but the Rev. Father McEvoy says they will be paid the full amount, though it may take many years for the final settlement. On April 10th, Sheriff Briggs, of Lawrence, acting as messenger of the Court of Insolvency, took formal possession of all the property owned by the Augustinian Society, also of the books of the banking institution.

MISSOURI has a law which gives legislators only $1 per day for law-making after the limit of the constitutional session, and the result is they tarry but a short time in extended session. It is a capital law, and ought by all means to be in force in Massachusetts.

THE new town of Naples, in Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, maintains a jail which is at once cheap and secure. It is nothing more nor less than a deep hole in the ground, into which prisoners are dropped, with the grim warning that the guards will put a bullet through every head which appears above the edge.

A YOUNG lady, whose father is a rich New Orleans cotton broker, has chartered a steamboat and is having it fitted up for her bridal tour. Her intended is a poor but honest young man, and she thinks she can better afford to foot the bills than he. They will be married on the boat and then start for a two weeks' cruise on the Mississippi and the bayous, taking the whole wedding party along.

THE Sisters of Charity of Altoona, Pa., now own a complete and undisputed title to the splendid John Jennings farm, containing 183 acres, immediately west of Greensburg. It was once the property of the late William A. Stokes, Esq., the well-known lawyer.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF POVERTY.—There are always people in the world who have a pet scheme for abolishing poverty and making everybody happy. Probably there were never a greater number of such persons than there are now. We like them all except those who are arrogant and intolerant toward those who do not agree with them. Let them ventilate their theories. Let them tell their dreams. In this way, whatever is foolish or impracticable in their projects will be laughed or argued out of the way while the gains of truth will have chance to fall upon good ground and bear fruit. A few amiable gentlemen are of opinion that the chief cause of the poverty and destitution now to be met in the wealthiest countries in

the world is the practice of paying interest upon capital. Another set are convinced that if there was no such thing as property in land the earth would smile with plenty, and every family have chicken for dinner. Poverty will never be abolished. It is inherent in the nature of things. The poor we shall have always with us.

A CHILD SAVED BY A DOG.—A little girl aged five years, daughter of a carpenter named Jackson, living at Nunhead, England, was walking with her brother, a boy a year or two older than herself, by the side of the river Ravensbourne, when her foot slipping, she fell into the water. The current near the spot is very strong and rapid, and the child had already been carried some yards away from the spot when a large mastiff, belonging to a gentleman living in the neighborhood, bounded into the water and seized the child by her dress just as she was sinking, and swam with her to the bank, where she was taken out of the water by a young man who had been attracted to the spot by the cries of the little girl's brother. But for the dog, she would undoubtedly have been drowned. The child was conveyed home and restored to her parents.

SR. MARY O'CONNOR, Convent of Mercy, Outerard, Co. Galway, Ireland, acknowledges the receipt of $100 from Mrs. William Appleton of this city.

A VARIETY of statements have been made respecting the Queen's accident, but the real fact is that her Majesty slipped on the staircase as she was going to her carriage for a drive, and, her foot having apparently caught in her dress, she fell, and, besides being fearfully shaken, her knees were bruised and one of them sprained.

MADAME DEJEAN, a soprano at the Opera House, Antwerp, has committed suicide, because she was accused by another singer of stealing her jewels, and had been questioned by the *Juge d'Instruction*. Her perfect innocence of the crime is now established.

DONKEY AS FOOD. — Poisoning the public by means of manufactured stuff, passed off as food, is treated by either the law or the magistrates as too trifling an offence. The revelations made before the Birmingham police magistrate, respecting potted meats, are not unusual. A potted-meat manufacturer was charged with having seventy pounds of donkey's flesh in his possession for the purpose of sale as human food. It was proved that the flesh had been cut off a dead donkey in a slaughterer's yard. The defence set up enhances more than it diminishes the gravity of the charge. It was that the defendant had been out of work for a long time, and was forced to do something for a living. This Birmingham manufacturer of human food was sent to prison for one month, without the option of a fine.

IN a German newspaper a cosmetic is advertised whereby "noses too long, too stout, too much turned up or too much turned down, are reduced to suitable size and contour."

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in a letter dated from Richmond Prison, Dublin, to the Young Ireland Society of Glasgow, observes that what Irishmen most require at the present juncture is sound political education, which would temper patriotic enthusiasm with prudence, and teach that perseverance in a slow but winning line of action was the only sure road to victory in a just and moral cause. After referring to the disastrous results which are attending the National movement, and which follow from a recklessness which is born of political ignorance working upon Celtic impulse, Mr. Davitt, says: "Of all the insane projects ever condemned by common sense as plans certain to defeat a just cause, the dynamite policy is the most idiotic and criminal.

IN a recent oration at New Orleans, Jefferson Davis paid a high, and, we think, a well-deserved compliment to General Albert Sidney Johnson, who was killed at Shiloh in 1862. That he would have captured Grant or made him a fugitive is doubtful as Grant was a very hard man to whip. It is idle to say what he might have done had he lived, but it is well to say that he was an able general and a fair-minded, just man, who in every relation of life conscientiously did his duty.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA. — Bishops, 41; European priests, 664; native priests, 559; colleges, 34; Convents, 34; Catholics, 1,092,818.

AN old Scottish laird used to advise his son, as he took his walks around, just now and again to "dibble in a tree," "for ye ken," added the shrewd landowner, "it'll aye be growing while ye're sleeping."

WHEN gas was being introduced into Scotland a thoughtful old lady—who possibly had a pecuniary interest in the suc-

cess of the fishing fleet which has its head-quarters at Dundee — thoughtfully remarked, "but whaut'll become of the puir whales.

SWAYNE'S PILLS—COMFORTING TO THE SICK.—Thousands die from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Disease, Dropsy, and Rhuematism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail for 25 cents, box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, $1 (in stamps). Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists.

THE Passionists Fathers have opened a temporary chapel in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America. The celebrated Passionist priest, Father Fidelis, known in the world as Dr. Kent Stone, and formerly vice-president of Hobart College, Geneva, preached at the dedicatory ceremonies.

A YEAR ON A DESERT ISLAND.— Stories of shipwrecked crews on desert islands are not very common at the present day, and when such cases do occur the imprisonment does not last as a rule for any time. The situation of almost every island in the ocean is now a well-ascertained thing, and it is not easy for shipwrecked mariners to remain very long unknown to the sailing world. A remarkable instance has, however, lately been brought to light, of a crew whese vessel was lost in the Southern Ocean in the autumn of the year before last, remaining eleven months on a desert island, before they were relieved. The American whaling schooner, *Pilot's Bride*, which was bound on a voyage to the extreme south, was assailed by a furious gale on the 2nd of October, 1881, which carried away her rudder, and the crew, eighty-one in all, were obliged to abandon their vessel, and escape for their lives as best they could to the nearest land, which happened to be Desolation Island. All safely landed, and two days after the vessel disappeared. Fortunately some casks of bread and flour were washed on shore, and a number of wild rabbits were killed by the men, on which, with the wild cabbage of the island, they managed to subsist. Subsequently, when the weather moderated, the sailors went in a boat to Three Island Harbor, a rendezvous for whalers, where the deposited a letter in a hut, giving an account of their shipwreck, and asking the first vessel that touched there to come to Desolation Island and pick them up. This done, they returned to their original quarters, where they remained until September 4th, 1882, when the schooner, *Francis Albyn*, touched at Desolation Island and rescued them. The *Pilot's Bride* had long been given up by all persons as a total wreck, and the entire crew were naturally supposed to have met a watery grave, as nothing had been heard of them for so long.

THE late Rev. Patrick O'Beirne, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands, bequeathed in his will $1000 to the new ecclesiastical seminary at Brighton, $1000 to the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, $1000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor, for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, and $500 to the House of the Good Shepherd.

THE storms in the South during the past weeks have been unusually severe, and the loss of life has been great, Mississippi suffering the most. The village of Beauregard seems to have been entirely destroyed. In the whole South over one hundred lives were lost outright, and three times as many wounded.

GERMAN OPINION ON IRISH AFFAIRS.— The *National Zeitung* says, editorially, that the English government must find it impossible to accept or entertain further demands from Parnell and his co-agitators under existing circumstances, and that the only preliminary to any further concession on the part of the British government to Ireland must be based on Parnell's unequivocal disavowal of all connection with the dynamite party.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—This is one of the most deserving charities in our city. This religious order of the Catholic Church came to Boston some dozen years ago without a penny in their pockets. They went to work, and, by the charities of the citizens, generally, accumulated means sufficient to establish a house in the Highlands where they feed and clothe some 200 old folks. No one is admitted under 60 years of age. They have succeeded so well that they are enabled to purchase an estate in the Charlestown district for the purpose of providing for those they cannot accommodate in Boston Highlands. The Kelly estate, opposite the church of St. Francis de Sales, has been purchased for the foundation of a new home, which is now occupied. The purchase money $11,000. No better place could be selected for the institution.

THE quietest man at the convention was O'Donovan Rossa.

Ireland in America.

THE PHILADELPHIA IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

REPRESENTATIVE men of the Irish race in the United States, Canada, &c., assembled at Philadelphia, on the 26th of April. There were present clergymen, congressmen, editors, lawyers and business men scattered among the various delegations; men whose whole lives have been devoted to the Irish cause; who have perseveringly striven for years to lighten the burdens of their fellow-countrymen. There were 1200 delegates present, from all parts of the country. The following cablegram was received from Mr. Parnell:—

My presence at the opening of the most representative convention of Irish American opinion ever assembled being impossible, owing to the necessity of my remaining here to oppose the Criminal Code bill, which re-enacts permanently the worst provisions of coercion, and if passed will leave the constitutional movement at the mercy of the government, I would ask you to lay my views before the Convention. I would respectfully advise that your platform should be so framed as to enable us to continue to accept help from America, and at the same time avoid affording a pretext to the British government for entirely suppressing the national movement in Ireland. In this way only can unity of movement be preserved, both in Ireland and America. I have perfect confidence that by prudence, moderation and firmness the cause of Ireland will continue to advance; and though persecution rests heavily upon us at present, before many years have passed we shall have achieved those great objects for which through many centuries our race has struggled.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Resolutions.

THE Irish-American people assembled in convention at Philadelphia submit to the intelligence and right reason of their fellowmen that the duty of the government is to preserve the lives of the governed, to defend their liberty, to protect their property, to maintain peace and order, to allow each portion of the people an equitable and efficient voice in the Legislature, and to promote the general welfare by wise, just and humane laws. We solemnly declare and cite unquestioned history and the universal knowledge of living men in testimony thereof:

First. That the English government has existed in Ireland, not to preserve the lives of the governed, but to destroy them, and entire communities it has wantonly massacred by the sword. To the asylums of terrified women it has deliberately applied the blazing torch; into helpless towns it has discharged deadly bombs and shells; through consecrated crypts, where age and infancy sought shelter, it has sent its bloody butcher; the sacred persons of venerable priests it has stretched upon the rack or suspended from the gibbet; puling babes have been impaled on the points of its bayonets, because, in their own words, its emissaries "liked that sport." Its gold has been folded in the hand of assassin, and rewarded the infamy of perjured traitors. Its treacherous falsehood has lured patriots to unsuspected death. As if the sword, the cannon, the torch, the scaffold, the dagger and the explosive were not enough, it enjoys the unique infamy of being the only government known in ancient or modern times which has employed famine for the destruction of those from whom it claimed allegiance. Forcibly robbing the Irish people of the fruits of their own toil, produced by their own labor, it has buried not a hundred, not a thousand, but more than a million of the Irish race, unshrouded, uncoffined, in the grave of hunger. It has mercilessly compelled other millions in poverty to seek alien lands for the bread they were entitled to in their own. There is no form of cruelty known to the lowest savage which it has not practiced on the Irish people in the name of the highest civilization. There is no device of fiendish ingenuity it has not adopted to reduce its numbers. In two years it has massacred children, and woman's body has been the victim of its licensed ruffians. There is no species of destructive attack, however insidious or violent, ancient or modern, rude or scientific, whether directed against life or matter in any portion of the globe, for which its barbarities have not furnished example. There is no form of retaliation to which despair or madness may resort, for which English cruelty in Ireland is not exclusively responsible.

Second. We declare that the English government in Ireland has not defended the people, but annihilated them. The statutes enacted since the invasion amount to a series of coercion laws framed to deprive citizens of all vestiges of personal freedom and reduce them to outlawry, in order to confiscate their property and compel them to flee to foreign lands. Since the beginning of the present century, when the Irish parliament was abolished, the laws for Ireland have been made by England, and during that period habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury have been suspended more than fifty times. Hordes of soldiers have been loosed upon a people forbidden

to bear arms, and a state of war, with all its attendant horrors, with occasionally those of retaliation, has been maintained. To-day representatives of the people are in prison guiltless of crime, freedom of speech is abolished, the freedom of the press is abolished, the right of peaceful public meeting is annulled, no house is secure at night or day from armed officers. Without a warrant the citizen may be thrown into prison, without counsel he may be put on a mock trial before a prejudiced judge and a packed jury. On the lying averments of purchased wretches his liberty may be sacrificed or his life taken in the name of the law.

Third. Instead of protecting the property of the people, the English government in Ireland has been a conspiracy for its injury and ruin. Of 20,000,000 acres of good producing land, 6,000,000 have been allowed to lie waste. The ownership of the remainder, generally acquired by force or fraud, has been retained in the hands of ravenous monopolists, who have annually drained the country of its money in the form of rents, no portion of which goes back to the Irish people. In addition to this, an iniquitous system of taxation imposes on the people a gigantic burden for the sustenance of a foreign army, for an oppressive constabulary, for salaries to supernumerary officials and placemen, for pensions to English favorites, for blood-money, for informers and for a vulgar court, whose extravagance is equalled only by the shame of its pretensions. The naturally created capital of the country is sent to England on one pretence or another, and brings no exchange except articles of English manufacture which the Irish people, under self-government, would produce for themselves or purchase in America. Irish manufactures deliberately destroyed by England in the last century are still dormant. Her immense water power turns no wheels. Her canals are all but impassable, her rivers are obstructed, her useful clays and valuable minerals are untouched. In her beautiful harbors are few ships except those of her enemy. English law, for the protection of property in Ireland has been a lance to make Ireland bleed at every part for the benefit of the heartless landlord and the English manufacturer.

Fourth. The English government in Ireland has not maintained peace and order, but has for 700 years broken her peace and destroyed her order.

Fifth. The English government in Ireland does not allow that portion of the empire an equitable and efficient voice in the Legislature. In England one-twelfth of the population votes for members of Parliament, in Ireland one twenty-fifth of the population votes for members of Parliament; in England the registration laws are favorable to the vote, in Ireland they are inimicable to the vote; in England all classes of the population are fairly represented, in Ireland the poor law is employed to secure to landlords and place-hunters a preponderance in the national delegation. In England the judiciary is independent of the executive and sympathizes with the people; in Ireland the judiciary is the creature and party of the executive, and is appointed exclusively from the enemies of the people. In England the magistracy is chosen without regard to creed. In Ireland 97 per cent. of the magistrates having jurisdiction over personal liberty are selected from a creed rejected by 78 per cent of the people, and the detestable spirit of religious bigotry is thus legalized and perpetuated. In England the laws creating civil disabilities on account of religion have long been dead; in Ireland laws made under Edward III., Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Strafford, Charles II., Queen Anne and their successors are still vital to torment a people, for whose oppression no statute is found too hoary by venal and truculent judges. Every measure of the legislation proposed by an English member receives courteous consideration; any measure, however just, necessary or humane, proposed by patriot Irish members, is certain of contemptuous rejection by a combined majority of both the great English parties. Thus the educational system of Ireland is notoriously inadequate; thus it is that evictions are unknown in England, and declared by Mr. Gladstone to be almost equivalent to starvation. Death sentences are of daily occurrence in Ireland, and have nearly doubled in five years, in spite of the boasted benefits of the Gladstone land laws. Thus it is that although according to government returns the criminals are twenty-seven in ten thousand of the English population, and only sixteen in ten thousand of the Irish population, in spite of the exasperation to which they are subjected. Yet England enjoys constitutional liberty, and Ireland is under worse than martial law. The intrepid and persistent attempts of a patriot Irish deputation to obtain, in the English parliament, just and humane laws for Ireland, has always been, is, and, in our belief, must continue to be, a failure. Now, therefore, in view of these facts, be it

Resolved, By the Irish-American people, in convention assembled, that the English goverment in Ireland, originating in usurpation, perpetuated by force, having failed to discharge any of the duties of government, never having acquired the consent of the governed, has no moral right whatever to exist in Ireland; and that it is the duty of the Irish race throughout the world to sustain the Irish people in the employment of all legitimate means to substitute for it a national self-government.

Resolved, That we pledge our unqualified and constant support, moral and mate-

rial, to our countrymen in Ireland in their efforts to recover national self-govenment; and in order the more effectually to promote this object by the consolidation of all our resources, and the creation of one responsible and authoritative body to speak for the greater Ireland in America, that all the societies represented in this convention, and all that may hereafter comply with the conditions of admission, be organized into an Irish National League of America, for the purpose of supporting the Irish National League of Ireland, of which Charles Stewart Parnell is president.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the noble sentiment of Bishop Butler of Limerick — "That every stroke of Foster's savage lash was for Irishmen a new proof of Parnell's worth, and an additional title for him to the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen."

Resolved, That we sympathize with laborers in Ireland in efforts to improve their condition; and as we have sustained farmers in their assaults upon landlord garrisons, we now urge upon the farmers justice and humane consideration for the laborers. In the words, for the employment of which an Irish member of parliament was imprisoned, we demand that the farmers allow the laborers "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

Resolved, That as the manufacturers of Great Britain are the chief source of her material greatness, already declining under the influence of American competition, we earnestly counsel our countrymen in Ireland to buy nothing in England which they can produce in Ireland or procure from America or France, and we pledge ourselves to promote Irish manufacture by encouraging their import into America, and to use our utmost endeavor, by plain statements of fact and discrimination in patronage, to persuade American tradesmen from keeping English goods on sale.

Resolved, That an English ministry ostentatiously "liberal" has earned the contempt and detestation of fair-minded men throughout the world by imprisoning more than a thousand citizens of Ireland without accusation or trial, a number of whom were noble-hearted women engaged in works of mercy among the evicted victims of landlord rapacity and English laws.

Resolved, That this convention thank Rt. Rev. John Ireland, bishop of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. John O'Connor, bishop of Omaha; the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, bishop of Peoria; Most Rev. John Williams, archbishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, bishop of Buffalo; Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, archbishop of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, bishop of Little Rock, and their co-laborers, for their efficient efforts in providing homes for the Irish immigrants into the United States. The people of Ireland, are by the laws of God and nature entitled to live by their labor in their native land, whose fertile soil is abundantly able to nourish them, but since a brutal government compels large numbers to emigrate, it is the duty of their countrymen to warn them against the snares of poverty in large cities, and assist them in the agricultural regions.

Resolved, That the policy of the English government in first reducing the Irish peasantry to abject poverty, and then sending them penniless to the United States, dependants upon American charity, is unnatural, inhuman and an outrage upon the American government and people. We respectfully direct the attention of the United States government to this iniquity, protest against its continuance, and instruct the officials who shall be chosen by this convention to present our protest to the President of the United States, and respectfully but firmly urge upon the President that it is the duty of the United States to decline to support paupers whose pauperism began under and is the result of English misgovernment, and to demand of England that she send no more of her paupers to these shores, to become a burden upon the American people.

Resolved, That this convention welcomes the sturdy and undaunted patriot, the prudent custodian, Patrick Egan, who, to protect the Land League funds from the robber hands of the English government, voluntarily abandoned his private business and accepted a long exile in a foreign land, the integrity of whose guardianship has been certified, after a minute examination of his books by the distinguished and independant patriots, John Dillon, Rev. Eugene Sheehy and Mathew Harris. Grateful for his invaluable services, his countrymen rejoice that they possess on this important occasion the advantage of his wise and experienced counsel, and are proud to welcome him to their hearts and their homes.

Officers.

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, of Chicago, the President of the new National League, is thirty-five years old, and was born near Waterville, in Kennebec county, Maine, in August, 1847. Quite early in life, however, he was taken by his parents to Detroit, Mich., where he passed his boyhood. In 1873 he removed to Chicago, and soon after began the practice of law. Mr. Sullivan made a few remarks. He said: The Irish need patience and organization. The man who, 3,000 miles away from danger, is violent and reactionary in the methods he advocates, is more of a help to British oppressors than if he wore a red coat. His wife is a woman of brilliant attainments, whose literary works have gained her wide reputation.

Major JOHN BYRNE, of Cincinnati, Vice-President, is forty years of age. He served

in the Union Army during the late war, and is now a wealthy railroad contractor. He is one of the most prominent Irish-Americans, socially and politically, in Ohio, and is universally esteemed as a man of the strictest probity and ripest intelligence.

The Rev. CHARLES O'REILLY, D.D., Treasurer, is thirty-seven years of age. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, where he has always lived. He is pastor of St. Patick's Church, and one of the most prominent clergymen in the diocese.

JOHN J. HYNES, Secretary, is thirty-eight years old, and was born in Buffalo, N. Y., where he has filled, with distinguished success, many positions of trust. He has for the past year ably discharged the duties of National Secretary of the Land League of America.

National Committee.

Rev. Father McKenna, of Massachusetts; Dr. W. B. Wallace, of New York; James Reynolds, of New Haven; M. V. Gannon, of Iowa; Judge J. G. Donnelly, of Wisconsin; John F. Armstrong, of Georgia; United States Senator James Fair, of Nevada.

This council requests every Irish society in the United States and Canada, which is willing to co-operate with the new organization, to communicate with the National Secretary, John J. Hynes of Buffalo, N. Y.

IT is said in Rome that the cause of a large number of Irish martyrs will soon be presented to the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The list includes several Archbishops, Bishops, and priests who died for the faith prior to and during the persecution of Henry VIII., Elizabeth and Cromwell.

A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY IN IRELAND. — The pottery works at Belleek are in a good condition. A paper read by Mr. J. C. Bloomfield before the Society of Arts shows that Belleek is flourishing, and that the industry there carried on gives employment, in some shape or other, to every one in the district able and willing to work, some of the most skilled persons earning, we are told, as much as £3 16s. a week. Unless the material used for the pottery and provided by nature should fail, the works need never cease to give employment. The case of Belleek is pointed to as furnishing a great argument in favor of the extension of technical education. We are glad to be told, and we hope it is true, that there is scarcely a district in Ireland in which the soil and its products could not be made to furnish raw material for some kind of industry, useful or artistic. Belleek, formerly a poverty-stricken and obscure locality, has been turned into a smiling and thriving hive of industry, its inhabitants made prosperous, their minds civilized and refined by the ideas which artistic work always brings, and the means provided them of procuring substantial comforts for themselves and their families.

AT a meeting of the National League, held in Dublin, Mr. Sullivan, M. P., who presided, said the National League disclaimed any connection whatever with O'Donovan Rossa. They, however, could not in any way control him, and Sir William Harcourt and he could fight the battle between them.

LOURDES. — On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes a general pilgrimage representing the Catholic world in its faith and piety will take place. On the committee, which is to organize the pilgrimage from England, are the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, Lady Londonderry, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady O'Hagan, and Lord Ralph Kerr. This pilgrimage is to be more private in its character—the pilgrims proceeding singly or in small groups — than the famous one to Paray-le-Monial which took place ten years ago.

Reynold's Newspaper, the great organ of the English workingmen, speaks of the Irish party as "the first distinctly democratic party that has ever appeared in the English Parliament."

THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL for all Ireland, which (having passed the Lords) is now in the Commons, is sure to cause several hard fought debates and many close divisions. The latest judicial pronouncement on the subject was that of Mr. Justice Fitzgibbon at the Cork Assizes. His Lordship there stated that the convictions for drunkenness had fallen in Cork city from about 700 to about 365, since the last assizes; and yet Cork is not a Sunday-closing city, for the public-houses are open from two to seven. Thirty-five members of the Dublin Corporation (more than half) have asked the Lord Mayor of that city to call a special council meeting to take steps to oppose the bill. Half a century ago the Dublin public-houses were closed on Sunday but drinking did not diminish. O'Connell supported the bill for partially opening, so as to prevent the consumption of illicit whiskey and the home drinking, which taught wives and children to acquire a taste for liquor.

Personal.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., has left for Europe. Before his return he expects to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where some time will be spent in visiting the holy places of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and their environs. Thence the Bishop will return to Rome via Brindisi and Naples, arriving at the Eternal City about the first week of June. After a stay of some two or three weeks there he will journey towards the north, visiting the principal cities of Italy and France, and probably Vienna and Munich, with the main object in this tour of obtaining all possible information that may be of service in the erection of the proposed new cathedral in Richmond. He will also make a brief visit to Belgium and perhaps to Holland on similar business. Then he will go to England and finally to Ireland for a special visit to the place of his birth.

The Holy Father has, we understand, been pleased to confer the dignity of Monseigneur upon the Very Rev. Dr. Maclachlan, of Doune, the senior priest and Vicar General of the diocese of Dunkeld. This distinction has been granted in recognition of long services in the cause of the Church in Scotland, extending over half a century. Monseigneur Maclachlan, after a long course of ecclesiastical studies, chiefly in Paris, was ordained priest in 1831, and still continues in the discharge of his duties.

Rev. P. J. Garrigan, the pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, Mass., is to build a new residence close to the church, and the male members of his parish celebrated Fast day by assembling in a body and digging the cellar, completing the job before nightfall. The Catholics of Fitchburg showed how to appreciate the labors of a good pastor. Our Magazine has no truer friend in the country than Father Garrigan.

Bishop Crane, O.S.A., of Sandhurst, Australia, conducted the Holy Week Services at the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, for Cardinal McCabe.

The venerable Mother Mary de Sales Burke, of the Presentation Convent, Carrick-on-Suir, county Tipperary, Ireland, has entered upon the 96th year of her age, having been born in that town on the 23rd of March, 1788. This aged nun is 75 years a member of the Presentation Order.

Cardinal Newman officiated at the principal services at the Oratory, Edgbaston, during Holy Week, and was present at High Mass the following Sunday. The service on Good Friday was most impressive, and the church more crowded than on any previous occasion, a considerable number of Jews being recognized amongst the attendance. His Eminence the Cardinal appeared in excellent health.

Col. Wm. E. McDougal, a brother of Surgeon General McDougal of the U. S. Army, was publicly received into the Church at San Diego, on Easter Sunday. The San Francisco *Monitor* says: "The new convert comes from a family in Ohio whose names are illustrious in American history, his brother John being the second Governor of California under American civil rule, succeeding, in 1851, Governor Peter H. Burnett, who afterwards became a convert to the Catholic Church, of which he is still a highly-esteemed member. Another brother was, at the time of his death, Commodore in the United States Navy, a distinction which he won by his heroism and his fidelity to the flag of this country. And still another member of this influential family, Charles McDougal, is present Surgeon-General of the Army, residing in Washington, and who is also, we are happy to say a convert to the Catholic Church.

Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican preacher, is verging on to sixty years of age, and but for occasional indisposition, is hale and hearty, and has all the freshness and buoyancy of youth. He has left for Rome.

We are glad to be able to state that the health of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster has so much improved that it is expected he will be able to leave for Brighton in a day or two. His physicians consider a brief period of rest essential to his complete recovery. For the present, therefore, his Eminence has abandoned his intention to proceed to the Eternal City.

Rev. Hugh P. Smith, for many years pastor of the Catholic parish in Weymouth, Mass., has been assigned by Archbishop Williams to St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands. Rev. J. J. Murphy of Waltham succeeds him at Weymouth.

Mr. James B. Cullen, for many years the efficient superintendent of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, has resigned his position to take a position in the Star clothing house, Dock square. We congratulate the proprietors, Messrs. M. J. Kelly & Co., upon securing so faithful and responsible a clerk as Mr. Cullen.

If the anonymous card-vender (Augustinian) of St. Louis, will send us his address, we will relieve his mind in relation to a certain individual in this city. Anonymous scribblers are generally cowards.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER; What he should be, and what he should do. Together with a Collection of Prayers suitable to his condition. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer, by REV. L. A. LAMBERT, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, N. Y., with an Introduction by Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, D. D., C. M., Bishop of Buffalo. Prices: Paper, 25 cents; Maroquette, 35 cents; Cloth, 50 cents; French Morocco flex. red edges, $1.00.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER: The Education of her Children and her Prayer. Translated from the original of Rev. W. Cramer, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. Seventh edition. With an introduction by the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Prices: Paper, 25 cents; Maroquette, 35 cents; Cloth, 50 cents; French Morocco, flex. red edges, $1.00.

A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. A book of Instruction for those Betrothed and for Married People. Translated from the German, by Rev. Edward I. Taylor. Revised edition. Prices: Paper, 30 cents; Maroquette, 40 cents; Cloth, 60 cents.

John B. Piet & Co., Baltimore.

We briefly noticed the publication of two books, by Eliza Allen Starr, in our last issue. We desire to say a few words more in commendation of them. The first, PATRON SAINTS, is embellished with a frontispiece of the Interior of the Holy House of Loretto, at Nazareth; St. Peter with the Keys; St. Paul addressing St. Peter in Prison; St. Agnes; the Last Interview between St. Benedict and St. Scholastica; St. Dorothea; St. Anthony of Padua; St. Laurence; St. Dominic; St. Jerome in the Desert; St. Luke painting the Blessed Virgin; St. Stephen. Biographical sketches are given of twenty saints in this volume.

In the second series there are thirty-six lives of saints, including SS. Paul and Anthony; St. Bridget, of Ireland; St. Agatha; St. Patrick; St. Catherine, of Sienna; St. Monica; St. Columba; St. Margaret; St. Anne; St. Francis of Assissi. There are twelve etchings of saints by the author, and printed in Boston by J. H. Daniels.

These various lives are written by Miss Starr in a style pleasing to all, especially youth.

The volumes are dedicated "to the Faithful Youth of the Catholic Church in America, to whose interests I am proud to devote my life, these sketches of their patron saints are affectionately dedicated. "Children's books are not necessarily childish." The author has applied this rule to the matter as well as to the style, of these sketches; for she has found that children can understand books which they cannot read for themselves. Any child intelligent enough to listen with pleasure to a well written fairy tale, is capable of understanding and appreciating, the story of nearly every saint whose name appears in the callendar.

The publishers have done their part in the production of the books, which are gotten up in the best manner.

The price of the first series is $2.50; the second series, $2.50. Five dollars for both books. They are large, handsome books, and profusely illustrated.

P. O'Shea, New York.

HISTORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADES IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE, from the Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland under James II., to the Revolution in France under Louis XVI. By John Cornelius O'Callaghan.

"I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves, by their valor and conduct, in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations."—*Swift.*

"Long as valor shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died."—*Moore.*

The publisher has given us a fine edition of this valuable book which had been out of print for some time. No Irish library is complete without this book. It is embellished with portraits of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan; Justin MacCarthy, (Lord Mountcashel); James Butler, (Duke of Ormone,) &c. The book makes a volume of 649 octavo pages, and is handsomely bound.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: Its Constitution, Tendencies and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D., New Edition.

The publisher has issued a splendid volume of this, one of Dr. Brownson's great works. We wish our political friends, Catholics as well as Protestants, would study the teachings of this work. The publisher deserves credit for issuing this book at the present time.

ALL the above books are for sale by Messrs. Noonan & Co., who have published many books recently, which will be noticed more at length in our next issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir John Pope Hennessy has a work in the press on Sir Walter Raleigh's relations with Ireland, based on contemporary documents in the State Paper Office and elsewhere. Sir John is, as our readers are aware, the proprietor of the house near Youghal, which was once Raleigh's residence, and he has already treated the same subject in the pages of a monthly magazine.

Mr. J. McCann, the author of the well-known Irish war-song, "O'Donnell Aboo," is dead. He died on the 31st of January at Leyton, near London. The deceased poet was at one time editor of the *Wexford People*, and afterwards published in Wexford a monthly periodical called the *Harp*. Of late years Mr. McCann lived altogether in England, and scarcely ever came before the public, and so few are aware that he survived his generation that the record of his death will be a surprise to many.

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Hubert Burke's "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Period" is published. Mr. Burke's researches have thrown the greatest light upon all the more important questions during one of the most interesting periods of English history.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Tit for Tat," Song, words by Nemo, music by Henry Patch. "Medley Quartette No. 3 for Male Voices," by C. A. White. "Time will roll the clouds away," Song, by Harry Birch. "Grand-father's Staff," Song by B. M. McWilliams. "The Pretty Roller Skater," Song and Refrain, words by Ross George, music by Chas. D. Blake. She'll Be Happy Once Again," Ballad by Harry C. Talbot. "Johnny My Lingo Lay," Song and Chorus, arranged by E. N. Cartin. "Waiting 'Mid the Pansies," Song and Chorus by Chas. D. Blake. "Now Was I Wrong," Song, words by Chas. Rowe, music by Louis Engel. "The Boa swain," Song, words by J. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Mulloy. "Flowers of the Springtime," Duet for Soprano and Alto by C. D. Blake. "Good Bye Nancy Jane," Song and Chorus by C. D. Blake. "The Convent Bells," Duet for Soprano and Alto by Chas. G. Dolan. Calm is the Wave O'er the Beautiful Sea," Duet by G. R. Lampard. "Birds In Dreamland Sleep," Waltz Song, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "We never Speak As We Pass By." Transcription for Piano by Chas. D. ake. "Jeanette Polka," by Jennie Davis. "Carrot's Schottische by E. N. Catlin. "When The Leaves Begin To Turn," Waltz arranged by Geo. Shorne. "Best Shot March," arranged for 4 hands by E. L. Bailey. Pretty Roller Skater Schottishe," by Chas. D. Blake. "1st Valse de Concert by J. Wieniauski. "Dreamland Waltzes" by R. V. Batho.

Orchestral Arrangement: Auf Wiedersehn Waltz by E. H. Bailey arranged for 15 pieces.

Spear and Dehuhoff, New York.

Vocal: "The Apple Bloom So Fair and Sweet," Song, words by Mrs. A. Elmore, music by W. H. Rieger. "Why Is My Heart still Sad," Ballad, words by Geo. Cooper, music by Harrison Millard. "The Old Home Down On the Farm." Song, by Gustavus Du Bois. "Love Me If I Live," Song, words by Barry Cornwall, music by H. Millard.

Instrumental: "Check Mate Galop," by Carl Frommel.

The *Philadelphia Press* says of the "bang" of the belle, that its origin is unknown. Father Tomazin, the Indian Missionary, in his Cleveland lecture, credits the grand medicine man of the Indians with having introduced the fashion hundreds of years ago. The medicine men trim their hair in bangs for the fall and spring "services."

A Methodist preacher said St. Patrick was not a Roman Catholic Bishop, but an itinerant Methodist preacher. Well, he had no wife. And who ever heard of an itinerant Methodist preacher without a wife. He was in the habit of making the sign of the cross three hundred times a day and three hundred times a night; and there is not an itinerant Methodist preacher in Christendom who knows how to make the sign of the cross. He believed in the mystery of the Trinity, which no itinerant Methodist preacher dares to talk about. Lastly; he wrought miracles, which no itinerant Methodist preacher has ever done. Patrick never delivered a political harrangue in his life; and who ever saw a Methodist preacher who was not a partisan politician. Patrick governed the Irish church in peace and unity, leaving to every one the largest liberty consistent with the common weal. Who ever saw a Methodist who was not a meddler, and did not signalize his entrance into every new neighborhood by getting up some narrow-minded little coterie of busybodies to regulate other people. Finally, Patrick minded his own business, which no Methodist preacher knows how to do.—*The Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS AND PRIESTS.

THE death of the Right Rev. Abbot Sweeney, O.S.B., recently, closes a career of honor and usefulness to the Catholic Church in England. For some months before his death he filled the office of Provincial in the Province of Canterbury of the English Benedictine Congregation, and it was doubtless the stress of work that brought to a premature end, at the age of 62, a life which promised many years of valuable and distinguished work.

THE death of the Very Rev. Father Shannon, P.P., V.G., who expired on Saturday morning at Gort. The deceased clergyman had been forty-four years a priest. When the mitre of the diocese of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora fell vacant he was dignissimus for the bishopric. To him was due the introduction of the nuns to Gort, and the development of the religious life which has since characterized the parish. He was 73 years of age when he expired, fortified by all the rites of the Catholic Church.

THE death is announced of the Abbe Marteau, Vicar of Vaux Vilaine, in the Marne Department, whose courage during the war excited the admiration of the whole nation. A Prussian officer had been murdered in the parish, and, according to the usage of war, two inhabitants were selected by lot to suffer death, as the assassin could not be found. The Abbe Marteau, without a moment's hesitation, offered his life in exchange for the release of the two hostages, and was about to be shot in their stead when the execution was countermanded by the superior authorities.

THE REV. DR. HUGH CARMONDY, of St. Mary's Church, New Britain, Conn, died 16th of April, aged fifty-six years.

THE venerable pastor of Newry, Pa., Rev. James Bradley, passed to his eternal rest on Friday evening, April 13, ripe in years and sanctity. This good and much esteemed servant of God had ministered to the spiritual wants of the faithful of Newry for over fifty years, and was the oldest priest in the Diocese Pittsburgh and Allegheny. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in 1825, and entered upon his studies for the Sanctuary at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburgh, Md. In 1830 he was ordained at Conewago, by the late Bishop Kenrick, being the first priest ordained by him after his elevation to the Episcopal dignity.

THE death of the Rev. Father Francis Bamber, of the Congregation of Passionists, recently took place at Mount Argus, Dublin. Father Francis Bamber was born in the year 1826; was educated at Sedgeley Park, and at St. Edmund's College, Ware; and he was ordained priest by Cardinal Wiseman in St. James's Church, Spanish Place, London. The deceased Father has two brothers, priests — one, the Very Rev. Canon Bamber of Thorndon Hall, Brentwood, and the other the Rev. John Bamber, Pro-President of the English College, Lisbon.

FATHER MCEVOY, who has had charge of the well-known Catholic Retreat of St. Vincent, in the Town of Harrison, Westchester, County, N.Y., and the Catholic Church at Rye, died of paralysis at the Retreat on Friday, April 6th.

ONE of the most cultivated, as well as gifted, of the priests of the diocese of Tuam died on Good Friday — Canon O'Brien, parish priest of Athenry. A scholar, a wit, and, above all, a good priest, the announcement will be read by all who knew him with sincere regret. He was in the sixty-third year of his age, and on last Christmas eve he had completed his thirty-fifth year in the sacred ministry. Father O'Brien was president of St. Jarlath's College, in succession to the present Archbishop of Tuam, when Dr. McEvilly was consecrated Bishop of Galway. Seventeen years ago he became parish priest of Glennamaddy, and thence he was translated to his native place, which he loved, the old town of Athenry. There Canon O'Brien died amongst his own — the people with whose fathers he had been brought up. He preached so late as Palm Sunday in his parish church.

Two more Liverpool priests have succumbed to typhus fever — that terrible malady which marks out for its deadly ravages the miserable homes of the poor. The remains of the Rev. D. J. Madden, of the Church of the Holy Cross, and the Rev. M. O'Callaghan, of the Church of St. John, were respectively borne to their last resting-place, Ford Cemetery.

AT the patriarchal age of 85 years, the beloved and venerated pastor of Ardfinnan, the oldest and most universally respected priest in the diocese of Waterford and Lismore — the Rev. Walter Cantwell — died. Born in the stirring and eventful year of '98, he came of a stock that has given many a faithful son to the Church. He was

cousin to the late Very Rev. Dean Cantwell, P.P., Fethard, and to the late Canon Cantwell, Manchester; while he was nephew to the late Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, P.P., Tramore, the friend and intimate of O'Connell. It is more than fifty-five years since Father Cantwell was ordained to the priesthood.

SISTERS.

MME. VICTORINE BOUCHER, the venerable Mother Superior of the American province of the religious order of women known as the "Daughters of Mary," or "Religious of the Holy Heart of Mary," died at the convent of her community at Throgg's Neck, Westchester, N.Y., April 14, of pneumonia. She was a French lady, and was over 70 years of age. The "Daughters of Mary," have their principal establishment in this vicinity at Fordham, in the Annexed District, where she founded the St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf Mutes, about fifteen years ago, which is now in a very flourishing condition, and has two other branch institutions, under the same name and management — one at Throgg's Neck, not far from the Catholic Protectory, in Westchester, and the other at No. 540 Henry st., between Union and Sackett streets, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

SISTER MARY POLYCARP CASEY, of the Order of Mercy, died in San Francisco, at the age of thirty-six years. She was a native of Limerick, Ireland.

LAY PEOPLE.

DIED, in Cortober, near Arva, County Cavan, Ireland, Mr. Michael Smyth, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He died on a very remarkable day, Good Friday, and was buried in Scrabby Churchyard on Easter Sunday, 25th ult. He was the father of the two priests at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

THE death of the most humane, hospitable and generous landlord and gentleman of the age — Colonel St. George Cuffe, Deel Castle, Ballina, and youngest son of the late Lord Tyrawly, is announced. The sad event took place at his residence, at the advanced age of over 90 years. The gallant Colonel served with his Regiment, the 4th Dragoon Guards, in Paris after the capture of the first Napoleon. He was for many recent years Colonel in command of the North Mayo Militia Regiment. He was, by long odds, the oldest gentleman in Mayo — in fact, we might say he belonged to the past generations. He ofttimes repeated that he believed the prayers and good wishes of his tenants were the means of giving him such a long life. His proudest boast through life was that he never evicted a tenant, quenched a fire, or got pulled down a roof-tree. The good old Colonel is no more, and none will have greater cause to mourn and regret his demise than his tenantry.

THE death is announced in France, of Count Oliver Walsh, formerly Chamberlain to the Emperor Napoleon III.

THE death of Louis Veuillot, editor of the *Paris Univers*, leaves a void in Catholic Journalism in Europe not easily to be filled. A contemporary says: Probably no Catholic writer has wielded the controversial pen with such vigor as the editor of the *Univers*. It was his ambition to take in all things what we may call, for want of a better name, the ultra-Catholic side. He had many adversaries; but there is not one to-day who will not deeply regret to hear that Louis Veuillot will write no more. His hatred of heresy, his fervor and fidelity to the Faith, make his sins of the pen trifling indeed. Pius IX., who knew his faults, and often paternally scolded him, always recognized that he was eaten up with that zeal for God's Church which constitutes the vocation of a Catholic writer.

THE death of Sylvester Donahoe, of Manchester, N.H., occurred on the 8th of April. His age was eighty years, seven months, and one day. He was a native of Ireland, settled in Manchester in 1848, thirty-five years ago. He was the oldest of a family of nine children, and his is the second death that has lessened their ranks. He is survived by a widow who is ten years his junior, and three children, two daughters, and one son — Mrs. Joseph T. Murray, Miss Mary Donahoe, and Mr. James T. Donahoe, all of Manchester. Two brothers of the deceased are living, James F., in Manchester, and John in Lowell. The remainder of the family live in Ireland. He arrived in Manchester in 1848. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of acquaintances, and the knowledge of his death will occasion sincere mourning. His eightieth birthday was recently celebrated at his residence, on which occasion the old gentleman participated in the festivities. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's church, on the 10th, and was attended not only by his countrymen but by the citizens generally. We believe the deceased was related to Gen. Donahoe.

LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE, an antiquarian of good repute, who left Ireland last year, has just died at Madeira.

THE LATE ATTIE O'BRIEN.—There died in Dublin, lately, a lady who promised, had she been spared, to make a bright figure in literature. She was familiar to the readers of *The Dublin Weekly Freeman* and the *Irish Monthly* as Miss Attie O'Brien, her real Christian name being, however, Frances Marcella. She was the daughter of the late William O'Brien, Esq., of Kil-

dysart county Clare. Having been for a considerable time an invalid, she devoted the intervals snatched from pain — pain most bravely and heroically borne — to literary composition, prose and poetic; and her productions bear the impress of an elevated mind, full of pure sentiment, poetic feeling, and charming vivacity. Her premature taking off will be a great loss to the cause of Irish literature.

WE regret to record the death of Mrs. John Nagle, a very deserving lady of Boston. She was sick but a week, of pneumonia, which terminated fatally on Sunday, April 29. Mrs. N. was an active member of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, was prominent in all the charities attached to the Church, and benovolent to the poor. She leaves a disconsolate husband and four children to mourn her loss. Her age was forty-nine years. The funeral took place from the Cathedral on the first of May, and was attended by a large concourse of friends, including the children of the Home, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, and other confraternities of which she was attached. The funeral was one of the largest seen from the Cathedral for many years. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery.

In Memoriam.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

ST. JOHN'S Catholic congregation, Bangor, Maine, has recently been deprived of one of its best members in the demise of Mrs. Ellen Conners, wife of Alderman Conners of that city. No higher encomium need be passed to her memory than to say she was such a member of the community as it could ill afford to lose. Holding, as she did, a rank which caused her to be looked to by the less favored of the congregation, her example, whether for good or ill would have had a wide influence. Happily for her she chose the "better part," and God, the things of God, and the interests of religion were ever first in her estimation. In adversity as in prosperity she saw but the fatherly hand of Divine Providence, even when it pleased that good Father who "chastiseth those whom He loveth" to send the Angel of Death to summon from her side those whom she loved as only a mother can love, again her strong faith conquered the feelings of nature, and "Thy will be done," was the burden of her prayer. Her end was in keeping with her life, the acute sufferings of the protracted illness which preceded her death were sustained with truly Christian resignation. The testimony rendered of her worth by her pastor, Rev. E. McSweeney, at her funeral service, was one to be envied, yet we feel it was endorsed in the hearts of all who heard him. May our last end be like hers, so that we may share in the magnificence of her reward. A FRIEND.

ATTACK ON A PREACHER.— The celebrated preacher, Mgr. Omodei, was, on account of the outspoken manner in which he recently spoke of secret societies, the subject of an attack the other day in Rome, in which he was thrown on the ground and beaten. The Holy Father has, through the Cardinal Secretary, written to Mgr. Omodei, congratulating him upon having suffered for the church, and sending him his benediction. The Society of the Gioventù Catholic Genovese have sent to Mgr. Omodei a splendid chalice, of exquisite workmanship, with an affectionate address of sympathy.

THE Catholic Church at Easthampton, Mass., which had been nine years in construction was finally finished on Good Friday at a cost of $61,000. It was to be consecrated on Easter Sunday, but in the darkness of the previous midnight, flames leaped across its vaulted roof from colonnade to colonnade and out in the darkness through its mullioned windows until all was a smouldering heap of ashes. It is the old tale of "under-insured." When the debt which was incurred in the erection of the building is paid, but $5000 remain to the congregation to begin another weary struggle.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN ROME.— A soft answer is said to turn away wrath, and so it did, indeed, the other day, when one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, on her begging expedition, in search of alms for the poor old people, entered a shop. The shopman received her in a bad humour, and, on her repeating her supplication, reached across the counter and struck her. The poor Sister was terrified, and turned deadly pale, but summoned sufficient courage to say, in her calm, sweet voice: "Thank you; the blow is for me. What will you give me for my poor old people?" Struck by this sublime abnegation, and ashamed of his violence, the man begged pardon of the Sister, and prayed her acceptance of five francs for her poor.

THERE are few things too mean for a stingy man to do. A fellow married a widow before her dead husband's child was weaned, thinking that she was rich. After marriage he discovered that most of the property was willed to the baby, so he had himself appointed its guardian that he might handle the money. When he went to settle his guardianship account he filed a claim of $37 against his infant ward's estate for a wet nurse for the child. On investigation it was found that the wet nurse for whose services he charged was his own wife, the child's mother.

Help for the Starving.

As many of our readers may desire to send their mite to the starving in Ireland, Mr. Donahoe will forward, free of expense, any money intrusted to him. He will acknowledge all sums received, in this page, while the distress continues. The following sums have been received :—

Mrs. Markham.	$2.00.
Kate Kelly	$1.00.
Daniel McMullen, Caledonia, Ont.,	$1.00.
Patrick Kehoe, Nordland, Iowa. .	$1.00.
Mrs. Lloyd, ...	$1.00.
Anonymous	$1.00.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE. — DEAR SIR — Enclosed find ten dollars. Please send five dollars to Rev. James McFaddon, and the other five to Mrs. Power Lalor in Dublin. The first five for the relief of Rev. J. McFadden's parishoners, the other five for the children, whom Mrs. P. Lalor is relieving. I saw the account of distress on page 480 of your magazine. Yours truly,

PATRICK F. O'CONNOR, P.P.

Letter from Mrs. Gen. Sherman.

817, 15TH ST., WASHINGTON, D.C.
April 26, 1883.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE.— I enclose a draft to your order (endorsed) for $20 for the poor Irish of Donegal. I send it by you because you advertise that you can send it free.

Very respectfully yours,
ELLEN EWING SHERMAN.

THE DRAFT of the Government Explosives Bill provides that any person causing an explosion likely to endanger life or property shall be liable to penal servitude for life. Penal servitude for twenty years is provided for attempting to cause an explosion, or for making or keeping explosives with intent to endanger life or property; fourteen years being allotted for making or possessing explosives under suspicious circumstances, and all accessories will be treated as principals.

WORTH GOING THE ROUNDS.—Editor Stone of the Chicago News has delivered an address before the Michigan Press Association that was full of pungency and of hard hits at the blunders and vices of bad newspapers. One paragraph in this production deserves to go the rounds, viz.: — In my own office I have posted this rule: "Nothing shall appear in the columns of the Daily News which a young lady may not with propriety read aloud before a mixed company. And I will discharge any man who violates it. I said that a man must observe his responsibilities to be successful. It would not be difficult to point you to a paper in my own city which has achieved an extensive circulation among the lovers of reckless and filthy journalism, but has been confronted every time it has sought an advertisement with the remark: "It is not a family paper; it is not admitted to the fireside. To patronize it would injure me with good people." What was gained in circulation did not compare with the loss in reputation, influence and advertising. I could enforce the argument by telling you more of it, but do not choose to.

FATHER SECCHI'S STATUE.—In a design submitted for a proposed monument in Rome to the late Father Secchi, the structure bears, in addition to a statue of the eminent astronomer, several emblematical figures. One of these, representing Meteorology, has in its hand a gigantic barometer, which can be seen from a considerable distance; while a thermometer on an equally large scale is held up to public view by another figure representing Physics. Elsewhere we have commenced a series of papers by this eminent Jesuit Father.

A CHINESE Catholic School has been opened in San Francisco, with fifty-six pupils, and many converts to the Church are being made among the Chinese population of that city.

PARNELL.—"No man in England," says Patrick Egan, "knows how to make an answer or how to make no answer, how to speak upon occasion, and how upon occasion to be silent, as Parnell does. He is the ablest tactitian in England. He has as exquisite a knowledge of the rules as Gladstone himself, and has a complete mastery of procedure.

IN many parts of England, Irishmen have been discharged on account of the dynamite scare. In Liverpool and Birkenhead a large employer of labor in the latter town has discharged all his Irish employes, and has declared his intention of closing his accounts with people of that nationality, never to be re-opened. He says he will no longer disgrace himself by finding money which will go most likely to foster the assassin and his spawn. So much for the preaching of dynamite.

SHELF NO.....

[June, 1883, 20,000]

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One volume allowed at a time, and obtained only by card; to be kept 14 days (or seven days in the case of fiction and juvenile books published within one year,) without fine; not to be renewed; to be reclaimed by messenger after 21 days, who will collect 20 cents besides fine of 2 cents a day, including Sundays and holidays; not to be lent out of the borrower's household, and not to be transferred; to be returned at this Hall.

Borrowers finding this book mutilated or unwarrantably defaced, are expected to report it; and also any undue delay in the delivery of books.

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